

~~THE~~ THE

Female QUIXOTE:

*Georgiana Hancock*  
OR, THE

ADVENTURES

OF

*ARABELLA.*

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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THE  
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION  
OF THE  
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
20535

MEMORANDUM FOR

YOUR FILE



DATE

BY



T O T H E  
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E  
T H E  
E a r l o f M I D D L E S E X .

*My* L O R D ,

**S**UCH is the Power of Interest  
over almost every Mind, that  
no one is long without Argu-  
ments to prove any Position which  
is ardently wished to be true, or  
to justify any Measures which are  
dictated by Inclination.

A 2

By

iv DEDICATION.

By this subtil Sophistry of Desire, I have been persuaded to hope, that this Book may, without Impropriety, be inscribed to Your Lordship; but am not certain, that my Reasons will have the same Force upon other Understandings.

A. H. T.

THE Dread which a Writer feels of the public Censure; the still greater Dread of Neglect; and the eager Wish for Support and Protection, which is impressed by the Consciousness of Imbecillity; are unknown to those who have never adventured into the World; and I am afraid, my Lord, equally unknown to those, who have always found the World ready to applaud them.

'Tis,

## DEDICATION. v

'Tis, therefore, not unlikely, that the Design of this Address may be mistaken, and the Effects of my Fear imputed to my Vanity: They who see Your Lordship's Name prefixed to my Performance, will rather condemn my Presumption, than compassionate my Anxiety.

BUT, whatever be supposed my Motive, the Praise of Judgment cannot be denied me; for, to whom can Timidity so properly fly for Shelter, as to him who has been so long distinguished for Candour and Humanity? How can Vanity be so completely gratified, as by the allowed Patronage of him whose Judgment has so long given a

A 3                      Standard

vi **DEDICATION.**

Standard to the National Taste? Or by what other means could I so powerfully suppress all Opposition, but that of Envy, as by declaring myself,

*My LORD,*

*Your LORDSHIP'S*

*Obliged and most Obedient*

*Humble Servant,*

*The AUTHOR ?*



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THE



THE  
*Female* QUIXOTE.

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BOOK I.

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CHAP. I.

*Contains a Turn at Court, neither new nor surprising — Some useless Additions to a fine Lady's Education — The bad Effects of a whimsical Study, which some will say is borrowed from Cervantes.*

**T**HE Marquis of — for a long Series of Years, was the first and most distinguished Favourite at Court: He held the most honourable Employments under the Crown, disposed of all Places of Profit as he pleased, presided at the Council, and in a Manner governed the whole Kingdom.

This extensive Authority could not fail of making him many Enemies: He fell at last a Sacrifice to the Plots they were continually forming against him; and was not only removed from all his Employments, but banished the Court for ever.

The Pain his undeserved Disgrace gave him, he was enabled to conceal by the natural Haughtiness of his Temper; and, behaving rather like a Man who had resign'd, than been dismissed from his Posts, he imagined he triumphed sufficiently over the Malice of his Enemies, while he seemed to be wholly insensible of the Effects it produced. His secret Discontent, however, was so much augmented by the Opportunity he now had of observing the Baseness and Ingratitude of Mankind, which in some Degree he experienced every Day, that he resolved to quit all Society whatever, and devote the rest of his Life to Solitude and Privacy. For the Place of his Retreat he pitch'd upon a Castle he had in a very remote Province of the Kingdom, in the Neighbourhood of a small Village, and several Miles distant from any Town. The vast Extent of Ground which surrounded this noble Building, he had caused to be laid out in a Manner peculiar to his Taste: The most laborious Endeavours of Art had been used to make it appear like the beautiful Product of wild, uncultivated Nature. But if this Epitome of *Arcadia* could boast of only artless and simple Beauties, the Inside of the Castle was adorned with a Magnificence suitable to the Dignity and immense Riches of the Owner.

While Things were preparing at the Castle for his Reception, the Marquis, though now advanced in Years, cast his Eyes on a young Lady, greatly inferior to himself in Quality, but whose Beauty and good Sense promised him an agreeable Companion. After a very short Courtship, he married her, and in a few Weeks carried his new Bride into the Country, from whence he absolutely resolved never to return.

The Marquis, following the Plan of Life he had laid down, divided his Time between the Company of his Lady, his Library, which was large and well furnished, and his Gardens. Sometimes he took the Diversion of Hunting, but never admitted any Company whatever; and his Pride and extreme Reserve rendered him so wholly inaccessible to the Country Gentry about him, that none ever presumed to solicit his Acquaintance.

