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v. I NEW

Sarah Fielding.

FAMILIAR

LETTERS

BETWEEN THE

Principal Characters

IN

DAVID SIMPLE,

And SOME OTHERS.

BEING

A Sequel to his Adventures.

To which is added,

A VISION.

By the AUTHOR of

DAVID SIMPLE.

The SECOND EDITION.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, opposite *Katharine-Street*, in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.LII.

ANDY WEN
11/18/51
11/18/51



P R E F A C E.

Written by a Friend of the Author.

THE Taste of the Public, with regard to Epistolary Writing, having been much vitiated by some modern Authors, it may not be amiss to premise some short Matter concerning it in this Place, that the Reader may not expect another Kind of Entertainment than he will meet with in the following Papers, nor impute the Author's designed Deviation from the common Road, to any Mistake or Error.

THOSE Writings which are called Letters, may be divided into four Classes. Under the first Class may be ranged those Letters, as well antient as modern, which have been written by Men, who have filled up the principal Characters on the Stage of Life, upon great and memorable

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Occasions. These have been always esteemed as the most valuable Parts of History, as they are not only the most authentic Memorials of Facts, but as they serve greatly to illustrate the true Character of the Writer, and do in a manner introduce the Person himself to our Acquaintance.

A SECOND Kind owe their Merit not to Truth, but to Invention; such are the Letters which contain ingenious Novels, or shorter Tales, either pathetic or humorous; these bear the same Relation to the former, as Romance doth to true History; and, as the former may be called short Histories, so may these be styled short Romances.

IN the next Branch may be ranked those Letters, which have pass between Men of Eminence in the Republic of Literature. Many of these are in high Estimation in the learned World, in which they are considered as having equal Authority to that, which the political World allows to those of the first Class.

BESIDES these three Kinds of Letters, which have all their several Merits, there are two more, with which the Moderns have

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have very plentifully supplied the World, tho' I shall not be very profuse in my Encomiums on either: These are Love-Letters, and Letters of Conversation, in which last are contained the private Affairs of Persons of no Consequence to the Public, either in a political or learned Consideration, or indeed in any Consideration whatever.

WITH these two Kinds of Letters the *French* Language in particular so vastly abounds, that it would employ most of the leisure Hours of Life to read them all; nay, I believe indeed, they are the principal Study of many of our fine Gentlemen and Ladies, who learn that Language.

AND hence such Readers have learnt the critical Phrases of a *familiar easy Style*, a *concise epistolary Style*, &c. and these they apply to all Letters whatever.

Now, from some polite modern Performances, written I suppose by this Rule, I much doubt, whether these *French* Readers have any just and adequate Notion of *this epistolary Style*, with which they are so enamoured. To say the Truth, I question whether they do not place it entirely in

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short, abrupt, unconnected Periods ; a Style so easy, that any Man may write it, and which, one would imagine, it must be very difficult to procure any Person to read.

To such Critics therefore I would recommend *Ovid*, who was perhaps the ablest Writer of *les Lettres Galantes*, that ever lived. In his *Arte amandi* they will find the following Rule.

—*præsens ut videare loqui.*

viz. that these Letters should preserve the Style of Conversation ; and in his Epistles they will see this excellently illustrated by Example. But if we are to form our Idea of the Conversation of some modern Writers from their Letters, we shall have, I am afraid, a very indifferent Opinion of both.

BUT in reality, this Style of Conversation is only proper, at least only necessary to these, which I have called Letters of Conversation ; and is not at all requisite, either to Letters of Business, which in After-ages make a Part of History, or to those on the Subject of Literature and Criticism.

MUCH

MUCH less is it adapted to the Novel or Story-Writer; for what difference is there, whether a Tale is related this or any other way? And sure no one will contend, that the epistolary Style is in general the most proper to a Novelist, or that it hath been used by the best Writers of this Kind.

IT is not my Purpose here to write a large Dissertation on Style in general, nor to assign what is proper to the Historian, what to the Romance, and what to the Novel-writer, nor to observe in what manner all these differ from each other; it is sufficient to have obviated an Objection, which, I foresaw, might be made to these little Volumes by some, who are in truth as incapable of knowing any of the Faults, as of reaping any of the Beauties of an Author; and I assure them, there is no Branch of Criticism, in which Learning, as well as Good-sense is more required, than to the forming an accurate Judgment of Style, tho' there is none, I believe, in which every trifling Reader is more ready to give his Decision.

INSTEAD of laying down any Rules for the use of such Tyros in the critical Art, I shall recommend them to one, who is a Master of Style, as of every other Excellence.

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lence. This Gentleman in his *Persian Letters*, many of which are written on the most important Subjects in Ethics, Politics, and Philosophy, hath condescended to introduce two or three Novels : in these they will find that inimitable Writer very judiciously changing the Style which he uses on other Occasions, where the Subjects of his Letters require the Air and Style of Conversation ; to preserve which, in relating Stories that run to any length, would be faulty in the Writer, and tiresome to the Reader.

To conclude this Point, I know not of any essential Difference between this, and any other way of writing Novels, save only, that by making use of Letters, the Writer is freed from the regular Beginnings and Conclusions of Stories, with some other Formalities, in which the Reader of Taste finds no less Ease and Advantage, than the Author himself.

As to the Matter contained in the following Volumes, I am not perhaps at Liberty to declare my Opinion : Relation and Friendship to the Writer may draw upon me the Censure of Partiality, if I should be as warm, as I am inclined to be in their Commendation.

THE Reader will however excuse me, if I advise him not to run them over with too much Haste and Indifference; such Readers will, I promise them, find little to admire in this Book, whose Beauties (if it have any) require the same Attention to discover them, with which the Author herself hath considered that Book of Nature, whence they are taken. In Books, as well as Pictures, where the Excellence lies in the Expression or Colouring only, the first Glance of the Eyes acquaints us with all the Perfection of the Piece; but the nicest and most delicate Touches of Nature are not so soon perceived. In the Works of *Cervantes* or *Hogarth*, he is, I believe, a wretched Judge, who discovers no new Beauties on a second, or even a third Perusal.

AND here I cannot controll myself from averring, that many Touches of this kind appear to me in these Letters; some of which I cannot help thinking as fine, as I have ever met with in any of the Authors, who have made human Nature their Subject.

As such Observations are generally supposed to be the Effects of long Experience in, and much Acquaintance with Mankind,
it

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it may perhaps surprize many, to find them in the Works of a Woman; especially of one, who, to use the common Phrase, hath *seen so little of the World*: and I should not wonder on this account, that these Letters were ascribed to another Author, if I knew any one capable of writing them.

BUT in reality the Knowledge of Human Nature is not learnt by living in the Hurry of the World. True Genius, with the help of a little Conversation, will be capable of making a vast Progress in this Learning; and indeed I have observed, there are none who know so little of Men, as those who are placed in the Crouds, either of Business or Pleasure. The Truth of the Assertion, that Pedants in Colleges have seldom any Share of this Knowledge, doth not arise from any Defect in the College, but from a Defect in the Pendant, who would have spent many Years at *St. James's* to as little Purpose: for daily Experience may convince us, that it is possible for a Blockhead to see much of the World, and know little of it.

THE Objection to the Sex of the Author hardly requires an Answer: It will be chiefly advanced by those, who derive their Opinion of Women very unfairly from

from the fine Ladies of the Age; whereas, if the Behaviour of their Counterparts the Beaus, was to denote the Understanding of Men, I apprehend the Conclusion would be in Favour of the Women, without making a Compliment to that Sex. I can of my own Knowledge, and from my own Acquaintance bear Testimony to the Possibility of those Examples, which History gives of Women eminent for the highest Endowments and Faculties of the Mind. I shall only add an Answer to the same Objection, relating to *David Simple*; given by a Lady of very high Rank, whose Quality is however less an Honour to her than her Understanding, *So far, said she, from doubting David Simple to be the Performance of a Woman, I am well convinced, it could not have been written by a Man.*

In the Conduct of Women, in that great and important Business of their Lives, the Affair of Love, there are Mysteries, with which Men are perfectly unacquainted: their Education being on this Head in Constraint of, nay in direct Opposition to, Truth and Nature, creates such a constant Struggle between Nature and Habit, Truth and Hypocrisy, as introduce often much Humour into their Characters; especially when drawn by sensible Writers of their
own

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own Sex, who are on this Subject much more capable than the ablest of ours.

I REMEMBER it was the Observation of a Lady, for whose Opinion I have a great Veneration, that there is nothing more generally unnatural, than the Characters of Women on the Stage, and that even in our best Plays: If this be fact, as I sincerely believe it is, whence can it proceed, but from the Ignorance in which the artificial Behaviour of Women leaves us, of what really passes in their Minds, and which, like all other Mysteries, is known only to the Initiated?

MANY of the foregoing Assertions will, I question not, meet with very little Assent from those great and wise Men, who are not only absolute Masters of some poor Woman's Person, but likewise of her Thoughts. With such Opposition I must rest contented; but what I more dread, is, that I may have unadvisedly drawn the Resentment of her own lovely Sex against the Author of these Volumes, for having betrayed the Secrets of the Society.

To this I shall attempt giving two Answers: First, that these nice Touches will, like the Signs of Masonry, escape the Observation

servation and Detection of all those, who are not already in the Secret.

SECONDLY, if she should have exposed some of those nicer Female Foibles, which have escaped most other Writers, she hath at the same time nobly displayed the Beauties and Virtues of the more amiable Part, which abundantly overbalances in the Account. By comparing these together, young Ladies may, if they please, receive great Advantages: I will venture to say, no Book extant is so well calculated for their Instruction and Improvement. It is indeed a Glass, by which they may dress out their Minds, and adorn themselves with more becoming, as well as more lasting Graces, than the Dancing-Master, the Manteau-Maker, or the Millener can give them. Here even their Vanity may be rendered useful, as it may make them detest and scorn all base, mean, shuffling Tricks, and admire and cultivate whatever is truly amiable, generous and good: Here they must learn, if they will please to attend, that the Consummation of a Woman's Character, is to maintain the Qualities of Goodness, Tenderness, Affection and Sincerity, in the several social Offices and Duties of Life; and not to unite Ambition, Avarice, Luxury, and Wantonness

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ness in the Person of a Woman of the World, or to affect Folly, Childishness and Levity, under the Appellation of a fine Lady.

To conclude, I hope, for the Sake of my fair Country-Women, that these excellent Pictures of Virtue and Vice, which, to my Knowledge, the Author hath bestowed such Pains in drawing, will not be thrown away on the World, but that much more Advantage may accrue to the Reader, than the Good-nature and Sensibility of the Age have, to their immortal Honour, bestowed on the Author.



fondly smiled an Approbation on all my Remarks. Whilst I was overjoy'd to find my utmost Wish gratified, in seeing it in my Power to give him pleasure, I need not tell you how happily I pass'd the Morning. I could not think *Adam* and *Eve* in Paradise could exceed us in Bliss. From this real, this substantial Happiness, a Happiness, to the attaining which, so very little Expence is necessary, my Thoughts involuntarily wander'd through the various Pursuits and the numberless Anxieties of Mankind, about those things, which when attain'd, only load their Minds with still more Cares, and involve and perplex their Brains with ten thousand distracting intricate Labyrinths.

LINDAMIRA has sacrificed all her Peace (and *wisely* abandon'd in a dishonourable manner a Man of Sense whom she liked, with a moderate Fortune) to the Ambition of a great Equipage, and a Coach and Six (burden'd with a Fool she hates) in which she now continually sighs and laments her own Folly; and those Jewels, which once by their glaring Lustre so dazzled her Eyes, as to blind her to her real Interest, now seem like Burthens she is obliged to carry, rather than like Ornaments she delights to wear.

THE gay, the blooming *Strephon* forsook and broke the Heart of an amiable young Woman who loved him, allied himself to Age and Ugliness, for the sake of Grandeur and Wealth: And now eternal Noise interrupts his Meals, and such continual Jealousies break out in loud Complaints

Complaints from his Wife's Tongue, that he would gladly retire to Peace and Calmness; and could he but be rid of his Torment, the Wealth that attends it he would chearfully resign.

THAT all Men desire to be happy is certain, and yet to judge by their Pursuits, one could almost imagine they seek Misery with the greatest Assiduity; for they bustle and labour and strive for things often improbable, sometimes impossible to attain; and if attainable, most times unprofitable and insipid; whilst they neglect the very Things that would render them happy, which perhaps are within their reach, and would cost them very little to come at.

I REMEMBER my Father once carry'd a Country Fellow to *London* with him; he consider'd the poor Man's Ignorance of the Ways of the Town, and seldom sent him far on Errands. He one Day order'd him to go to a Shop in the next Street to fetch some Trifle: The poor Creature was not to be heard of any more till ten o'clock at Night, when he came home puffing and blowing for Breath, and in such a Heat, that it threw him into a violent Fever, of which he with difficulty recovered. On Examination we found, that when he first enquired for the Shop to which he was sent, he was so unfortunate, as to meet with some very *ingenious Wits*, who on seeing a poor awkward Country Fellow, thought it would be charming Sport to send him out of his Way; and thus from one to another was he sent up and down that great Metropolis, 'till wearied

with the fruitless Search of what he might have had within ten Yards of his own Home, he gain'd nothing but Disease and Pain for his tiresome fatiguing Labour.

How many *wise Men*, whose immense Knowledge extends so far as to know every Street and Corner of *London*, would laugh at this poor Fellow's Ignorance, by them called Folly; and yet in the Pursuit of the only Thing of Consequence to them in this World, namely their own Happiness, would be sent out of the Road by every Fool who pretends to judge of another's Sensations, and to lay down Rules for the attaining that, of which every Individual must judge for themselves. But you, *Camilla*, who so strongly prove your own Capacity of enjoying Happiness, by the great Art you have of diffusing it to all around you, will easily, without any Assistance, make the Application of my Story.

YOUR Brother and his happy Wife and I spent three Hours in great Pleasure, reciprocally conveying our Ideas to each other, without any Disguise or artful Concealment of our Thoughts. But as I promised to give you an Account of every thing I met with, the Scene must now be changed, and I will inform you what passed where I spent the Afternoon. Indeed it would be impossible for any two Scenes to be more different than that already described, and what I am now going to relate. From solid Pleasure and real Happiness, how great was the Change to their lifeless Shadow, Foppery and Dress, Impertinence and Folly! I
was

was furrounded with a Set of Company who talked so fast, that their Breath, like that of dying Men, seem'd exhausted whilst yet they fancy'd they had much to utter. No Stranger that has appear'd here for this Fortnight, escaped the Censure of these Critics on Life. But the Reputations of Foes and Friends, guilty or innocent, fell alike the common Prey to their merciless Rage. Like a mad Dog in his Carrier, they did not bite because they were offended, but because the very Action of Biting was the Pleasure they sought. To throw their venomous Foam on others, seem'd to ease them, and yet their Fund of Venom was not one jot decreased.

THE least hurtful Part of their Discourse, was the falling on the outward Behaviour of their Acquaintance. One Lady was so forward, she was almost impudent; another so bashful, that she must be quite a Fool; a third so insipid, she had nothing to say for herself; and a fourth talk'd so eternally, nobody could have an Opportunity to speak in her Company. Thus they run on one after another with great Impetuosity, till I was so tired, that I was going to leave them, when I observed a grave-looking Man at one Corner of the Room, who had hitherto been silent, began to speak, and begg'd he might tell them a Story; which Liberty he with earnest Request (for it did not seem to be the Desire of the Company to hear) obtain'd, and then began as follows.

“ WHEN I was a young Man, I lived at
 “ my Father's Seat in the Country; it was so
 B 5 “ situated,

“ situated, that I had very few Neighbours of
 “ my own Rank; I therefore sometimes for
 “ my Diversion conversed with the Farmers and
 “ their Wives: It was my Delight to make
 “ Observations on these *vulgar Wretches*, for I
 “ thought Want of Education render’d them
 “ almost of a different Species. I remember
 “ once I was at one of their Feasts, the Oc-
 “ casion was the making an Infant a Christian:
 “ but when they fancy’d themselves in the
 “ height of their Mirth, I found that pulling
 “ to pieces, and railing at their Neighbours
 “ was all their Diversion. I pitied them, that
 “ for want of having any Ideas but such as
 “ Matters of Fact immediately presented to
 “ their Minds, they were obliged to fall on
 “ this disagreeable Topic. We had not sat
 “ long before a young Fellow came running
 “ into the Room, saying a mad Bull was got
 “ loose in the Parish, and that the Cows were
 “ all in danger of being bit by him; on which
 “ out went all the Farmers and their Dames
 “ to preserve their Cattle, and quite forgot
 “ their Neighbours Misconduct. I immedi-
 “ ately reflected how happy it was that People,
 “ who could not have a Moment’s Leisure,
 “ without being mischievous, should be con-
 “ tinually employ’d in menial Labours, where
 “ they were obliged to be of some service to
 “ the Community, in spite of their Teeth.”

WHEN the Gentleman ceased, the Com-
 pany all stared at each other, for I believe
 some of them had a confused Notion of his
 Meaning; and at last a young Fellow stepped up
 to him, and ask’d, “ What he meant; whether
 “ he

“ he design’d to affront any one?” The Gentleman gravely answered, “ That he had no “ Suspicion the telling a Story of Country Farmers could be any Affront to *that Company.*” This was taken for Fear, and every Man in the Room at once cry’d out, “ Yes, he had “ affronted them all, and they demanded Satisfaction. As to what Satisfaction you demand, said the Gentleman, I am ready to “ give it at any time you please.” Now a general Silence ensued, and the Gentleman walked deliberately out of the Room, saying, “ He was “ glad to find they had so much Sense, as to “ know the Difference between themselves and “ Country Boobies.” Now arose a contemptuous Laugh, and the former Conversation was renewed: But I followed the Gentleman who had told the Story, being quite wearied with such Company.

I am,

DEAR CAMILLA,

Your ever affectionate Sister,

CYNTHIA.

L E T T E R II.

CAMILLA to CYNTHIA at Bath.

Dear CYNTHIA,

[From London.]

MY Father is much better than when you left him, and considering his Age, enjoys his Health tolerably well. We spend our Time as agreeably as your Absence will permit us; and as your last Letter, by the Manner in which you tell me you spend your time, convinces me how surprisngly you are recovered, I may now say I am perfectly happy; and the having it in my Power to give you and my dear Brother the Pleasure of informing you of that Happiness, is no inconsiderable Addition to the great Blessings I at present enjoy. Since we parted, I have accidentally contracted an Acquaintance with a Lady, with whom I am very much pleased; and as she has told me her Story, I intend to send it you in Letters, thinking it will be more entertaining than any other thing I can write. I took it down from her own Mouth, and therefore send it in the first Person, as she spoke it. Her Words were these:

I WAS bred up under a Mother, whose Precepts were rather gently instilled, than forced
into

into my Mind; and whose Heart, instead of being actuated by that Pride which is generally the Fountain of Advice, as well as Commands, really overflowed with an unaffected Fondness towards her Offspring. By her Management and Behaviour she gained my Attention, while she won my Love; at once engaging my Heart, and improving my Understanding. Such a Parent you would think must necessarily make me pass my Infancy in all the Happiness of which that Age is susceptible: and yet the Moment I was capable of Reflection, from this indulgent Mother arose all my Misfortunes; for I continually saw her depressed with the deepest Melancholy, and endeavouring to hide those Tears she could not stifle. I shared in all her Grievs, although I was perfectly ignorant of the Cause of them. But I soon perceived that my sympathising in her Sorrows rather aggravated than alleviated them; and she would often say, “ Oh, *Isabinda!* steel your Heart against strong Affections, and conquer that natural Softness of your Mind; or unavoidable Misery must attend you. Don’t cherish a Passion that I will, not positively, say there are no Objects in the World to gratify. But this I think I can with truth affirm, that they are so very rare, it would be Presumption in you to hope to meet with so uncommon, so great a Blessing.” Her Words greatly perplexed me; for such was my natural Disposition, that I was amazed a Mother, and such a Mother, should endeavour to root out of my Mind what I thought was at once both amiable and virtuous. But when I came of an Age she imagined fit to be trusted, I by my Importunity one Day pre-

vailed on her to let me into the whole Secret of her Soul; and after the vent of some Sighs, which at first almost choaked her Words, she began in the following manner:

“ As I was sole Heiress to a great Estate,
 “ I heard of nothing from my Childhood, but
 “ the Charms of my Person. Praises of this
 “ kind were the only Language I was accus-
 “ tomed to: And instead of being taught that
 “ Superiority of Fortune becomes a Curse, when
 “ the Possessor knows not how to employ it,
 “ my own Parents joined with my other Flat-
 “ terers in endeavouring to fix Notions in my
 “ Head that I was all Perfection, and conse-
 “ quently could not err; which I found they
 “ derived rather from the Excellence of my
 “ Beauty than from any other Endowment,
 “ though I was not without many Commen-
 “ dations of my Understanding and good Qua-
 “ lities. When I was Eighteen, I lost my
 “ Mother, and my Father survived her but three
 “ Years; so that at the Age of One-and-twenty
 “ I was left entirely to myself, the Mistress
 “ of a great Fortune, and strongly possessed
 “ with the Idea, that I could not be compli-
 “ mented, for that I deserved much more than
 “ the warmest Imagination could suggest in my
 “ Praise. The Multitude of my sincere Lovers
 “ (as I then thought them) for some Time pre-
 “ vented my making any Choice; for no sooner
 “ did I find an Inclination secretly arising for any
 “ one, than the Charms of some other damped
 “ the growing Passion: And I was so perplexed
 “ by the Variety offered me, that by the abun-
 “ dance of Power itself, I lost even that of di-
 “ stinguish-

“ stinguishing which of my Admirers I liked
 “ best. This fluctuating State of Mind con-
 “ tinued till I was Five-and-twenty, when
 “ I accidentally met your Father at a Lady’s
 “ House in the Neighbourhood. He was
 “ handsome to a Miracle; I no sooner saw
 “ him than I liked him, and was so accus-
 “ tomed to the Addresses of every Man by
 “ whom I was seen, that I did not at all fear
 “ his immediately becoming one of my Train.
 “ But as it happened that he had for half a
 “ Year *fancied* himself very much in love with
 “ the young *Harriat*, the Lady’s Daughter at
 “ whose House I first saw him, he did not so
 “ soon profess himself my Lover as I expected.
 “ This was the first time my Vanity had ever
 “ the least Reason to be piqued, and conse-
 “ quently I became the more uneasy; and what
 “ is very unaccountable, I never had Sense
 “ enough to find out by Reflection, that I had
 “ any such Passion as Vanity; ’till its being
 “ thus disappointed, forced me to feel by the
 “ Pain it gave me, that I was possessed of it.
 “ My Rival was very pretty, and her Fortune
 “ such as your Father had great reason to be
 “ contented with; but as I took all Opportu-
 “ nities of throwing myself in his way, and
 “ contrived every Method (except telling him
 “ of it) to let him see how much I liked him,
 “ *and although the Task is very difficult to convince*
 “ *People that they themselves are the Objects of*
 “ *Admiration*, yet in about a Week, by great
 “ Assiduity, I left him no remaining Doubt
 “ but that I, and, what was much more pre-
 “ vailing, my Fortune, was at his Command,
 “ provided he would forsake *Harriat*, and
 “ think.

“ think of me only. The Thoughts of my
 “ great Estate immediately took possession of
 “ his whole Mind, and the Glare of my Supe-
 “ riority in that respect dazzled his Eyes to such
 “ a degree, as made all his former Mistress’s
 “ Charms vanish and fade into nothing, whilst
 “ he became (at least in appearance) entirely
 “ devoted to my Love.”

“ Now my utmost Vanity was satisfied by
 “ the removal of every Obstacle that obstructed
 “ it; Nature began to break forth, and Edu-
 “ cation gave way to its superior Force. Wax
 “ made warm with Fire could not be more
 “ soft and tender than my Disposition originally
 “ was. But yet by being continually accustomed
 “ to the utmost Gratifications of Vanity, my
 “ Mind for some time seemed compleatly satis-
 “ fied, and my Inclinations to Love lay con-
 “ cealed even from myself. But your Father’s
 “ Charms very soon inspired me with a Passion
 “ so simple and unmixed, that my whole Plea-
 “ sure was centered in the Thoughts that my
 “ Affections were returned, and our Love mu-
 “ tual. Blinded by my own Passion, I hast-
 “ ened to make the Man I fancied I had such
 “ reason to esteem, Master of me, and my
 “ Fortune. I painted in my own Mind Scenes
 “ of constant Love, and lasting Tenderness;
 “ and made no doubt but I was arrived to the
 “ highest Degree of human Happiness. My
 “ Husband’s Beauty was what first inspired me
 “ with Love, and unfortunately for myself,
 “ my Imagination was lively enough to give
 “ him, in my Opinion, every thing I wished
 “ him possessed of. I thought his Understand-
 “ ing

“ ing equalled his Beauty, and mistook that
 “ Softness which entirely arose from the For-
 “ mation of a regular Set of Features for real
 “ Tenderness, and an unaffected Goodness of
 “ Mind. But my being thus deceived in his
 “ real Character has been the Cause of all the
 “ Misery I have suffered since; for had I had
 “ Experience enough of the World, or Com-
 “ mand enough of my own Passions, to have
 “ judged of him as he was, I should either have
 “ conquered my Inclination, or brought myself
 “ to have been contented with his Behaviour.
 “ But I have continually languished for Impos-
 “ sibilities, and given away to Desires as madly,
 “ as if I was to expect a Crop of Corn from
 “ a paved Street, or gilded Palaces to arise in
 “ barren, uninhabited Mountains. In short,
 “ my whole Soul has been always fill’d with
 “ the greatest Tenderness towards my Hus-
 “ band; while he is not only incapable of re-
 “ turning it, but despises my Folly, and has
 “ not the least Idea of what it means. He is a
 “ very honest Man, and I believe is very con-
 “ stant to me; I don’t know that he is guilty
 “ of any one Vice; and yet his being totally
 “ unsusceptible of tender Sensations, renders me
 “ more miserable, than if his Actions were such
 “ as would make me hate him. If he was not
 “ the Man I am obliged to live with, I could
 “ now get the better of this unreasonable Wish.
 “ But as I daily see him before my Eyes, I am
 “ quite unhappy. For he at once keeps up an
 “ Inclination which makes me long to find him
 “ capable of Fondness, and yet at the same-
 “ time proves by every Action he is not so.
 “ Now, *Isabinda*, this is the Reason I would
 “ have

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“ have you take Pains to keep your Mind from
“ being too much softned, and, by my Ex-
“ ample, guard against the Rock on which I
“ have split. I should not have declared my
“ Sentiments so freely to you of your Father’s;
“ but that I think every thing is necessary to
“ caution you against being miserable.”

By this time Supper was on the Table; and my Father’s entering the Room put an end to our Discourse.

WHEN I was left alone, I began to reflect on what my Mother had told me; I could not but think that was I to meet with such a Behaviour as my Father’s to her, in a Man I loved, it would make me unhappy; for he constantly went out as soon as he had breakfasted; came home to Dinner; after which, he slept till it was time to go abroad again; seldom staid out to Supper; but as soon as that was over, hurried to Bed, as if the living in the same House was a Reason why People should never speak to each other. I began to form in my Mind a Resolution that nothing should ever tempt me to marry; but then it suddenly came into my Head, that I should never follow my Mother’s Example, in being charm’d with Beauty alone; and that therefore in a Man of Sense, I might meet with the Gratification of my utmost Tenderness; and be happy instead of miserable, by indulging the softest Passion I was capable of. My Imagination immediately formed a Creature whose Mind was perfectly the reverse of my Father’s, capable of all the little Refinements in which true Love chiefly consists; and I was ge-
nerous

nerous enough to my self to make no doubt of being quite secure of possessing this lovely Creature of my own Brain. But I will not trouble you with the various Turns of my Thoughts that Night; for what between Compassion for my Mother, and Joy at the great Success of my own Passion, (for I made the Object of it do and say whatever would please me best) there was such a wild Medley in my Mind, as would be difficult to make intelligible to another; but the next Morning gave a sudden Turn to all our Affairs. For my Father, as he was going out after Breakfast, fell down in a Fit of an Apoplexy; he was a fat, gross Man; and although he never got drunk, yet he had always indulged himself in eating and drinking to the very Brink of Intemperance; so that it fell so heavy upon him, that the most speedy Relief we could get, proved ineffectual; and in less than half an Hour he expired. My Mother behaved on that Occasion as is usual; she had lost the Object of her Passion, and for the present quite forgot it had never been returned; so that for the Time she felt as great Grief, as if she had the strongest Reasons in the World for it. But the finding herself freed from that Perturbation of Mind which had been occasioned by the continual Sight of a Person whom she loved contrary to her own Reason, soon alleviated her Sorrow, and rendered her much calmer than she had been from her first Acquaintance with her Husband. She then turned all her Thoughts on me, and I made it my Study to pay her the most respectful Duty, joined with the warmest Affection.

WE were in the Country, and led a retired solitary Life; where although we had no great Pleasures, yet the being perfectly free from every thing that could ruffle or disturb us, in reality, fully compensated the Want of them. But I was young, not yet above Seventeen, and soon grew weary of this insipid Life. I wanted to go into the World; and although I did not know it, I certainly had some latent Hope, that I should one Day meet with a Lover, possessed of all the amiable Qualities which my own Imagination suggested to be necessary to form a mutual Happiness. My Mother would not refuse any thing I desired, and consented to the taking a House in *London*, although she often said that on my Account she did it with Reluctance, for fear my Fortune (for my Father had greatly improved hers) should lead me into the same Snare into which she herself had fallen. I promised always to take her Advice, and by my Behaviour convinced her I should not be easily persuaded to disobey so good a Parent.

I WAS no sooner talked of in Town as a great Fortune, but Conquests, or rather what Women call such, daily flowed in upon me. Beaus, Pretty Fellows, in short all the idle Part of Mankind, who dress and make Love for no other Reason but for want of an Opportunity to get rid of that great Burden their Time, incessantly attended me: And although I should have hated myself, if I could have thought of dallying with the Passion of a Man of Sense, in order to make him uneasy; yet I confess I did not think it any great Crime, to let these Monkeys

keys play over a few of their Tricks, for my Diverſion: Whiſt I was convinced could they have ſeparated the Idea of my Fortune from my Perſon, my Power to give them either Pleaſure or Pain would equally have vaniſhed into nothing. It is almoſt incredible what ſort of trifling Actions, and nonſenſical Incidents, theſe Sort of Men take for Encouragement; and from which they imagine a Woman obliged to ſpend her whole Life with them. Diſtant Civility they take for a modeſt Concealment of a Paſſion; Rudeneſs they conſtrue into Love; if by chance you look at them, you are eagerly deſirous of engaging their Affection; and if by accident you overlook them, you are timorous leſt they ſhould engage yours, and cowardly fly from thoſe *Charms*, which muſt otherwiſe unavoidably captivate your Heart. And then their manner of declaring the Violence of their Paſſion is ridiculous, almoſt beyond Compariſon.

ONE of my Sparks, after he had drank Tea with me two or three Times, and I had perhaps taken a Pinch of Snuff out of his Box, or given him one out of mine, with ſome other *ſuch Marks of Love*, happened one Day to find me alone: He ſat down, bleſt his Stars for the favourable Opportunity, and then remained a full Quarter of an Hour in perfect Silence, ſtaring me all the while full in the Face with ſo aſſured a Look, as convinced me he was thinking thus in himſelf; “How happy are you to meet with me! but whiſt I am here, make haſte to accept the Honour I do you, or there are enow that will be glad of it, and take the Bleſſing from you.” But I am certain my
Eyes

Eyes were very faithful to me, and that I did not express the least Affection for him in my Words; so that the Gentleman was totally disappointed, and went from me in such great Anger, that he reported all over the Town I was a finished Coquette.

ANOTHER thought to gain me by mere dint of Impudence, and told me I wronged my own Heart in pretending to conceal my Love, for he read it in my Looks; giving me many Hints how much more my Misfortune than his it would be, if I continued to act so foolishly: And then began to kick his Heels, and hum a Song in a careless Manner, as much as to say; "If you think you can give me any Pain, you are mightily mistaken, for my Value for you is not so great as to put me into your Power." This Behaviour really diverted me, and I could not help laughing at him to such a Degree, as made him quit the Room, and perfectly forget how much I was in Love with him. He was reckoned handsome, and indeed had as much Beauty as could be in a Face that was unanimated, and a Countenance in which you could read nothing but Fool.

A THIRD approached me with a solemn Air and a majestic Pace, and expected I should submit to the Opinion he had conceived of his own Dignity. For some time I was a little at a Loss to find out, whether this Man had not some Affection for me, because I was so very much mistaken as to impute his Behaviour to a Diffidence in himself, and a Fear of offending me by a Declaration of his Love: But by a
Con-

Conversation I had with him one Day, I found out by the Sentiments he expressed, that what had the Appearance of Modesty, in Reality arose only from the Value he set on his own Merit, and to his Pride indulged to such a Height, as made him scorn the Thoughts of condescending to bear a Refusal. This was to me the most ridiculous Character in the World, and the Giddiness of Youth made me foolish enough to take a Pleasure in endeavouring to humble his Pride, and trying to allure the Gentleman to declare his Passion, only that I might have the Satisfaction of piquing his Vanity, and lowering the great Opinion he had of himself. Two or three Scenes that passed between us, (in which I made Advances only to bring about my own Purpose, and he appeared timorous and fearful of being caught) would really have been diverting to a third Person; and it makes me laugh whenever I reflect on them.