In the Second Year of his Retirement, the Marchioness brought him a Daughter, and died in three Days after her Delivery. The Marquis, who had tenderly loved her, was extremely afflicted at her Death; but Time having produced its usual Effects, his great Fondness for the little *Arabella* intirely engross'd his Attention, and made up all the Happiness of his Life. At Four Years of Age he took her from under the Direction of the Nurses and Women appointed to attend her, and permitted her to receive no Part of her Education from another, which he was capable of giving her himself. He taught her to read and write in a very few Months; and, as she grew older, finding in her an uncommon Quickness of Apprehension, and an Understanding capable of great Improvements, he resolv'd to cultivate so promising a Genius with the utmost Care; and, as he frequently, in the Rapture of paternal Fondness, express'd himself, render her Mind as beautiful as her Person was lovely.

Nature had indeed given her a most charming Face, a Shape easy and delicate, a sweet and insinuating Voice, and an Air so full of Dignity and Grace, as drew the Admiration of all that saw her. These native Charms were improved with all the Heightenings of Art; her Dress was perfectly magnificent; the best Masters of Music and Dancing were sent for from *London* to attend her. She soon became a perfect Mistress of the *French* and *Italian* Languages, under the Care of her Father; and it is not to be doubted, but she would have made a great Proficiency in all useful Knowledge, had not her whole Time been taken up by another Study.

From her earliest Youth she had discovered a Fondness for Reading, which extremely delighted the Marquis; he permitted her therefore the Use of his Library, in which, unfortunately for her, were great Store of Romances, and, what was still more unfortunate, not in the original *French*, but very bad Translations.

The deceased Marchioness had purchased these Books to soften a Solitude which she found very disagreeable; and, after her Death, the Marquis removed them

from her Closet into his Library, where *Arabella* found them.

The surprising Adventures with which they were filled, proved a most pleasing Entertainment to a young Lady, who was wholly secluded from the World; who had no other Diversions but ranging like a Nymph through Gardens, or, to say better, the Woods and Lawns in which she was inclosed; and who had no other Conversation but that of a grave and melancholy Father, or her own Attendants.

Her Ideas, from the Manner of her Life, and the Objects around her, had taken a romantic Turn; and, supposing Romances were real Pictures of Life, from them she drew all her Notions and Expectations. By them she was taught to believe, that Love was the ruling Principle of the World; that every other Passion was subordinate to this, and that it caused all the Happiness and Miseries of Life. Her Glass, which she often consulted, always shewed her a Form so extremely lovely, that, not finding herself engaged in such Adventures as were common to the Heroines in the Romances she read, she often complained of the Insensibility of Mankind, upon whom her Charms seemed to have so little Influence.

The perfect Retirement she lived in, afforded indeed no Opportunities of making the Conquests she desired; but she could not comprehend, how any Solitude could be obscure enough to conceal a Beauty like hers from Notice; and thought the Reputation of her Charms sufficient to bring a Croud of Adorers to demand her of her Father. Her Mind being wholly filled with the most extravagant Expectations, she was alarmed by every trifling Incident; and kept in a continual Anxiety by a Vicissitude of Hopes, Fears, Wishes, and Disappointments.



## C H A P. II.

*Contains a Description of a Lady's Dress in Fashion not much above Two thousand Years ago. — The Beginning of an Adventure which seems to promise a great deal.*

**A**RABELLA had now entered into her Seventeenth Year with the Regret of seeing herself the Object of Admiration to a few Rustics only, who happened to see her; when, one *Sunday*, making use of the Permission the Marquis sometimes allowed her, to attend Divine Service at the Church belonging to the Village near which they lived, her Vanity was flattered with an Adorer not altogether unworthy of her Notice.

This Gentleman was young, gay, handsome, and very elegantly dressed; he was just come from *London* with an Intention to pass some Weeks with a Friend in that Part of the Country; and at the time *Arabella* entered the Church, his Eyes, which had wandered from one rural Fair to another, were in an Instant fixed upon her Face. She blushed with a very becoming Modesty; and pleased with the unusual Appearance of so fine a Gentleman, and the particular Notice he took of her, passed on to her Seat thro' a double Row of Country People, who, with a Profession of aukward Bows and Courtesies, expressed their Respect.

Mr. *Hervey*, for that was the Stranger's Name, was no less surpris'd at her Beauty, than the Singularity of her Dress; and the odd Whim of being followed into the Church by three Women-Attendants, who, as soon as she was seated, took their Places behind her.