AT last the same Pride which made him look on being rejected with such Dread, prevailed on him to believe it was very improbable that such a *Disaster* should ever happen: And I succeeded so far as to have it in my Power to shew him, I did not think him so charming as he thought himself. However, as to humbling him it was utterly impossible, for he only despised my Judgment, and arrived to an utter Contempt of me. You see I do not scruple owning to you my Folly; nor do I think, if I had been a little older, there could have been any Excuse for such a trifling Behaviour. This was the only Man I really was a Coquette to, and yet he was the only one who did not report me to be

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be so; for he endeavoured to make the World believe, that it was his own fault he did not marry me. If I was to tell you the Number of Coxcombs who fancied I gave them Encouragement, whilst I never had one serious Thought about them, it would be endless; and besides there was so little Variety in their Characters, that it would be only repeating the same thing over again.

My Mother was greatly delighted to see I was not inclined to fix my Affections, and she began to hope I should go through the World without it; but I was almost weary of this manner of Life, and was made very uneasy from the Spite of some People, whom I could never find out; for they took Opportunities of stabbing me in the dark, and made me feel the Blow, while the Hand that gave it was concealed. I never appeared abroad, or went into any public Place, but I was sure the next Morning to receive a Letter from an unknown Hand, in which every Part of my Behaviour, and even my Dress was pull'd to pieces, and this under the Pretence of the greatest Friendship, and the most tender Regard for my Welfare. I had several Hints given me, that I had got the Reputation of being even a Jilt, and that, if I did not leave off that Way of Life, no Man of Sense would ever speak to me: Nay, one of these good-natured Epistles went so far as to tell me, that it was shrewdly suspected, Mr. Such-a-one (naming the ridiculous proud Man I have already told you of) would not have forsaken me, if I had not granted him every thing in my Power. My Mother laughed at this Malice, and assured me
it

it was nothing but Womens Envy at my having more Lovers than they thought came to my Share; or perhaps that this last was wrote by the Man himself, who being hurt by my Treatment of him, took this Method of Revenge. But Shame, and a Fear of being thought ill of, got the better of every thing she could say, and I began to reflect on my own Folly in indulging a trifling Amusement, at the Expence of laying myself open to the Venom of malicious Tongues. This dwelt so strongly upon my Mind, that it made me as unhappy as if I had had some real Cause, till an Accident turned my Thoughts another way, and made me quite forget all these nonsensical Letters, as much as if I had never received them.

HERE *Isabinda* ceased, and I will for the present conclude myself,

Your ever affectionate Sister,

C A M I L L A.

L E T T E R I I I .

CYNTHIA to CAMILLA at London.

Dear CAMILLA,

[From the Bath.

I THANK you for the Part you have already sent me of *Ifabinda's* Story, and make no Doubt from your being pleased with her Acquaintance, but that I shall also be pleased with her History. I have a great Compassion for her Mother, for I cannot form an Idea of any Life so miserable, as that of being continually with Persons, whom we have an involuntary Inclination to love, whilst they every Minute give us undoubted Proofs of being totally incapable of returning it. *Ifabinda's* Youth is the same Excuse for her dealing with Coxcombs, as Infancy is for playing with Rattles. But I hope to hear no more of them; for I look upon a Woman, who has any Converse with such sort of Fellows, after she is Twenty, in full as ridiculous a Light, as I should on a Girl of Fifteen, who placed her Delight in playing with the Toys which were properly given her when five Years old. Or, in other Words, I look upon the Conversation of Fools and general Love-makers, naturally to succeed those Toys, which are the proper Furniture of a Nursery, and think the Gratification of a light Vanity very excusable,

ble, and well adapted to the Age between Childhood, and that Maturity, when the Mind is settled enough to form a Judgment of both Men and Manners.

I AM forbid to read with the *Bath Waters*; so that, when my dear *Valentine* cannot give me his Company, I am obliged to amuse myself the best I can with what Diversion the Place affords; and intend in this Letter to inform you of every thing, I saw and heard Yesterday during the whole Day: If it is trifling, I depend on my *Camilla's* Good-nature for Pardon; and am so well convinced of the friendly Pleasure you take in hearing from me, that I think nothing inexcusable, but disobeying you in being silent.

I WENT at nine in the Morning to the Pump-Room, when the playing of the Music, joined to the Spirit of the warm Water, raised my Imagination, and threw me into that agreeable State of Mind, which makes us susceptible of every little Pleasure that Accident throws in our way. You know I never was ambitious of a general Acquaintance, and here I have but very little; for which Reason I usually sit down in a Corner, and am left at free Liberty to make what Reflections I please. The Harmony of Music cannot silence those People, whose Voices make the most agreeable Sound in their own Ears: And I observed Numbers round me, who were talking with an Earnestness, which to me *as a Stranger*, seemed to flow from something worthy the greatest Attention. But amongst the various People who were there assembled,

sembled, the whole Conversation I heard for some time, was comprized in three or four Sentences; such as the Warmth or Coldness of the Weather, and notwithstanding it was one of the finest Days I ever saw, yet this was one Remark, that it always rained at *Bat*'s; another was, the Glasses of Water which each Particular had drank that Morning; what Ladies were early or late at the Pump-Room, with what mighty Business had kept them up the Night before, to prevent their regular Attendance on that *Triste* their Health, &c.

I CANNOT but say, I often wished talking incessantly was not looked upon to be so essential a Part of human Happiness, as to render two or three Minutes Cessation of that mighty Pleasure, perfectly impracticable even to those, who have nothing to say. At last I observed that two Ladies who had curtsied with great Good-humour to one half of the Company, and scornfully overlooked the other half, were staring me full in the Face, as if they had seen some Monster. Curiosity led me to hearken to them, as I seemed to be the Object on which their Attention was mostly fixed, and I overheard one of them say to the other: "I never saw her before; I don't observe that any one of our Acquaintance, that is, any one worth Notice, speaks to her." On which her Companion replied; "'Tis certainly some Creature, some insignificant Wretch, who being tired with having nobody to admire her but herself, has just made her first Journey to Bath, in order to display her own Awkward-

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" nefs,

“ nefs, and be the Diversion of all the *good*
 “ *Company* here.” Reciprocal Contempt has
 something in it, which is always ridiculous;
 and I could not help smiling at the thoughts, how
 these Peoples Vanity, in their own Imagination,
 lifted them to the Clouds, whilst in the Eyes
 of others they were placed amongst the lowest of
 human Race.

I BLEST my good Fortune, which had not
 cursed me with such Acquaintance, whilst they
 were pitying, or rather laughing at my Mis-
 fortune in not having that *only*, that *grand*
 Stamp of Merit; and I could not forbear think-
 ing, that nothing is so justly the Object of Scorn
 as a Pigmy, that imagines itself a Giant, or a
 Monkey, which because it mimicks the Actions,
 and becomes the *Rival* of the lowest Part of
 the human Species, fancies itself on a level
 with all Mankind. And I really think an
 Observation I heard the other Day is true,
vz. that Insolence and Impertinence gene-
 rally take their Rise from some small Hint or
 Suspicion of Demerit in ourselves. For sure no
 one would be so mad, as to leave the firm and
 sure Footing of Merit (which when attended
 with Modesty, must be allowed *even* by the
Envious; and admired by others) to totter on
 the slippery Banks of Folly and Impertinence,
 where every Step is dangerous, and all Behold-
 ers would willingly throw the poor Wretch to
 the Ground, only for their own Diversion. Lit-
 tle Boys, when they forsake a broad dry Path,
 to wade up to their Knees through Dirt and
 Mire, are not more childish than these *fine*
Ladies, when, instead of endeavouring to gain
 VOL. III. C Esteem

Esteem and Admiration by a Conduct worthy of them, they spend their whole Lives in affecting a Superiority, which it would not cost them so much really to attain. But I have observed, that all Pride, by turning the Head giddy with either real or imaginary Weight, overlooks the Steps leading up to its own Gratification.

A SCENE I was once Witness of in the Country, in my Opinion was a strong Picture of human Life. A poor Girl by being always told from her Cradle, that she was very handsome, grew mad with Vanity, and fancied herself a Queen. Her whole Delight was placed in gathering up Rags and Patches to make her a Train suitable to the great Dignity of her imagined Station: But the Page being wanting to hold up this Emblem of Grandeur, I have myself seen her walk through ploughed Grounds, dragging her long Train after her, till at last being clogged with Dirt, it became so heavy, she was unable to carry it any farther, and sunk down under the Weight of this her coveted, patched up, fancied Sign of Honour and Stateliness. The Boys used to hoot her as she passed, and call her by Way of Derision, her Majesty of the *Embroidered Train*. I seldom pass a Day, but this poor Girl is brought to my Remembrance, and sometimes cannot help laughing, when I see People strutting and sweating under the Weight of some *Superiority* they have been so good as to give themselves, whilst they appear to me in the Situation of this poor mad Creature; and I look on them but as so many *Queens of the Embroidered Train*.

BUT

BUT to leave this Subject : From the Pump the greatest Part of the Company adjourned to the Coffee-Room, which is frequented by both Gentlemen and Ladies. Here the Conversation was so mix'd, and the Subjects so various, that it was difficult to distinguish the Voice or Sentiments of one Person from another. I could hardly forbear thinking, I was in that Creek of *Nova Zembla* Mr. *Bickerstaff* mentions in his Extract from Sir *John Mandeville's* Journal, where the Cold was so intense, as to freeze the very Words as they were uttered. The Sun shone very bright, and I was almost led to imagine, that by its Warmth and Vigour, the Speeches which had been long concealed by Cold, were now melting in my Ears, to which only I could impute the Variety of Sounds which at once invaded me. Religion, Politics, Gaming, Dancing, Dressing, in short almost every Topic of Discourse the Language affords, was discuss'd; and it was very comical to hear at once the Actions of Statesmen canvass'd, and the exact Manner of pinning a Ribband, or placing a Patch, eloquently criticized on. And yet by one Circumstance spoken of by Sir *John*, the Frost seem'd yet to continue: "For whether he was heard or no, every Man was sensible he spoke as well as ever."

AFTER this Scene I went home to Breakfast, where you may be sure I spent my time agreeably; for your dear Brother met me there in perfect Health, and I am sure it would be needless to add, in great Good-humour.

FROM thence I proceeded to the Rooms, where the Croud was so great, it was with some Difficulty I could move. It was observable, that, altho' the Heat occasioned by the great Concourse of People was excessive, yet all the Ladies were in Capuchins, Bonnets, Muffs (which latter were worn also by some of the Gentlemen) and in every Dress which could be contrived for Warmth, as much as if they had really been in *Nova Zembla*. I asked an Acquaintance what could be the Meaning that People contrived to clothe themselves so inconveniently. She laughed, and replied, it was the fashionable Morning Dress, and she did not in the least doubt, but Custom might introduce the wearing Ermin and Fur in the hottest Country in *Europe*: For that she was satisfied the Gratification of Vanity would take from the greatest Part of the World the Sense of feeling even Heat or Cold. I did not go near the Roly-poly or Card-Tables, for you know I have no Sort of Pleasure in Play; but I found all those who were walking about, or rather standing still for Want of Room to stir, complained violently of the Disagreeableness of being thus thrust and squeezed, and yet did not at all endeavour to get out of it. This put me in Mind of Dr. *Swift's* fat Man in the Croud, who complained greatly of the Uneasiness of being in the Press; and yet did not remember, till reminded by one who stood next him, that he could without any Trouble remove his own Pain, and make more Room for others. I overheard several Ladies give it as a Reason for enduring this great Punishment, that the Variety there relaxed their

Thoughts,

Thoughts, and kept them from the *Pain of Thinking*, which was not good with the Waters. I could not help having a Curiosity to hear the Conversation of whoever made this Speech; and I generally found, it was much ado about nothing, and that they were only putting themselves to a very unnecessary Trouble, to prevent that Pain which seemed not likely of befalling them, even though they had laboured as much (as a Lady once did to learn to love Reading) to have procured it.

I WAS soon tired of being here, and in the Afternoon went to make a Visit: The Lady of the House was very young and gay; she was just married, and had given a Fortune of ten thousand Pounds to a Man whom she neither loved nor hated: But he could make her a Settlement answerable to it, had a good Character, her Friends thought it right to have her settled in the World, and she had too much Indifference in her Temper, not to comply with what they desired; her whole Time was trifled away in Dress and Company, which she thought such mighty Business, that one continual Hurry ran through her whole Life; and her House was the common Rendezvous of all those who, like herself, fancy them'selves employed by being in a Room with a great many People, and always thrust into a Croud because they have nothing else to do. *Elmira* this Lady's Sister, who lived with her, will answer to the Description of a Beauty; and yet I can't say she looks like one: For she has a set of regular Features added to a fine Complexion, and very good brown Hair, and yet such an Insensibility appears in

her Countenance, that I rather lament so much is thrown away, than am pleased with what she really has. However, she is reckoned handsome, and has some Admirers; for there are in the World Men who are tasteless enough to like by Rule; and being ignorant of all those little nameless Elegancies which are the greatest Charms of even Beauty itself, go away well pleased with their Mistresses, when they can describe them to their Companions in what they think an amiable Light. *Corydon*, a young Gentleman of this Sort, sat by *Elmira*; he took all Opportunities of making Compliments to her; and yet I thought it was easily to be perceived, that he was much more pleased with his own Speeches, than with the Object to whom he addressed them. It would be endless to run through all the Company in the Room, for it was quite full: But I happened to sit near *Corydon* and *Elmira*, which made me more particularly observe them. An agreeable sensible Woman was next me, and addressed most Part of her Conversation to me; and on talking of Variety of Subjects, took out of her Pocket a Letter she had received that Morning from a young Lady, wrote in Verse, and desired my Opinion of it. The Thoughts were all nervous and strong, the Expressions pure and elegant, and the Verse flowed with the greatest Ease imaginable; so that I could not avoid expressing my Admiration of it. *Corydon* and *Elmira* overheard what we were talking of, and begged if there were no Secrets in the Letter, they might have the Pleasure of hearing it. I know nothing engages People who are void of Taste so much as seeing they are found out; and therefore, with the

the Lady's Leave, immediately read it aloud to them; but such an Inundation of Envy and low Spite burst from the Lips of these two People, (who by the Injudicious are called *good-natur'd* because they are silly) as made me sigh at the Malignity there is in human Nature: And yet there was something so ridiculous in both their Manner and Words, that I could not help smiling. *Elmira* said, she thought writing Poetry did not become a Woman, there was something too masculine in it; on which *Corydon* replied, with a Sneer composed of Folly and Malice, "Do you think, Madam, those Lines are really a Woman's? I dare say this Lady has some Husband, Father, or Brother, who gave them to her, though they pass in her Name; for without Learning it is impossible for any one to write so well." I asked the Gentleman, if he imagined none could express their Thoughts in any Language who did not understand several? To which he made no Answer, but fell to adjusting his Cravat, rubbing his Beard, and repeating some *Latin Verses*, in which I was afterwards told by a Gentleman in Company, he committed many Blunders; and concluded with affirming, he was sure those Verses were wrote by a Man. It was not worth while to say any more. *Elmira* did not agree with *Corydon*, that Women could not write; but fixing her Eyes on a Glass opposite her, said she believed *some Women* might be capable of writing, if they had not *Judgment* enough to know it was not proper for them. Then followed an Argument between the Gentleman and the Lady, which had the *Superiority* in Point

of Understanding, Man or Woman? I sat a little while by Way of Diversion, and plainly perceived that *Corydon* was resolved to go through the Difficulty of finding a Wife sillier than himself; and that *Elmira* was equally resolute never to marry a Man who liked her for her Face, unless he had also so deep a Penetration as to find out her *Genius*. But as I did not know how long this Conversation might last, I soon grew tired: For although Sense and Truth, when all is exhausted that can be said on a Subject, will find a Period; the bottomless, the inexhaustible Fund of Nonsense, (especially when supported by an Eagerness that arises from Envy) can find no End. I therefore took my Leave, and left them to carry on their Dispute as high as they pleased; whilst I was happy enough to have it in my Power to escape being any longer stun'd with it. I left them with a Resolution, that for the future, whenever I had a Mind to amuse myself, I would go amongst People of Sense, who alone can trifle well; whereas the sillier Part of Mankind affect to scorn every Thing that is not wise; and from an Endeavour to shew their own Understandings, eternally tease their unhappy Companions with their laboured, heavy, trite Sentiments.

I HAD not been returned to my Lodgings half an Hour before *Valentine* brought home two Gentlemen of his Acquaintance to spend the Evening with us. You well know, *Camilla*, whatever Company is agreeable to him, is so to me: And I met them with a Cheerfulness which always attends the Certainty of being
used

used well. That restrained Ceremony which seems to conceal some lurking Thought, that if known might shame the Possessor, and that Rudeness which every Moment declares a Mind entirely void of Shame, are to me equally detestable: And I every Day reflect on my Happiness, that I am married to a Man whose own Behaviour sets an Example to all his Companions to treat me with real good Breeding. One of these Gentlemen has a Fund of Wit and Entertainment in him I never met with before. His Conversation is at once so lively, one can hardly imagine he has Time to think, and yet so solid and judicious, it is almost impossible to conceive but every Thought must arise from the most deliberate Reflection. The only Foible I could perceive in him was a frequent Sneer he put on, when he was talking of others. He often put me in Mind of two Lines in a Translation of *Perfius's* Satires; where *Horace* is thus described:

*The Croud he sneer'd, but sneer'd with such a
Grace,
It pass'd for downright Innocence of Face.*

A Delight in a low Ridicule I thought beneath a Man of his Parts, and was really sorry to suspect he had any the least Failing. But what made the Scene diverting, was the other Gentleman's answering full as well to two Lines in another Satire of the same Author, where the Mirth of Fools is thus displayed:

*On each bold Nose a wrinkling Sneer is found,
And quavering Laughter echoes loud around.*

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When the one had done sneering, the other always began to imitate him; by which Means he had the Misfortune of wrinkling his Nose, when it should have been smooth; and quavering with Laughter, when the Jest was over. Thus the Jest often falls on himself, and he is in the same Case with *Pierrot*, who, when he fancies he has nothing more to do than to get sight of *Harlequin*, and mimic his Step, to be able to follow him in all his Windings and Turnings, often finds that for want of the same powerful Wand which the other possesses, he is left in Disgrace, and exposed to the Ridicule of the whole Audience. But after the Gentlemen were gone, *Valentine* informed me, that the Man whose Understanding I so much applauded, would be glad never to have an Opportunity of sneering; that he is a true Friend to every Man he finds worthy of his Esteem, is always glad to meet with an Object of it, and only laughs instead of crying, to keep up his own Good-humour, and that of the Company: But that the other Gentleman envies the very People he affects to despise; and is a Puller-down of others, in hopes by that means to raise his own little Value the higher. But I think it is now Time to finish this long Epistle. My Duty attends the Author of, and my Love the Preserver of, my *Valentine's* and *Camilla's* Lives; and believe me ever

Your most affectionate Sister,

And obedient humble Servant,

CYNTHIA.

LETTER IV.

CAMILLA to CYNTHIA at the Bath.

Dear CYNTHIA, [From London.

AS I know you will have a great Curiosity to hear the Remainder of *Isabinda's* Story, I will make no Preface to detain you from it. She went on thus:

EMILIA, a young Lady, with whom I had been very intimate from the Time I came to Town, called on me one Morning, and invited me to spend the Evening with her, to see a Gentleman her Brother was to bring to sup with him at her House, who was reckoned one of the most ingenious Men of the Age. Natural Curiosity to see a Person so remarkable, inclined me to accept the Invitation. I thanked my Companion for endeavouring to amuse me, and waited on her at the Hour appointed. There were seven of us in Company: However, I expected from the Character I had heard of this Gentleman, (whom for the future I shall call *Philocles*) that all of them would be modest and diffident of themselves where *he* was, and place their chief Delight in hearing *him* talk. But I was greatly disappointed; for I never heard so many People talk together, and such a confused Jargon as there was that Evening, in all

my Life-time. So that *Philocles* had not an Opportunity to speak one Word. Indeed most of the Conversation was addressed to him, but without waiting for, or desiring an Answer.

I COULD not forbear reflecting all Night on the Oddness of this Scene, and the next Morning went early to my Friend, and desired her to tell me what could tempt all those People to babble to such a Degree, that one could not have the Pleasure of hearing *Philocles* speak. She smiled, “ and told me that she intended to “ have given me an agreeable Entertainment by “ having only her Brother and *Philocles* of the “ Party; and that the rest, by a Mistake of “ the Servant, got in by chance. But, continued she, the Moment they saw who was “ here, there was no Possibility of getting them “ out of the House without being downright rude. “ For you must know this is a Tax all People “ must pay, who have the Pleasure of *Philocles*’s “ Acquaintance. The very few Judicious who “ know him, admire and love him; and from “ thence he has got the Reputation of being “ a Man of great Parts. Fame itself barely does “ him Justice; but you must imagine the number of Fools who pretend they admire him, “ are too tasteless really to enjoy his Conversation, or even to find out, had they not “ been told so, that he has any Superiority “ over the rest of Mankind: For all his Ideas “ are too strong, and his Wit too refined to be “ understood by the Multitude. He is no great “ Talker; for he is above the low Vanity of “ showing his Parts, and whatever he says seems “ to flow from the generous Motive of giving “ others

“ others Pleasure, whilst the Consideration of
 “ himself appears to be totally neglected. In-
 “ deed it is impossible he should find Subjects
 “ enough of Discourse to be continually talk-
 “ ing; since he is equally incapable of venting
 “ Nonsense, or of giving Way to the base Ma-
 “ lignity which makes the Imperfections and
 “ Frailties of others the Objects of Mirth and
 “ Ridicule. Those alone which are hurtful
 “ to Society incur his Satire, which is always
 “ as gentle as it is just. The only Mark by
 “ which we can know it, is pointed at Mens
 “ Faults, and does not take its Rise from ei-
 “ ther Envy or Hatred to the Men themselves.
 “ Besides, he has such a Command of Words,
 “ that he expresses his Thoughts in fewer by
 “ far than are necessary for others to make
 “ themselves understood; so that the same Sen-
 “ timent which would employ some Men a
 “ considerable time even to make it intelligible,
 “ in his Mind would be at once conceived and
 “ clothed, and then brought to light with such
 “ ease, that it would appear to have been
 “ thought on by him ever since he was capa-
 “ ble of thinking.”

THIS advantageous Character of *Philocles*
 made me easily comprehend, why Men of Sense
 should delight to be continually with him:
 But still I was at a Loss to know, why such
 Sort of People as these that stun'd him with
 their Noise the Night before, should prefer his
 Company to that of others; and on telling my
 Thoughts to *Emilia*, she replied, “ That she
 “ thought she had explained that to me, by
 “ telling me it was his Fame alone that drew
 “ them

“ them after him ; but, added she, since you do
 “ not seem to understand how that can be, I
 “ will let you into the Secret. You must know
 “ there are Numbers of People whose only
 “ Pleasure in Conversation is the Gratification
 “ of their Vanity. Now there are no Persons
 “ so very silly, but may meet with some Ad-
 “ mirers in their own Class; but that does not
 “ satisfy them : They are unhappy, unless they
 “ can be approved by Men that are thought
 “ to have Sense. This is the Reason why *Phi-*
 “ *locles* is so much sought after, even by those
 “ who would dislike him, and think him dull,
 “ if they had never heard of him before. His
 “ Hatred of their manner of talking makes him
 “ remain in Silence; which they always im-
 “ pute to his Attention to, and Admiration of
 “ them, (that Error which has Inclination on
 “ its side, is always easily given way to) and
 “ when they have blundered out Volleys of Non-
 “ sense in his Ears, they go home satisfy’d with
 “ his Approbation, and pleased with the Thought
 “ how agreeable it is to spend their Time with
 “ Men of Wit and Taste, make a firm Reso-
 “ lution to avoid the Company of all Fools as
 “ long as they live; and indeed so far they
 “ keep up to it, that they are *alone* as seldom
 “ as possible. Their own great Opinion of
 “ themselves not being Food enough to sat-
 “ isfy the Greediness of their Vanity, whilst
 “ poor *Philocles* cannot presently recover his
 “ Senses, after they have thus persecuted him;
 “ and, like *Horace* in *Ben. Johnson’s* Poetaster,
 “ begins to fear it will be his Fate to be talked
 “ to death. The Attempt of these People to
 “ gain his Esteem is full as vain as that of build-

“ ing the Tower of *Babel* ever was ; and when
 “ there is more than one of them, it generally
 “ has the same Effect ; and turns the whole Con-
 “ versation into such an unintelligible Jargon,
 “ as you heard last Night. But the worst is,
 “ in this Case the Punishment falls on their
 “ unhappy Hearers, and not on themselves.
 “ They fancy the Tower is built, and reach
 “ their imagined Heaven, whilst others feel it
 “ falling about their Ears, and in the Variety
 “ of Tongues lose the Idea of the real Use of
 “ Speech.”

I THANKED *Emilia* for her Information, and told her, if she could procure an Opportunity of letting me see *Philocles*, when we might enjoy his Conversation, I should be obliged to her for indulging me in that Pleasure ; and on her Promise to bring it about as soon as possible, I took my Leave. The Interval between this and my seeing him again, seem'd as so much Time lost ; for as this was my only Point in View, all other Things appeared as nothing to me ; and yet I was so ignorant, I imputed this entirely to a Desire of conversing, and being acquainted with a Man of so extraordinary a Character, as *Emilia* had given of *Philocles*, without the least Suspicion of my Heart's being at all concerned in it : However, my Joy was almost incredible the next Time *Emilia* told me I might spend the Evening with him.

AT this second Interview, she took care to shut out all Intruders ; and we were really merry without Noise, and entertained without Malice ;

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Malice ; the Satisfaction of the whole Company seemed to be placed in pleasing each other, and, without the Restraint of any ridiculous Ceremony, true Politeness reigned. In short, we passed our Time so agreeably, that I wish'd my whole Life could be spent in the same Manner, nor did I know a Wish beyond it.

THO' Men often fall in our Esteem, from our having previously heard great Characters of them ; yet *Philocles* more than answered my Expectations. The Judiciousness and real Wit with which his whole Conversation abounded, could be equalled by nothing but the Sensibility of his Looks ; and his Eyes and Tongue seemed to be at strife which should have the greatest Share in uttering that good Sense, which was contained within.

I WENT home so full of the Idea of him, that all his Words re-echoed in my Ears ; and my Imagination placed his Form before my Eyes, even when he himself was at a great Distance from me.

Now, instead of amusing my self with Coxcombs, I delighted in being alone ; for all Company grew irksome to me ; and when I was obliged to be in any, I was so absent in my Thoughts, that I often made wrong Answers ; and all my Acquaintance wondered what could be the Cause of such an Alteration. I was greatly perplexed to find out whether *Emilia* was not my Rival ; she seemed so eloquent in *Philocles's* Praises, that I feared she liked him (indeed I thought seeing and loving him was

was the same thing) yet she did not seem in that Confusion when she talked of him, as I should have been, had I but mentioned his Name. This was some small Comfort, but yet I was not satisfied; I formed a thousand Schemes in my Head to find out the Truth; but could get no Opportunity of putting any of them in Execution. At last my Friend (who was older, and knew more of the World than I did) perceived my Uneasiness, and kindly relieved me, by assuring me, “that, altho’ she had a great Esteem for *Philocles*, yet her Heart had been otherwise engaged a long Time.” I was as much rejoiced at her telling me this, as if I had been sure of his Inclination from that Moment, and this had been the only Obstacle in my Way to what I thought Happiness.

PHILOCLEES now possessed all my Thoughts; and I had no other Idea of Pleasure, but what was to arise from the seeing and conversing with him. I grew so pensive, that my Mother soon perceived it; and as her greatest Fear was my having any violent Attachment, she was not long perplexed to guess the Cause of my Anxiety; her Importunity extorted from me a Confession of the Truth. This she looked on as a Sign I should be willing to take her Advice; but I verily believe the true Motive of my not concealing it from her, was the great Pleasure I took in talking of my favourite Subject, and the Impossibility I found of attending to any other. She seemed pleased with the Description I gave of *Philocles*, and assured me, “That if, besides his other Accomplishments, he was capable of a strong Affection, and
“ chose

“ chose me for the Object of it, she should have
 “ no Objections to my following my own
 “ Inclinations.”

I LOOKED on this as an Approbation of my Passion: and as I thought I read in my Lover's Looks, that I was far from being indifferent to him, I began to flatter my self a little Time would bring about all I wished. *Emilia* was so good-natured, that she took every Opportunity without putting me to the Confusion of asking it, of letting me see my Lover; and he soon asked Leave to visit me. I did not hesitate a Moment in granting his Request, nor indeed was it in my Power.

Now the very distant Hope that I might see him but one quarter of an Hour, was sufficient to keep me at Home the whole Day; and the first time he came, I happened to be alone. This Interview entirely finished his Conquest; and it would have been fruitless to have endeavoured the struggling with a Passion, which Resistance would have only inflamed the more. We talked of indifferent Subjects, nor did he once mention the Word Love: This I imputed to his Respect for me; and it is impossible to describe the Happiness I enjoyed during the Time he was with me. Two Hours appeared to my Imagination but two Minutes; and I wondered how he could leave me so soon. I was almost tempted to have desired him to stay longer, and would have given the World for any plausible Excuse to have done so. He left me as in a Dream; and, instead of any Power to fix my Thoughts on what Subject I pleased, my Fancy wandered

wandered through every Word he had said ; and his every Look and Gesture seemed as present to me.

I FOUND fault in my Mind with every Part of my Behaviour ; sometimes I was afraid my Love had appeared too plain, and I should be the Object of *Philocles's* Contempt. Then Shame and Confusion tormented me to such a Degree, that I resolved the next Time I saw him (whatever Pangs it cost me) to conceal my Passion. Then in a Moment, without any Reason for changing my Opinion, I reflected on some trifling Thing I had said, which I fancied would give him Reason to believe I had no liking to him at all ; and consequently make him endeavour to cure that *great Passion* I was convinced he had for me. Now as quick as Lightning I changed my Resolution, wished he would come back again, that I might even own my Love, lest the endeavouring to conceal it, should give me the Air of a Coquette, and make me despicable, where I most desired to be esteemed. In short, I could not satisfy myself, but that there was something blameable in my Conduct ; and the Anxiety arising from this Fancy was as great as could have been caused by any real Affliction.

FROM this Time I shunned all my Acquaintance, except *Emilia*, whose Understanding increased every Day in my Eyes : For she indulged me in talking of *Philocles* ; and my whole Delight, when absent from him, was in her Conversation.

My

My Mother would often talk of him; but she saw me so prepossessed in his Favour, that her Fears for my Welfare made her endeavour a little to palliate the Violence of my Love, till I could see by his Behaviour whether Misery might not be the Consequence of indulging it. But I was deaf to all Remonstrances of this Kind, and every thing grew tiresome to me but the dwelling on *Philocles's* Perfections; nor did I once doubt my Happiness, till he made me a Declaration of his Love, or, to speak more properly, till he offered himself to be my Husband. Then all my Blindness could not hide the Coldness and Carelessness of his Manner; and he left me more dissatisfied with him than I had been from the Time I first had the Pleasure of seeing him. His Behaviour dwelt strongly on my Mind, and which ever Way I turned it, I could not but see that he had either naturally a calm Disposition not to be ruffled by the Passion of Love, or that I was not the Object of it. From this Thought started an imaginary Rival, and I racked myself with Jealousy of I knew not what. At length, worn out with Perplexity, the Mind of itself turned to more pleasing Ideas, and in *Philocles's* Charms his Indifference and my Rival vanished; and I had no other Thoughts but when I should be so happy as to see *Philocles* again.

THIS happened to me several Times, and I really think nothing this World can give, could counterbalance the Pain I suffered in the many anxious Hours I then spent. My Mother was continually talking to me of *Philocles*, and insisted (if I was not resolved to plunge myself in Misery

Misery my whole Life) on my breaking off all Commerce with him. I could not but agree with her, that my Lover's calm and philosophick Temper was not formed to return a Passion such as mine, and that it would be utterly impossible for me to be happy in his Indifference.

I OFTEN reflected, that had not Shame withheld me, I could daily have found Opportunities of seeing him, which he neglected, and seemed contented to meet with me just as it was convenient; nor did he once contrive to remove the least Obstacle to effect it. I was too strongly convinced by what I felt myself, that every Trifle which has the smallest Degree of Connection with the Object beloved, is worked up in the Imagination of a Lover to be of the utmost Consequence, not to see that *Philocles* could not deserve that Name.

I OFTEN blamed myself for turning the most agreeable Acquaintance in the World into a disagreeable Lover: For I imputed his thinking of me at all entirely to his reading in my very Looks, how much I liked him. But notwithstanding these Considerations, and ten thousand more, which by Turns succeeded in my Mind, Inclination was too powerful for them all; and I could not resolve to give him up for ever. He was not to be dallied with; for his own want of Passion prevented his taking any Delight in those Trifles which, where there is great Love and Tenderness, are always pleasing; and his insisting on an Answer, reduced me to the Dilemma of either consenting to marry him, or resigning him for ever. It was very easy for
me

me to refuse him, whilst I thought I could see him again, and have it in my Power to alter my Mind; but the very Idea that I must lose him without any Hopes of Retrieval, was so horrible I could not bear it: For at that time I had no Notion that it was possible for me ever to conquer my Passion.

WHENEVER I was with my Mother, she pressed me so earnestly not to abandon myself to Misery, and was so reasonable in her Sentiments, that I could not help agreeing with her: But the very Moment I was left to myself, I argued so strongly in the behalf of *Philocles*, that he always got the better of all my Resolutions. I began to think, that as he was both the Object of Esteem and Admiration, it was more noble and generous to love him, without expecting any equal Return, than if he had been capable of it. I went even so far as to cherish and indulge the Thought, that violent Fondness might perhaps be a *Frailty* and *Weakness* in Nature; and for that Reason the only Man who appeared to me to have every Perfection, was exempt from it. *Emma's* Resolution to love *Henry*, notwithstanding all he said to her in that most *fiery Trial*, made her in my Eyes a perfect Heroine. I was fully persuaded, that to make another's Affection for me the Foundation of mine, must be owing to the greatest Selfishness imaginable; and I looked down with Scorn on a Thought so mean.

IT is incredible which what Contempt I viewed every Woman who has no Choice of her own, but gives herself to the first Man who pretends
he

he loves her. All Honour and Goodness was immediately centered by me in setting the highest Value on Merit, without any Consideration of ourselves; and my Fancy dressed up this Phantom of a disinterested Love in so many amiable Shapes, and such various Charms, that I grew fond of the Image: And the Moment I could thus make the following my own Inclinations the Road to possessing the highest Virtue, all Objections to *Philocles* vanished; and I have found out a Method at once to indulge my Love, and gratify my Pride.

My only Care was, which way I could make myself most amiable in the Eyes of the Man, for whom my Affection and Esteem were equal. Hitherto I had never once seen him, but I afterwards disapproved of my own Behaviour, and indeed I believe with great Reason; for I was so confused from the Moment he entered the Room, that it was with great Difficulty I could bring myself to speak; and when I had Resolution enough not to be dumb, I dare say I uttered the greatest Nonsense imaginable; for I knew not what I said: And I believe it is generally the Case, that People appear to the greatest Disadvantage, where they are most anxious to please. But whilst I was thus fluctuating and unresolved how to act, another Gentleman, to whom I will give the Name of *Florio*, who saw me by chance, declared himself my Lover. His Fortune was so great, that it was impossible for me to suspect him of Insincerity. He was an agreeable Man, very lively in his Conversation, and had something so inexpressibly amiable and soft in his Manner, that I believe few Women could have resisted

sifted his Addressees. This at first gave me great Pleasure, as I hoped it might kindle a Jealousy in the Breast of *Philocles*, and warm him into a stronger Love. *Florio* was quite the Reverse of the other; for his Passions were so violent, that it was equally difficult to keep him within any Bounds of Moderation; or to raise in *Philocles* one Thought which could ruffle that philosophick Mind of his, and make him sensible of the Power of Love.

I WAS now in the oddest Situation in the World: I sighed, because I could not give the Man I liked *Florio's* Warmth of Affection, nor take my Inclination from the only Object I had ever seen capable of giving me Pleasure. But the conversing with this new Lover, which I did but seldom, had a quite contrary Effect from what I expected. *Philocles* was indeed jealous; but it was not the Jealousy of a fond Lover, but of a *reasonable* Man, who being unwilling to be deceived, was resolved to examine every thing in the nicest Manner. As I had hesitated some Time in giving him an Answer, he imagined I had only a Mind to have Variety of Lovers, and he could not bear the Thoughts of dangling after any Woman, only to please her Vanity, and be made a *Fool* of. He came several Times, when unfortunately, and much against my Inclinations, I happened to be so engaged in Company, that he could not get an Opportunity of speaking to me alone. This he construed as an Artifice of mine to avoid coming to any Explanation; and with the utmost Indifference went out of Town, without even taking leave of me.

A MAN

A MAN who would marry a Woman only because he does not dislike her, and thinks her Circumstances convenient for him, is easily put from the Pursuit, especially when he is not covetous; which was *Philocles's* Case.

WHEN first I knew he was gone in that abrupt Manner without speaking to me, I was almost distracted. It is impossible to describe the many various Passions which agitated my Mind. One Moment I loved, and the other hated, with the utmost Vehemence. And now that Grief was become my greatest Indulgence, I began to fancy it the greatest Virtue. The more I was mortified, the greater I imagined was my Constancy; and Constancy in Love, (whether with, or without a Reason) must be something *heroical*. And had not Pride helped me to this small Comfort, I verily believe the Loss of *Philocles* would have been my Death. But from the Resolution of never liking any other Man I fancied myself a Heroine; and stamp'd and tore my Hair with all the *Dignity* of a Tragedian: And I have diverted myself since with the Reflection, that I believed at the very instant my whole Soul was filled with Anxiety, that I had the utmost Contempt for the World, and should never care for any thing in it again.

I WROTE a hundred Letters to *Philocles*, and burnt them all as fast; for I could not find one to please me: Some were too forward, others too cold; one Minute I could condescend to any Thing, rather than he should have an ill Opinion of me; the next I was so convinced

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of his Indifference, that I thought all Endeavours to bring him back would be vain; and could not bear to subject myself to yet greater Affronts.

AT first I took an utter averfion to *Florio*, thinking he had been the Cause of all my Misfortunes; but by fome Accident I was prevented from feeing him for a Week; by which Time my Paſſion greatly ſubſided; and, to own my Weakneſs, I began to be pleaſed with his Love. Whether it was that the Deſpair and great Uneaſineſs which for ſome Time had involved my Mind, made me glad to take hold of any the leaſt Hope of Pleaſure; or, as I was diſappointed of the Gratification of my real ſofter Inclinations, Vanity was then moſt predominant in me; or whether the Violence of *Florio's* Addreſſes flattered me into the moſt agreeable Opinion of myſelf, and kept my Pride alive, I cannot determine. But this is certain, that he grew every Day more and more tolerable to me; and in a ſhort Time, (with the Exception only of ſome few Sighs, that *Florio* could not look and ſpeak like *Philocles*, or *Philocles* love like *Florio*) I became ſatisfied with the Company of the latter; with this Difference in my preſent Lover's Favour, that all that Confuſion and Uneaſineſs which commonly attended me, when with *Philocles*, was now entirely vaniſhed: And I could fit as calmly to hear *Florio's* Love, as any Statue doth before its Votaries, when blind Superſtition firſt imagines it a Deity, and then adores it.

THE

THE Appearance of *Florio's* Tenderness engaged my Mother totally on his Side; besides it is very natural, even for People who are sincere in their Friendship towards another; a little to forget Inclinations, when not their *own*, and incline mostly to a Superiority of Fortune. In short, her Persuasions, his Importunities, joined to a Hatred I had from my Infancy of continually refusing what I was asked, almost prevailed on me to marry him; nor do I believe any Thing could have hindred it, but my accidentally hearing a Character of him, which made me resolve to break it off. An Acquaintance of mine, on talking one Day of Variety of People, happened to name *Florio* as a Person she had known a long Time. She was quite ignorant there was any Engagement between us; and I appeared desirous of knowing his real Character, saying the Knowledge of it would be of great Consequence to a Friend of mine. She replied, "If it would be of any Service to me, she would tell it me particularly;" and on my earnest Request, she obliged me in the following Manner.

"You must know, Madam, *Florio* was once a Lover of mine; he was then the youngest of three Brothers, and had but a distant Prospect of the Estate he now possesses. However, his Love appeared so sincere, and his Heart so tender, that he engaged me in a Passion I could not resist, and I resolved to marry him. Our first Acquaintance came by his accidentally lodging in the same House with me. You may be sure his becoming my Lover, did not make
" him

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“ him change his Lodgings. Almost every Morn-
 “ ing I was disturbed with the crying of a
 “ little Dog, which I fancied some Children,
 “ who were in the House, were pulling about,
 “ and teasing for their Diversion, as is com-
 “ monly the Case; but one Day the Dog cried
 “ so long and so loud, that I could not help
 “ inquiring into the Cause of it. I met my
 “ Landlady on the Stairs, and asked her what
 “ was the meaning of all that Noise. She
 “ seemed so full of Mirth and Laughter, it
 “ was some Time before she could give me
 “ an Answer; at last she told me, That *Florio*
 “ was beating his Dog, because he fancied he did
 “ not love him; for if it did not come to him the
 “ Minute he called it, he grew into the most
 “ violent Rage. But the more he beat and
 “ abused it, the more unwilling the Dog was
 “ to come to him: And sometimes he em-
 “ ployed himself half the Morning in alter-
 “ nately whipping and wheedling this poor
 “ little Animal. I said nothing to my Land-
 “ lady, but this made a great Impression on
 “ my Mind. I took the first Opportunity of
 “ asking *Florio* about it: Being not good at
 “ disguising his Sentiments, he owned the Truth,
 “ saying that he never abused the poor Beast,
 “ but when he fancied he was so *ungrateful*, as
 “ to have no Affection for him; and that then
 “ he suffered ten times more Torments than
 “ he could inflict on the Dog, for that the
 “ Reflection of having misused him was Pain
 “ intolerable. I took little Notice at that Time;
 “ but this raised Ideas in my Head, that I ne-
 “ ver thought on before. I began to think,
 “ if *Florio* was capable of thus barbarously treating
 “ any

“ any Thing he *fancied* he loved, only from
 “ a slight Jealousy that his Love was not re-
 “ turned, that then all that Softness which ap-
 “ peared in his Disposition, could arise from
 “ nothing, but an overgrown Tendernefs for
 “ himself, which he was unable perfectly to
 “ satisfy; and therefore he substituted another
 “ Object, only to extend his own Enjoyments.
 “ Besides, I thought there must be a great Mix-
 “ ture of Pride with an Affection which re-
 “ quired so much Flattery to gratify it; and
 “ was very apt to suspect, that any Woman,
 “ who had art enough to make him believe she
 “ had a violent Passion for him, might easily
 “ at any Time be my Rival. I was so sincere
 “ in my Love and Esteem for him, that I
 “ could not have avoided shewing an Unea-
 “ siness at any wrong Behaviour of his to any
 “ the meanest Creature in the World. This
 “ would at once have hurt his *Tendernefs for*
 “ *himself*, and his *Pride*; so that I should
 “ have stood but a bad Chance of keeping him;
 “ and that Thought appeared to me so hor-
 “ rid, I resolved to break with him at once,
 “ and never to put myself in his Power.”

HERE the Lady ceased; I thanked her for
 telling me what she knew of *Florio*, and then
 turned the Conversation on indifferent Subjects.

WHEN I came home, and was at liberty to
 reflect, I was very much perplexed at what she
 had told me. Sometimes I fancied she might be
 piqued at some Behaviour of *Florio's* and have
 wronged him in her Report. However, I was
 resolved to try him, and the next time he came,

behaved with somewhat more Coldness towards him than usual. Had he reproached me gently for it, I should have looked on it as a Proof of his Love; but he abused me in terms *he* could not have used, had he not been in a violent Passion. I then immediately thought of the poor little Dog, and rejoiced I was not in his Power. Here my Judgment had room to play; for I had never any real Inclination for *Fleric*, nothing more than mere Accident would have brought about the Marriage, if it had happened. I saw plainly, that instead of that Disposition which delights in another's good, all his Tenderness was for himself: and I can no more think the Man benevolent, who lays out his Affection, in hopes to encrease his Stock by a more than equal Return, than I can think the Miser generous, when he lends out his Money for exorbitant Interest. From this Time *Florio* vanished entirely from my Thoughts: I refused him, and he looked on me as a Jilt, because I would not consent to make myself miserable, to indulge his Inclinations.

I HAVE often wished there were some Bounds set to what Men call Encouragement, that it might not be thought a Crime in us to desire some little Time for Consideration, before we put ourselves entirely in a Man's Power; and that the Gentlemen would be so indulgent as to allow us the Liberty to make a Difference between drinking Tea, or sitting in company every now and then an Hour with a Man, and being married to him. If this is too much Indulgence to be granted us, they must proceed in calling every Woman, who is not stupid, a Coquette,
and

and we must bear the Reproach as patiently as we can.

PHILOCLEES now returned with double Force on my Thoughts. The Character I had heard of *Florio*, made *Philocles's* Indifference appear in an amiable Light; and I resolved, if I could be so happy as to see my *Philocles* once more, never to lose him again. But the first News I heard of him, was, that he was married. This made me very miserable, but Despair soon made me easy; and in a Variety of other Lovers, I at last almost lost the Remembrance of him.

HERE *Isabinda* paused some Time, being tired with talking; and so I will conclude this long Epistle. I design in my next, to send you the Sequel of the Story.

I am ever,

Your affectionate Sister,

C A M I L L A.

D 4

L E T.

LETTER V.

CYNTHIA to CAMILLA at London.

Dear CAMILLA,

[From the Bath.

THE Account *Isabinda* gives of her Love to *Philoctes* does not at all surprize me, after that most amiable Character she drew of him; and notwithstanding Inclination prompted her to reflect with Scorn on Womens having no Choice of their own, I really think she is judicious in her Observations: For I have often thought, that the Generality of Women act in Life, just as they do at a Ball; dress and adorn themselves with the utmost Art and Care, in order to engage some Partner to chuse them, without any farther Consideration, who, or what the Man is they dance with, than whether his Station is such as will give them a good Appearance. The distinguishing Toss of the Head, and the peculiar Elegance and Gentility of the *Hop*, which attends a Lady exulting in her Heart, and smiling in her Thoughts, that she is dancing with the Man in the greatest Vogue, or of the greatest Fashion in the Room; all this is a lively Representation of every married Woman, who considers her Husband in no other light, but as he can produce her to the rest of the World with greater Lustre, and give her larger Means of gratifying her Vanity.

I HAP-

I HAPPENED to go last Night to a Ball just after I had received your Letter, which threw me into this Way of thinking. I confess I was very much pleased; for the lighted Branches, the Music, the Variety of Colours, the Appearance of Chearfulness which reigned in the whole Company, seemed to me a Picture of social Happiness, and gave me leave to indulge myself for a little while in the Fancy, that such a number of People were pleased with one another. I never saw any Thing better regulated, or conducted with less Confusion, than this whole Scene, which, I was told, was entirely owing to a Gentleman, who for many Years has had the Management of all public Diversions here, and is voluntarily submitted to by the whole Company, as they see it is most for their Interest and Pleasure that he should be absolute. The only distinguishing Mark he wears, is that of a white Hat; and as this immediately makes him conspicuous to Strangers, they deservedly respect him, and he in his Turn takes effectual Care, that no Civility be omitted towards them. Thus he has insensibly established to himself an undisputed Authority, to which all willingly pay the utmost Deference; so that he rules with the hearty Consent of those he governs, and all Parties concur in applauding his Administration.

Now, *Camilla*, I must inform you what a charitable Action I did at this Ball; for I rescued a poor Gentleman, who had condemned himself to spend the whole Evening in Punishment, and delivered him from the Burthen of

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his own Affectation. I had seen him often in Company; and, as I thought him good-humoured and inoffensive, always spoke to him when I met him in public. I observed the whole Time the Music played, that altho' he kept his Seat, yet his Feet were still in Motion, and he looked with an Eagerness at the Dancers, that strongly indicated his whole Desire was to be one of the Number. As Men are seldom at a Loss for Partners, I could not imagine why this young Gentleman did not follow his Inclination; but when I came to speak to him, I soon found that he thought dancing was not an Employment worthy of his *Wisdom*; that it was too trifling, too childish, for a Man of his *Understanding*, to give into. And he made several Speeches *entirely new*, viz. That a Stranger, who had never heard of such a Diversion, must take a Set of People dancing to be all mad, or stung by a Tarantula, &c. and concluded with a Sort of Triumph in his Countenance, that he was so *rational a Being*, as to be above all such *filly nonsensical* Amusements. I could not forbear laughing to see a Man sacrificing his Pleasure to the vain Hope of gaining a Reputation of Wisdom, and throwing himself out of the only way of Life in which he could make a tolerable Figure (namely that of being lively and gay) in order to indulge his Pride, in the Thoughts that he has a Superiority over some of his Fellow-Creatures. However, I took pity on him, and argued with him to prove, that he might dance without being thought at all the *more foolish*; 'till at last my Arguments, seconded by his own Inclination, prevailed, and he performed

formed as good a *Hop*, as ever I saw in my Life.

I COULD not help talking of the odd Whims of Human-kind to a very sensible Man I met with, just after I had parted with my *wife Spark*. He laughed, and told me, he could point out a perfect Contrast to him; on which he shewed me an elderly Gentleman, who was dancing very awkwardly with a Girl of Fifteen. “ Now, “ says he, that Man has an Understanding equal “ to any Undertaking; you see he is of an Age, “ that a reasonable Gravity would become; and “ yet his only Ambition is to be a *Beau Garçon*, “ to be thought gallant amongst the Girls, and “ humorous and witty with the gay young Men. “ In short he despises being esteemed a Man “ of solid good Sense; and is full as eager to “ be thought a good Trifler, as the other is “ to gain the Reputation of a great Under- “ standing.”

REFLECTIONS on these two Characters took up all the Time I staid at the Ball; and I was obliged by an Engagement of *Valentine's*, to sup in a great deal of Company; or, to speak more properly, with a great Number of People. I never in my Life spent so disagreeable an Evening, where my Husband was of the Party; for Nonsense always makes him silent; so that I had not the Pleasure of hearing him speak one Word the whole Evening. The Conversation was entirely taken up in this Disputation; which is the greatest Virtue a Man can possess? This Subject would have been very pleasing to me, if I had found real Truth or Information had

been sought after by any of the Company. If *Self, dear Self* had been but a Moment forgot, I might have hoped to have gained some Instruction on that Head from Men of Learning; but, alas! I perceived Pride was at the Bottom of every Word that was uttered, and the only Consideration of each Individual, was to idolize every Glimpse, every Shadow of Virtue he could, by the greatest Fallacy, but once imagine he had a right to claim as his own; and to root out as much as possible from Mens Minds the Admiration of every thing his own Viciousness, and want of Resolution disabled him from attaining. I will set down the Substance of the whole Conversation, as well as I can recollect it; with the Character of each Speaker.

H O N E S T Y S.

“ GENTLEMEN, if you will take my Opinion, in all Societies where Credit is necessary, Honesty is the principal Virtue; as the Welfare of the Whole depends upon it entirely: So that I think the Man who does not pay his Debts when it is in his Power, is the most hurtful, and consequently the most vicious Man in a Commonwealth. And, I thank God, I don't owe a Farthing in the World.”

THIS Gentleman had run out of a good Fortune when young, and borrowed Money of his Friends to support him in his Extravagance: But, upon the Death of a near Relation, a great Estate accidentally fell to him, when he *very generously* compounded his Debts; and the
poor

poor Creditors, who had denied themselves every Thing to help him in his Distress, were forced to give him a Receipt in full for half their Money. So that, in Reality, he owed nothing that could *legally* be demanded of him.

H O N O R I U S.

“ FOR my Part, I look upon Honesty to be
 “ the meanest Quality in the World; it is the
 “ Virtue of a Mechanick: And I think a Gentleman should be all Generosity, Good-Nature, and Compassion. The Man who pays
 “ such fellows as *Shoemakers* and *Barbers*,
 “ whilst he denies his Companion any the minutest Thing he wants, or but even wishes,
 “ is a pitiful Wretch; and no Gentleman
 “ should keep him company.”

THIS *good-natured* Creature has been three or four Times in his Life affected by very striking miserable Objects, whom he relieved in Reality with the Property of others. And therefore, whenever Virtue is the Subject, he cannot help remembering and exulting in all his mighty *Goodness*; and pleases himself with the Reflection, that he is possessed of what, in his Opinion, is the only valuable Disposition of Mind.

S U F F E N U S.

“ THE greatest and most glorious Virtue,
 “ must be that which respects a whole People;
 “ and whatever proposes as its ultimate End
 “ the Good of any Individual, undoubtedly falls
 “ short of that diffusive, generous, and noble
 “ Publick-

" Publick-Spiritedness that induces a Man to
 " sacrifice his own private Interest to that of his
 " Country. Oh! what a great Soul must
 " that Man have, who starves because he scorns
 " to accept the Reward of Benefactions, and will
 " not be bribed to hurt the Society, of which
 " he is a worthy Member. Ob, *Cato! Cato!*
 " How I adore thee! And how shall I enough
 " worship thee, Oh *Brutus!*"

THIS great Patriot has in a Passion refused
 a Place of a hundred Pounds a Year, from a
 Man, whom, in his own private and *particular*
 Opinion, he thinks ought to have given him
 five, and has ever since roared out his Appro-
 bation of all publick Virtues.

B E N I G N U S.

" FOR my Part, I think a Man's taking
 " care of his own Family, is the Action the
 " most worthy of Admiration in the World.
 " For those who are more immediately placed
 " under our Care, have certainly the greatest
 " Right to our Endeavours to serve them.
 " Publick Virtues I look upon to be Trifles in
 " Comparison of that amiable Disposition of
 " Mind, which make a Man industrious and
 " zealous in providing for his Relations, even
 " when the Law doth not oblige him to do it."

THIS Gentleman was left by his Father in
 the Possession of six hundred Pounds a Year,
 with a Brother and Sister unprovided for, and
 entirely dependant on his Will and Pleasure.
 He has since, by changing of his Party, got an
 Addition

Addition of four hundred more ; and, after having calculated what would keep his Brother and Sister from starving in the Country, out of the yearly Income of a thousand Pounds, *generously* allows each of them twenty.

SEVERAL other Gentlemen spoke ; but, now publick and private Virtues were introduced, it was impossible to hear one Word from another. Every Man thought he was so much concerned in the Debate, that he had no Patience to hear another speak ; and from this Time I could not distinguish any Thing that was said : Only the Word Virtue resounded continually in my Ears. Thus each Man deified that Virtue he thought would best gratify his own Pride, *loudly* adored the Idol of his own Imagination, and insisted that others should do the same. And so they altogether raised such a Confusion, and hideous Uproar, as to me plainly proved, that real and unaffected Virtue was not in the Company ; for Peace and Pleasure are her Attendants, whilst Noise and Discord are her sworn Enemies. Thus Pride overflows the Mind of Man, as the River *Nile* does the Land of *Egypt*. Its Branches are many, its Windings and Labyrinths numerous, its Effects various and apparent, but its Source invisible : And, to carry on the Comparison, in Minds barren of every Virtue, Pride may sometimes be as necessary to make Men act right, as the Overflowing of the *Nile* is to fertilize the Land where no kindly refreshing Showers fall. Vermin, it is true, are bred from the Mud brought down by the Deluge ; but that Inconvenience is fully compensated by the great Plenty it produces.

WHEN

WHEN I came Home to amuse myself after this disagreeable Scene, I read your Letter over again. *Isabinda* is perhaps mistaken in imputing the Cruelty of *Florio* to his favourite little Dog to any other Cause, than that of real Tenderness; and yet she was, I think, right in discarding him, for she herself might have been in Danger of meeting the same Treatment.

EVERY violent Passion indulged to an Excess, is in danger of turning into its contrary; and even Tenderness, when turned into Rage, becomes only the Fuel to make it burn the fiercer. I would not be understood to speak against Passion, nor against Tenderness, which is the most amiable of all Passions; to the highest degree of which in a Man, I owe the most exquisite Happiness: But I say there is a possibility of its changing to the contrary, when in excess, and the risque would have been very great with a Man, who had shewn himself capable of this Change. Indeed the gentle Resentment of the Man who is incapable of a strong Affection, is not half so much to be dreaded, as the fiery Wrath of him, who does but imagine he has Cause to be offended, even in a Trifle, by the Person he loves. Besides, I think it impossible ever to be cured of a Passion for a Man so amiable as she describes *Florio*. And was it my Case, altho' the Hurricane of his violent Passion was to sink me into Ruin, yet the Moment he was conscious he had done wrong, the great Misery he must unavoidably feel, would make me suffer double in Compassion to him: and all Sensations for myself
would

would be lost and swallow'd up, in thinking what Agonies his Reflections must give him. He would continually bring to my Remembrance the Character *Dryden* makes *Ventidius* give of *Antony*.

*Virtue's his Path, but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast Soul; and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a Vice that bears him far
From his first Course, and plunges him in Ills:
But when his Danger makes him find his Fault;
Quick to observe, and full of sharp Remorse,
He censures eagerly his own Misdeeds;
Judging himself with Malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as Man he did,
Because his other Parts are more than Man.*

And then like *Ventidius* I should conclude: "He must not thus be lost." In a Word, I should be always afraid every Indiscretion which *Florio's* Passion caused, would be for ever hurtful to his Character. For there are a Set of censorious Men, who never forgive the Faults of a Man of Merit: For to those Faults only it is owing, that they can indulge their Vanity in the most delightful Thought, that *mean, mercenary, trifling* and *selfish* as they are, they are not inferiour to the Man, whom, notwithstanding all they can say to the contrary, they certainly admire, because they think him worth envying. In short, was I married to *Florio*, I should be in the Case of *Tantalus*: His many amiable Qualities would continually make me think Happiness within my reach; and yet the Turbulence of his Passions would prevent my really enjoying it. But, had *Philo-*
cles

Isles beat the little Dog, I fancy *Isabinda* would have found more excuse for him than she could for *Florio*.

BUT this Subject puts me in Mind of a Scene I was witness of the other Day, in a married Family. They are not in very High Life, but the Husband is an honest good Sort of Man, and excessively fond of his Wife. He has no Fault but that of being passionate; she has very little Regard for him; is of an artful Temper, and only pretends a Value for him, when it can any way serve her own Ends. I breakfasted with them, and some few Words arose on some trifle, which I have now forgot: The Man flew into a Fury, said every thing that came uppermost, without any Consideration what his Wife felt from the sharpness of his Expressions. She bore it all very patiently, flew to Tears alone for her Relief, and I really pitied her: But my Compassion was soon turned on him; for the Moment he had Time to reflect on what he had said, he was in the greatest Agony imaginable; and by all the Submissions, endearing Expressions, and Signs of Repentance he could invent or think of, he endeavoured to appease her Anger, and moderate her Grief. But now was her turn, and she was resolved not to allay his Suffering by any Thing in her Power. In short, in a *soft Voice*, and without using one opprobrious Word, she found Means of working the poor Man almost to Madness; 'till at last, being unable to bear her Treatment, he flew out of the House, and with an Oath affirmed he would never see her more. But I was very much surpris'd, when, instead of being

frighted

frighted at his Menaces, and going after him in hopes to calm him, she immediately dryed up her Eyes, and burst out a-laughing, saying; "Go thou, Fool! I know which will suffer most, and will soonest seek the other." I could not forbear telling her, I wondered how it was possible for her to keep up any Resentment against a Man who was so fond of her, and how she could avoid even excusing, as well as forgiving his Faults, in order to make him easy. Before this, she always expressed the greatest Esteem for me; but I saw plainly she now conceived the greatest Contempt in the World for me. However, she gave me an exact Detail of her Management of her Husband. "Now, says she, do I know, that *this Fool* will go fret and fume, and be upon the Rack for about half an Hour; then all his Resolutions will fail him, and, in spite of himself, he will come back to me again more submissive than ever: But the more he submits, the more stubborn I will be; nor will I ever be reconciled to him, till I have made him suffer as much as possible; and then the Joy of seeing me in good Humour throws him quite into my Power. So far from being hurt by his Behaviour, I am glad he is so passionate; otherwise very likely he might not be so much my Slave. I should not be concerned, if I could provoke him to strike me; for then I should have the more to upbraid him with."

I STARED with Astonishment at the Woman, for giving this Account of herself; but I have observed, immense Pride and Folly when
joine

joined (and they are not inseparable Companions) will make People take a low Cunning for Wisdom; and, rather than not prove they are possessed of what they esteem so valuable, they will give themselves the most diabolical Characters in the World. I ran out of the House, as soon as she had finished her Speech, resolving never to see her more. For to make use of a Man's Passions, to make him miserable, is in my Eyes so detestable an Artifice, that I would not wish to converse with any one capable of it.

It is now late, and I can write no more but am ever,

My Dear Camilla,

Yours, &c.

CYNTHIA.

L E T-

L E T T E R VI.

CAMILLA to CYNTHIA at the Bath.

Dear CYNTHIA, [From London.

I HERE send you the Conclusion of *Isabinda's* Story. When she had rested herself some Time, she proceeded as follows.

I WILL now tell you, as well as I can recollect, the Characters of all my other Lovers, who had any thing remarkable in them; with my Reasons for refusing them. Had I been obliged to have retired into the Country, and to lead a solitary Life, I certainly should have languished away my Days in fighting for *Philocles*: For, as *Love* was the strongest Bent of my Nature, nothing could have cured me of the Fancy, that in him I had found the only Object worthy of it, but the great Opportunities I had of employing myself in endeavouring to find another; and yet the first Inclination so far took Place of all others, that I was never again possessed of a Blindness powerful enough to prevent my examining fairly and impartially the Merits of a Lover.

LEONIDAS was the first that addressed me: He had two Sisters, by whose Means I became

became acquainted with him. I narrowly observed his Behaviour to them, thinking by that Means to come at his real Character. *Fanny*, the eldest Sister, was one of that Sort of People, of whom you can only say, *they design no harm*; but she had all the Weaknesses of a silly Woman; and appeared to me perfectly incapable of a strong or steady Friendship. But *Jenny* (the youngest) was one of the best natured Girls I ever met with; her Understanding was both lively and masculine, and her whole Conversation seemed to flow from a Head capable of forming and expressing whatever Ideas she pleased; whilst the Softness of her Heart made her utterly incapable of wilfully saying one Word to give another Pain. But what I chiefly remarked in her, was her real and disinterested Love for her Brother. It was impossible for him to have more Humours than she would comply with, or to have any Faults, which she would not endeavour to excuse. But, notwithstanding all *Jenny's* good Qualities, to my great Amazement, *Fanny* was his only Favourite; and the indulging her seemed to be his greatest Delight, whilst he entirely neglected the other; whose Goodness was so great, that she patiently bore all the capricious Fancies of her Sister, who had not Sense enough to meet with such Indulgence, without growing whimsical.

LEONIDAS appeared to me a very good-natured Man; and I was a long time greatly perplexed on Account of the Difference of his Behaviour to his two Sisters. But, as I made it for some Time the Subject of my daily Thoughts, I believe I at last found out the Cause of it.

Altho' *Leonidas* had sometimes the Appearance of Affection, yet in reality he had none, but what conduced to the Satisfaction of his Vanity. Now *Fanny's* Follies and Weaknesses flattered him into a Belief, that it was generous in him to forgive them; and, as he found a secret Pleasure in humouring and obliging her, without examining over-nicely into the Reason, he easily persuaded himself that it was Love; whilst poor *Jenny's* Behaviour to him was so exact and faultless, that he considered any Returns he could make her, only as a Debt he was obliged to pay. So that he looked on her as he would on a Dun, whom, when he had paid to the uttermost Farthing, he could not strut, and say, *I have done more than Justice.* Thus *Fanny's* Faults gave him the Pleasure of secretly magnifying his own Goodness, whilst *Jenny's* Virtues seemed to stand in Competition with his, and in reality rather hurt than pleased him. When *Fanny* was out of humour for nothing, he could easily submit and beg her pardon, because this was a plain Condescension on his Part; but if *Jenny's* Heart was breaking at any Unkindness of his, and she did but look concerned, he found his own *Pride* hurt, in her daring to think he could behave ill; and immediately imputed her Uneasiness to some wrong Cause; construed her Tenderness into Obstinacy; could easily conquer what he never felt; and be merry whilst she was full of Grief; and then rejoiced that he was the *best humoured Man alive*, and thanked his Stars, that he was born free from all *such foolish Pride.* Thus he carried about him a Racket, which he managed so artfully, that, when he saw the Tennis-ball coming towards him, he could

could always ward the Blow, and strike it from himself. The more the poor Girl studied to please him, the lower she threw herself in his Opinion, and only increased his Notion of his own Grandeur; which made him imagine she could not give him half so much as his due: Nay, he went even so far, as to flatter himself how well he could manage, and make others submit to him; because the only Person who had a strong Inclination to oblige him, had not Resolution enough to get the better of it. Besides, as *Fanny* considered nothing but the gratifying her own Whims, and had always some nonsensical Point of her own to make him consent to, she never offered to contradict him in any Thing that would hurt him; whereas *Fenny*, who had no other Consideration but his real Interest and Honour, could not help shewing a Dislike of whatever tended in the most distant View to his Disadvantage. But the Moment that I was convinced, that Art instead of Love was necessary to keep up his Affection, I was determined never to have any Thing to say to him: For, it being my strongest Inclination to use my utmost Endeavours to please any Person for whom I have the least Degree of Love; I found with him I must be miserable.