Her Dress, tho' singular, was far from being unbecoming. All the Beauties of her Neck and Shape were set off to the greatest Advantage by the Fashion of her Gown, which, in the Manner of a Robe, was made to fit tight to her Body; and fastened on the Breast with a Knot of Diamonds. Her fine black Hair, hung upon her Neck in Curls, which had so much the Ap-

pearance of being artless, that all but her Maid, whose Employment it was to give them that Form, imagined they were so. Her Head-dress, was only a few Knots advantageously disposed, over which she wore a white Sarfenet Hood, somewhat in the Form of a Veil, with which she sometimes wholly covered her fair Face, when she saw herself beheld with too much Attention.

This Veil had never appeared to her so necessary before. Mr. *Hervey's* eager Glances throw her into so much Confusion, that, pulling it over her Face as much as she was able, she remained invisible to him all the time they afterwards stayed in the Church. This Action, by which she would have had him understand that she was displeas'd at his gazing on her with so little Respect, only increased his Curiosity to know who she was.

When the Congregation was dismissed, he hastened to the Door, with an Intention to offer her his Hand to help her to her Coach; but seeing the magnificent Equipage that waited for her, and the Number of Servants that attended it, he conceived a much higher Idea of her Quality than he had at first; and, changing his Design, contented himself with only bowing to her as she pass'd; and as soon as her Coach drove away, inquired of some Persons nearest him, who she was?

These Rustics, highly delighted with the Opportunity of talking to the gay *Londoner*, whom they look'd upon as a very extraordinary Person, gave him all the Intelligence they were able, concerning the Lady he inquired after; and fill'd him with an inconceivable Surprize at the strange Humour of the Marquis, who buried so beautiful a Creature in Obscurity.

At his Return home he expressed his Admiration of her in Terms that persuas'd his Friend, she had made some Impression on his Heart; and, after rallying him a little upon this Suspicion, he assumed a more serious Air, and told him, if he really liked Lady *Bella*, he thought it not impossible but he might obtain her. The poor Girl, added he, has been kept in Confinement so long, that I believe it would not be difficult to persuade her to free herself by Marriage. She never had a  
 Lover

## Chap. 3. QUIXOTE.

Lover in her Life ; and therefore the first Person who addresses her has the fairest Chance for succeeding.

Mr. *Hervey*, tho' he could not persuade himself his Cousin was in Earnest when he advised him to court the only Daughter of a Man of the Marquis's Quality, and Heirels to his vast Estates ; yet relished the Scheme, and resolved to make some Attempt upon her before he left the Country. However, he concealed his Design from his Cousin, not being willing to expose himself to be ridiculed, if he did not succeed ; and, turning the Advice he had given him into a Jest, left him in the Opinion, that he thought no more of it.

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### CHAP. III.

*In which the Adventure goes on after the accustomed Manner.*

**A**RABELLA, in the mean time, was wholly taken up with the Adventure, as she called it, at Church : The Person and Dress of the Gentleman who had so particularly gazed on her there, was so different from what she had been accustomed to see, that she immediately concluded, he was of some distinguished Rank. It was past a Doubt, she thought, that he was excessively in Love with her ; and as she soon expected to have some very extraordinary Proofs of his Passion, her Thoughts were wholly employed on the Manner in which she should receive them.

As soon as she came home, and had paid her Duty to the Marquis, she hurried to her Chamber, to be at Liberty to indulge her agreeable Reflections ; and, after the Example of her Heroines, when any thing extraordinary happened to them, called her favourite Woman ; or, to use her own Language, her, " in whom she confided her most secret Thoughts."

Well, *Lucy*, said she, did you observe that Stranger who ey'd us \* so heedfully To day at Church ?

This

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\* *The Heroines always speak of themselves in the Plural Number.*

This Girl, notwithstanding her Country-Simplicity, knew a Compliment was expected from her on this Occasion; and therefore replied, "That she did not wonder at the Gentleman's staring at her; for she was sure he had never seen any body so handsome as her Ladyship before."

I have not all the Beauty you attribute to me, said *Arabella*, smiling a little: And, with a very moderate Share of it, I might well fix the Attention of a Person who seemed to be not over-much pleased with the Objects about him: However, pursued she, assuming a more serious Air, if this Stranger be weak enough to entertain any Sentiments more than indifferent for me; I charge you, upon Pain of my Displeasure, do not be accessary to the Conveying his presumptuous Thoughts to me either by Letters or Messages; nor suffer him to corrupt your Fidelity with the Presents he will very probably offer you.