My next Lover, whose Name was *Wood-all*, was very ridiculous, from not having Understanding enough to conceal his Character, even in the smallest Degree. 'Tis true, great Part of Mankind feel the same thing; but then, either Cunning or Good-breeding prevails on them to hide it. In short, he was the greatest Humourist,

Humourist, and the most selfish Creature in the World. His Education had been too low, to enable him by Custom to conquer his Nature; so that it broke out on every trifling Occasion; even so far, as to shew all his Companions, that nothing but *Self* was worth his Notice; and that he looked on them, only as a Set of Creatures made for his Diversion. I have been told by Gentlemen of his Acquaintance, that when he went to a Tavern, he would always run the first into the Room, in order to get the most convenient Place at the Fire; and that he would seize the Pipes the Moment they were brought, that, if there was any difference, he might chuse the best; and sometimes he was a good while in deliberating which to take; for, if afterwards he had any suspicion, that another had one the least Degree beyond his in Goodness, he was so uneasy, he could not smook in Peace. And, as there is but little Ceremony observed amongst *Men*, he was sure to help himself first at Dinner, that he might secure whatever was most to his Taste: nay, I have myself seen him, when he has been at Table with Women, look with as much Perturbation and Anxiety, whilst the Lady of the House has been helping them, for fear he should lose some nice Bit, on which he had fixed his Eyes and Heart, as if his whole Welfare had depended on it. But, as there is nothing Mankind so hardly forgive, as being treated with Contempt; and he was so very open and unreserved in the Preference he *gave himself*; every one, who would keep him Company found out some Method of teasing him, by disappointing his Schemes; and wherever he went,

it was a general Plot to debar him of every Thing he liked; 'till he was at last reduced, either to sit by himself, or live continually on the Fret, by observing, that all People, instead of wishing he might be pleased, took a Delight in tormenting him.

I CONFESS, I thought it but Justice, that the Man who had no Consideration for any Thing in the World but his own *dear self*, should lose the Benefits that arise from Society, and meet with no-body, that has any Regard for him. You may be well assured this Gentleman never gave me a serious Thought; and I mention him only, because I think his Character something peculiar, in thus *openly* shewing his Selfishness.

THE next that declared himself my Lover, was *Damas*. As far as I could penetrate, and by what I heard of him from all Sorts of People, he behaved so justly, and with such an exact Honesty to all Mankind, that he gained my Esteem, altho' he could not raise my Taste; so that I used to bewail the Capriciousness of the human Mind; that we are neither able to fix our Love, where we think it would be justly placed, nor remove it from the Object that possesses it, without any other Motive, but that of a resistless Attraction, which we can neither lessen or increase by our Reason. I never could find the least Fault in *Damas's* Conduct, and was greatly pleased with his Acquaintance, altho' I could not think of him as a Husband. It was not possible for me to dive into his Principles; for he was very reserved in declaring his
Senti-

Sentiments on any but frivolous Subjects. But an old Gentleman (whose Acquaintance I looked on as one of the greatest Blessings of my Life, as he gave me the Pleasure of his Conversation, without declaring himself my Lover, loved me with a fatherly Affection, and esteemed me enough to take Delight in improving my Knowledge) asked me one Day, what I thought of *Damas*. I said in his Praise every Thing I could think on; and concluded, with lamenting to my Friend, that it was not in my power to have any Inclination for the only Man I had ever met with, whom otherwise I thought I should be happy with as a Husband. The Gentleman smiled, and said, he fancied, if I knew *Damas's* real Character, I should not so much regret my want of liking him; for that, notwithstanding the Justness of his Behaviour, there was nothing so very amiable at the Bottom, as I imagined. I earnestly desired him to explain himself; and in Compliance with my Request, he thus began:

“ I SHOULD never have been so well acquainted with *Damas's* Principles, had I not known him when he was very young, the Time when most People speak their Thoughts freely, and without Reserve. When he was but Twenty, he was as much settled in his Notions, as most Men are at Forty. He is a perfect Sceptic in Religion; he neither believes nor disbelieves any Thing, but leaves it at large, and argues thus; I will act in the same Manner, as if I had the strongest Faith of any Man; then, if there should be another World, and good Actions are to be

“ rewarded, I shall secure my Happiness there.
 “ But this Notion he keeps to himself; for he
 “ would have others firm Believers, as he thinks
 “ he may be some way the better for it in their
 “ Behaviour to him. He is strictly honest;
 “ for he looks on Honesty as the best Policy;
 “ and never receives an Obligation he can pos-
 “ sibly avoid, because he knows most People
 “ are apt to think they are not fully repaid,
 “ and become Enemies the Moment they take
 “ it into their Heads, that a Man is ungrate-
 “ ful to them. And it is a Maxim of his, to
 “ let no Man hate him; because no Station or
 “ Circumstances can throw People so low, but
 “ they one Time or other may have it in their
 “ Power to do mischief. He is guilty of no
 “ Vice; for his Passions are naturally so mo-
 “ derate, that they never get the better of his
 “ Judgment; and he has such a Command of
 “ himself, that he weighs in an exact Balance,
 “ whether the Consequence of any Action will
 “ be more Pleasure or Pain; and constantly
 “ gives the Preference to what will bring him
 “ most of the former. He is not avaricious;
 “ and has no Idea of wishing for more Money
 “ than he can spend: But yet he does not give
 “ to others, what he can very well spare, be-
 “ cause he has no Motive to it; for he laughs
 “ inwardly at the Word *Benevolence*, and thinks
 “ there’s no such thing: But he encourages the
 “ Belief of it in others; because he does not
 “ think it impossible, but their believing it a
 “ Virtue, may, by some unforeseen Accident,
 “ redound to his own Good. You well know
 “ he is all Complaisance, and shews a great
 “ Willingness to oblige whomever he converses

“ with. But this does not arise from any De-
 “ light he takes in giving them Pleasure, but
 “ from his hoping, that the Returns they will
 “ make him, in endeavouring to please him,
 “ will more than pay him for the Pains he
 “ takes in thus artfully hiding his *Selfishness*.
 “ He is as free from Malignity, as from Good-
 “ nature, and would receive no more Pleasure
 “ in doing Hurt than Good; for I never saw
 “ any Signs of Envy in him: If he has any
 “ Spark of it, he gets the better of it, from
 “ finding it an uneasy restless Passion. In short,
 “ he lives in the World, without either loving
 “ or hating any thing that surrounds him, and
 “ has no other Consideration in his Com-
 “ merce with Mankind, but which way he shall
 “ make it conducive to his own Happiness. He
 “ is a real *Epicure* in the most minute things
 “ in Life, and will put away his Snuff-box or
 “ Tobacco for so many Hours, only to heigh-
 “ ten the Pleasure of taking to it again. He
 “ never sits down to table, but when he is
 “ hungry; and always avoids drinking to ex-
 “ cess, because he knows that Temperance
 “ gives the greatest Relish to Wine.

“ HE would marry you, not because he has
 “ any particular Affection for you, but be-
 “ cause he has a Mind to have a Wife, and
 “ Chance threw you in his way: He likes you
 “ very well as a Woman, and thinks your
 “ Circumstances will make you a Match for
 “ him, which the World will not blame. You
 “ think, perhaps, he has a great deal of Ten-
 “ derness for you; but I can assure you, it is
 “ quite a Mistake; for he looks on making love

“ as a Trade; and the Coolness of his own
 “ Passions enables him to see clearly into the
 “ bent of those of others; and he can affect as
 “ much of any thing, as he thinks necessary
 “ to bring about any Purpose he has a Mind
 “ to attain. And now, that I have told you
 “ what is really true, (*viz.* that whatever ap-
 “ pearance *Damas* may make of Goodness, he
 “ is the most selfish Creature in the World;)
 “ perhaps you may not so much regret your
 “ want of Taste for him as you did before.”

I THANKED the Gentleman for his Infor-
 mation; and was as well pleased to find I had
 no Reason to esteem the Man I could not like,
 as I should have been some time before at a Dis-
 covery of any new Perfection in the Man I
 could not help liking. *Damas* was my last
 Love, that had any thing peculiar in his Cha-
 racter; the rest were amongst the common
 Herd, People I could not bear to hear twice
 mention the Word *Love*; so that for some time
 I had a Cessation of all thoughts of being mar-
 ried. I had refused so many offers, that I was
 looked on as a Coquette; and it was reported,
 that I had made a Resolution against Matri-
 mony.

DURING this Interval, I lost my Mother.
 This was a serious Affliction to me, and gave
 my Thoughts so grave and philosophical a Turn,
 that I began now in earnest to have that Contempt
 for the World, I used to imagine I was mistress
 of, even when I could not bear the most tri-
 fling Disappointment. All Company grew irk-
 some to me, and I retired into the Country,
 where

where Books were the only Companions I delighted in.

PERHAPS it may found very improbable, that a Woman at the Age of Twenty-five, and in Possession of a Fortune capable of making an Eclat in the World, should chuse to lead the Life of an Hermit; yet it really became pleasing to me; and I was almost ready firmly to resolve, nothing should ever allure me from that Scene of Quietness and Serenity, to launch into that *Sea* or *Siege* of Troubles, the World, again.

In this manner, I continued to live for two Years, when a Gentleman, whose Person I had some faint Remembrance of, (he having been my neighbour when he was a Boy) came and settled in a little House, at a small distance from me. The Account I heard of his spending his Time much in the same Taste, in which I chose to pass my own, gave me a Curiosity to see him. This was no difficult Task to bring about; for I never stept out of my House to walk in the Fields, but I was sure to meet him in my way. In short, we became intimate almost insensibly; and without any Declaration of Love, he took such Pains to oblige, and shew me the most particular Complaisance, that I looked on myself under an Obligation to him for his Friendship, before I had the least Suspicion of his real Intentions. We read, walked, and conversed with each other with the greatest Freedom; and his Sentiments corresponded so exactly with my own, that, whenever he spoke, he declared my very Thoughts:

So that I grew from one degree of Affection for him to another, till he gained my whole esteem; and his Company was always the most agreeable Amusement I could have. In a Word, he at last professed himself my Lover, telling me he had been so, from the Time he first saw me, when I was but a Girl, and he a Boy; but that he could not bear the thoughts of even the Appearance of wishing to make a Prey of my Fortune; and therefore, as he was sensible of the great Inequality there was between us on that Account, he was resolved to absent himself for ever from me, unless he could by any means raise himself enough in the World, to make it probable, that he really liked me without any interested Views; that he had put himself into the Sea-service, where by the help of some good Acquaintance, and his willingly exposing himself to any Hardships that his Duty made him liable to, he at last got the Command of a small Ship; and there being a War, he had taken a Prize, which had put him in a Situation that he hoped would clear him in my Opinion of having any mercenary Designs on me.

I WAS at first a little startled at this Declaration; for since my Retirement, I enjoyed so much Satisfaction from the Tranquillity of my own Mind, that I did not care to give way to any Passion that might ruffle and discompose my Thoughts. But my continual Conversation with my Husband (for so this Gentleman is now) gave me daily Proofs of both his Honour and Love, and let me have the Pleasure of thinking I could not be too grateful to the
Man,

Man, whose Affection for me was so sincere. In a Word, I at last gave him my Hand and Heart. It is impossible for any Woman to be happier than I have been ever since. My Lover is capable of all the Refinements in his Passion, that any reasonable Woman can wish; and my Love for him is founded on so strong an esteem, that in my utmost care to oblige him, I at once consult my Happiness, and perform my Duty.

THUS *Ifabinda* finished her Story; and I doubt not but you will be pleased with her happy Choice, after having refused such a Variety of Lovers.

I am,

Dear CYNTHIA,

Your affectionate Sister,

CAMILLA.

LETTER VII.

CYNTHIA to CAMILLA at London.

Dear CAMILLA,

[From the Bath.

I AM not at all surprized at the Character of *Leonidas*, nor at his making his Sister *Fanny* his Favourite. Those Smiles and that Good-humour which cost us dear, generally become the

more valuable, as we are apt to triumph in the Enjoyment of what is not common, and to prize whatever we think we have ourselves been instrumental in procuring, beyond that which flows from the natural Disposition of others. Besides, Men often from what they read and hear, and sometimes, I am afraid, from what they see, join the Idea of Women, and being troublesome, so strongly together, that those of them, who have Sense enough to avoid all Impertinence, are often treated with Disrespect and Contempt; because it is even forgot that *they* are Women. As I have seen a Parrot, who used to chatter and disturb the Company the whole time of Dinner, taken much notice of for so doing; but when from any Accident he has been silent, he lost his Food for want of being remembered.

PERHAPS a Man of Sense would be very apt to laugh at the Folly of a Lady I know, who, being married greatly beyond her Expectation (tho' not at all beyond what in her own Opinion she deserves) often sends away Tradeswomen with their Goods unsold, for no other Reason, than because they are not costly enough: For she looks upon it, as not enjoying her Fortune, if she buys any thing that she thinks can be attainable by those *Vulgar Wretches*, who happen not to be so rich as herself. By this Means she gives double the worth of every thing she wears, and struts with a visible Pleasure in her Countenance, when she has just proved she has more Money to throw away, than her former Acquaintance. And yet this very Man of Sense can lay out all his Goodness,

ness, and expend all his Complaisance, to obtain a worthless Smile for no other Reason, but because it costs him dear; whilst he neglects the soft, the engaging tender Care that another takes to please him; and this only, because he cannot think any thing valuable, which is so easily obtained. Besides, there must always be a wide difference between that Esteem which is extorted by a good Behaviour, and that Love which arises from the natural Bent of a Man's own Inclinations. He will always view the most trifling Faults of the former with a magnifying Glass, whilst those of the latter, like his own, are lessened, and fade into nothing by the Strength of his own Imagination.

As to the Characters of *Woud-all* and *Damas*, I look on them to be very like each other; the only Difference I can see between them, is, that *Damas*, being sensible of the Deformity of his Features, wisely chuses to wear a Mask, whilst *Woud-all's* want of Understanding takes from him the Power of Reflection, and makes him expose his own Ugliness barefaced to every Beholder.

I AM very glad *Isabinda's* Story ends in her being well married: for I was very much afraid, after having been so very deliberate in her Choice, that when she came to live a retired Life, the having perhaps but one Lover, might make her fix on him, altho' he had not been so worthy as many she had refused. For, whatever is the most predominant Passion of the Mind, is apt to prevail over our Senses, so far as to make us easily believe, we have found

an Object to gratify it. And we feel such a Happiness in thus imposing on ourselves, as makes it hard for us to endeavour to find out the Truth.

IF Mankind were all fairly to examine themselves, I question much, whether they would think *Don Quixote's* fancying a Country Girl to be a great Princess, and insisting, that she was stringing Pearl, instead of winnowing Corn, was so extraordinary an Effect of the human Imagination, as it appears at first sight.

BUT I dined yesterday, where I saw a Scene of real solid Pleasure, which wanted no Fallacy to support it; and where, the more nicely I examined, the more I was convinced, that the Cheerfulness there arose from conscious Goodness, and the Good-breeding from an unaffected Desire of pleasing others. When we arrived at the House, which stands at a small distance from hence, I was delighted to see a Building, where Expence does not appear to have been spared, and where there is full Magnificence, and Grandeur enough to shew the Taste of the Builder; whilst every Part seems so calculated for Use, that it is visible the Owner intends to *live*, and let *others* also *live* in it; and that he does not make it his sole Design to keep it as a Show for Strangers to gaze at, as some do, only to gratify a fruitless Vanity. I confess to you I am apt to imagine, wherever a great Superiority of Fortune is very apparent, that I shall be treated with a formal Ceremony, and made to feel a Restraint, which takes away the Pleasure of all Conversation. But how was I surprized!

surprized ! when the Lady of this House received me with a good-natured Freedom, that plainly proved she was innocent of even a Thought that might offend another, and never harboured a Suspicion, that any one could have an Intention of dropping a Word, that might tend in the most distant View to hurt her. Her whole care seemed to be, that all her Husband's Friends (for there were several Gentlemen there) should be treated as he himself could wish, without following the Fashion of some *few Ladies*, who make a great Distinction between their *own Friends*, and those of their Husbands : And the Gentleman seemed to enjoy his Fortune, only as it gave him an Opportunity of serving his Acquaintance, and being beneficent to Mankind. The whole Company were pleased ; and no sooner did any one give the least Hint of what would be most agreeable, but the Master and Mistress of the Family made it their own Desire to have it complied with. The Joy and Serenity that reigned in their Countenances, was diffused throughout the House ; and their most menial Servants appeared to observe their Commands, as those of their generous Benefactors, instead of shewing that Fear and Uneasiness, which attended the Notion of its being difficult to please even with the utmost Endeavours.

I WAS so delighted with this Scene, that at my return Home, I could talk of nothing else to *Valentine* the whole Evening. He told me, that he had heard the Character of this Gentleman from one who was very intimate with him, who said, " That his Principles of Religion were
" so

“ so strongly fix’d, and his Adoration of his
 “ Creator so great, that, had he no Benevo-
 “ lence, he would act rightly, and do good ;
 “ but that his whole Mind overflowed with Be-
 “ nevolence and Good-nature to such a Degree,
 “ as would induce him to do all the Good in
 “ his Power, even if he had no Religion ; that
 “ he conferred Obligations, as if he was re-
 “ ceiving them. That his Pleasure was always
 “ the greatest, and nothing could equal his
 “ Joy, when he was relieving another ; and
 “ that he was so happy in the Choice he had
 “ made of a Wife, that she always promoted
 “ his good Intentions, instead of endeavouring
 “ to fustle them.”

THIS Account and the Image of this amia-
 ble Family, dwelt so strongly on my Mind, that
 I waked this Morning, pleasing myself with re-
 flecting on what I saw and heard yesterday ; and
 went to the Pump-Room, in the most cheer-
 ful Spirits imaginable. But I dined to-day where
 there was a perfect Contrast to the agreeable Scene
 I have been describing, and where the whole
 Company seem'd to be taking Pains to make
 one another unhappy. They are come to the
Bath for the Season, have the Command of a
 plentiful Fortune ; and I know of nothing but
 their own perverse Tempers to obstruct their
 Happiness : For every one affects to confine all
 the Senses to herself, and will not allow her
 Companions even to hear or see but in the
 same Manner and Degree, as she herself does.
 Perhaps at first you will not clearly apprehend
 what I mean ; tho’ I have seen the same thing,

in a less Degree, in several places; but here they all topped their respective Parts.

THERE are four young Ladies, the eldest not above Twenty-five, they live with an old Aunt of about Sixty, who accompanies them wherever they go, to take care of them. One has weak Eyes, that is, she sees best where there is not a glaring Light; and therefore begs the Room may be darkened on one side; on which the rest, in a sort of Triumph, throw open all the Window-shutters, and burst into a loud Laughter at what they call her *Affectation*. Another is subject to violent Pains in her Head, and consequently all Noise is offensive to her; for which Reason they surround her, and hollow in her Ears, thinking it a good Jest, to cure her of being such a *delicate fine Lady*. The Third is afflicted with a Flushing in her Face, and begs she may not sit opposite the Fire; and therefore the others always catch the Corners (and more especially in very cold Weather) venting great Witticisms on her *Care of her Complexion*. The Fourth, who I think is the least silly, is always plagued with the other three, because she does not appear to have quite so much relish as they have for their Jokes on one another. And the old Woman helps to tease every one in her turn; for, as her whole Life has been one continual Scene of affecting to avoid Affectation, she thinks every one is guilty of it but herself, and is willing to cure her Nieces of all their Follies. In short, instead of endeavouring to amuse and divert themselves, they are in eternal Disputes, how much Light must be agreeable to all Eyes; what Degree

of Sound is most pleasing to all Ears, &c. setting Bounds to the Sensations of others by their own. And trifling as this may appear, it is the Source of half the Disagreeableness that one meets with in all Companies, where Familiarity excuses Ceremony; for then Nature uncurbed, appears in her true colours, and Selfishness cannot be hid: An arbitrary determination of the Sensations of others being the strongest proof of the utmost Carelessness and Indifference, whether they enjoy Pleasure, or suffer Pain.

PEOPLE are ashamed to confess they feel no Uneasiness from the Sufferings of those, whom they honour with the Name of Friends; and therefore the more effectually to conceal their own Ill-nature, they will not give those Friends leave to judge even of what they feel. When this Disposition happens in a Woman, who has any Superiority over her Companions, they must be all miserable. For want of Liberty in Trifles, is more vexatious, than when our Actions are controuled only in things of Consequence, which can befall us but seldom throughout our Lives.

I Know one young Lady, who deals extremely well with this Sort of People. Her Father and Mother would tease out the very Heart of any other Person; but she contrives to manage in such a way, that she always shews them how much they are in the wrong, and at the same Time pays them the most exact Obedience and Deference imaginable: For, whenever they won't allow her to know what she likes, and insist upon it, that she must see, hear, and

and feel just as they please ; she replies, That, altho' she cannot help her Frailties, yet she knows her Duty too well, to dispute their Commands ; and, whenever they think proper to let her know their Will and Pleasure, she will make it her Business to obey them. This they don't like ; for they would have her contradict her own Senses, and always do what is displeasing to her ; and yet must it not appear that they command her arbitrarily, or govern her with Tyranny.

PEOPLE, who are capable of being unreasonable in their Converse with others, are not satisfied with their Compliance and Submission. No, their Minds also must be enslaved, and apparently applaud that very Usage by which they suffer. They would have you wear their Chains, but *modestly* expect you should not feel the Weight of them. A fond Mother, who whips her Child till it smarts, and then whips it again, because it dares to cry at any *Favour* that comes from her Hands, is no ill Picture of the *Candour* and *Good-nature*, with which a little Power often invests the human Species. But this subject is always disagreeable to me ; because I have seen so many Examples of real Cruelty, under the Pretence of rectifying others Faults ; and met with so many People, who are so very generous in this Instance only, that forgetting themselves, and neglecting their own Imperfections, they make it their whole study to render their *Friends*, their *dear Friends* perfect ; and bemoan their Frailties so very much, that like all real Grievances, they seem to be always uppermost in their Thoughts.

I WENT

I WENT the other Day to visit the Lady I mentioned to you in a former Letter, who was so kind to show me those pretty Verses she received from her Acquaintance, and with whom I am lately become very intimate. I there met another Lady, whom I thought very agreeable, and who entertained me very well during the Time of her stay, which was not above half an Hour. When she was gone, I asked my Friend who she was, and expressed a liking to her Conversation. She smiled, and replied, that indeed she did not wonder at my Approbation of *Biddy's* Wit, for she had exhausted great Part of her Stock, to recommend herself to me as a Stranger: " But, continued " she, take care how you let her creep into " an Acquaintance with you; for you never can " get rid of her again, without being ru'e to her. " I have known her and her whole Family a " great many Years, so that I cannot bring my- " self now to shun her with any Incivility. But " she has something very odd in her Character; " and, if you have a Mind to hear it, I will tell " it you." I immediately answered, I had a great curiosity to hear it; on which my friend obligingly began as follows.

" You must know, *Cynthia*, that *Biddy* has " nothing of her own, but is made up of Patch- " work, and composed of Shreds, which she has " picked up from others. But borrowed Wit, " like borrowed Money, is generally squandered " away in a lavish Manner, as People do not " think it worth their while to be tenacious " of what is not properly *their own*. When " *Biddy* was young, she was very handsome,

" as

“ as you may easily perceive; and, altho’ her
 “ Fortune was but small, yet her Beauty gained
 “ her many Lovers. But what is very singular
 “ in her Case, is, that she never refused one,
 “ and yet is to this Day unmarried; for she
 “ liked every Man who made his Addresses to
 “ her, and yet in Reality liked none particu-
 “ larly. Her Mind was too full of Levity to
 “ be fixed, and too vain not to be pleased with
 “ every Person, who thought it worth his while
 “ to put her in mind, that she was the Object
 “ of Admiration. She looked on her Lovers
 “ but as so many Looking-Glasses; which were
 “ to keep up her Good-humour, by letting
 “ her view her own Charms in the fairest light.
 “ The Gay, the Serious, the Young, the Old,
 “ the Handsome, and the Ugly were all equally
 “ Promoters of her Pleasures; and consequently
 “ she was equally fond of them all. If she
 “ made any Difference, it was to the Prejudice
 “ of the most deserving; because as she had a
 “ Mind to engross all Agreeableness and Merit
 “ to herself, she sometimes looked with Envy
 “ on even her Lovers, and was afraid they might
 “ rival her in some Perfection, (which I believe,
 “ is the only Reason to be found out for the
 “ Choice some Women make.) But as to *Biddy*,
 “ all the Men of Sense were soon disgusted with
 “ her Levity, and consequently left her: And,
 “ as to those Coxcombs, whose ultimate End
 “ in following a handsome Woman, is the Sa-
 “ tisfaction of their own Vanity, by shewing
 “ the World she likes them; her immediate-
 “ ly appearing fond of them, soon made them
 “ tired of the Pursuit, as having attained their
 “ only View. Whilst her Youth lasted, and a
 “ Suc-

“ Succession of Lovers followed each other, it
 “ was indifferent to her who it was that ad-
 “ mired her, provided she was admired: she
 “ passed her Time with great Gaiety; but now,
 “ that she can no more be followed and ad-
 “ dressed, her only Pleasure is, to get new
 “ Acquaintance to hearken to her Story, and
 “ to let them know of what Consequence *she*
 “ *has been*. Amongst the Injudicious she is reck-
 “ oned a Woman of great Understanding; for,
 “ at her first seeing them, she is very eager to
 “ vent what good Observations she formerly
 “ picked up amongst Men of Sense; and, as
 “ she is always ready to open her Mouth to
 “ speak, or to laugh, they afterwards take it
 “ for granted, that what she says is entertain-
 “ ing. She is called *Miss Biddy* every where;
 “ because she will not give up her Pretensions
 “ to Youth, nor part with her great Desire of
 “ making Conquests.”

I THANKED the Lady for the Account she
 had given me of *Miss Biddy*; and, as it was
 late, took my leave of her, as I must now do of

My DEAR CAMILLA.

L E T.

LETTER VIII.

DAVID SIMPLE to CYNTHIA at the
Bath.

Dear Madam,

[From London.]

MY Wife being a little indisposed, I prevailed on her not to write this Post, for fear the least Fatigue, although attended with the Pleasure she always receives in corresponding with you, should increase her Disorder; and I beg you will accept of my Answer to your obliging Letter instead of her's.

OH! *Cynthia*, I am charmed with your Characters of the Gentleman and Lady, at whose House you dined the other Day. Every new Instance I hear of such People in the World, is the greatest Joy I can conceive, and more than I can express; nothing but Proofs that Benevolence reigns in the human Mind, can make me avoid Misery in conversing with Mankind; and notwithstanding the many Disappointments I formerly met with in search of Goodness, yet am I fully rewarded in having found it at last; and that too in such a Degree, as, if I was to be locked up from hearing of others Misfortunes, would make me happy to my utmost Wish.

I WILL

I WILL relate to you a Story I heard a few Days ago. A young Woman, whose Desires to do good are unbounded, altho' her Power is very much confined, happened to be seized with a violent fit of the Tooth-ach. Her Friends prevailed on her to consent to have it drawn, and they accordingly sent for a Man to perform the Operation, whom they had known some little Time; but as he was not presently to be found, they were for sending for somebody else to relieve the poor Creature out of her Pain, which every Moment encreased; but she insisted on it she would stay till he could be met with; and resolutely bore the raging Agonies of the Extremity of the Tooth-ach two Hours, for no other Reason, but because she knew this Man was so miserably poor, that the Money she was to give on that Occasion must be of real service to him, and relieve him as much in one way, as he did her in another. This was Good-nature to such a Degree, that the very Repetition brought Tears of Joy into my Eyes; but I could not help Sighing, when it was added, that her Delight in doing good could hardly ever be attended with any other Sensation than that of Grief at her own Inability to put it in practice; for that the unhappy Situation of her Circumstances was the Reason she could not relieve this poor Man, and yet employ another.

I AM lately fallen into an Acquaintance with *Delus*, a Gentleman, the History of whose Life, (which I had from a third Person) gave me great Pleasure, and is as follows:

“ *DELUS*

“ *DELUS* was born of a Gentleman’s Fa-
 mily, and his Father had a good Estate;
 “ but his Mother being extravagant, and both
 “ of them bad Managers, they contrived to
 “ run it out, and brought every thing to Con-
 “ fusion by the Time the Sons (for they had
 “ more Children) were grown up. *Delus* was
 “ hated and ill-treated by his Mother from the
 “ Time he was born. His elder Brother was
 “ the Favourite, but *Delus* was looked on as
 “ unworthy her Regard; and to my Sorrow I
 “ am told it is no uncommon Case for Wo-
 “ men (which very Name gives me an Idea of
 “ the utmost Tenderness) even to take Aver-
 “ sions to some of their own Children, whilst
 “ they are madly fond of the others. But to
 “ proceed in my Story; *Delus* was left some
 “ little Fortune by a Relation, which his Mo-
 “ ther by her Artifices caused to be laid out for
 “ his Brother’s Advantage, although he was
 “ still unprovided for. But *this* Usage could
 “ not root from the generous young Man’s
 “ Mind his fixed Principle of filial Duty, and
 “ strict Regard for his Parent’s Welfare. When
 “ he lost his Father, he undertook to settle
 “ his confused Affairs; supported his Mother
 “ without once thinking of her former Beha-
 “ viour to him, borrowed Money to buy him-
 “ self a Post, in order to be able to continue
 “ to support her; and without any selfish Re-
 “ gard what Hardships he went thro’, to bring
 “ about his only Purpose of being at once just
 “ to his Creditors, and good to his sole re-
 “ maining Parent, lived in such a Manner as
 “ to accomplish his worthy and noble Designs.”
 Such

Such Instances of Goodness make me exult and rejoice in being of the same Species; and, to my great Happiness, *Delus* is rewarded in having succeeded so far, that he is now perfectly easy in his Circumstances, whilst he has the continual pleasing Reflection of a Life so spent; and I cannot help thinking it a Blessing to see and converse with such a Man. But I have been provoked two or three Times by People to whom I have told this Story, (as I am fond of telling it) who either seem dubious in the Belief of it, or else by far-fetched Fallacies endeavour to find out some other Motive than real Goodness, for even such Actions as these. This must arise from such a Malignity, that I almost tremble to see the People who are possessed of it.

Now, *Cynthia*, I have related to you every thing I have heard, except what is uttered by my Father and *Gamilla*, that has given me Pleasure ever since I saw you. I know you partake of all the Sensations of your Friends; and therefore heartily wish I could communicate to you more Scenes of Joy, more Stories of Generosity and Good-Nature. But I must here lay down my Pen; or, if I repeat what other remarkable Scenes I have observed, as I guess your Heart by my own, you will be sorry to hear fresh Proofs how Mankind make each other and themselves miserable, by that Selfishness, which makes them overlook how much their Happiness depends on, and is supported by each other.

I MET

I MET two young Gentlemen visiting a Friend of mine the other Day, whom I heartily pitied. They were in ragged and threadbare Mourning; and their whole Appearance was that of an Endeavour to conceal their Poverty, whilst by that Means they doubled its Burthen. I asked my Friend as soon as they were gone, who they were, and what were their Circumstances. He informed me, they were bred up with the Hopes of being Heirs to an old rich Uncle, who is lately dead, and who had barbarously cut off all their Hopes, and baulked those Expectations which from his own Behaviour were highly reasonable. I pitied the poor young Men, and told my Friend, I should be glad if any Method could be found out to put them into some Employment, which might preserve them from being drove into Wickedness by the Force of Necessity. But when I came to enquire more narrowly into this Affair, how was I shocked when I heard the true Reason of their Uncle's disinheriting them! It seems they had been bred up with him from their Infancy, in which helpless State they lost both their own Parents; but no Goodness of his could ever engage them to the least Gratitude, or affect them with the smallest degree of Love; on the contrary, the Moment they were capable of Reflection, they spent their whole Time in laying low Plots, and venting mean Invectives against one another to their Uncle; each hoping by that Means to grasp all his Wealth. The old Gentleman, whose Understanding was strong and vigorous, notwithstanding his Years, saw through their mercenary base Designs, and equally disappointed them both; for he left all he was worth to

a young Man, whom he chose for his Heir from the Recommendation of the Merit of having laboured to support a sinking Family; and who, I am told, intends to give Bread out of it to these two unnatural Brothers, after he has let them suffer long enough to be convinced at once of their Folly and their Crime. They are the highest Friends now in their Distress, and seem concern'd for thus causelessly having been each other's Enemies. And I hope this bad Consequence of their Perfidy will teach them for the future to endeavour to assist, instead of pulling down each other. Such things as these would make me weary of Life, if I was not comforted at home, for all I can see and hear abroad.

My Father, my dear *Camilla*, and I, spent the last Week at a little Distance from Town; because I was told the Change of Air would be of service to the good old Gentleman. We dined one Day with *Staius* and his Lady, where we met *Aulus* and his whole Family. The Day passed very agreeably and with great Good-Humour; we were all entertained with a Welcome apparently sincere, and the whole Society seemed to know the true Use of assembling together, namely, that of receiving and giving Pleasure. *Aulus* invited us to spend the next Day with him; but there the contrary of every thing which had so pleased me the Day before, appear'd. Luxury abounded to such a Degree, that the Table seemed spread rather with a Design of catching the Eye, than of gratifying the Appetite. *Staius* and his Wife were so out of humour, that they could hardly command them-

selves enough to keep up to the common Rules of Civility; whilst *Aulus* and his Wife seemed to be inwardly delighted with something they could scarcely contain; and the Lady threw herself into so many Postures, that I was afraid she was going into Convulsions; but have since learn'd it was Joy unutterable. I could not then find out, nor imagine, what was the Meaning of this Scene: But as we went home with *Staius*, both he and his Wife, the Moment we were out of the House, began to find great fault with the Extravagance of *Aulus*, in living so much above his Circumstances; saying *they wished it might last*; for that they were sure even *they* could not live so, though they had treble his Estate. I now thought I had unravelled the Matter, and in my Mind applauded the great Generosity of *Staius* and his Lady, that they were thus uneasy at seeing any Extravagance in their Friends, which might prove hurtful to them: And although I was sorry for *Aulus's* Indiscretion, yet I could not help finding great Excuses for him and his Wife in my Heart, when I considered with what Joy they seemed to bestow even more than they could afford on their Friends. But alas! when I came home, *Camilla* and my Father undeceived me, and told me, the Ill-humour of *Staius* and his Wife arose entirely from Vanity, and the seeing themselves so far outdone by *Aulus's* Entertainment; and that *Aulus's* Joy took its Rise from the mean Motive of having shewn the others his Superiority, and seeing that he had succeeded in piquing them. I was perfectly startled at what they said, and cannot help grieving, that it is possible for human Nature

ture to be so base and low, as to make one Man ruin himself in entertaining another, only to vex him; or that the other could be hurt by it any otherwise than from Pity of his Frailty, and Fear of the Consequence to him.

THIS brings to you and *Valentine* a Parent's Blessing, *Camilla's* Love, and that of,

Dear Madam,

Your affectionate Brother,

And obedient humble Servant,

DAVID SIMPLE.

LETTER IX.

CYNTHIA to DAVID SIMPLE at London.

SIR,

[*From the Bath.*

YOUR obliging Letter brought me that Pleasure, which I can never fail of receiving, when I hear from you. *Camilla's* Indisposition, I hope, is by this time perfectly removed; for I heartily wish every thing may conduce to your Happiness.

I SHOULD

I SHOULD be very glad to be acquainted with the young Woman who had Resolution strong enough to endure Pain, in order to assist another; for her Goodness must be very uncommon. The Generality of the human Species cannot be so bad, but that striking Objects of Misery must raise some small Degree of Compassion. A strong Fire will bend even Iron; and Marble itself must yield to the irresistible Force of the Artift's proper and well adapted Tools. And yet it cannot be denied, but the Nature of Marble or of Iron is to be hard whilst every languid Heat will move the soft, the pliable Nature of Wax: Nor can the bending Osier resist the smallest Force. So some Minds resembling Marble or Iron in Hardness, are yet not totally impenetrable, whilst others in Softness partaking the Nature of Wax, melt at every Woe, and embrace every Opportunity of extending and diffusing their Goodness. Of this latter Sort must your young Woman be; and therefore her Want of Fortune is really to be deplored.

I VERY much admire, and greatly esteem *Delus*; but am not in the least surprized at your finding so many People unwilling to believe his generous Actions: For Men very hardly give any Credit, when they hear of others practising, what they know themselves to be incapable of doing. For there are very few People, who do not argue with themselves in this Manner: “ Whatever Goodness, whatever Understanding Human Kind can boast of, I am endowed with to the utmost perfection; therefore it is impossible this *Reptile*, so much beneath me “ in

“ in Understanding, so greatly my inferior in
 “ every good Quality, so *silly, low, and mean,*
 “ so every thing that is *contemptible,* should
 “ ever be capable of acting what is noble, great,
 “ and praise-worthy; nay, of exceeding *me*
 “ *myself.*”

THEN after long Consideration, this *mighty,* this *elevated* Mortal in his own Opinion, if he cannot absolutely deny the Fact, as perhaps he dares not give the Relater *the Lye positive,* (for such doughty Heroes are not always perfectly exempt from Fear) endeavours to take from the Merit of the Action; and putting it into the cold Labyrinth of his own dull Imagination, and mixing therein great Quantities of that venomous Ingredient *Pride,* he extracts all the Good-nature and Benevolence, and throws it away; whilst he *wisely* preserves that Dross, which in his own pur-blind Eyes appears most valuable.

A BAD Disposition appears most p'ain in denying the Possibility of a good Action; for there is a wide Difference between being overcome by Temptation, when Passions with Impetuosity urge us on, and acting deliberately, when the Judgment has fair play, and power to exert its utmost Force. That Venom in our own Bosoms proves, that Mischief is our Delight, and Goodness our Aversion.

YOUR Account of *Aulus's* and *Staius's* Entertainments puts me in Mind of Scenes I have been daily witness of: For nothing is so common, as Mens ruining themselves, to shew others they are not already ruin'd. *Aulus* may forgive
Staius,

Status, but *Status* never will *Aulus*. For Vanity satisfied, often turns into Good-humour, if that can be call'd so, which is only a Triumph over another's Pain; whereas unsatisfied Vanity creates Envy, frets and gnaws the Heart of whomsoever it takes Possession; and, unable to contain itself, breaks out in Tyranny to every Inferior; and with every Equal, in Peevishness, when present; or, when absent, in malicious Invectives.

I HEARTILY wish the three Brothers you mention, may really reform their Principles, and mend the Disposition of their Minds, by their suffering the Distress they deserve from their former Behaviour; but I greatly doubt it: For Men, like Children under the Lash of the Rod, promise, and really believe they will do so no more; but on the first Temptation, forget the Smart and relapse to the following the Bent of their own Natures. Few Minds are so very bad, that great Adversity will not humble them: Besides, so broad and various are the Paths that lead to Misery, that all Mankind can travel in them without jostling one another. Here alone the Preheminence is joyfully given: Whereas the narrow, the pointed Pinnacle, of what Men call Prosperity, can hold but few; and the Suspicion each Individual has of every one who comes near him, makes him endeavour to throw others down, that their Distance may prevent their being an Obstruction to his Schemes.

BUT if the human Mind was as venomous and malignant, as it has pleased some Authors to represent it; if Men had but Understanding enough to know their own true Interest, they would not be so often guilty of destroying that of their *Friends*;

for in the end I have generally observed their own Destruction has been the Consequence.

A GENTLEMAN, who was with *Valentine* yesterday, when I received your Letter, and who has enjoyed all the Pleasures of Life, by having both Abilities and Taste to do good, said, he had lately been told the Story of a Man's Life by himself, which shewed, how much Men procure their own Misery, when they fancy there is any Pleasure in pulling others down. I begged the Gentleman to relate the Story; and, as he is always willing to oblige, he told me, that he had long been acquainted with an old Gentleman, on whose Countenance he observed so fixed a Melancholy, that he had always the greatest Compassion for him, and at last asked him the Cause of it; when he replied, after some Pause: Yes!—I will mortify myself by telling it; and then began as follows.

“ My Uncle by the Father's Side died at
 “ the Age of Five and Twenty; he left behind
 “ him one only Son, whose Name was *Stephen*.
 “ As my Uncle was a younger Brother, and
 “ had married for Love, without any Consideration
 “ of Wealth, his Effects would but
 “ barely satisfy his Creditors, and his helpless Infant
 “ was thrown on the World without any
 “ means of support. My Father's Compassion
 “ induced him to act a Parent's Part by this
 “ forlorn Orphan. He took him home, and
 “ bred him up with me; he made no Difference
 “ between us; and endeavoured all he could
 “ to cultivate a reciprocal Affection betwixt
 “ us. I was not quarrellsome in my Disposition;
 “ tion;

" tion; and we agreed so well in most Cir-
 " cumstances, that there appeared to be a per-
 " fect Harmony established between us. But as
 " my Cousin in Learning, in Understanding,
 " and in every other Accomplishment had ra-
 " ther the Preference, I could not exclude
 " that gnawing Vulture *Envy*, from my Bosom;
 " and every Proof of Admiration or Esteem I
 " received, was poisoned, by the Fear of his
 " having a larger share. I could have loved
 " him sincerely (for there was no fault in his
 " Behaviour) could I but have kept him from
 " being my Equal: This one Disquiet has im-
 " bittered my whole Life.

" WHEN we were Boys, in the whole
 " course of our Education, my improving in
 " Knowledge gave me little or no Pleasure,
 " from the Fear he should have one Grain more
 " than myself: Our very Exercises and Di-
 " versions turned into Torments in my Bosom,
 " by the Anxiety, lest his Abilities and Quick-
 " nefs should surpass my own. Every Breath
 " that uttered his Praise, was loathsome to me;
 " and I could have no Joy but in finding and
 " exaggerating his Frailties. Thus I have spent
 " my whole miserable Life, in Endeavours to
 " keep him down, rather than trying to ad-
 " vance myself.

" AT the Age of Twenty, my Cousin was
 " seized with a violent Passion for a young Lady,
 " which in a very short time became recipro-
 " cal. She had a moderate Fortune; and my
 " Father consented to the Match. At first I
 " was pleased he was married, thinking I should
 " now

“ now go into the World by myself, and be
 “ rid of my Rival: But he brought his Wife
 “ home at first to our House; and her faultless
 “ Behaviour made me almost burst with Envy:
 “ Her Beauty and her Merit were continual
 “ Torments to me; not that they inspired me
 “ with Love, but I could not bear that *Ste-*
 “ *phen* should be happier than myself. He inno-
 “ cently rejoiced in his own Happiness, think-
 “ ing I participated in it: He used me like a
 “ Friend. This Behaviour stung me to the
 “ Heart; for I could not but see the Beauty
 “ of Goodness and Simplicity like his; I wanted
 “ to rob him even of that; and yet knew, that
 “ the very Desire that he should have less
 “ Goodness, was utterly incompatible with my
 “ being his equal in that Point.

“ AT last I met with a Lady whose Beauty was
 “ so striking, and so much celebrated, that I
 “ thought if I could gain her Consent to be my
 “ Wife, I should then, in her superior Beauty,
 “ have some cause to triumph over my Rival.
 “ I succeeded with the Lady, and still was as
 “ far from my Purpose as ever; for her Temper
 “ was as deform'd as her Person was handsome.
 “ I could have stood this with as much Philosophy
 “ as *Socrates* did the Scolding of *Xantippe*; for
 “ my Wife was so indifferent to me, that she
 “ could have given me no pain, had not the good
 “ Sense and soft Disposition of *Stephen's* Wife
 “ torn me to pieces with Envy at the Comparison.
 “ She brought him several very fine Children,
 “ whilst I and my Termagant had none. My
 “ Situation was so odd, that nothing could please
 “ me: I never wished to have Children; and yet
 “ now

“ now could not bear that my Cousin should have
 “ any Thing I had not.

“ WHEN I was Thirty, I lost my Father: He
 “ left me a very good Estate, which he had im-
 “ proved and managed to the best advantage ;
 “ and also provided very handsomely for his Ne-
 “ phew. But had he left me nothing, I could
 “ not have been more displeas'd than I was, at
 “ the consideration that he had put *Stephen* out
 “ of my power. I thought, if he had been depen-
 “ dent on me, I would not have suffer'd him real-
 “ ly to have want'd ; but yet, by the slow degrees
 “ in which I would have reliev'd him, I could have
 “ contriv'd it in such a manner, as never to have
 “ let him have any advantage ; but at the same
 “ time he must feel that it was in *my* power, and at
 “ *my* option, whether he should have it or no. Be-
 “ sides, I could have given him such reason to find
 “ fault with my Behaviour, that perhaps I might
 “ sometimes have work'd his Passions to such a de-
 “ gree, as to have made him guilty of some Mis-
 “ conduct that would have been my utmost Joy.

“ AT last, by the Misfortune of being burn'd
 “ out of his House, when all his Goods and Fur-
 “ niture, and almost every thing valuable he had
 “ was consum'd, he was so impoverish'd, that
 “ I had it in my Power either to let him want,
 “ or to relieve him as I pleas'd. But every
 “ Method I could invent to make him either dis-
 “ contented, or even to appear ungratef'ul, prov-
 “ ed fruitless. He still soar'd above me, reduc-
 “ ed his Expences as near as he could to his
 “ Circumstances, was thankf'ul when I assist'd
 “ him, would never murmur nor upbraid me
 “ when I did not ; but ever kept uppermost in
 “ his Thoughts, that I was the Son of the Man

“ who from his Infancy had been his Support,
 “ and used him with paternal Fondness. This
 “ Greatness of Mind gall'd me to the Soul; my
 “ Fortune was all thrown away upon me, I had
 “ no enjoyment of it: for whilst my Cousin
 “ could preserve his Integrity, and keep his
 “ Mind free from anxious Cares, I saw his Super-
 “ iority, and pined at his Goodness. At last I
 “ came to hate him to such a degree, that I with-
 “ drew from him all Assistance, and should
 “ have been glad to have seen him suffer the
 “ utmost Misery. But even now I could not
 “ gratify my Revenge for the great *Injuries* he
 “ had done me; for a violent Fever seized him
 “ and carried him off in three Days.

“ My Sensations at the News of his Death
 “ were so various, that to attempt to explain or
 “ describe them would be vain and fruitless: I was
 “ enraged to Madness, that I never could in any
 “ one Point, but that of Fortune, see any Super-
 “ iority in myself over my envied Cousin.
 “ Could I have thrown him down, I should not
 “ have cared what had been the Consequence to
 “ myself. His Death grieved me, as it was an
 “ *Escape* from me. Time and continued Afflic-
 “ tion, had he lived, I thought perhaps might
 “ have soured his Temper, and conquered his
 “ Resolution. Now there was no hopes, and
 “ my utmost Envy could do him no hurt.

“ BUT in a small space of time, now I had no
 “ pursuit, I began to reflect on what I had never
 “ yet thought on, namely, what I had been pur-
 “ suing my whole Life-time; and found, that
 “ I had never had an Anxiety, nor an Affliction,
 “ but what arose from a Spirit truly diabolical.

“ I

“ I could not help thinking, how happy I might
 “ have been, if I had conquered, instead of in-
 “ dulging this malignant Spirit. I have made all
 “ the reparation in my power to my Cousin’s
 “ Family, by settling my Estate on his Children,
 “ and have piqued my own Pride to the utmost
 “ by this Confession. Now, Sir, you will no
 “ longer wonder at my Melancholy, for which
 “ you must see my own Reflection is a continual
 “ Cause.”

The Gentleman said he was surprized at first at such a Story of a Man’s Life told by himself; and yet, that when he came to consider of it, he was much afraid, if Men would all honestly tell their own Stories, this would not appear so extraordinary as at first sight.

This poor Wretch’s Story is to me a Confirmation of what has been always my Opinion; namely, that whenever two Persons Interests seemingly interfere, it is certainly for their mutual Happiness to assist each other. This I believe, is always true, except a man is very sure, that the only *Enjoyment* in Life worth his Pursuit is that of seeing another’s Misery. Then indeed he must follow the Example of the envious Man in the Fable: And I believe he may lose his Eye, or knock out his Brains, without deserving, or meeting with much Compassion. An Acquaintance of mine has turned the Fable I allude to, into Verse; and I have inclosed it for your Opinion.

A F A-

A F A B L E.

TWO wretched Men, by different Passions
 sway'd,
 Together at Jove's sacred Altar pray'd.
 A boundless Au'rice solely this possess'd,
 Malice and Envy rack'd the other's Breast.
 The God, who plainly saw each secret Bent,
 From high Olympus his swift Herald sent,
 To ask their Prayer, and this Promise give,
 That each his full Desire shall receive,
 But to his Friend a double Share be given
 Of ev'ry Suit which he obtains from Heaven.
 Both seem content. The Man whom Au'rice sways
 With Joy exulting to himself thus says,
 "When my Companion sees my Riches rise,
 "His envious Spleen will so much blind his Eyes,
 "That, overlooking his own doubled Store,
 "Impatiently he'll ask for Millions more;
 "So, by his means, my Treasure shall be brought
 "To exceed my very utmost Wish and Thought."
 Mistaken Man! Though Jove thy Prayer grants,
 And adds a Million to supply thy Wants,
 Envy and Malice ever lie in wait
 The Happiness of others to defeat.
 And thus the envious Man to mighty Jove
 Maliciously does his Petition move,
 To have one Eye put out, Great Jove, I chuse,
 That my Companion both his Eyes may lose.

I am, &c.

CYNTHIA.

LET-

LETTER X.

SPATTER to VARNISH at Tunbridge.

Dear VARNISH, [From London.

AS I promised, when you left Town, to give you an Account how I pass my time, I will not break my Word; and if you find nothing to entertain you in this Epistle, you must thank yourself for desiring such a Correspondent.

I SPENT three Days last Week with *Pamphilus*, but never any Creature was so wearied out as I was, whilst I stay'd there; for his whole Conversation runs on nothing but his own Praises; he makes himself the *Hero* of each Tale; and the *Blockhead* has not Sense enough to find out, that there is nothing so plain a Proof of the want of Virtue, as the continual bragging of it. The Fear of being found out has made many a Murderer discover himself, by strenuously denying the Fact before he has been accused of it.

PAMPHILUS never read *La Bruyere*, or if he has, does not understand him; for he would have been deter'd from eternally plaguing his Companions with his Goodness, if he had read and understood this Remark: " *The Man*
" *who*

“ who is incessantly talking of his own Honour
 “ and Probity, affirms that he does no Man any
 “ harm, that he heartily consents all the Mischief
 “ he does others, shall return upon himself and
 “ adds an Oath to give credit to what he says,
 “ does not know even how to counterfeit Goodness.”

But this is not the worst; I could bear him, if it was not for *Selimena* his Wife; she designs no harm, and is *silly* enough to fancy she does none; but she is what I call a Teazer. Nothing happens as it should do; if she and her Husband had but acted in *such* and *such* a Manner, every thing would have flow'd in the right Channel: But sure she is the most *unfortunate* Woman alive; for every thing goes wrong that she undertakes: She never makes a common Visit, but she finds out some *wise Reason* why she should have been happy if she had stay'd at Home; nor never spends a whole Day in her own House, but before she goes to her rest, she sits down, and bemoans the *unhappy Selimena*, who has spent her Day in dull Solitude, when she might have been better diverted, had she been any where, but there where her *ill Stars* had that Day confined her. Then she walks and struts about the Room, repeating, in an audible Voice, all the tragick Strains her Memory can furnish, where Women lament their hard Fate, when some dire Mishap has befallen them; the want of Liberty, the forcing Affection, tyrannick Fathers, disagreeable haughty Husbands, all are trifling Misfortunes, in *her Opinion*, compared to her most *miserable*, most to be lamented Situation, of having free Liberty to do as she pleases; and yet from all the Variety of Amusements this World affords,

not

not to be able to find out what Place, what Company, or what Diverſion would pleaſe her moſt.

I CANNOT contain my Laughter, when I ſee a *Fool* in diſtreſs for nothing; and am like to affront her, becauſe I do not bemoan her fancied *nonsenſical* affected Diſtreſs: When, to compleat the Scene, in comes the Dotard of a Husband, who with all the fawning Language of a dull Sycophant, endeavours to remove this his Deary's much to be *pitied Torment*, ſooths her with all the ſofterſt Terms he can invent, and appears the fondeſt, moſt indulgent Husband the World ever knew; and yet in reality this is not done from Affection to her, or from any Concern for her apparent Uneaſineſs; but as her Folly is ſo very viſible, that *dull* as he is, he can't but ſee it; his Mind elated and exulting in the Thoughts of ſuperior Dignity, makes him ready to adore and proſtrate himſelf at the Feet of almoſt the only Object that proves he is not the loweſt Animal in the Creation.

As I was walking along the other Day, and amuſing myſelf with all the various Follies I ſaw, I met with a Man whoſe downcaſt Looks, meagre Countenance, enfeebled Limbs, and worn-out Dreſs, made him the Picture of a Wretch, whoſe Diſtreſs was unknown to any but himſelf, and whoſe Poverty was ſo mixed with Pride, that he was reſolved to bear the utmoſt Extremities of it, rather than reveal his deplorable Situation. Curioſity rather than Compaſſion induced me to obſerve and follow him. At the Corner of the Street ſtood a Man and
a Wo-

a Woman begging Alms: Before the miserable Object I have been describing, strutted with *erect* Mien and conscious *Merit*, a Gentleman adorned with so much Lace and Finery, that the two Beggars immediately accosted him with lowly Terms and submissive Voices, humbly begging *his Honour's Charity*: But he walked stately on, and paid no regard to their Tears or Prayers. The Woman followed him; for she could not help thinking the Gentleman so adorned must be possessed of Charity, and every other Virtue; but the Man (who I suppose had been long used to his Trade) turned from this fine Spark, and humbly supplicated him, who himself appear'd in a Condition to move Compassion. I was surprized to see this poor Creature pull out a Penny, and bestow it on the Beggar: But I overheard him say to his Companion, *Sure this Fellow must have spied something extraordinary in my Look and Manner, that under all this Disguise of Rags, he could think I had the Power to relieve him.* And then he laughed at the Woman's Folly, who was not judicious enough to find out his *innate Grandeur*, because his Outside was not adorned. After this piece of Generosity, he did not walk two Steps, without being teased for Charity; and I could not help laughing to see a *Fool* giving away all the little he had, only for the Pleasure of being thought able to give.

BUT Money is not the only thing that proud, vain-glorious Coxcombs are liberal of, to shew their own Abilities; for *Dorilas* continually plagues all his fancied Friends with his Advice; not from the least Concern for their Welfare, but

to

to show his own great *Superiority*; and often in a grave, deliberate, formal, *stupid Speech* brings his nonsensical Advice, when he knows the Action, about which, in his *own Opinion*, he is *so wise*, is already done, and there is no recalling it; and he always takes care, from his *great Good-nature*, to tell his Friends, he wishes they may act just the contrary to what he knows they had done; and when he has craftily, in his long dull Harangue, provoked them to confess whatever he can say is needless; for that they have already done, what he seems to think, will be of such ill Consequence, which they do in hopes to silence him. Then there is no end of his *Eloquence*; he asks ten thousand Questions, why they did so; what could tempt them thus unadvisedly to be guilty of an Action, which he ransacks all Antiquity, and stretches his Memory to the utmost to prove, has always brought Destruction on whoever has been led into it. But if the Persons he has thus treated, are silly enough to be imposed on by him, and take his *Nonsense* for real *Wisdom*, or his ridiculous Pride for a friendly Disposition, and fall into the Snare of thinking him of Consequence enough to consult him on any future Occasion, then he is in his Kingdom: For, instead of looking forward, and thinking on the best Method of extricating them out of any Difficulties they may have brought upon themselves, it is impossible for a long time to drive him from the Subject of their past Follies: He provokes them to Madness, by rubbing and fretting the Sore, which they feel but too much already, till they fall out with him, and then he goes away with the utmost Contempt of them, for not following

lowing his Advice, altho' he had not even told them what he would have them do; for the Quarrel happened, before he was tired of taking a Review of their past Indiscretions, or of exulting in the Thoughts, that he had not been guilty of the like.

IN short, *Dorilas's* Understanding is so low, he cannot see at all into himself; his Passions so moderate, he has no Opportunity of exerting any of his *imagined Wisdom* in governing them; he burns with a Desire of making himself somebody; and therefore, as *Scrub* in the *Beaux Stratagem*, wanted a Friend to disclose his Secrets to; so *Dorilas* cultivates a Friendship with every Man, who is Ideot enough not to see through him; in order to have some Vent for that Self-sufficiency, some Support for that imaginary *Dignity*, he has erected to himself in his own *insignificant Mind*.

BUT Pride will take hold of as small Twigs to prevent sinking, as the Man who is fondest of Life can possibly do to prevent being drowned; otherwise how could *Scaurus* and his Lady spend their whole Lives in Self-denial, for no other Reason, but to have the Pleasure of flattering themselves, that in some respects they are like the Great. When they are in the Country, they lie a-bed in the Morning when they have a mind to get up, only to indulge their own Fancies in imagining, that they are too *delicate* to be like those *vulgar Wretches*, who are forced to leave their Beds, in order to get Bread for their Families; and on a *Sunday*, when the whole Congregation is met, I have known these two *Drivellers* trifle away

away half an Hour, only to make the whole Parish wait their Leisure; and then looking as if they had performed some heroic Action, strut up the Church through Rows of poor People, who bow to them, because Necessity makes them want their Favour, which they impute to some innate Dignity in themselves. The Clergyman, who officiates in their Parish, gives way to this, not from mere Flattery, but because he has Understanding enough to know, nothing does so much Mischief, as contending with the Vanity of *Fools*. When *Scaurus* and his Wife are in Town, if they are starving with Hunger, they heroically bear it; and he saunters in Coffee-Houses, whilst she is somewhere or other, where she has just as much to do, to wear out the Time, till the Hour when Parliament Men, and those who have great Affairs to transact, sit down to Dinner, that in something they may please their Fancy of being like them. They are sure to be at every public Diversion, where they hear the *best Company* are most likely to assemble, altho' they have no Acquaintance amongst them, and are as if they were in a World by themselves. Was I to enumerate all the ridiculous Affectations, in which these *Apes* of their Superiors employ their Time, I should fill a Quire of Paper; and at last prove nothing but that they are resolved to feed their Pride with some Marks (as they think them) of Dignity.

BUT I am tired of them, as well as of writing, and think I have already dwelt too long upon them, as there is nothing remarkable in seeing *Fools* guilty of Follies, or that Ideots should follow their own Nature.

I

I HAVE

I HAVE not been well these three Days, and have lived at home by myself, till I think I am grown quite stupified, and as *dull* and *senseless* a *Blockhead*, as any of the People I have been describing; however,

I am always,

Dear VARNISH's

Most obedient humble Servant,

S P A T T E R.

L E T T E R X I.

VARNISH to SPATTER, at London.

Dear SPATTER,

[From Tunbridge.

I TH'ANK you for your kind Letter, but perceive that in your writing, as well as in your Conversation, you delight in dwelling on the dark Part of the Characters of Mankind, and giving the worst Interpretation your Imagination can suggest, to every Word and Action of your Acquaintance: And yet say what you please, you cannot impose on me so much, as to make me believe you are ill-natured. But, instead of joining with your Opinion of *Pamphilus*,
I should

I should rather fancy, his Manner of talking arises from a benevolent Delight to dwell on the Virtues of Mankind; and that being unfortunate in his Acquaintance, for want of another Object, his Praises unavoidably fall on himself; or, at the worst, I can only think he has some few Failings, which he is so nicely conscious of, that he talks of his own Goodness, to throw off the Thoughts of even those trifling Blemishes, which are too apt to fix strongly in his Mind.

THE harden'd Murderer hears of his Crimes without a Blush, whilst the poor Wretch, who has been driven by his Passions to such a Deed, without Premeditation, trembles at the Name of Murderer; and by the Consciousness of his Fault, discovers himself. So that what you say, in my Opinion, makes against yourself, and shews *Pamphilus* in a different Light from what you would represent him. As to *Selimensa*, perhaps ill Health makes her fretful; or she may have some hidden Grief which you are a Stranger to; or it is not impossible but her great Innocence, and Fear of having acted wrong, may be the Cause of that Uneasiness she shews at all her past Actions.

BUT how could you interpret the great Charity of a Man, who bestowed what he wanted himself to relieve others, so very falsely, as to impute it to Pride? Undoubtedly his rejoicing that the Beggar thought him able to give, has some Appearance of what you say; but I make no Question of your misunderstanding him, and rather believe his own Poverty made him the more sensible of that of others. Nor do I doubt, but that the Man you describe so finely dressed, would

would also have been charitable; only the Giddiness of Prosperity often hinders People from giving themselves time to reflect. As to your Account of *Dorilas*, and his Reasons for loving to give his Friends Advice, I am certain you must laugh yourself at the Ridicule of it, and had only a mind to shew how many ways you could turn Mens Actions; for I am certain, you cannot think any Person would take the Pains of advising another, but from the Hopes of doing him good. Perhaps *Dorilas* may be a little sharp in his Rebukes; but that can be for no other Reason, than because he thinks it necessary to cure his Friends of their Follies.

As to *Scaurus* and his Lady, I think you are much too severe upon them; for their trifling Frailties, and what you call Affectation and Pride, is only a Carelessness of Temper, which makes them follow the Examples of others, without examining nicely whether they have any Reason for so doing: They consider not the Difference of their own Situation, and that of those above them.

Now I think I have mentioned every one you speak of in your Letter, and fancy, if you would give yourself time to recollect every Circumstance; you will find you have very little Reason for that Satire, of which you are so lavish: I am sure if you have, you are very unfortunate in your Companions. I am so happy, as to be got into the most agreeable Acquaintance imaginable.

THE

THE Ladies are all *handsome* and *good-natured*, and the Gentlemen all *sensible* and *polite*. Miss *Biddy Tipkin* is *grave* and *serious* in her Deportment, and *majestic* in her Manner. There are People who call her *dull*, and say she has an *affected Dignity*, which she wants to impose on the Injudicious, as a Mark of her strong Understanding; but for my Part, I think it is very visible, she has a philosophic Turn of Mind, and is really above those Trifles, with which the Generality of Women are delighted. It is true, she is not very handsome; but then there is something so inexpressibly agreeable in her, as in my Opinion fully compensates the Want of Beauty. Miss *Fanny Brown* is handsome, and genteel to a Miracle; and so lively, that I am never tired of being in her Company. Some Gentlemen here, who love to find fault, do not scruple to say, she delights in hearing herself talk, and babbles Nonsense all Day long; but they are mightily mistaken; for I think she cannot speak too much, because she is pleasing in every Word and Action.

MRS. *Scare-Crow* is so genteel and easy, that I don't think she will measure above a Span round her Waist; and from her being slender, is so very light and nimble, that she in a manner slides from one Place to another without any trouble: She looks so pale and *delicate*, that I am almost in love with her, every time I am so happy as to be in her Company.

THEN here is Mrs. *Cherry-Cheek*, who is so plump, and has such a visible Content in her Countenance, as plainly indicates her Good-

humour; and, notwithstanding what some *few* are so satirical to say, namely, that her Thoughtlessness alone causes her to be so gay and merry; yet I don't believe, but that being *obliging* and *agreeable*, is in her the Result of Reflection, as well as her own natural good Disposition. In short, were I to describe all the *handsome, genteel, well-bred, good-natured* Ladies here, I should tire you and make no end of writing.

As to Gentlemen, here is my Lord—who has so little Pride, that he spends all his Time so familiarly among us, that he reserves *none* of it to himself; he rides, plays and dances with the Company; and has no Affectation of Singularity; and thinks it not necessary to his Happiness ever to be alone.

THEN here is Sir *John*——who is indeed a little more reserved, but 'tis only a *becoming Gravity*; and, whatever may be said to the contrary, I can with Pleasure see it is owing only to his *sober moderate* Disposition, and does not take its rise from any formal ridiculous Notion of his Superiority over others.

LAST Week (for the Season is now almost at the height) arrived Mr. *Demure*, who is always talking of grave Subjects, and yet always in an entertaining manner; as also Mr. *Tricksey*, who dresses so fine, and dances so *charmingly*, that I am never tired with looking at him. In a Word, I am the *happiest* Creature here in the World, all the Company are agreeable to me, and are my very *good Friends*; and I doubt not, but, if I had any Occasion to try them, I should find them very ready to serve me. But, as I
am

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am naturally averse to the asking of Favours, I have neither asked any of these *good-natured Gentlemen* for any Proofs of their wishing me well, nor made Love to any of the Ladies, notwithstanding I am *charmed* with them all.

I am,

Dear SPATTER,

Yours, &c.

VARNISH.

P. S. *I forgot to tell you, I lost my good Mother last Week, and she died in a violent Rack of Pain.*

LETTER XII.

DELIA to LEONORA at London.

Dear LEONORA, [From the Country.

SINCE my Retirement into the Country, the natural Indolence of my Temper insensibly steals upon me; and with an Exception only of the Time I spend in reading, I can hardly say I am alive. You know I love

G 2

London,

London, not because I am very fond of great Gaiety and publick Diversions; but because it is so much easier there to come at the Conversation I like. In this Place I cannot help sometimes falling into the utmost Stupidity: However, as either my Father's Circumstances makes it most convenient, or his Choice most pleasant to him, to retire, I submit without repining. I can assure you, the Reflection that you are in the Part of the World you chuse, is one of the greatest Pleasures I now enjoy. I have always been a great Admirer of these four Lines:

*Thus from the World fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with Sighs withdrew:
Not that their Pleasures caus'd her Discontent;
She sigh'd, not that they stay'd, but that she
went.*

There is nothing makes any Person so much the Object of my Contempt, as being uneasy at seeing another enjoy what to them is unattainable.

THIS Place is so dull, it is impossible for me to send you any thing sprightly or gay; though I have at present a Companion in the House who is my great Comfort. Before the Roads were impassable, (as now four long tedious Winter-Months have render'd them) my Father carried me about five Miles off to visit *Lindamira*, who is lately married to his most intimate Acquaintance and near Neighbour. She is so remarkably handsome, that it is impossible to see her without an Inclination to love her.