*Lucy* to whom this Speech first gave a Hint of what she ought to expect from her Lady's Lovers, finding herself of more Importance than she imagined, was so pleased at the Prospect which opened to her, that it was with some Hesitation she promised to obey her Orders.

*Arabella*, however, was satisfied with her Assurances of observing her Directions; and dismissed her from her Presence, not without an Apprehension of being too well obeyed.

A whole Week being elapsed without meeting with the Importunities she expected, she could hardly conceal her Surprize at so mortifying a Disappointment; and frequently interrogated *Lucy*, concerning any Attempts the Stranger had made on her Fidelity; but the Answers she received, only increased her Discontent, as they convinced her, her Charms had not had the Effect she imagined.

Mr. *Hervey*, however, had been all this time employed in thinking of some Means to get acquainted with the Marquis; for, being possessed with an extraordinary Opinion of his Wit, and personal Accomplishments, he did not fear making some Impression on the Heart of  
the

the young Lady; provided he could have an Opportunity of conversing with her.

His Cousin's Advice was continually in his Mind, and flattered his Vanity with the most agreeable Hopes: But the Marquis's Fondness for Solitude, and that Haughtiness which was natural to him, rendered him so difficult of Access, that *Hervey*, from the Intelligence he received of his Humour, despaired of being able to prosecute his Scheme; when, meeting with a young Farmer in one of his Evening-Walks, and entering into Conversation with him upon several Country Subjects, the Discourse at last turned upon the Marquis of — whose fine House and Gardens were within their View; upon which the young Fellow informed him, he was Brother to a young Woman that attended the Lady *Arabella*; and, being fond of lengthening out the Conversation with so fine a Gentleman, gave him, without being desired, the domestic History of the whole Family, as he had received it from *Lucy*, who was the Sister he mentioned.

*Hervey*, excessively delighted at this accidental Meeting with a Person so capable of serving his Design, affected a great Desire of being better acquainted with him; and, under Pretence of acquiring some Knowledge in rural Affairs, accustomed himself to call so often at *William's* Farm, that at last he met with the Person whom the Hopes of seeing had so often carried him thither.

*Lucy*, the Moment she saw him enter, knowing him again, blushed at the Remembrance of the Discourse which had passed between her Lady and herself concerning him; and was not at all surpris'd at the Endeavours he used to speak to her apart: But, as soon as he began a Conversation concerning *Arabella*, she interrupted him by saying, I know, Sir, that you are *distractedly* in Love with my Lady; but she has forbid me to receive any Letters or Messages from you; and therefore I beg you will not offer to bribe me; for I dare not disobey her.

Mr. *Hervey* was at first so astonish'd at her Speech, that he knew not what to think of it; but, after a little Reflection,

Reflection, attributing to an Excess of aukward Cunning what, in Reality, was an Effect of her Simplicity, he resolved to make use of the Hint she had given him; and, presenting her with a Couple of Guineas, intreated her to venture displeasing her Lady, by bearing a Letter from him; promising to reward her better, if she succeeded.

*Lucy* made some Difficulty to comply; but, not being able absolutely to refuse the first Bribe that ever was offered to her, she, after some Intreaties, consented to take the Letter; and, receiving the Money he presented her, left him at Liberty to write, after she had got her Brother to furnish him with Materials for that Purpose.

#### C H A P. IV.

*A Mistake, which produces no great Consequences — An extraordinary Comment upon a Behaviour natural enough — An Instance of a Lady's Compassion for her Lover, which the Reader may possibly think not very compassionate.*

**H**ERVEY, who was Master of no great Elegance in Letter-writing, was at first at some Loss, how to address a Lady of her Quality, to whom he was an absolute Stranger, upon the Subject of Love; but conceiving there was no great Occasion for much Ceremony in declaring himself to one who had been educated in the Country, and who, he believed, could not be displeas'd with a Lover of his Figure, he therefore, in plain Terms, told her, how *deeply* he was enamour'd of her; and conjured her to afford him some Opportunity of paying his Respects to her.

*Lucy* received this Letter from him with a worse Grace than she did the Gold; and, tho' she promised him to deliver it to her Lady immediately, yet she kept it a Day or two before she had the Courage to attempt it: At last, drawing it out of her Pocket, with a bashful Air, she presented it to her Lady, telling

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ing her it came from the fine Gentleman whom she saw at Church.

*Arabella* blushed at the Sight of the Letter, and tho', in Reality, she was not displeas'd, yet, being a strict Observer of romantic Forms, she chid her Woman severely for taking it. Carry it back, added she, to the presumptuous Writer of it, and let him know how greatly his Insolence has offended me.

*Lucy*, however, suffered the Letter to remain on the Toilet, expecting some Change in her Lady's Mind; for she traversed the Chamber in great seeming Irresolution, often stealing a Glance to the Letter, which she had a strong Inclination to open; but, searching the Records of her Memory for a Precedent, and not finding, that any Lady ever opened a Letter from an unknown Lover, she reiterated her Commands to *Lucy* to carry it back, with a Look and Accent so very severe, that the Girl, extremely apprehensive of having offended her, put the Letter again in her Pocket, resolving to return it the first Opportunity.

Mr *Hervey*, who had his Thoughts wholly taken up with the flattering Prospect of Success, no sooner saw *Lucy*, who gave him his Letter without speaking a Word, than, supposing it had been the Answer he expected, he eagerly snatched it out of her Hand, and, kissing it first in a Rapture of Joy, broke it open; but his Surprise and Confusion, when he saw it was his own Letter returned, was inexpressible. For some Moments he kept his Eyes fastened upon the tender Billet, as if he was really reading it. His Disappointment, and the ridiculous Figure he knew he must make in the Eyes of his Messenger, filled him with so much Confusion, that he did not dare to look up; but, recovering himself at last, he affected to turn it into a Jest; and, laughing first himself, gave *Lucy* the Liberty of laughing also, who had with much Difficulty been able to prevent doing it before.

The Curiosity he felt to hear how she had acquitted herself of the Trust he had reposed in her, made him oblige her to give a Truce to her Mirth, in order to satisfy him; and *Lucy*, who was extremely exact in  
her

her Relations, told him all that had passed, without omitting the smallest Circumstance.

Though it was impossible to draw any favourable Omen from what he heard, yet he determined to make another Effort, before he set out for *London*, and, taking Leave of his Confident, after he had appointed her to meet him again the next Day, at her Brother's, he went home to consider upon Means to effect his Designs, which the ill Success of his first Attempt had not forced him to abandon.

*Arabella*, who expected to hear, that the Return of his Letter would make her Lover commit some very extravagant Actions; and having impatiently waited for an Account of them from *Lucy*; finding she seemed to have no Intention to begin a Discourse concerning him; asked her, at last, If she had executed her Commission, and returned the Letter to the insolent Unknown?

The Girl answered, Yes.

Which not being all that her Lady expected, And how did he receive it? resumed she, peevishly.

Why Madam, replied *Lucy*, I believe he thought your Ladyship had sent him an Answer; for he kissed the Letter several times.

Foolish Wench! replied *Arabella*, How can you imagine he had the Temerity to think I should answer his Letter? A Favour, which though he had spent Years in my Service, would have been infinitely greater than he could have expected. No, *Lucy*, he kissed the Letter, either because he thought it had been touched at least by my Hands, or to shew the perfect Submission with which he received my Commands; and it is not to be doubted, but his Despair will force him to commit some desperate Outrage against himself, which I do not hate him enough to wish, though he has mortally offended me.

*Arabella* was possessed of great Sensibility and Softness; and, being really persuaded, that her Lover would entertain some fatal Design, seemed so much affected with the Thoughts of what might happen, that *Lucy*, who tenderly loved her, begged her not to be  
so



so much concerned for the Gentleman: There is no Fear, added she, that he will do himself a Mischief; for when he discovered his Mistake, he laughed heartily, as well as myself.

How! replied *Arabella*, extremely surprized, Did he laugh?

Which *Lucy* confirming, Doubtless, returned she, having taken a little Time to consider of so strange a Phenomenon, he laughed, because his Reason was disturbed at the sudden Shock he received: Unhappy Man! his Presumption will be severely enough punished, though I do not add Anger to the Scorn which I have expressed for him: Therefore, *Lucy*, you may tell him, if you please, that notwithstanding the Offence he has been guilty of, I am not cruel enough to wish his Death; and that I command him to live, if he can live without Hope.

## C H A P. V.

*In which one would imagine the Adventure concluded, but for a Promise, that something else is to come.*

**L**UCY now began to think there was something more, than she imagined, in this Affair. Mr. *Hervey* indeed, in her Opinion, had seemed to be very far from having any Design to attempt his own Life; but her Lady, she thought, could not possibly be mistaken; and therefore she resolved to carry her Message to him immediately, though it was then late in the Evening.