THERE

THERE was a Lady in the same Company, whose Person was so deform'd, that she seem'd a perfect Contrast to the other; and I naturally turned my Eyes from her, to place them on the more agreeable Object. I thought at first she was a Visitor; but when I found by her Behaviour she was at home, I could not help reflecting how needless it was for *Lindamira* to stoop to so mean an Artifice as the having such a Foil to set off her Charms. But when I heard her call her Sister, I was glad to turn my Reflections another way; and being already prepossessed in her Favour by her charming Person, was pleas'd to think that her Good-nature equalled her Beauty. I was so taken up with admiring *Lindamira*, that it was some time before I took any particular notice of *Lydia*, (for that was her Sister's Name;) but as by Importunity we were prevail'd on to stay there a Week, I had time enough to get well acquainted with her.

MY Father and the Gentleman rode out every day, both for their Diversion and Health; by which means I had an Opportunity of observing *Lydia's* Deformity was all on the Outside. When the Company was mixed, I thought she seem'd to know herself so well, as not to expect any of the Gentlemen should hearken to her with more Attention than common Civility demanded. She said but little, till she was left with only *Lindamira* and myself. Then she threw off all Restraint, and at once discover'd such a Refinement in her Sentiments, and such a Goodness of Heart as surprized me.

I COULD not help condemning myself for having been at first sight so prejudiced by her Person. We soon took so great a fancy to each other, that by a very short Acquaintance we became intimate. *Lindamira* has generally a vast deal of Company with her in town, where she is at present; and as *Lydia* loves Retirement, I begged the favour of her to stay with me till her Sister's Return. She had not been long with me, before I perceived by her Conversation, that some remarkable Incidents had befallen her in the Course of her Life. Curiosity led me to inquire into her History; and upon my request, she obliged me, by beginning as follows:

“ ALAS! Madam, my Misfortunes began at
 “ an Age when most People imagine we are inca-
 “ pable of having any. But this I know by woe-
 “ ful Experience to be a very great Mistake; for
 “ altho' Children cannot extend their Views far
 “ enough to have any Cares for the future, yet are
 “ they as susceptible of suffering from what is pre-
 “ sent, and more so (as their Reason is weaker)
 “ than grown-up People.

“ MY Father was naturally inclined to be a
 “ good Man, but of a careless Disposition, and
 “ so fond of his Wife, that he had an implicit
 “ Faith in whatever she said. My Mother, from
 “ a peculiar engaging Softness in her Manner,
 “ passed in the World for a very good-natur'd
 “ Woman; but I am certain by the Treatment
 “ I met with from her, that Vanity was the sole
 “ Motive of almost all her Actions.

“ YOU

“ You see, Madam, the Deformity of my
 “ Person ; I am sure I have reason to know it ;
 “ for from the time I can remember, I have
 “ heard of little else. My Mother, instead of
 “ being moved to Compassion by an Object
 “ which I should have thought was naturally-
 “ formed to raise it, looked on me as the Monu-
 “ ment of her Shame, and could not bear the
 “ Thought that I was her Child. She used me
 “ like a Monster in Nature ; and I verily believe,
 “ had it not been for fear her own Reputation
 “ might suffer by it, she would have endeavoured
 “ to have prevailed on my Father utterly to aban-
 “ don me. Little *ugly Wretch*, Pigmy, all the
 “ opprobrious Names she could think on, she
 “ thought proper to bestow on me. I was always
 “ inclined to be tender in my Disposition, and
 “ desirous to be fond of my Parents, if they
 “ had been kind enough to have indulged me
 “ in that Pleasure. I was five Years old when
 “ *Lindamira* was born : you see her present
 “ Beauty ; and from an Infant she was always
 “ the same. My Mother’s Love for her equal’d
 “ her Hatred to me. She had her continually in
 “ her sight ; but ordered the Servants to let me
 “ come to her as seldom as possible, for fear the
 “ beautiful Child should be shocked at the sight
 “ of so much Deformity. This she never scrup-
 “ pled to say before my face ; nay, she seem’d
 “ to take a delight in hurting me by all the
 “ Ways she could invent ; and young as I then
 “ was, she obtained her cruel Desires by often
 “ piercing me to the Soul. I loved to be with
 “ my pretty Sister ; and she often extended her
 “ little Hands to me, which gave me great Plea-
 “ sure. But this too was denied me. I had no
 “ Refuge,

“ Refuge, but often got into Corners, and cry’d
 “ Hours by myself, till my Eyes became so weak
 “ I could hardly see.

“ THIS cruel Usage, by the time I was ten
 “ Years old, made me hate to come near my
 “ Mother: she was doubly pleas’d with it, as it
 “ freed her from my Sight, and gave her an Op-
 “ portunity of insiling into my Father, that my
 “ Mind was as deformed as my Body; for that I
 “ had an aversion even to my Parents. He had
 “ never taken much notice of me, but left me to
 “ the Management of his Wife, whom he there-
 “ fore thought must know me best; and conse-
 “ quently soon came to hate me as much as she
 “ did. When any Company came to the House,
 “ if they took any the least notice of me, my
 “ Mother from that moment conceived an un-
 “ conquerable Aversion for them.

“ THUS was I abhorred by my Parents, debar-
 “ red conversing with my Sister, shut out from
 “ every Method of improving my Mind; in
 “ short, my Situation was so deplorable, that it
 “ is impossible to give you an adequate Idea of it:
 “ and the Source of all this Misery was, that my
 “ Mother’s Vanity was piqued at the Deformity
 “ of her Offspring. Tears and heart-breaking
 “ Sighs were my constant Employment: and
 “ under the Burthen of this most barbarous Usage
 “ did I waste my hateful Life, till I was Thir-
 “ teen; when one day, walking a little way from
 “ the House, I accidentally met my little Sister
 “ *Lindamira*. I took her up in my Arms, and
 “ joyfully embraced this Opportunity of play-
 “ ing with her. She seem’d pleas’d with it,
 “ and for that moment I forgot all my Grievs.
 “ Here

“ Here again how dearly did I pay for only that
 “ short Respite from Pain ; for my Foot stum-
 “ bled against a Stone that lay in the way, I fell
 “ down ; and with my utmost Care could not
 “ prevent striking the Child a Blow in the Fore-
 “ head. The sudden Anguish set her a crying
 “ so loud, that it immediately brought out *her*
 “ *fond Mother* to know the Cause of it ; but
 “ when she saw me, and by my own Confession
 “ found the Accident I had had, her Fury was
 “ too great to be expressed. She, after giving
 “ me a Look which perfectly frightened me,
 “ snatched up her darling *Lindamira*, and ran
 “ with her to my Father ; where by Tears,
 “ affirming that I hated and envied my Sister,
 “ because she was handsome, and expressing her
 “ Fears that I should do her some greater mischief,
 “ she at last worked him up to such a degree of
 “ Passion, that he flew to me, and beat me so un-
 “ mercifully, that I took a resolution rather to
 “ wander through the World, than submit any
 “ longer to such inhuman Treatment.

“ I KNEW not where to go ; my Figure, I
 “ was very sensible, would draw on me Con-
 “ tempt and Scorn. The Persons from whom
 “ alone I had a right to claim Protection, were
 “ my Enemies ; what then could I expect from
 “ Strangers ? Yet dismal as my Prospect was, I
 “ set out from home, to expose myself to any
 “ Misery, so that I might avoid the Sight of my
 “ cruel Parents. The Hardships they had ex-
 “ posed me to from my Birth, made them appear
 “ to me in a far different light from that in
 “ which Parents ought to be looked on by those
 “ of their Offspring, who are bred up with Ten-
 “ derness and paternal Love.

“ WE lived within three Miles of a Town ;
 “ but I did not dare to go thither, lest I should be
 “ known by some of the Inhabitants, and dragged
 “ to my wretched home again ; I therefore di-
 “ rected my Steps through By-paths, and forlorn
 “ Places, wishing I might never see a human
 “ Face again. My Mind for a long time was so
 “ involved in the Reflection of what I had alrea-
 “ dy suffered, that I lost all Consideration for
 “ the future : and the lively Idea of my past
 “ Sorrows, took from me all Feeling of the many
 “ wearisome Steps I trod : But Nature at last,
 “ sunk and worn out with Fatigue, required
 “ Rest ; the Night came upon me before I was
 “ aware of it, (so entirely was I destitute of all
 “ Thoughts for my own Safety :) I knew my
 “ Way to no House, nor indeed if I could have
 “ found one, had I any great reason to hope, it
 “ was in my Power to have raised Compassion
 “ enough for me, to find any Shelter, or meet
 “ with any Protection. The Weather happened
 “ to be very hot, and I at last resolved to lay
 “ down under a great Tree, till the returning
 “ Day-light might enable me to pursue my Way,
 “ or rather to wander friendless, without having
 “ any Way to find.

“ THE Perturbation of my Thoughts at length
 “ exhausted my Strength, and I insensibly fell
 “ into a sound Sleep, in which I continued till the
 “ Morning, when I was startled by the Hol-
 “ lowing and Hooping of a Set of Boys, whom
 “ I afterwards heard were going to School, to a
 “ Village about two Miles distant. They stood
 “ still, and stared at me for some time, and at
 “ last burst into a violent Fit of Laughter. I

“ was frighted at the Consideration, that I was
 “ in the power of Wretches, who could think
 “ me a fit Object for Mirth, and began to walk.
 “ The foremost of them cryed out, Do you think
 “ to escape us so easily, you little Baboon? with
 “ your leave we must have some *Sport* with you
 “ before you forsake us. Then they all sur-
 “ rounded me in such a manner, that it was im-
 “ possible for me to get out of their hands; and
 “ after saying all the most ill-natur’d things they
 “ could think on, they began to pinch and beat
 “ me for the *Diversion* (as they term’d it) of
 “ seeing in how many Postures I could turn my
 “ *beautiful Person*. At last they tied me to the
 “ Tree, under which I had sheltered myself in
 “ the Night, and went away exulting, as if they
 “ had gain’d some mighty Conquest.

“ I Now thought my Situation as deplorable
 “ as it could possibly be; and expected to stay
 “ there, and be starved to death. Indeed I heartily
 “ wish’d myself out of a World, in which I had so
 “ very little to hope for, and where so much Ma-
 “ lignity reign’d. I could not help reflecting, that
 “ those amongst those Boys, who had any share
 “ of Understanding, might very likely pass
 “ through Life with good Character; and, by
 “ learning to deceive Mankind, hide that Ran-
 “ cor which must possess their Hearts. I had
 “ not long bemoan’d my own unhappy Fate,
 “ before an old Woman came by, and ask’d me
 “ by what means I came to be left in that Pos-
 “ ture? By her asking that Question, I conceived
 “ some hopes, that it was her Design to set me
 “ at liberty, and began to relate to her what
 “ barbarous-Usage had forced me from my Fa-

“ ther’s House. As soon as she heard those
 “ Words, she turn’d away like a Fury, say-
 “ ing; She would have no hand in encour-
 “ raging *disobedient* Children; that, for her
 “ part, she did not doubt, but I deserved the
 “ Punishment I suffer’d. It was impossible for
 “ me to make her hear or understand that I
 “ was not confined there by my Father; for she
 “ run on so fast, and talked so loud to vent her
 “ Reproaches on me, that at last I left off endea-
 “ vouring to convince her of my Innocence, and
 “ remained obstinately silent. I have often
 “ since reflected, that this Woman must certainly
 “ take a pleasure in continuing in an Error,
 “ that she might snatch at an Opportunity to
 “ indulge herself in her own ill-nature, while she
 “ could by Fallacy satisfy herself, that she was
 “ guilty of *no Crime*. At last she left me; and,
 “ altho’ it may appear absurd to say, I was ca-
 “ pable at that time of any the least Joy, yet I
 “ did really feel some little Pleasure when I was
 “ rid of her.

“ By thus seeing myself the continual Mark
 “ of Scorn or Anger, all hopes of Relief forsook
 “ me, and I gave myself up entirely to Despair.
 “ I was in this condition, when I saw a bloom-
 “ ing beautiful young Woman coming towards
 “ me; I had no Thoughts of even asking her to
 “ take me from that miserable Place; for I ex-
 “ pected a Person of her Form, would despise
 “ whatever such a Wretch as I could say, to in-
 “ duce her to have Compassion on me: but the
 “ moment she came near enough to see that I
 “ was fast bound to the Tree, and cou’d not
 “ stir, she ran to me, and without staying to ask
 “ any

“ any Questions, with her own Hands set me
 “ free. I threw myself on my Knees to thank
 “ her, and expressed my Gratitude by my Tears.
 “ By this time she was overtaken by a middle-
 “ aged Woman, her Companion, who had been
 “ distanced by this charitable Creature’s eager
 “ Haste to relieve me. The Woman immediately
 “ look’d at me with great Severity; and then
 “ turning to my Benefactrice, began to find
 “ fault with her for her Rashness (as she call’d it)
 “ of setting me free, without first knowing the
 “ Cause of my being there; for, continued she,
 “ perhaps she has robb’d somebody, and I cannot
 “ be certain what Mischief you may bring on
 “ your own head by this hasty Compassion.
 “ Come, let us make haste home; she might be
 “ tied there for pretence only to stop People, till
 “ more of the Gang come up.

“ Thus she ran on for some time; but when
 “ I saw they were going to leave me, I begg’d
 “ the young Lady in all the most persuasive
 “ Terms I could think on, to hear my Story;
 “ and then, I made no question, but I should
 “ meet with her Pity. The tender kind *Emilia*
 “ (for such was my dear Deliverer’s Name) was
 “ inclined to listen to me; and notwithstanding
 “ the Opposition made to it by her Guardian,
 “ vowed for once she would follow her Inclina-
 “ tions, since she did not know but the Preserva-
 “ tion of one of her Fellow Creatures might depend
 “ on it. I look’d at her with Admiration, when
 “ I saw, that with all her Beauty, she could con-
 “ descend to allow, that I was of the same
 “ Species; and after having thanked her with the
 “ utmost Earnestness, related in as few words as
 “ possible,

“ possible, the History of my short Life. At the
 “ Repetition of the barbarous Treatment I had
 “ met with, Tears stole from *Emilia's* Eyes; she
 “ promised to exert all her little Power to serve
 “ me, and bid me follow her.

“ AFTER walking near a Mile, we came to
 “ a small thatch'd Cottage, into which my Guide
 “ ran hastily, and made Signs to me to follow
 “ her. I saw she had a mind to have an oppor-
 “ tunity of speaking to the Woman who lived
 “ there, before her Companion (whose Bulk was
 “ so great, she could on no account mend her
 “ Pace) was come up with us. Here *Emilia* left
 “ me, desiring the Mistress of that little Place
 “ to take care of me till she came again, which
 “ she promised should be some time that Day. My
 “ Eyes followed her, as long as they could have
 “ any Sight of her; for as she was the first Person,
 “ who had ever given me an Opporrunity of ex-
 “ erting the least Affection, my Heart was so full
 “ of her Goodness, that I had no Idea of any
 “ Happiness equal to that of being continually
 “ near her.

“ THE good Woman brought me out
 “ every thing her Cottage afforded, such as
 “ brown Bread, skimm'd Milk, hard Cheese,
 “ &c. Long fasting had procur'd me an Appe-
 “ tite, which made this homely Meal by much
 “ the pleasantest I ever eat. There I saw a Scene
 “ of Poverty with Content; three or four Chil-
 “ dren, who were half-naked for want of Clothes
 “ to cover them, at first appeared to me the
 “ Objects of Pity; but their chearful vigorous
 “ Countenances, and the Pleasure they seem'd to
 “ take

“ take in playing with each other, with little
 “ Sticks or Stones, or whatever they could pick
 “ up, soon convinced me, they wish’d for no-
 “ thing more than what they had, and confe-
 “ quently that they were happy.

“ HERE under this homely Roof I enjoyed
 “ my first Taste of Pleasure; for my Heart
 “ exulted in the Praises I heard of *Emilia*: I
 “ learned, that she was the young *Madam* of the
 “ Village, the ’Squire’s Daughter, and lived at
 “ the great House; which to this poor Woman,
 “ who had never been three Miles from home,
 “ and had no notion of any thing *out of parish*,
 “ appeared to be the greatest Palace in the World.
 “ She was running on about *Madam’s* Goodness,
 “ and telling me how she would talk to poor
 “ Folk with as much good-humour as if they
 “ were *fine Gentry*; when *Emilia* appeared, whose
 “ running had put her out of breath; and she
 “ said it was with great difficulty she had escaped
 “ the watchful Eyes which were set on all her
 “ Actions, in order to carry me to the Place she
 “ intended to put me in for the present.

“ I WHO had never had any Experience of
 “ the World, farther than what I had seen at
 “ my Father’s House, imagined, when I looked
 “ at *Emilia*, and saw her Beauty, that she must
 “ be happy in her Parents Love: And as her
 “ Goodness was too great to lay any Person she
 “ conversed with, under the Uneasiness of Re-
 “ straint and Fear; in our Walk I freely told
 “ her my Sentiments, saying, I was pleased to
 “ think she must enjoy that Happiness she so
 “ well deserved. But she with a Sigh replied,
 “ that I was quite mistaken; for, continued she,
 “ altho’

“ altho’ my Parents say they are fond of me,
 “ yet the great Unreasonableness of their way of
 “ thinking makes me full as unhappy as if they
 “ hated me: for they have taken it into their
 “ heads, that the only Method of educating a
 “ young Person, to be able to bear the Disap-
 “ pointments and Crosses they must unavoidably
 “ meet with in Life, is to contradict them from
 “ their Childhood in every thing they desire or
 “ wish. Sometimes I cannot help smiling, when
 “ my Father and Mother alledge as a Reason for
 “ their manner of treating me, that their Parents
 “ did the same by them; when often the very
 “ next Minute, both their Eagerness to have
 “ their own Way, makes them (although they
 “ have a very great Affection for each other)
 “ ready to fall out about some Trifle unworthy
 “ the least Contention.

“ THEY have placed the Woman you first
 “ saw me with about me, to take care that I
 “ don’t *indulge* myself too much; and indeed
 “ they could not have found a properer Person
 “ for their Purpose: For altho’ I don’t think she
 “ is ill-natured, yet as she is very silly, and is
 “ positively certain that she is very *wise*, she con-
 “ sequently makes every thing of great Moment;
 “ so that I have not my own Liberty in any the
 “ most minute things in Life. If I have a mind
 “ to walk, I shall either *take Cold* or *over-heat*
 “ myself; if I take a Fancy to read or work, I
 “ shall certainly *kill myself* for want of Exercise;
 “ when I am in a Humour to talk, it is not fit
 “ for young Women to *chatter* so much; the
 “ Moment I am silent, she wonders what Com-
 “ pany I shall be fit for, if I *can’t speak*. This
 “ Humour

“ Humour extends even to my Food; whatever
 “ I like is *unwholsome*, what I most particularly
 “ distaste is always the *properest* for me. I am
 “ naturally of a Disposition to make most things
 “ quite indifferent to me; but this continual
 “ Contradiction and Teasing brings a Peevith-
 “ ness on my Temper, that makes me very
 “ uneasy. I resist it all I can; for there is no-
 “ thing I dread more than losing the Capacity of
 “ enjoying that delightful Calmness, which, if I
 “ was let alone, would be natural to me.

“ HERE *Emilia* ceased; and before I had
 “ time to make her any Answer, we stopped at
 “ the House where she told me an Acquaintance
 “ of hers had promised to take care of me:
 “ That I must learn to work, and do what lit-
 “ tle things I was bid: And she hoped she
 “ should be the Cause of my being happier
 “ than I had hitherto ever been.

“ MY Heart was so full of Gratitude and
 “ Love, that I could find no Words to express
 “ my Thoughts. We were ushered into a Par-
 “ lour, and received with great Civility by a
 “ young Woman, who although she was not
 “ deformed, yet was so plain and harsh-featured,
 “ that Youth was the only Recommendation
 “ she had.

“ I OBSERVED, by the time we had been
 “ there five Minutes, she looked at me with a
 “ sort of a *Sneer* in her Countenance, that made
 “ me fear she was also amongst the Number of
 “ those who thought me a fit Object for *Mirth*
 “ and *Laughter*.

“ EMI-

“ *EMILIA* was obliged to go home ;
 “ nor indeed could I attempt to trespass on her
 “ Goodness so far, as to ask her to venture to
 “ incur any Anger by staying any longer. But
 “ yet I could not help feeling the utmost Re-
 “ gret at parting with her. She begged Miss
 “ *Brumpton* (which was the Name of my
 “ new Mistress) to take great care of me, and
 “ promised to take every Opportunity of see-
 “ ing me ; but said she was so narrowly
 “ watchèd, it would be impossible for her to
 “ come often.”

LYDIA here stopped her Narration ; but
 I will send you the Sequel of her History in my
 next.

I am, &c.

DELIA.

LET-

L E T T E R XIII.

LEONORA to DELIA, *in the Country.*

Dear DELIA,

[From London.

I THANK you for your Letter, and that Part of *Lydia's* Story you have already sent me; and it would be difficult to determine, whether it gave me more Pleasure or Pain. That you are confined to the Country, when you would chuse to be in Town, must give me some Uneasiness; and yet your chearful Resignation to your Duty, in obeying your Father, not only alleviates that Uneasiness, but makes me rejoice in your Resolution to submit to what you think reasonable. For real Affection has a twofold Pleasure, as it rejoices both in the Pleasure and Goodness of its Object.

IF the human Mind has any Passion or Sensation to which we can properly give the Name of Love, that Passion must be gratified, whenever the Object of it is pleased, even though we have no farther share in such Pleasure but what Reflection brings us. And this does not at all contradict the Maxim, *That Self-Love is the Source of all our Actions.*

Now that this Subject is in my thoughts, it brings to my Remembrance two Gentlemen (the one,

one warmed with the Idea of Benevolence, and the other heated with the Notion that there is no such thing, but in the chimerical Invention of Man's Brain) who argued in the following manner:

1st Gent. MY *Friend*, you are always talking of Benevolence and Good-nature, and Love, and heaping together a Sett of Words that have no Meaning; for I am convinced by the general Tenor of Mens Actions, that they love nothing but themselves.

2d Gent. PRAY, Sir, if the word *Love* has no Meaning at all, how come Men to love themselves? For whatever we feel for others (tho' in ever so small a degree) if it arises from the same Passion that makes us feel for ourselves, it certainly deserves the same Name.

1st Gent. OH! not at all. Pride may make us feel for ourselves what we can in no degree feel for others.

2d Gent. AND what is Pride?

1st Gent. IT is as much as I can do to forbear laughing at the Question. Is there any Man so ignorant, that he knows not what Pride is?

2d Gent. I ASK for Information, Sir; Contempt is no Answer: nor shall I be the wiser, or you the better, for that ridiculous Sneer, which rather raises my Pity than my Anger.

1st

1st Gent. THEN, since you require a serious Answer to your Question, Pride is one of the strongest Passions implanted in the Mind of Man. It is the Passion, by which we are ofteneft actuated, and in exerting which, we find our own Superiority either over some other Species, or some Individual of our own.

2d Gent. AND pray how came we by this Passion?

1st Gent. YOU might as well ask me how I came by my Eyes.

2d Gent. PERHAPS your Answer to this may lead you to more than you imagine.

1st Gent. WHY then, I believe it is a Passion implanted in us by our wise Creator, to make us emulate each other in great and noble Actions.

2d Gent. PERHAPS that is true: But why then should you assert there is no such Passion as Love implanted in us for as great and as wise Ends? I assert positively, that I do suffer for others Sufferings, and rejoice in their Pleasure, for no other Reason, but because they suffer or are pleased. And this I call Benevolence or Love: If you can assign it to another Cause with any colour of Reason, I will no longer dispute it with you.

1st Gent. IF what you say is true, why do all Mankind pursue their own Gratifications, without the Consideration of any thing but themselves?

2d

2d Gent. I THINK your Accusation much too general; for numberless Examples can be produced to the contrary; and where it happens so, it is no Proof that there is no such Passion as Love; but only, that *Self-Love* has the greatest Predominancy over the Mind, and that the Passions contend with each other. Your darling Passion Pride is often overcome by Fear; and yet I fancy you will not, for that Reason, deny its Existence in the Mind.

1st Gent. Ay, Pride, it is true, is my darling Passion; it is that alone that produces great and good Actions. Indeed I do allow, Fear may have some influence over the *low* and *vulgar* Part of Mankind; but as to Love, there is *no such thing*;—No!—there *can be no such thing*.

HERE the two Gentlemen parted, the one with a heavy Heart, that his Companion was, in his *opinion*, in an error, and the other *triumphing* and exulting in the superior Penetration *he was* convinced he possessed above his *Friend*.

THOSE Gentlemen who positively deny any Pity or Compassion to inhabit the human Breast, make their Fellow-Creatures a worse Compliment than *Milton* made even his *Satan*; for he allows him some Mixture of the softer Passions, tho' outweigh'd by Revenge and Pride; as appears plainly by the following Speech, when first the envious Fiend beheld *Adam* and *Eve* in Bliss before their Fall.

O Hell! What do mine Eyes with Grief behold?
Into our Room of Bliss thus high advanc'd

Crea-

*Creatures of other Mould, Earth-born perhaps,
Not Spirits; yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my Thoughts pursue
With Wonder, and could love; so lively shines
In them Divine Resemblance, and such Grace
The Hand that form'd them on their Shape hath
pour'd.*

*Ah! gentle Pair! ye little think how nigh
Your Change approaches, when all these Delights
Will vanish, and deliver you to Woe,
More Woe, the more your Taste is now of Joy;
Happy, but for so happy, ill-secur'd
Long to continue; and this high Seat your Heav'n
Ill-fenc'd, for Heav'n to keep out such a Foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd Foe
To you, whom I could pity, thus forlorn;
Though I unpity'd! League with you I seek,
And mutual Amity so streight, so close,
Tha. I with you must dwell, or you with me:
Henceforth my Dwelling, haply, may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your Sense; yet such
Accept your Maker's Work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give: Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,
And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow Limits, to receive
Your numerous Offspring: If no better Place,
Thank him who puts me, loath, to this Revenge
On you who wrong'd me not, for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless Innocence
Melt, as I do, yet publick Reason just,
Honour and Empire, with Revenge enlarg'd,
By conquering this new World, compel me now
To do what else, tho' damn'd, I should abhor.*

IT is very visible, that *Milton* not only makes the Devil have some Compassion, but also thinks it necessary to make him reflect on Honour and Empire, before even he, though damned, can, unprovoked, resolve on the Cruelty of destroying others Happiness. I mentioned this Speech once to a Lady who *doated* on *Milton*, and had read him twenty times; when, after considering a Moment, she said, "She was sure *Milton* did not mean, that the Devil had any Compassion, but only that he was deceitful." This Lady forgot, that there was no body near enough to hear *Satan* when he spoke this Speech: However, I made her no answer, but left her to enjoy her own judicious Criticism without a Rival.

I AM glad in your Story of poor *Lydia* to find an *Emilia*; for I began to be afraid, the dreadful Usage she met with in her Infancy from her unnatural Mother, would have run through her unfortunate Life.

PRAY send me the Remainder of her Story as soon as possible; and believe me,

Ec.

LEONORA.

LET.

LETTER XIV.

DELIA to LEONORA at London.

Dear LEONORA,

[From the Country.

YOUR Dialogue between the two Gentlemen about Pride and Benevolence, brings to my Remembrance the Character of a Man, with whom I formerly spent a great deal of my Time. His Name was *Xantippus*. A strong Friendship between me and his Sister, brought me into an intimate acquaintance with him; the Love I visibly perceived she had for him, at first gave me a great Esteem for him; till one Day accidentally I dined with them; when he rail'd at Mankind with such Virulence, and dropped such bitter Expressions against his Fellow-Creatures, that I could not forbear thinking he was the most ill-natur'd Man, that was ever born.

THE next time I met my Friend, she asked me with a smiling Countenance, what I thought of her Brother. To tell her my Opinion of him, I imagined, would be both cruel and rude; and therefore made her very little answer. But my being reserved to her was so uncommon, that my very Manner let her into my Sentiments; and, being unwilling that I should en-

certain a false Opinion of her Brother, she gave me the following Reasons for *Xantippus's* Behaviour.

“ You must know, *Delia*, that Mens apparent Hatred of Mankind often arises from the real Love of them; and, notwithstanding that *Xantippus*, by his Behaviour, gave you so ill an Opinion of him, yet he is one of the best-natured Men in the World. It is no uncommon thing for Men to fall into Passions, when hurt by those they love. This was the Case, the Day he railed so at his own Species. One of his Friends had refused him a Trifle, which would have cost him very little Trouble or Expence to have granted him; and his Grief at this Refusal, made him for the present quarrel with all the World. But the next Day another Friend's obliging him in a Trifle, made him turn Mankind into Angels.

“ *XANTIPPUS* has so strong an Imagination, that he lets it have an Influence over even his Philosophy; and he thinks of Mankind, just as they happen to please or displease him. When he thinks it just to hate the World, he works himself up into a Passion, till he fancies he does so: But this artificial Ill-nature (if I may be allowed that Expression) vanishes, when any opportunity offers of exerting it. And, as the Cat in the Fable, who was turn'd to a Woman, the Moment the Mouse appear'd, forgot her late assumed Character, and pursued her Prey; so I have known my Brother, after making
“ himself

“ himself believe that he ought, and therefore
 “ did hate Mankind, in a Minute’s Space ex-
 “ ert himself to the utmost, to serve Men, when
 “ he could have no other Reason for so doing,
 “ but a general and uncommon Benevolence.
 “ We ought therefore not always to judge of
 “ Men by their Words (which often flow only
 “ from the present Humour arising from the
 “ last Accident that has befallen them) but by
 “ their Actions. A Man who is naturally in-
 “ clined to love his Fellow-Creatures, if he
 “ meets with good Usage, will praise them;
 “ if with ill Usage, it is most likely he will some-
 “ times rail at them. I suppose you don’t ima-
 “ gine, that all the Writers of Satires upon
 “ Women, hated them; when I read those Sa-
 “ tires, I pity the Authors; because I know,
 “ when People vent virulent Reproaches, that
 “ they have met with some great Disappoint-
 “ ment.”

I THANKED my Friend for undeceiving me,
 and promised her, that for the future I would
 not be so hasty in forming my Judgment. I
 greatly rejoiced with her, that I had been mi-
 staken in the Character of *Xantippus*; for I
 knew she loved her Brother; and, if my Opi-
 nion had been just of him, I am sure she must
 have been very unhappy.

I CANNOT help being diverted at the Criti-
 cism of the Lady you mention, on *Milton*; and
 yet on Consideration, I am sorry there is any
 Person, who could make such a Remark. For,
 what must a Woman be, who is so very sure,
 that trying to deceive is always uppermost, that

she will not let even *Milton* be any Judge of the Character he is painting? If this Lady has met with any one so unfortunate, as to have any regard for her, I am afraid that Person will find, that it is not *only* the Devil, who would set open Hell-Gates to entertain those they *seek in mutual Amity*.

I FORGET, that I am all this time detain-
ing you from the Remainder of the Story you
desired. The next time *Lydia* was with me
alone, she proceeded as follows.

“ I LIVED seven Years with Miss *Bromp-*
“ *ton*; and, altho’ I can’t say I was so mise-
“ rable as when at home (as ill Usage from a
“ Stranger sat lighter on me, than when I re-
“ ceived it from my Parents) yet I was very
“ unhappy. Miss *Brompton’s* Education had
“ been quite contrary to mine; for, tho’ my
“ Mother’s Vanity went no farther than to
“ wish her Offspring amiable, yet she could
“ see when they were not so; but her Mo-
“ ther went to so immoderate a Height, that
“ she was blinded to the Imperfections of every
“ thing she thought *her own*; and bred up this
“ young Creature with a Notion, that she was
“ perfectly the Object of Admiration. This,
“ when she grew a Woman, and found that
“ Men could converse with her, without being
“ so much taken with her Charms as she ex-
“ pected, sour’d her Temper, and made her
“ envy and hate every thing that was handsome,
“ and joyfully embrace every Opportunity of
“ turning *into Ridicule* every one whom she saw
“ more unhappy in her Person, than herself. She
“ could

“ could not have met with any thing more agreeable to her in that respect, than I was: Instead of looking on me with Compassion, the Sight of me was the greatest Pleasure she had, because her own Vanity was never so fully satisfied, as when she look'd at me.

“ WHEN we were alone, she was sometimes tolerably kind to me; but, whenever any Company came to the House, they were to be entertained at my Expence; I was the *Rare-show* produced to divert them: And it is almost incredible how many Witticisms my unhappy Person afforded. Had not sad Experience taught it me, I could never have believed such Numbers of People as visited Miss *Brompton* (for she had a great Acquaintance all round the Country) could have harboured so much Malignity in their Hearts. There were indeed some few Exceptions; but they were looked on by the rest to be tasteless and insipid.

“ I WAS unwilling to let *Emilia* know the Treatment I met with, fearing lest she should either think me ungrateful, in repining at any thing that befel me where she had placed me; or that, if she had it not in her Power to redress me, I might give her some Uneasiness: But, as I am naturally open and unserved in my Temper, I one Day led her into it unawares. Tears stood in the good Creature's Eyes, at the thoughts of any one's being capable of so much Barbarity. I know not which way, said she, to help it: If I speak to Miss *Brompton* of it, perhaps she will not

H 3

“ keep

“ keep you at all; and I dare not have you
 “ home, for I have no Power there. My Spi-
 “ rits are almost worn out by the continual
 “ Dread I live in. I love Quietness and Peace
 “ so well, that I take all the care I can, not to
 “ offend, but it is in vain; for I am found fault
 “ with, because it's *for my good*; tho', I am
 “ convinced, it is only to vent the ill Tempers
 “ of those in whose Power I am. Thus you
 “ see my Situation is not much happier than
 “ yours; and I would have you comfort your-
 “ self in the reflection, that you are only the
 “ fancied Object of Ridicule, while Miss *Bromp-*
 “ *ton* is really so.