Accordingly she went to her Brother's, where she had some Hopes of meeting with him; but not finding him there, she obliged him to go to the House where he lived, and tell him she desired to speak with him.

*William*, being let into the Secret of his Sister's frequent Meetings with Mr. *Hervey*, imagined she had some agreeable News to acquaint him with; and therefore ran immediately to his Relation's House,

which was but at a small Distance; but he was told Mr. *Hervey* was in Bed, very much indisposed, and could not be seen.

This News put *Lucy* in a terrible Fright: she told her Apprehensions to her Brother; which being such as her Lady had put into her Head, and were now confirmed by Mr. *Hervey's* Illness, the young Farmer stood amazed, not being able to comprehend her Meaning; and she, without staying to explain herself any further, went home to the Castle, and told her Lady, That what she feared was come to pass; the Gentleman would certainly die; for he was very ill in Bed.

This being no more than what *Arabella* expected, she discovered no Surprize; but only asked *Lucy*, If she had delivered her Message to him?

Would you have me, Madam, replied she, go to his House? I am afraid the Marquis will hear of it.

My Father, replied *Arabella*, can never be offended with me for doing a charitable Action.

Ah! Madam, interrupted *Lucy*, let me go then immediately, for fear the poor Gentleman should grow worse.

If he be sick almost to Death, resumed *Arabella*, he will recover, If I command him to do so: When did you hear of a Lover dying through Despair, when his Mistress let him know it was her Pleasure he should live? But as it will not be altogether so proper for you to go to his House, as it may be suspected you come from me, I'll write a few Lines, which you shall copy, and your Brother may carry them to him To-morrow, and I'll engage he shall be well in a few Hours.

Saying this, she went into her Closet, and, having written a short Note, made *Lucy* write it over again. It was as follows:

*Lucy, To the Unfortunate Lover of her Lady.*

MY Lady, who is the most generous Person in the World, has commanded me to tell you, that, presumptuous as you are, she does not desire your  
Death;

Death; nay more, she commands you to live, and permits you, in case you obey her, to hope for her Pardon, provided you keep within the Bounds she prescribes to you.

*Adieu.*

This Letter *Lucy* copied, and *Arabella*, examining it again, thought it rather too kind; and, seeming desirous of making some Alteration in it, *Lucy*, who was extremely anxious for Mr. *Hervey's* Life, fearing lest she should alter it in such a manner, that the Gentleman might be at Liberty to die, if he chose it, conjured her Lady in such pressing Terms to let it remain as it was, that *Arabella* suffered herself to be prevailed upon by her Intreaties; and, remembering that it was not uncommon for the Ladies in Romances to relax a little in their Severity through the Remonstrances of their Women, told her, with an enchanting Smile, that she would grant her Desire; and went to Bed with that pleasing Satisfaction, which every generous Mind experiences at the Consciousness of having done some very benevolent Action.

In the Morning, this life-restoring Billet was dispatched by *Lucy* to her Brother, inclosed in one to him, charging him to carry it to the sick Gentleman immediately.

*William*, having a strong Curiosity to see what his Sister had written, ventured to open it; and, not being able to imagine Lady *Bella* had really given her Orders to write what appeared to him the most unintelligible Stuff in the World, resolved to suppress this Letter till he had questioned her a little concerning it.

A few Hours after, Mr. *Hervey*, who expected to meet *Lucy* at her Brother's, came in. His Illness having been only a violent Head-ach, to which he was subject, being now quite off, he remembered the Appointment he had made; but, having waited some time, and she not coming, he returned again to his Cousin's, leaving word for her, that he would see her the next Day.

Scarce was he gone out, when *Lucy*, who longed to know what Effect her Letter had produced in his Health, came

came in, and eagerly inquiring of her Brother how Mr. *Hervey* was, received for Answer, that he had been there a Moment before she came.

Well, cried she, clasping her Hands together, with Surprize, my Lady said, her Letter would cure him, if he was ever so sick; but I did not imagine he would have been well enough to come abroad so soon.

Your Lady! interrupted *William*, why was it not yourself that wrote that Letter you gave to me?

No, truly, Brother, resumed she; How was it possible I should write so fine a Letter? My Lady made every Word of it, and I only wrote it after her.

*William*, hearing this, would not own the Indiscretion he now thought he had been guilty of, in keeping the Letter; but suffered his Sister to return to her Lady, in the Belief that he had delivered it, resolving, when he saw her next, to say he had lost it; for he knew not what Excuse to make to Mr. *Hervey* for not giving it him when he saw him.

*Arabella* received the Account of her Lover's Recovery as a Thing she was absolutely sure of before; and thinking she had now done all that could be expected from her Compassion, resumed her usual Severity, and commanded *Lucy* to mention him no more. If he loves me with that Purity he ought to do, pursued she, he will not cease to importune me any further: And though his Passion be ever so violent, his Respect and Submission to my Commands will oblige him to silence. The Obedience he has already shewn, in recovering at the first Intimation I gave, that it was my Will he should do so, convinces me, I need not apprehend he will renew his Follies to displease me.

*Lucy*, who found by this Discourse of her Lady's, that her Commission was at an End with regard to Mr. *Hervey*, followed her Directions so exactly, that she not only spoke no more of him to her, but also in order to avoid him, neglected to go to her Brother's.

His Impatience at not seeing her made him prevail upon her Brother to go to the Castle, and intreat her to give him another Interview: But *Lucy* positively refused; and, to make a Merit with her Lady of her Obedience, informed her what he had requested.

*Arabella*, resenting a Boldness which argued so little Respect to her Commands, began now to repent of the Compassion she had shewn him; and, commending *Lucy* for what she had done, bid her tell the insolent Unknown, if he ever sent to her again, that she was resolved never to pardon the Contempt he had shewn for her Orders.

Mr. *Hervey*, finding himself deserted by *Lucy*, resolved to give over his Attempts, congratulating himself for his Discretion in not acquainting his Cousin with what he had already done: His Heart not being very much engaged, he found no great Difficulty in consoling himself for his bad Success. In a few Days he thought of Lady *Bella* no more, than if he had never seen her; but an Accident bringing her again in his Way, he could not resist the Inclination he felt to speak to her; and by that means drew upon himself a very sensible Mortification.

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### C H A P. VI.

*In which the Adventure is really concluded; tho', possibly, not as the Reader expected.*

**T**HE Marquis sometimes permitting his Daughter to ride out, and this being the only Diversion she was allowed, or ever experienced, she did not fail to take it as often as she could.

She was returning from one of these Airings one Day, attended by two Servants, when Mr. *Hervey*, who happened to be at some Distance, observing a Lady on Horseback, who made a very graceful Figure, he rode up to her, in order to have a nearer View; and knowing Lady *Bella* again, resolved to speak to her: But while he was considering how he should accost her, *Arabella* suddenly seeing him, and observing he was making up to her, her Imagination immediately suggested to her, that this insolent Lover had a Design to seize her Person; and this Thought terrifying her extremely, she gave a loud Shriek; which Mr. *Hervey* hearing, rode eagerly up to her to inquire the Reason of it, at the same Time that her two Attendants,

Attendants, as much amazed as himself, came galloping up also.

*Arabella*, upon his coming close to her, redoubled her Cries. If you have any Valour, said she to her Servants, defend your unfortunate Mistress, and rescue her from this unworthy Man.

The Servants, believing him to be a Highwayman, by this Exclamation, and dreading lest he should present his Pistol at their Heads, if they offered to make any Resistance, recoiled a few Paces back, expecting he would demand their Purse when he had robbed their Lady: But the extreme Surprize he was in, keeping him motionless, the Fellows not seeing any Pistols in his Hand, and animated by *Arabella's* Cries, who, calling them Cowards and Traitors, urged them to deliver her; they both, in a Moment, laid hold of *Mr. Hervey*, and forced him to alight; which they did also themselves, still keeping fast hold of him, whom Surprize, Shame, and Rage, had hitherto kept silent.

Rascals! cried he, when he was able to speak, what do you mean by using me in this manner? Do you suppose I had any Intention to hurt the Lady? — What do you take me for?

For a Villain, for a Ravisher, interrupted *Arabella*, who, contrary to all Laws both human and divine, endeavour to possess yourself by Force of a Person whom you are not worthy to serve; and whose Charity and Compassion you have returned with the utmost Ingratitude.

Upon my Word, Madam, said *Mr. Hervey*, I don't understand one Word you say: You either mistake me for some other Person, or are pleased to divert yourself with the Surprize I am in: But I beseech you carry the Jest no farther, and order your Servants to let me go; or, by Heaven — cried he struggling to get loose, if I can but free one of my Hands, I'll stab the Scoundrels before your Face.