“ AT this Discourse my own Sorrows were all
 “ swallow'd and lost in the Thoughts of my
 “ dear *Emilia's*; and from that time I began to
 “ accustom myself to a Contempt of the Peo-
 “ ple, who could misuse me for what I could no
 “ ways help.

“ I OFTEN wish'd to see *Lindamira*; for
 “ as I did not envy her, but on the contrary,
 “ was glad the Beauty of her Person would
 “ exempt her from my Misfortunes, I really
 “ loved her: But did not dare to make any
 “ Enquiries, for fear I should be forced to go
 “ home again.

“ I HAD once, while I was at Miss *Bromp-*
 “ *ton's*, a Prospect of having every thing I
 “ wish'd; for *Emilia's* Beauty engaged the Ad-
 “ miration of a young Gentleman, who was in
 “ the Possession of a great Estate; and, if this
 “ had succeeded, I had no reason to doubt,
 “ but

“ but she would take me to live with her. How-
 “ ever, this fail’d through Miss *Brompton’s* Envy
 “ and Malice; for she had the so much ad-
 “ mired Talent of turning others into Ridicule;
 “ which, as it must be a very great Entertain-
 “ ment to every ill natur’d Person, will always
 “ keep whoever is possessed of it, from being
 “ melancholy for want of Company. Our
 “ young Spark was amongst the Number of
 “ those who took great Delight in this Manner
 “ of Conversation, which drew him often to
 “ our House. He had no Taste for *Emilia’s*
 “ Understanding or Goodness; it was her Per-
 “ son only he liked: For her Wit, as it was
 “ joined with Good-nature, served to refine
 “ her Sentiments, and make the Softness of
 “ her Heart yet more engaging, by instructing
 “ her in what Manner she could best follow
 “ her own Inclination of giving others Pleasure.
 “ But Miss *Brompton’s* satirical Strokes, and ill-
 “ natur’d Turns were much more suited to his
 “ Palate. In short, she found some Method
 “ of making *Emilia* (who never in the least
 “ suspected her) appear to him in so ridiculous
 “ a Light, that she broke off the Match.

“ I HAPPENED accidentally one Day to
 “ over-hear her at this Diversion; my Rage
 “ was so great, that I could hardly refrain tel-
 “ ling her how treacherously she was acting by
 “ one to whom she pretended to be a Friend.
 “ However I did command myself for the pre-
 “ sent; but resolved, whatever was the Con-
 “ sequence, to tell *Emilia* of it the Moment
 “ I saw her. She was greatly surprized at Miss
 “ *Brompton’s* Behaviour, but said that it was
 “ likely

" likely to be a very great Kindness to her, as
 " it might rid her of a Lover, she had a great
 " Dislike to: For that the Match was so advan-
 " tageous in respect of Fortune, that her Fa-
 " ther and Mother were continually teasing
 " her to consent to it; which, joined to her
 " own uneasy Situation, perhaps in the end
 " would have engaged her to have married a
 " Man, she could never have been happy with.

" I WAS very glad to hear, that Malice
 " would fail of compassing its end; but told
 " *Emilia*, I would find some Method of going
 " from a Person, that I must from that time
 " look on in a detestable Light; and who per-
 " haps thought me under a great Obligation for
 " keeping me, tho' I wanted nothing but the
 " Name of a Servant; for I did full as much
 " for her, as any Servant would have done.

" *EMILIA* promised that she would try
 " to get me a Place, but in the mean time begg'd
 " I would take no notice of what had happen'd;
 " for she did not design to make a public Quar-
 " rel on such an Occasion, but would drop Miss
 " *Brompton's* Acquaintance as quietly as possible.
 " I obeyed her Injunctions; and, as I stay'd
 " there but a very little while afterwards, I
 " was not long under that Restraint; for in less
 " than a Week *Emilia* came to me, and told
 " me, she believed she had heard of *Lindamira*.
 " Nothing could have given me greater Plea-
 " sure: I heartily begged her to satisfy my
 " Curiosity, by informing me what she knew
 " of my Sister.

THE

“ THE good-natur’d *Emilia* immediately
 “ complied with my Request, and said, she
 “ dined the Day before about eight Miles off,
 “ at a Tenant’s of her Father’s, where the good
 “ Woman, by way of Amusement, told her a
 “ Story of a Gentleman and Lady, who died
 “ within a Week of each other, and left be-
 “ hind them a Daughter, one of the most beau-
 “ tiful Creatures that ever was seen; but that
 “ ever since the Loss of her Parents, she had
 “ languished away her time in a lingering Ill-
 “ ness, and seem’d inconsolable; that all the
 “ Neighbours said, it was a Judgment on this
 “ Beauty and Favourite, because her Father and
 “ Mother had on her Account, by ill usage,
 “ drove from them another Daughter, whose
 “ only Fault was the Deformity of her Person;
 “ and no-body knew what was become of her.

“ FROM this Account that *Emilia* gave me,
 “ ten thousand various Thoughts at once pos-
 “ sessed my Breast. The Death of my Pa-
 “ rents certainly was no Loss to me; and so
 “ so artful are we in tormenting ourselves,
 “ that instead of reflecting on the only Thing
 “ that could arise from their Treatment of me,
 “ namely, my having no Reason to regret it,
 “ I could not help shedding Tears; and I
 “ had the additional Uneasiness of blaming
 “ myself for so doing. I thought *Linda*
 “ was happy; for that the Tenderness which
 “ accompanied her Grief, was a Pleasure which
 “ be a perfect Stranger to. *Emilia* said she
 “ had known that what I had related would
 “ have had so much effect on me, that she
 “ not have entered into it so abruptly.

“ last by her Promise to get somebody to shew
 “ me the way to *Lindamira*, I was much com-
 “ forted.

“ I SPENT that Night in great Anxiety,
 “ fearing what Reception I might meet with
 “ from a Sister, who I knew had been bred up
 “ with the utmost Prejudice to me. The next
 “ Day, however, I set out, with a Heart alter-
 “ natively perplexed between Hope and Fear.
 “ When I arrived, I found the poor Creature
 “ sick in her Bed, in a Condition very little
 “ different from that of a dying Person. The
 “ Servant who was about her, having lived
 “ with my Mother when I left home, re-
 “ membered me; and said, she was rejoiced to
 “ see any one from whom she could take any
 “ Directions; for her Mistress was senseless,
 “ and knew nobody. I sat up with her all Night,
 “ and found she was in a burning Fever; and
 “ in that Condition she lay for two Days; but
 “ on the third she began to be cooler, and got
 “ into a sound Sleep; during which time I
 “ enquired of the Servant, what *Lindamira*’s
 “ Thoughts were of me. She told me, that she
 “ had often heard her lament my hating her;
 “ for that from the Time I went away, my
 “ Mother had constantly possessed her, that I
 “ did so; and that she frequently said, if I could
 “ have had an Affection for her, she should have
 “ thought herself happy in returning it. This
 “ was the very Temper I wished to find her
 “ of; and did not at all doubt but I should soon
 “ convince her of my good Intentions towards
 “ her; but thought it adviseable, if she should
 “ wake sensible, not to hurry her Spirits, by
 “ letting

“ letting her immediately see me. I went and
 “ sat in the next Room, waiting with Impa-
 “ tience to see the Effect her Sleep would have
 “ on her.

“ IN the mean time I learned, that my Fa-
 “ ther and Mother had been dead above half
 “ a Year; that *Lindamira* had caught the Fever
 “ they died of, which left such a Weakness on
 “ her, that, joined to her Grief for their Loss,
 “ disabled her from recovering her Strength;
 “ and that within this last Week her Fever re-
 “ turned: And indeed she was in the utmost
 “ Danger. But how happy was I to hear when
 “ she awoke, that she was perfectly sensible,
 “ and her Spirits quite calm and serene! I or-
 “ dered the Servant to acquaint her by Degrees,
 “ that I was in the House. This faithful Crea-
 “ ture did it in such a manner, that she con-
 “ vinced *Lindamira* of my Affection for her,
 “ and made her wish to see me, complaining
 “ how much I had been wronged. But the
 “ Raptures I felt when my new-found Sister ad-
 “ mitted me to her Bed-side, and treated me
 “ like a Friend, are not to be described. It
 “ would be endless and unnecessary to repeat
 “ all our Conversation; but poor *Lindamira*
 “ sigh'd at the Thought, that Vanity could
 “ have so strong an Influence over her Mother,
 “ as to make her keep up a Hatred to her own
 “ Child even to the Grave. To her she was
 “ ever fond and indulgent to an Excess; inso-
 “ much that, had not her Nature been too
 “ good to be spoiled, she might have made her
 “ miserable by the other Extreme. My assi-
 “ duous Cares and continual Watchings with

“ her recovered my Sister’s Health sooner than
 “ my warmest Hopes could have given me any
 “ Expectation of; and I now first began to
 “ be in a real State of Tranquillity.

“ I WAS looking one Day out of the Win-
 “ dow, when I saw *Emilia* with a Gentleman
 “ coming in at the Gate. I ran down to receive
 “ her; they stay’d Dinner with us; and I thought
 “ that Day, in the Company of my two only
 “ Friends, the happiest of my Life. The Gen-
 “ tleman with *Emilia* was her Cousin, and *Lin-*
 “ *damira*’s present Husband. Her Beauty in-
 “ spired him with so strong a Passion, that as
 “ his Fortune, which is very large, was then
 “ in his own Possession, the Match was not
 “ long in concluding. *Emilia* had informed
 “ him of my Story; and he seriously asked me,
 “ before he made any direct Proposal to my
 “ Sister, whether I thought she was any way
 “ concerned in keeping up my Mother’s Aver-
 “ sion to me after I left her. I assured him of
 “ the contrary, and said so much of the Sweet-
 “ nefs of *Lindamira*’s Disposition, that his Love
 “ for her was increased rather than diminished
 “ by that Conversation. I wondered how *Emi-*
 “ *lia* got Liberty to come and see me in that
 “ manner; but she has informed me since, that
 “ her Parents never refused to let her go any
 “ where with her Cousin, hoping he might make
 “ choice of her for a Wife.

“ AND now, Madam, I have gratified your
 “ Curiosity, and am come to the end of my
 “ Story: I don’t know a happier Woman than
 “ myself.

“ myself. I live with a Sister I love, who never
 “ ver puts me in mind that she is Mistress of
 “ the House, by any other Method than by
 “ taking the greatest Burden of all Family-Cares
 “ upon herself. I have continual Opportunities
 “ of indulging my Mind in grateful Sentiments,
 “ which to me is the greatest Pleasure in the
 “ World. The ill Usage I met with when young,
 “ on the Account of my Deformity, has fixed the
 “ Idea of it so strongly in my Thoughts, that I
 “ never expect any thing more than common
 “ Civility from Strangers; and as I don’t want
 “ Admiration to fill up my Time, I can employ
 “ myself, and be very well contented without it.
 “ I often reflect, that had I been envious of my
 “ Sister’s Beauty, and invented Stories to have
 “ prevented her from being married so advantageously,
 “ I might perhaps have succeeded so far as to
 “ have ruined her, (for altho’ my Father gave
 “ her all that was in his Power to leave from
 “ his Heir, yet her Fortune was but small) but
 “ I must have involved myself in the same
 “ Fate: Even *Samson* died under the Ruins of
 “ that House he pulled on the Heads of others.
 “ *Emilia* now is very well married, and undoubtedly
 “ would have been a good Friend to Miss
 “ *Brompton* during her Life, had not her
 “ Malice burst forth, and shewn her so unworthy
 “ of the Name of Friend.”

HERE *Lydia* ceased; and Presolved to send
 my dear *Leonora* her Story, as I know you
 sympathize so much with me, that you are al-
 ways

ways pleased when Malice is disappointed, or Good-nature meets with that Fate which it deserves.

I am, &c.

DELIA.

LETTER XV.

LEONORA to DELIA in the Country.

Dear DELIA,

[From London.

YOU cannot imagine the Pleasure the Conclusion of *Lydia's* Story gave me; that she is at last as happy as she deserves to be, after all her unmerited Misfortunes. It gives me so pleasing a Sensation, that it is much easier felt than described: But on the other hand, I cannot help being melancholy, when I reflect on her being the Object of her Mother's Barbarity, the Scorn of those ill-natured Boys, whose Cruelty tied her to the Tree, whence the good *Emilia* freed her; and on the Ridicule of that perfidious false Friend Miss *Brompton*, whose Deceit and Rancour I am pleased met with its just Reward.

WHAT could tempt People unprovoked to make *Lydia's* Form the Object of Mirth? I dare not answer that Question to myself; for the

the utmost Malignity presents itself so strongly to my Imagination, that I cannot bear to look at the Picture. The true Lovers of *Ridicule*, perhaps, might be much enraged to find, that Cruelty itself is the Cause of half their *Good-Humour* (as they term it) and be tempted to wonder at the *Folly* of such as think *Mirth* is ever criminal. But let their Rage be ever so high, I must believe, that if those who are convulsed into Laughter by improper Objects, were bled, physick'd, and kept in a Regimen used to Lunaticks, till they are cured of such Convulsions, it would be for their own Emolument, and the publick Good.

THAT there are Objects proper for Mirth, I do grant; and I think the following Passage in the Preface to *Josep's Andrews*, clearly and distinctly points out those Objects.

“ Now from Affectation only, the Misfortunes and Calamities of Life, or the Imperfections of Nature, may become the Objects of Ridicule. Surely he hath a very ill-framed Mind, who can look on Ugliness, Infirmity, or Poverty, as ridiculous in themselves. Nor do I believe any Man living, who meets a dirty Fellow riding through the Streets in a Cart, is struck with an Idea of the Ridiculous from it; but if he should see the same Figure descend from his Coach and Six, or bolt from his Chair with his Hat under his Arm, he would then begin to laugh, and with Justice. In the same manner, were we to enter a poor House, and behold a wretched Family shivering with Cold, and languishing
 “ with

“ with Hunger, it would not incline us to
 “ laughter, (at least we must have very diabo-
 “ lical Natures, if it would;) but should we
 “ discover there a Grate instead of Coals, a-
 “ dorned with Flowers, empty Plate or *China*
 “ Dishes on the Side-Board, or any other Af-
 “ fection of Riches and Finery either on their
 “ Persons or in their Furniture; we might then
 “ indeed be excused for ridiculing so fantastical
 “ an Appearance. Much less are natural Im-
 “ perfections the Object of Derision: But when
 “ Ugliness aims at the Applause of Beauty, or
 “ Lameness endeavours to display Agility, it is
 “ then that these unfortunate Circumstances,
 “ which at first moved our Compassion, tend
 “ only to raise our Mirth.

“ THE Poet carries this very far ;

“ *None are for being what they are in fault,*
 “ *But for not being what they would be thought.*

“ Where if the Metre would suffer the word
 “ Ridiculous to close the first Line, the Thought
 “ would be rather more proper. Great Vices
 “ are the proper Objects of our Detestation,
 “ smaller Faults of our Pity. But Affectation
 “ appears to me the only true Source of the Ri-
 “ dulous.”

SUBELY Men who love laughing, can never
 die of the Spleen, for want of Opportunities of
 indulging it, whilst that Grand Field of Affec-
 tation is left them, to wander and divert them-
 selves in. I wish therefore they would not
 make false Objects of Ridicule: For those who
 raise

raise in themselves Contempt for others, and laugh at them without a Cause, will also find some Reason to hate them without a Cause. The Love of triumphing over the Unfortunate or Imperfect, I believe always dwells in the same Breast; with the Desire of hurting those who are either favoured by Fortune, or by Nature formed the proper Objects of Admiration.

THE Thoughts of poor *Lydia*, and the Deformity of her Person, put me in mind of a very odd Scene, I was witness of a Fortnight ago.

MY Mother carried me to dine with *Dorcas*, a Lady with whom she was very intimate in her Youth; and therefore would not break off her Acquaintance with her since her Marriage; tho' she told me, that *Dorcas* was so altered, that she now disliked her Acquaintance; and bid me observe all the odd Scenes I should see very attentively.

WHEN we arrived, we were usher'd into a Dining-Room, where *Dorcas* was sitting with her Husband *Bellmour*. I saw she had almost cried her Eyes out, nor could she conceal it. *Bellmour* received us with great Civility, but look'd a little confus'd, and said; his Wife, poor Woman, had been very low-spirited all Day, and he hoped we would excuse it. We talk'd a little while of indifferent things, when *Dorcas* spoke now and then a word in so faint a Voice, that she could hardly be heard. I thought she had really been very ill, and pitied her; but on a sudden, on the accidental mention of the word *Servant*, she fell into such a Rage, and talk'd

so

so loud, that I was surpris'd, and afraid she was suddenly run mad. She said "She was the most " *unfortunate* Woman alive in her Servants; " she could get nobody that would observe her " Commands." Then she enumerated several Instances of the *Disobedience* of her Servants, such as the misplacing of China Cups, her Toilets not being in exact order, &c. and concluded with saying, Mr. *Belmour* was so easy with his Servants, that it was impossible for her ever to make any of them good for any thing. *Bellmour* replied, that she might turn them away, or do just as she pleas'd, for he never interfer'd; but he could not be all Day throwing himself into Passions about nothing.

THIS was a new Subject of Contention: For *Dorcas*, as fast as she could speak for her Tears, said, "Oh! now her Acquaintance were all to " be made believe, that she was a very unrea- " sonable Woman; that she wanted to put her " Husband into Passions; she little thought, " when she married him, that he would have " been so cruel to have taken *part* with her Ser- " vants against her."

THIS Dialogue lasted till Dinner, which was served up in the most regular order, and where indeed Plenty seem'd to abound; but nobody was the better for it: For it was *Dorcas's* Will to find fault, and she was *resolv'd* to be in the right. Now her Misfortunes were all redoubled; one Dish, she said, was under-dress'd, the other over-dress'd; in short nothing pleas'd her; she could not eat *raw* Creatures, nor did she love her Meat *rotten*; Servants were always in Ex- tremes.

tremes. The Table was presently empty again, for she sent away all the Servants with the different Dishes to have them fry'd, broil'd, minc'd; in short, to have them sent up a different way.

ALL this time we sat staring at each other, and nobody spoke but *Dorcas*, who gave her Husband such furious Looks, as if he had been guilty of treating her very ill; and every now and then it was hinted to the Company, that his *Easiness* was the cause of all her Misfortunes. She was in the *right* indeed, tho' in a different *Sense* from what she meant it. Her two Daughters, who sat at the Table, were really the Objects of Pity; for you may be sure, they were found fault with, without any consideration whether they deserved it or no. The poor Girls trembled, and appeared so affrighted, that I am convinced they had rather fast than sit down to such a Dinner.

HOWEVER, Time and Patience at last brought about my Deliverance; for I longed to be out of the House. When I came home, I could talk of nothing but *Dorcas*, and asked my Mother, what could make *Bellmour* suffer his Wife to behave in that manner, especially as she was one of the plainest Women I ever beheld. "'Tis to that she owes all her Power, replied my Mother; for, continued she, odd as it may appear, a handsome Woman would have no Power over *Bellmour*. He has often been present, where the Affectation of Beauty has been troublesome to the Company; and therefore joined the Ideas of Beauty and Affectation so strongly together, that he resolved to.

“ to marry a Woman, who was, as he thought,
 “ *too ugly to be affected*: Nay, he has joined the
 “ Idea of Sense too to Ugliness; and when he
 “ looks at his Wife’s Face, notwithstanding her
 “ ridiculous Behaviour, he as much forgets it is
 “ possible for her to be a Fool; and is as much
 “ imposed on by the Strength of his own Ima-
 “ gination, as ever any Man was by the Charms
 “ of the greatest Beauty in the World.

“ *DORCAS* has by degrees gone on from
 “ one Folly to another, till she is what you
 “ now see her; she finds her Power over her
 “ Husband, and therefore imagines herself very
 “ handsome: And, tho’ she is as healthy as any
 “ Woman in the World, yet she must fancy
 “ herself ill, to prove her *Delicacy*, and scold
 “ at her Servants all day, to prove her *terrible*
 “ *want of Spirits*. *Bellmour* don’t dare to own
 “ to himself, he has ever been in the wrong,
 “ and therefore now purposely deceives him-
 “ self.”

I COULD not help laughing, that a Man
 should marry a Woman without Beauty, for
 the sake of her Understanding, and yet require
 no other Proof of that Understanding, than the
 Plainness of her Face.

I am, &c.

LEONORA.

L E T T E R X V I.

*A Gentleman in Yorkshire to DAVID
SIMPLE at London.*

S I R,

[*From York.*]

I SHOU'D not, as I am an utter Stranger to you, give you this Trouble, had not the History of your Life sufficiently convinced me, that you have no Delight equal to that of giving others Pleasure. In my present unhappy Situation, nothing can so much alleviate my Uneasiness, as an Opportunity of giving Vent to my Thoughts, by imparting them to another. To the Generality of Mankind I find as total an Impossibility of explaining my own Sensations, as it would be to make an Infant join or separate Ideas the moment it is born; for what Men never felt, they cannot understand; and, as they enjoy nothing so much as that Indulgence of their Pride, which makes them imagine themselves at the very Top of the Creation, they join in ridiculing whatever they find is no Part of their own Nature; therefore to you alone can I give the History of my Life, which I will now begin without any further Preface.

I WAS bred up in the same manner with most young Gentlemen, who are Heirs to moderate

derate Fortunes. Nothing remarkable happened to me, whilst I was a Boy. I contracted several of those Friendships, that are common at great Schools, which commence without any other reason, than the liking the same sort of Diversions, and generally break off, either from being tired of those Diversions, or from the Envy, which a Superiority at a favourite Game often creates: for at the proper Age, Children are as eager Rivals, when they are playing at Taw, as Men can be, where their Interest or their Love is concerned. But I never quarrell'd with any one of my Companions, without suffering three or four Days Misery for it, and on that account was often insulted, and treated ill by those who knew my Temper.

AT the Age of One and Twenty, I lost my Father, which Loss for the first Twelvemonth dwelt on my Mind, and made me very uneasy; but Time got the better of it, and I gave into a Life of as great Gaiety, as my Fortune would permit.

THREE or four Years I spent in this manner, till this way of Life grew irksome to me; every thing I met with, was perfectly unsatisfactory and languid; I wish'd for Pleasure, and did not know where to find it. Pursuits I had none, for neither Ambition or Avarice ever possessed my Mind; and I was fully contented as to Fortune, with what my Father had left me: so that, for want of some motive to induce me to Action, I began to grow so very indolent, that I could not bring myself to use Exercise enough to keep me in health. The Body shared the Infirmities of its

its Ally, the Mind, and every thing around me appeared tasteless and insipid.

WEARIED out with daily seeing the same dull Scene over again, I at last began to rouse myself, and seriously to consider, whether there was no Pursuit worth my following, no State of Life, in which I could be happy. The more I reflected, the stronger were my Conclusions, that your Scheme was the only one, which could possibly produce me any Pleasure or Satisfaction of Mind. A Companion either in a Man or Woman, who could have a disinterested Affection for me, appeared to my Imagination to be the only Happiness I was capable of enjoying: I therefore resolved to make a Friend of the first Man, or marry the first Woman I could esteem.

BUT I was not so happy as to meet with even your Miss *Johnson*; for she hesitated greatly, whether she should prefer immense Riches to your generous Love; whereas I was so unfortunate as to find, in a short Acquaintance with all the Ladies I address'd, that the Spectator's Story of the Lady's giving the Preference to that Lover, who could boast a Pidgeon-House more on his Estate than his Antagonist, was in no degree unnatural.

AMONGST the Men indeed, I had Numbers of Friends; for every Man I drank a Bottle with three or four times, seem'd to look on me in that light, but some Accident continually interven'd to break off these great Friendships. Some I lost, by their being promoted one Degree higher in the World than they expected; others fell
into

into an Acquaintance with my Lord——or the Duke of—— and consequently scorn'd to be seen with any but good Company : And a great number of my Companions I lost by their marrying, on which they generally put on all the *Dignity*, Masters of Families think proper to invest *themselves* with, imagined that they had a Right to command, and assumed a dictatorial Authority over all their Companions.

FRIENDS thus got, or thus lost, could give me no great pain ; but I soon fell into an Acquaintance with *Cyneas*, who really gain'd my Esteem. His Conversation was very agreeable and lively ; good Sense and good Nature seem'd to dictate every thing he said ; no overbearing Wit or insolent displaying of his own Superiority was ever seen in him. On the contrary, he adapted his Conversation to his Company, and seem'd fond of letting down his own Parts, rather than disgust others, by shewing their Inferiority.

HE was married to a Woman, whom he was very fond of. She had no glaring Charms, nor could she have been the Object of public Admiration ; therefore his Love had no Mixture of that Vanity, which gives a Man great Indulgence, when he sees his Wife admired, by reflecting, that others wish in vain for the charming Creature, who prefers him to all Mankind ; and makes him look on all his Guests, as if he had an Inclination to say, *She is mine, and I am pleased to find her Judgment and my Charms have made me the Object of Envy.*

BUT

BUT the Love of *Cyneas* took its rise from a more generous Motive, namely, that of Gratitude to a Woman, who chose him from amongst a number of Lovers, all ready to receive 30000 l. of which she was Mistress; and her Behaviour to him after she was his Wife, was so faultless, that it was impossible for Ill-nature itself, altho' it had been assisted by Eloquence, to cast any Blame on her Actions. No false Delicacy animated her to be in continual Passions, to prove she knew when her Servants had made any Mistake; nor did any Vanity instruct her to make her Children troublesome, by shewing whatever was hers had a Right to be so; but she bred them up in the manner she thought best for their real Good.

IN this reasonable well-order'd Family I spent four Years very happily. *Cyneas* was my real Friend, and I never once had reason to find fault with him; but his Wife accidentally fell into an Acquaintance with *Clarissa*, a young Lady of lively Parts, and whose Beauty was so striking, that it was impossible not to acknowledge the Force of it. The innocent and blameless Amusement of this young Beauty was no other, than that of exerting and displaying the utmost Power of her Eyes, to gain from every Woman of her acquaintance, especially if she was her professed *Friend*, the Heart of the Man, on whom her whole Happiness depended. Then when the Woman grew jealous, and the Husband or Lover became tired of that Jealousy (which is always imputed to the Height of Ill humour, by a Man who likes another better) the *harmless*

good-natur'd Clarissa, was sorry for the poor foolish Creature: she had only a mind to make herself a *little Sport*; and, for her part wondered, how it was possible for any one to like the *Wretch*, whom she had been thus spending her time to allure from a Woman, who was unaffectedly fond of him.

SHE made few Attempts without Success, and numberless Families had reason to curse the Hour they first saw her; whilst she exulted in her Conquests, and enjoy'd those Victories which tho' gained at the Expence of others Destruction, cost her nothing but a little Coquetry, that by the Force of Custom was become natural to her.

AMONGST the rest, she cast her Eyes on *Cyneas*. My Friend was pleas'd with her Company, and for some time did not foresee the Consequence. At last I observed he grew thoughtful and melancholy; nothing in his House could please him as usual: He could not bear the Trouble of *Children*: His Wife, who try'd every Way of obliging him, found it utterly impracticable; for as the Cause of his being displeas'd was in himself, she could not remove it.

By this means this House, which used to be the Scene of Contentment and Pleasure, became all Confusion and Discord. *Cyneas's* Mind was so formed, that he had many Struggles with himself, before he would give way to so unreasonable a Passion, till he had really piqued *Clarissa*; and from her Uneasiness on that account she began to imagine she was in love with him. The Moment he fancy'd her Love apparent, so many

many Arguments presented themselves in favour of the young and beautiful *Clarissa*, that he thought his Good-nature, Generosity, nay even his Gratitude, which was always his favourite Virtue, engaged him not to be cruel to her; who seemed not unwilling to sacrifice even her darling Vanity on his account. He could not bear to condemn himself; and therefore set his Imagination to work to justify what his Reason must have condemned; arguing thus with himself: “ It is true I have great Obligations to my Wife; “ she loves me sincerely, gave me her Fortune “ without any Reserve; but then, where could “ she have bestow’d it to have led a Life more “ to her own Desire? I have indulged her in “ every thing she could wish, her Station was “ rather advanced by this Marriage, and her “ Fame preserved: Therefore what she has done “ for me, falls infinitely short of *Clarissa’s* “ Goodness, who in the Bloom of Youth gives “ up even her Reputation, and sacrifices her “ Virtue to my Love; therefore she certainly “ engages all my Gratitude and Affection.” When *Cyneas’s* Passion became once strong enough to make him thus endeavour by Fallacy to impose upon himself, he soon vanquished all his Scruples, and abandoned himself to *Clarissa’s* Love. And she, on her Part, from imaginary Love, and real Vanity, perceived such a Pleasure in finding no Man could from any Motive resist her Charms, that by degrees she was prevailed on to deny *Cyneas* nothing that was in her power to grant.

WHAT follow’d is easy to imagine; the Wife was miserable; *Clarissa’s* Pride would not bear

a Rival, nor a Refusal of any thing she asked; Fortune and Family appear'd Trifles to *Cyneas*, in competition with his *Gratitude* to *Clarissa*: and I sincerely think, he almost prevailed upon himself to believe he could not in justice make her too great a Sacrifice; yet from some small Suspicion of my being so very *unreasonable* as to condemn his Conduct, he changed his Friendship into Hatred, and looked on me as his greatest Enemy.

I BORE this Treatment for some time in compassion to his Wife, flattering myself it might be in my power to reclaim him. But at last he grew insupportable, when Custom had made it habitual to him to act wrong; and when he found Pride always ready to assist him in his own Justification, he had no Bar to his Pleasures, no Obstacle to prevent the full Indulgence of his Passions.

HIS Wife had no Remedy, no Resource; she had neither Youth nor Beauty enough to touch the Hearts of Men by her Misfortunes, even if she would have complained, (which she never did) and as to Women, those who were past their Prime, or had never been the Objects of Admiration, gave her fruitless Pity; whilst the Young and Handsome, in Words, expressed some Compassion for her, always adding a Supposition, that she might possibly be culpable in her Behaviour to *Cyneas*; but in reality they exulted in what *Clarissa* had done, as they looked on it as a Specimen of their own Power; and their Glasses told them, Neglect was not likely to be their Fate.

HER

HER Incapacity of any Relief made *Cynneas* quite regardless of his Behaviour towards her; and he was an Example, that what Men can do with Impunity, they execute with Intrepidity, in following their own Inclinations.

LAVISH in Expences on himself and the Woman he liked, he grew so parsimonious to the Woman who had generously given every thing into his power, that he thought the Necessaries of Life Extravagance for her; and wonder'd how she could be so unreasonable as to want the smallest part of what he had a mind to spend on another.

THIS Usage, as it fell on a Person not vindictive enough in her Nature to vent her Passions in any Signs of Rage, prey'd inwardly on herself, and in a short time released her from her Misery, and her barbarous Husband from the Chain he so much long'd to break.

THIS Man, whom I had so much lov'd and esteem'd the whole time he had no Temptation of doing ill, had now so much lost all Sense of Humanity, that he never reflected on the Cause of his Wife's Death; that was swallowed in the Joy of having now an Opportunity of publicly owning his beloved *Clarissa*, to whom he was married in a Week, to their mutual Satisfaction; for no sooner had the Name of Wife, joined to her Husband's unlimited Fondness, given her the Power, than she exerted all her Privileges to their utmost Extent; and by her Behaviour since has fully proved, that notwithstanding all the Appearance of Love there was in her first engaging with him, yet Vanity and a Resolution of

not being balked in her Design of making a Conquest of him, were the Motives which drew her into a Compliance with his Desires.

I KNOW only by hear-say what they did from the Death of *Cyneas's* first Wife; for I never spoke to him since.

THE great Uneasiness I felt, when I found myself thus deceived in my good Opinion of a Man I had for four Years had the greatest Friendship for, I shall not attempt to describe, as your own Imagination will paint it in more lively Colours than Words can express it.

I WAS now as much at a loss to find an Object of my Esteem, as at my first Acquaintance with *Cyneas*, with this melancholy Alteration, that my Despair was much greater. Every Passion implanted in us, for which we have no Gratification, is a Burden; and therefore we are very apt greedily to catch hold of the first Fancy, that we are arrived at the right Door to unload ourselves; by which means we often mistake, and are forced to take up our Burdens again, and most times with some additional Weight, that makes us repent of being so hasty to lay them down.

THIS I experienced several times, in both the Men and Women whom I chose to like, or rather whom I accidentally met with, and I wished to esteem.

AT last I fell into an Acquaintance with *Philotas*, and he has been my Torment almost ever since.

since. At first indeed he was all Goodness, and so agreeable, that I was entirely satisfied in his Conversation, and thought my Happiness complete in his Friendship. But I have several times, in the Course of our Acquaintance, wished he would by some real Villany, give me an Opportunity of quite breaking with him; for he will neither act enough like my Friend to give me the Pleasure which that Name infers, nor do any thing bad enough to justify me in renouncing him.

HE serves me as I have seen a Lady treat her Squirrel. When the poor Creature, impatient of his Chains, jumps and tears about, till he has almost loosen'd one of the Links, and is ready to get free, the Mistress kindly takes him up in such a manner, that the Chain is slackened, and he does not feel it; and whilst she is stroaking him with one hand, with the other she rivets his Chain so fast, that it is impossible for him to escape.

THUS *Philotas*, when he has provoked me to such a degree that I can bear with him no longer, generally changes his Behaviour, and allures me back again. All our Quarrels are about Trifles; for I command myself to the utmost of my power, and confine my Uneasiness, till some unexpected Trifle (which is yet a Proof of his Neglect) throws me off my Guard, and makes me break out into Rage and Complaints to vent my Passion: But I always get the worst of it; for, as I feel much more for him than he does for me, he is cool, whilst I am upon the rack. In the Hurry of my Mind, I forget all

my real Causes of Complaint ; he loves to dwell on the Trifle on which I first broke out : And thus for the moment I am thrown in the wrong, even in my own Opinion.

INDEED he always condescends to forgive me, but will never come to any Eclaircissement on the things he knows give me the most uneasy Sensations, because Truth does not please him ; and it is a Satisfaction of his Pride, to treat the Innocent as guilty.

WHEN any Misfortune or Illness attends him, (as I am the only Person that truly loves him) he behaves so well, that I begin to argue away all his Faults, and see him in the most amiable Light imaginable. Then we agree in all our Sentiments ; and as he has no Temptation to act ill, my Love exerts itself without any Disappointment, and I am pleased if I can any way serve him. I cannot upbraid him, because I feel more for him than he does for himself.

THE People who probe their Friends Wounds to the bottom, and pretend they do it only in hopes to cure them, I am afraid seldom mean any thing more than to give themselves the pleasure to keep up in their Minds the Idea of their own Superiority.

THUS either his Misfortunes or Behaviour keeps me in continual Affliction and Perturbation of Mind. When I am in Good-humour with him, I fancy every Indiscretion and Carelessness he is guilty of, arises from his being above the Dread which often makes Mankind cautious :

cautious: namely, that of being suspected or found out to be Fools: Nay, when he has no Temptation to Pleasure, nor Opportunity of exerting his Pride, he behaves so well, that I deceive myself so far, as to begin to contemplate the great Enjoyments to be found in Friendship.

I THINK like *Montaign*, the Receiver of the Benefit is the Man that obliges his Friend, and have no Idea of any Acknowledgment of an Obligation, or any Thanks from my dear *Philotas*: And indeed, the moment he has recover'd his Health, or got rid of his Uneasiness, he proves himself, in those two Points only, the truest Friend ever any Man had; for he does not take any pains to avoid giving me Opportunities of being useful to him, and utterly loses the Remembrance of all Obligations between us. Then some of his Companions, whom, not a Week before he had expressed a Contempt of to me, for not coming near him when he was too ill to amuse them, grow very fond of him, share and flatter him in his Pleasures; and I am the only Enemy he has.

HE uses every one well but me: I suppose because I am the only Person his Pride takes umbrage at; as it may give him a hint, that I alone have cause (though I never put it in practice) to upbraid him. Nay, his Behaviour to all around him, besides myself, has something in it so great and noble, that I cannot get a hearty Contempt for him: This pierces me to the Soul,

*That thus unblameable to all besides,
He errs to me alone;*

*His Goodness is diffus'd to Human-kind,
And all his Cruelty confin'd to me.*

I do nothing but perplex myself to find out the Reason why this should be; and indeed I find it the greatest Difficulty in the world to reconcile some Parts of his Behaviour with others. But I verily believe, that it has been always my strongest Inclination ever since I knew him, to watch and act what best would please him, provided it would do him no Injury, that he looks upon me as a Creature made purposely for him, and expects so much, that when I refuse to comply with any thing, though it be ever so unreasonable or hurtful to himself, his Pride steps in, and he looks upon a Contradiction to his Will, from one he imagines his Slave, as the greatest Proof of being his Enemy. In short, he works my Passions sometimes to Softness, other times to Rage, and I may say almost to Madness; though that Rage and Madness never vents itself on him, but preys on my own Mind, and takes from me all my Peace. I have at times almost got the better of my Affection for him;

*But o'er the dying Lamp th' unsteady Flame
Hangs quivering on a Point, leaps off by Fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its Hold.*

Then when the Flame is almost extinguished, *Philotas* by Kindness puts fresh Spirits to the Lamp, re-kindles the Flame, and continues all my Torment. He is at present in his Humour of neglecting me; the Flame is almost out; and yet so sincere is my Friendship for him, that I have not Resolution enough to break from him.

I MAKE no Excuse for troubling you with this long Epistle, but assure you, that it is some sort of Ease to me, to have thus disburthened my Thoughts; and I know that will engage you to pardon me. I dare not do it to another; for my Folly would be laugh'd at. It might be wondered, what I meant by having any Friendship for a Man I have any Reason to find fault with; that is, in other Words, how I can be so low to love any one who does not gratify my Pride, by flattering me continually with the Thoughts of my own Merit. But I know you will understand my Meaning, and pity my Misery. I am, Sir, though personally unknown to you, with great Esteem,

Your obedient humble Servant.

L E T T E R XVII.

DAVID SIMPLE'S *Answer to the Gentleman at York.*

S I R,

[*From London.*

I THANK you for making that use of me, in which consists my chief Pleasure, namely, that of any way assisting to alleviate the Sorrows of my Fellow-Creatures; and, if at the Conclusion of your Letter, I had found any Account of your own Happiness, the History of your Life would have been a very great Entertainment to me; for, as by such Histories I get the Knowledge of Mens different Sensations on every occasion, I had much rather be let into the various Labyrinths of their Minds, than read Volumes stuffed with the Chaos of Matters of Fact, where Characters are undistinguishable,

and it seems to be regarded as a thing of greater consequence where Men were born, or where they died, than what they did, or how they acted.

I CONCEIVED a great Esteem for you from the moment you told me, that you was always satisfied with what Fortune your Father had left you, without letting either Ambition or Avarice enter into your Mind; and pursued that much more noble and satisfactory Pleasure, which true Friendship gives. This Esteem really interested me in every Scene of your Life, and I sympathized with you in all your Grievances and all your Pleasures.

YOUR Acquaintance with *Cyneas*, and your Description of his manner of living with his Wife, inspired me with Joy, and I was in great hopes, that then you had met with your utmost Wish. But how great was my Disappointment, when *Clarissa*, whose Out-side alone is beautiful, came and overturned the Peace of a whole Family at once. What could inspire her with such wanton Cruelty; and what Tortures must the poor Wife of *Cyneas* feel in a lingering Death caused by no other Distemper, than a Perturbation of Mind, arising from the Ingratitude and barbarous Treatment of the Man, in whose Love she had fondly placed all her Happiness, and where all her Tenderness was centered? No doubt, her Memory continually placed his former Behaviour before her Eyes; and the Comparison between that, and what she then suffered, was too dreadful to bear, and live; and therefore, no wonder she sunk under its Weight.

I AM so affected with her Story, that I find it difficult to quit the Subject, and would rather go a thousand Miles, than suffer the Misfortune of meeting with *Clarissa*, or her cruel Husband; tho' from the account you give of him at first, I am greatly shocked at the Consideration, that I may daily unknowingly converse with such Wretches.

UNDOUBTEDLY you did extremely right, never to have any Converse with *Cyneas*, from the moment all hopes were lost of making yourself serviceable to his poor unhappy Wife, whose Fate will always bring Tears into my Eyes, when any Accident brings her to my Remembrance.

PHILOTAS's Character is so odd a Medley, that I really don't know what to make of it; and is a Proof of the strange Capriciousness and Variety of Passions Mankind are endued with. I am far from blaming your Conduct; for, if I had been so unhappy as to have met with him in my own Pursuit of a Friend, I dare believe, I should have acted the same Part.

HIS Faults seem to arise so intirely from Carelessness and want of Thought, that I should have found it very difficult to have broke from him; and besides by some Hints in your Letter, it appears to me, his wrong Behaviour towards you often arises from Suspicion: for, being of an impatient Temper, when you contradict him, he suspects you are alter'd in your Affection; and Anger on that account often takes its rise from
Ten-

Tendernefs ; tho' undoubtedly you always mean his real Good.

I HAVE a great Compassion for whatever you feel ; and wish it was in my power to give you any Advice that might be serviceable. But to advise a Man to act against a strong Bent of his own Nature, I am sensible, would be to no manner of purpose ; and you yourself must be the best Judge, whether, if you had quite given up your Friend, you should not be more miserable than at present.

As I should be extremely glad to amuse you with any thing agreeable, I will relate a Story, which, as it gave me great Pleasure, will, I hope, have the same Effect on you.

THERE lived some time ago in *Yorkshire*, two young Ladies, *Harriot* and *Priscilla*. They were Cousin Germans ; and, as *Priscilla* lost her Father and Mother in her Infancy, her Uncle took the Care of her, and bred her up with his Daughter *Harriot*. The Sympathy of these two young Creatures Minds was so great, that they immediately grew fond of each other ; and, instead of quarrelling and fighting for the best Play-thing, their only Dispute arose from the Fear each of them felt, lest her Companion should have any thing worse than she herself had. Thus they spent all their Youth in Tranquillity and Peace ; and their strict Friendship, and continually being together, appeared the greatest Pleasure, that even their Imagination could form.

WHEN *Harriot* was Twenty Years of Age, and *Priscilla* Eighteen, *Publius* a young Gentleman,

tleman, a distant Relation of theirs, accidentally came into that Country. The good old Gentleman, *Harriot's* Father, (who was famous for his Hospitality) invited him to his House.

This additional Companion was an additional Pleasure to the two Ladies; and as *Publius* was very gallant and well-bred, their Conversation was lively, innocent, and agreeable; but in a short time Gravity succeeded Cheerfulness, and all their Meetings were uneasy, restrained, and melancholy.

HARRIOT and *Priscilla* continued the Sympathy of their Tempers, and neither of them could resist the Force of *Publius's* Charms and Complaisance. They acted as Friends should do, and confessed to each other the whole Truth, as soon as they knew it themselves.

GREAT as their Distress was, they found some sort of Refuge from it in their own Goodness, and artless Sincerity; and agreed, that, if the Object of their Love should seriously make choice of either of them, the other should give him up, and form no Design to interrupt her Rival's Happiness.

MANY were the Hours they talked on this Subject; for indeed they could never fix on any other; and for some time *Publius* carried it so even between them, that they could not find out which he liked best; till at last he so visibly distinguished *Harriot*, and was so peculiarly assiduous to please her, that *Priscilla* was convinced his Choice was fixed. She kept up strictly to her Agreement with

with her Friend, and never so much as thought of any underhand Plot, to supplant her in her Lover's Affection. *Harriot*, on her side, lost almost all the Pleasure arising from mutual Love, by the Consideration of what her dear Cousin must suffer.

PRISCILLA, whatever she felt, concealed it as much as possible, and generously argued with *Harriot*, that there was no manner of Reason for her foregoing her own Happiness, whilst she could never be the better for it; that *Publius* had a right to chuse, and, in asserting that Right, he had been guilty of no Fault or Treachery to any one: that Taste is involuntary, and not to be controuled: nor did she think, she had any Cause to be angry with *Publius*, for not liking her; at least not so much cause, as he would have had to be displeas'd with the Woman, who to satisfy her own Whims, would willingly be the Bar to his Happiness.

IN short, *Harriot's* Inclination, *Publius's* Importunity, the Father's Consent, and *Priscilla's* Generosity soon brought about the Match.

Two Days afterwards, *Priscilla* was missing and no where to be found. *Harriot's* Grief was inexpressible; but whilst she was lamenting herself, and bewailing her Misery, a Letter was brought her by a Messenger, who, the moment he had deliver'd it into her own Hand, left the House, and would not tell whence it came. It was from *Priscilla*, and contained these Words:

“ LOVE

of DAVID SIMPLE, &c. 185

“ LOVE and not Hatred is the Cause of my Absence: perhaps I could not command myself enough, to prevent a Melancholy’s overspreading me, which might cast a Gloom over all your Happiness. Don’t enquire where I am gone; for I have taken effectual Methods, that you shall never find it out: When I can perfectly conquer this unreasonable Passion, you shall see me again; till when,

I am, Your sincere,

And affectionate Friend,

PRISCILLA:

THUS this young Woman of eighteen Years of Age, from the Force of a fix’d and strong Friendship, had power enough over herself to act reasonably, in Opposition to the most violent Passion imaginable; for this she confesses, by quitting the House, and finding that nothing but Absence could cure her.

Now, to conclude my Story, in two Years *Priscilla* return’d: Time had calm’d her Mind, and she spent the Remainder of her Life (for she would never hear of marrying) with her dear *Harriot*, and left, at her Death, all she was worth to her Children.

PUBLIUS was entirely ignorant of her having any other Love for him, than what arose from his proving a good Husband to her
Friend;

Friend; and always treated her with the utmost Respect and Good manners.

IF this Story can amuse you as well as it did me, my Design in telling it, will be fully answered; for nothing can give me an equal Pleasure, with hearing any noble or generous Actions of any of my Fellow-Creatures; and your Ideas of Friendship seem so like my own, that I cannot help fancying, there is a great Sympathy between us.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

DAVID SIMPLE.

*If you come to
Town, I shall
take it as a
great Favour
to see you.*

L E T.

LETTER XVIII.

FERDINAND to THEODOSIUS, at
London.

S I R,

[From Exeter.

AS we agreed to write only, when we had an Inclination, I shall make no Excuse for my long Silence. Indeed, the very Thoughts of making an Excuse to such a Friend as you are, would be a Crime, as it would carry with it a Supposition, that you could let a low Suspicion of your Friend have a Place in your Mind.

LAST Night I spent the Evening with a Set of Gentlemen, to whom I was introduced by an Acquaintance I have been very intimate with, ever since my Arrival here. It did not appear to me, that any of the Company were very remarkable for Understanding; but, as they at first seem'd inclined to please each other, and agreed in Mirth and Humour, I was very well satisfied with their Conversation, till at last they accidentally fell into a Discourse on Mr. *Johnson*. I have very little Knowledge of him myself, but have been told by several of his Acquaintance, that he is a very good-natured Man; and one strong Proof, that there is no Truth in that Observation, that Wit and Good-nature do not inhabit the same Minds.

HOWEVER,

HOWEVER, the moment he was mentioned, he was abused in a manner I should have thought cruel to any Man who was not the greatest Villain in the World; but all in general Terms; for I could not find there was any particular Crime laid to his charge: nay, one Gentleman told a Story of him, very much to his Advantage, only he thought fit to introduce, and conclude it with an Affirmation, that he did *not believe* it; in which Incredulity all the Company, but my Friend and myself, *heartily* concurr'd. I could not help thinking, that this Willingness to disbelieve any Stories to a Man's Advantage, and at the same time abusing him, without assigning any Cause, must be owing to some shocking Malignity in Nature. At last the great Crime he was guilty of, came out; for it was said by one of his Abusers, with a *melancholy Countenance* and a *sorrowful* Shake of the Head, that Mr. *Johnson* certainly had a great deal of Wit; it was pity *so much* was thrown away on such a Man: Ay, said three or four of the rest all at once, he has *Wit*, that's true; but it would be much better for him, if he had less *Wit* and more *Judgment*.

FROM this time forward, there was nothing to be heard, but the Words *Wit*, *Judgment*, *Understanding*, *Sense*, *Apprehension*, &c. which Words were immediately resounded in my Ears, and I could not find out for a great while, what they were aiming at; tho' in reality they seem'd engaged in an Emulation, which should vent most Nonsense about Understanding.

I ASKED

I ASKED my Friend this Morning how he could keep such Company ; when he answered, “ That he went very seldom amongst them, “ and only carried me thither, to make an Experiment, whether I, who knew nothing of them, could find them out ; but, continued he, they spend every Evening together in the same Manner, and are happy all the Morning in the Thoughts how they have shined the Night before. Mr. *Johnson* knows, and laughs at them ; for there’s nothing so mean, that they won’t condescend to, in order to get into his Company, when they pick up every Word he says, as far as their Memories will serve them, to set up for Wits with, and at the same time abuse him for having that Wit, they are so glad to make use of.”

I am, Sir, &c.

F E R D I N A N D.

L E T.

LETTER XIX.

THEODOSIUS to FERDINAND at Exeter.

SIR,

[From London.]

I THANK you for your Letter, and am not at all surprized at the Scene you met with about Mr. *Johnson*; for nothing is so much the Object of Envy, and consequently of Spite and Ill-nature, as Wit. There are numbers of Men who may properly be call'd *The Pullers-down*; for as they find an Impossibility to raise themselves, they fancy this pulling others down will make them equal with them.

I DINED yesterday with the famous Mr. *Freeman*. I am apt to be somewhat reserved, till I know my Company; and his great Reputation for Wit and Humour made me at first very backward: But his Behaviour was such, that it was impossible to be long in his Company, without becoming easy, and well-acquainted with him. Instead of endeavouring to exert any Superiority, his Understanding flowed from his Lips, without appearing to be at all in his Thoughts. He attacked nobody by way of Raillery, unless they began with him; and then with great Good-humour took every Joke that was given him. And indeed he was not spared; for the whole Table seem'd to be met with a
“ Resolution

Resolution to fall upon him, and *pull him down*. No Jest could be too coarse to pass for Wit, provided it was but levelled at Mr. *Freeman*. Some Sort of Caution appeared for a little while; but when by his own Condescension they found he would not bite hard, they threw off all Reserve, and regarded not what they said. The whole Scene put me in Mind of *Æsop's* Fable of the Frogs and King Log. These insignificant Fellows, like the Frogs, at first were afraid; and this Fear kept them in awe, till by degrees they found there was no danger: And then nothing would serve them, but getting up and riding upon their King: And the Dread, once taken off, turned as usual into Insolence and Tumult.

MR. *Freeman* undoubtedly has Sense enough to know, that by treating these sort of Men with more Contempt, he might meet with more Respect from them: But then, as it is the Bent of his Nature to be open and free, he must lay a Constraint upon himself; which, in my Opinion, is paying greatly too dear for the Respect of *Fools*, whose Minds are actuated by nothing but Envy.

MR. *Freeman*, tired no doubt with the Nonsense he was surrounded with, left us soon after Dinner. The Moment he was gone out of the Room, the whole Company together seemed to strive which should say most of such *new* Sentences as these; namely, *that common Sense is the most uncommon thing in the World; that some People have all Sense but common Sense, &c. &c.* And then concluded with a *compassionate Sigh*

Sigh for poor Mr. *Freeman*, that he had not as much Judgment as Wit; which to prove, they dwelt strongly on every trifling Indiscretion that even common Fame had ever reported him to have been guilty of: And all the Comfort they could find to alleviate their *great Grief* for his Misfortunes was, that it is the common Lot of all Men of great Parts to want *Judgment*. I could not help saying, that I thought he talked very clearly on every Subject, and that I could not see in what Point he was so very defective in *Judgment*. On which was immediately set up a loud contemptuous Laugh, at my *great Folly*, in not seeing that his *Wit* itself was a strong Proof he could have no other Faculty of the Mind.

WHEN I left this *delightful Society*, I could not forbear reflecting on the great Mischief the Dread of having a less Understanding than our Neighbours, brings on Mankind. Hence it comes, that every Man of Sense is the Object of the Envy, and consequently of the Hatred of some *small Part* of his Acquaintance. And hence, I think, certainly arose at first, the Saying, *That Wit and Judgment are never Companions*: whereas they are really very good Friends, notwithstanding the Malice of those who report them to be always at Variance. For proof of my Assertion, let any one ask a Man of real Wit his Opinion of any thing, when his own Passions are not at all concerned; and see if he is not more judicious than the Man of Prudence only, who indeed never stumbles, but then it is only because he never steps out of the beaten Path; and

and even there, keeps his Eyes continually fixed on the Ground.

I THINK Men argue on this Head, if possible, more unfairly than on any other. For the true Cause why Men of Parts are ever guilty of any Indiscretions, is, that the Passions are always strong in Proportion to the Understanding; and there is a Part of the human Mind, very little observed, which never fails its Attendance on the Man of Sense; namely, the Imagination. This, in Conjunction with the Passions, I do confess, makes strange Havock with the Judgment; but for that Reason to conclude, that such a one has no Judgment, is just as absurd as it would be, if a Man took a fancy to endeavour to feed himself with his Feet, to assert that he had therefore no Hands, even though it was very visible that he sometimes used his Hands to assist him in his preposterous Attempt. I am very well convinced by Experience, (for I have watch'd all the Men of Parts of my Acquaintance very narrowly for that Purpose) that Wisdom, Understanding, Comprehension, Apprehension, Sense, Parts, Wit, with any other Names that Man may have invented, go Hand in Hand, and inhabit the same Minds. But here by Wit I would be understood to mean true Wit; namely, a Capacity of comprehending various Ideas, and a Power of joining them properly together: And if this Definition be true, what is that Power but Judgment itself? For I will not, from what I have here said, be answerable for that Race of Men, who actuated by Envy, and spurred on by Ill-nature, possess a Power of

raising Horse-laughs and loud Applauses from the Malicious, by setting the Defects of others in what they call a ridiculous Light.

PERHAPS you will think me arrogant, in contradicting the many great Men who have wrote on this Subject, and are of a contrary Opinion. But this Reason will hold in all Cases, to shut up all Inquiries whatsoever, and make us implicitly submit to the Opinion of the first Man of Sense whom we read on any Subject. The Man who, I think, gives the clearest Definition of Wit and Judgment, by that very Definition proves they do go together; and yet allows that they may not. The Reason of this to me is very clear; for as his Inquiries into the Labyrinths of the human Mind, are very subtle and fine, he thought Wit, as the Word is generally used, too light a thing to be admitted as a Part of his own Composition; and therefore would not believe, that what he thought he had not, was an inseparable Companion of Judgment. But as I am very sure, that according to his own Idea of it, I can in several Places convict him of having a great deal of Wit, it is not improbable but upon such a Reflection he might have altered his Opinion.

ANOTHER Reason for the Outcry about the Indiscretions of Men of Parts is, that the People who make the Outcry generally judge wrong of what is discreet, as in the Example before related of Mr. *Freeman's* letting Fools make a King Log of him. Now a Man whose Understanding was two Degrees above these Fellows, and ten Degrees lower than Mr. *Freeman's*, by
an

an affected Dignity in his Behaviour, would keep them at a Distance, and at the same time exult in his own Superiority over Mr. *Freeman* in that Point: But he could not see far enough to know, that it must be granted first, that the Respect of these Men is necessary to Mr. *Freeman's* Happiness, before it can be allow'd that it is any Indiscretion in him, not to take pains to come at it. The old *French* Proverb, that *le Feu ne vaut pas la Chandelle*, is very apt to run much in the Heads of Men of Sense; whereas the very Understanding it in its full Latitude, is beyond the Capacities of others.

ANOTHER fallacious Invention that Pride has thought proper to adopt as a Reality, is, that it is possible to have Ideas, and yet not be able to express them. One would think the weakest Eyes might see through such a glaring Absurdity; and yet such is the Force of a strong Desire to be thought wise, that I have more than once heard it asserted by Men, *who did not indeed express many Ideas.*

MONTAIGNE says, this is a mere Shift, and quotes *Horace*, *Seneca* and *Cicero* in support of his Opinion. A Man may undoubtedly have a faint Notion, an imperfect Image and Conception, (according to the above-mention'd Author) that he knows not what to make of *within*, and consequently cannot *bring out*; but to say, he has a clear distinct Idea of any thing which he cannot convey to another who has a Capacity to receive it, is such Nonsense, that if the Assertors of it were not as void of all Sensations, as they

are of Ideas, they could not possibly speak it without a Blush.

IF indeed any one is conscious that he lives in a World by himself, that whatever he says to the rest of Mankind, is like talking to an Infant just born: I will allow in that Case, that he cannot convey his Ideas to others; but the Reason is plain, it is because they cannot receive them; and not because he cannot express them. The Intervention of any Passion, as Pride, Fear, &c. may take away a Man's Utterance for the present; but I only speak what may be done, when the Mind is free from Perturbation, and has full Power to exert itself.

ANOTHER Fallacy taken hold of, in order to support Mens darling Pleasure of imagining they have some Branch of Understanding superior to that of their Neighbours, is that common Saying, that such a Man has indeed great Parts, but he knows nothing of the World. Now this Knowledge is generally confined by every Man to the Knowledge of that Society of which he is a Member. He knows most of that, and consequently *that is* most necessary to be known, in order to prove an Understanding, which is the Point in view. And this Humour is carried so far amongst Mankind, that I actually knew a poor old Woman, who lived to the Age of Fourscore in one Parish, who thought all Ignorance consisted in not knowing the Manner of living, and the Ways of that Parish, which she did the Honour to inhabit.

THE

THE several Customs and Ceremonies by which the different Classes of Men regulate their outward Behaviour to one another, is a thing easily learn'd, if attended to, and always known by Men of Sense, as far as is necessary, although they may not always comply with those Customs; because if they contradict their own Humour, they sometimes will not give that up to any Ceremony whatever. But if by the Knowledge of the World is meant the diving into the secret Motives of Mens Actions, and the being acquainted with the deepest Labyrinths of the human Mind, this certainly may as well be learn'd amongst one Class of Men as another. One should think, if any thing could be allow'd as a Proof of Understanding, the unraveling this most difficult and knotty Point, would be allow'd so; yet to show what Shifts Men will make to evade such a Concession in another's favour, I remember that I was once in company with a Gentleman, when the Discourse fell upon the human Passions, who talked so clearly even on that intricate Subject, that he proved, as far as the Nature of the thing would bear a Proof, every Sentiment he uttered. I was vastly pleas'd with him, but greatly surpriz'd to hear, the moment he left us, all the Company express their Concern, that notwithstanding all he had said, he was a very *silly Fellow*, and knew *nothing of the World*. I stared, and asked them what they meant; and was presently inform'd, that he did indeed know *Generals*, as was plain by his Discourse, but that he was totally ignorant as to *Individuals*. (This by the by is no greater an Absurdity than to say, the Greater

does not contain the Letter.) On which every Man in the Room told some Story of this poor Gentleman's being imposed on by the Treachery of others, where indeed he had no reason to suspect their Design of deceiving him : but yet this, before such Judges, was easily admitted as a Proof of his *Ignorance* and *Folly*. I told them, I thought there might be other Reasons for his being imposed on, besides *Folly* ; for that as I looked on it to be possible that *some* human Creatures might have Hearts ; perhaps this Gentleman's Love to particular Men might prevent his seeing so clearly into their Characters, as his Head would enable him to do ; and no doubt the Intervention of any Passion must blind the Judgment ; and in that Case it was his Heart, and not his Head, that was imposed on. And as to the Characters of other particular Men, if he was ignorant of them, very likely he had never attended at all to them ; but to say therefore he could not come at the Knowledge of them by Study, supposing him unprepossessed with any Passion, was as unfair as it would be to say, because a Man did not chuse to dig in a Dunghil, he could not therefore handle a Spade. They either could not, or would not answer me ; but still concluded, that the Gentleman was a very *silly* Fellow, and very *ignorant* of the World ; which they all affirmed with a great Oath, or a *significant Gesture* and a loud Rap on the Table. These Arguments were not to be contradicted, and consequently I was not mad enough to attempt the answering of them. But to go through, or but to mention all the Evasions, Shifts, and Inventions Men find out to satisfy themselves that they possess something superior to their Neighbours, would

be an endless Task ; a Labour like that of *Hercules*, in cutting off the *Hydra's* Head ; for as fast as one is destroyed, another appears. In short, Mankind act about the Faculties of the Mind as Children do in their Scrambles for Play-things : throw any thing amongst a Set of little Masters and Misses, such as a Doll, &c. that they think valuable, and all but the happy Child that gains the Victory in the Scuffle cry and roar, and are dissatisfied, till Mamma or Nurse appeases them, by cutting out Paper-Dolls and mimick Play-things, which they assure them are full as good as the other. These they are fain to take up with ; and all agree to insult the before-envied Child, by assuring it, that what Mamma or Nurse has given them, is much better than what they had scrambled for. So far no Mischief is done, and the little Masters and Misses are all contented. But the misfortune is, that 'tis ten to one but the next Company that comes in, takes notice of the fine-jointed, well-dressed Doll, and calls to that Child who holds it. Then returns the Envy into the little proud Hearts of all the rest, and they take every Opportunity of spiting, vexing, and teasing the Object of their Hatred. Thus when a Man runs on a dull Harangue of an Hour, filled with trite Sentiments, which he thinks Wisdom, and at the same time affects to despise the Man whose chearful Wit enlivens all his Companions, what is this but hugging the Paper-Doll ? Or when another, who is insensible of all Pleasure, and entirely void of every Taste but that of a vain Reputation of what he thinks some Branch of Understanding, makes it the Business of his Life to set up an Outcry at every Indiscretion committed by

a Man of Parts; does not the Paper-Doll again present itself to our Thoughts? And do we not plainly see, that while, like the Children, he cries, "Ay, Master, I don't care, mine is better than yours," he would give his Ears to come at the other. I am sure I love indulging all sorts of Children, as well those who by their Size are visibly so, as those who by their Stature at first sight appear to be Men and Women, too well to wish to take from them any of their Pleasures: Only out of love to them, I would wish the pretty Dears to be contented, and not fume, fret, and gnaw themselves with Envy; which, besides that it is the worst thing in the world for their Healths, may happen to be discovered even to the Persons they hate. And then indeed it will make them very contemptible. And if Severity to any *sort of Children* is ever justifiable, it is certainly so on this account.

I MAY be thought very unreasonable, to desire Mankind to sit down contented with the different Degrees of Understanding Nature has endued them with, and not vex themselves to no purpose, because they have not more. But if this thing was seriously considered, perhaps it may not be so very unreasonable a Request as it appears by only a transient View; for, to comfort Men, and encourage them not to be so very angry, if they are not at the very Top in this Point, let it be remembered;

I/ THAT there is no Advantage of Nature, that is not attended with a Disadvantage; for, as I before observed, that the Passions are strong, in proportion to the Understanding, and as there is so little Food for our Passions, and so many ways

ways of disappointing us in any Pursuit, in that respect, I believe, we shall not find the Balance in favour of the Understanding: and as to the Gratification of any Appetites, I believe it will be allowed, that the being ever so silly will be no Hindrance to it.

2dly, If worldly Interest be thought valuable, I look upon it to be most likely to be attained by Men not remarkable for their Parts; for they are constantly endued with Cunning; the true Definition of which I take to be, a Capacity of attending to Trifles, and an Art of imposing on others.

THAT silly Men may be possessed of the former, cannot be denied; and that they have the latter, I think will bear very little Dispute: for, as the Art of imposing on others, consists intirely in being able to put on what Character you please; and, as Men of Sense have almost always strong Characteristics of their own, they cannot so well appear in any borrowed Shape, as the Man, who has nothing to hinder his assuming whatever Form he thinks for his purpose: For it is much easier to write legibly on a blank Sheet of Paper, than on one already so filled, that it requires the double Pains of erasing the Impressions made there, before you can write any thing new; a Labour that nothing in this World is worth: so that Men of Parts, from the Strength of their Imaginations and Passions, do generally appear in their natural Character, which is what I call Simplicity, and is directly opposite to Cunning; but if, as I suspect, Men mean
Cunning,

Cunning, when they talk of Judgment, I will readily grant, that the dullest Men have most of it.

ANOTHER Disadvantage Men of Parts lie under, is, that altho' they are very ready to do friendly Offices to, and forgive Fools their Folly, yet Fools will never forgive them their Sense. And, as their Numbers are greater, they have it sometimes in their power to do the others essential Mischiefs. But, if after all that can be said, Men will be so childish as to hug a Paper-Doll, and fancy it a fine Piece of Clock-Work, or to stretch their Necks, continually ready to break them, in a vain Hope of making themselves taller than they are, whilst the Hurt is confined to themselves, they ought to be forgiven; but if, from finding the Impossibility of making themselves taller, they silyly endeavour to cut off others Heads or Legs, in order to reduce them to their own Size; I wish there could be some Punishment found out to teach them, that, if they would but take half the pains to come at the only thing truly valuable, namely, Goodness, and a Love of the Society they are Members of, they might attain real Happiness.

BUT if I cannot persuade any of my Fellow-Creatures to be of my Opinion, I am convinced, if I was to publish my Thoughts to all the World, I should be forgiven. I might mount the *Rostrum*, and with a little Alteration, use the Words *Shakespear* makes *Brutus* speak to the *Romans*: I might with Impunity address Mankind in this manner:

WHO'S

*WHO's here so base, to own himself a Fool?
If any speak; for him have I offended. Who is
here so rude, as to think lowly of himself? If any
speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so
vile, to place himself in the common Herd? If any
speak; for him have I offended.*

Then I might pause for a Reply; and dare venture to affirm, I should be unanimously answered:

“None, *Brutus*, none.”

The Conclusion plainly follows;

“Then none have I offended.”

I WILL tire you no longer with my Fancies,
but conclude myself,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

THEODOSIUS.

The END of the THIRD VOLUME.

PROJUN 0111