It is not with Threats like these, resumed *Arabella* with great Calmness, that I can be moved. A little more Submission and Respect would become you better; you are now wholly in my Power; I may if I please,

please, carry you to my Father, and have you severely punished for your Attempt: but to shew you, that I am as generous as you are base and designing, I'll give you Freedom, provided you promise me never to appear before me again: But, in order to secure my own Safety, you must deliver up your Arms to my Servants, that I may be assured you will not have it in your Power to make a second Attempt upon my Liberty.

Mr. *Hervy*, whose Astonishment was increased by every Word she spoke, began now to be apprehensive, that this might prove a very serious Affair, since she seemed resolv'd to believe he had a Design to carry her off; and, knowing that an Attempt of that Nature upon an Heiress might have dangerous Consequences, he resolv'd to accept the Conditions she offer'd him: But while he deliver'd his Hanger to the Servant, he assur'd her in the strongest Terms, that he had no other Design in riding up to her, but to have a nearer View of her Person.

Add not Falshood, said *Arabella* sternly, to a Crime already black enough, for tho', by an Effect of my Generosity, I have resolv'd not to deliver you up to the Resentment of my Father, yet nothing shall ever be able to make me pardon this Outrage. Go then, pursu'd she, go, base Man, unworthy of the Care I took of thy Safety; go to some distant Country, where I may never hear of thee more; and suffer me, if possible, to lose the Remembrance of thy Crimes.

Saying this, she order'd her Servants, who had got the Hanger in their Possession, to set him at Liberty; and mount their Horses; which they did immediately, and follow'd their Lady, who rode with all imaginable Speed to the Castle.

Mr. *Hervy*, not yet recover'd from his Surprize, stood some Moments considering the strange Scene he had been Witness to; and in which he had, much against his Will, appear'd the principal Character. As he was not acquainted with Lady *Bella's* Foible, he concluded her Fears of him were occasioned by her Simplicity, and some Misrepresentations that had been made her by *Lucy*, who, he thought, had betray'd him; and,

and, fearing this ridiculous Adventure would be soon made public, and himself exposed to the Sneers of his Country Acquaintance, he resolved to go back to *London* as soon as possible.

The next Day, pretending he had received a Letter which obliged him to set out immediately, he took Leave of his Cousin, heartily glad at the Escape he should make from his Raillery; for he did not doubt but the Story would very soon be known, and told greatly to his Disadvantage.

But *Arabella*, in order to be completely generous, a Quality for which all the Heroines are famous, laid a Command upon her two Attendants not to mention what had passed, giving them, at the same time, Money to secure their Secrecy; and threatening them with her Displeasure, if they disobeyed.

*Arabella*, as soon as she had an Opportunity, did not fail to acquaint her faithful *Lucy* with the Danger from which she had so happily escaped, thanking Heaven at the same time with great Devotion, for having preserved her from the Hands of the Ravisher.

Two or three Months rolled away, after this Accident, without offering any new Adventure to our fair Visionary; when her Imagination, always prepossessed with the same fantastic Ideas, made her stumble upon another Mistake, equally absurd and ridiculous.

## CH A P. VII.

*In which some Contradictions are very happily reconciled.*

**T**HE Marquis's head Gardener had received a young Fellow into his Master's Service, who had lived in several Families of Distinction. He had a good Face; was tolerably genteel; and, having an Understanding something above his Condition, join'd to a great deal of *second-hand* Politeness, which he had contracted while he lived at *London*, he appeared a very extraordinary Person among the Rustics who were his Fellow-Servants.



*Arabella*, when she walked in the Garden, had frequent Opportunities of seeing this young Man, whom she observed with a very particular Attention. His Person and Air had something, she thought, very distinguishing. When she condescended to speak to him about any Business he was employed in, she took Notice, that his Answers were framed in a Language vastly superior to his Condition; and the Respect he paid her had quite another Air from that of the awkward Civility of the other Servants.

Having discerned so many Marks of a Birth far from being mean, she easily passed from an Opinion that he was a Gentleman, to a Belief that he was something more; and every new Sight of him adding Strength to her Suspicions, she remained, in a little time, perfectly convinced that he was some Person of Quality, who, disguised in the Habit of a Gardener, had introduced himself into her Father's Service, in order to have an Opportunity of declaring a Passion to her, which must certainly be very great, since it had forced him to assume an Appearance so unworthy of his noble Extraction.

Wholly possessed with this Thought, she set herself to observe him more narrowly; and soon found out, that he went very awkwardly about his Work; that he sought Opportunities of being alone; that he threw himself in her Way as often as he could, and gazed on her very attentively: She sometimes fancied she saw him endeavour to smother a Sigh when he answered her any Question about his Work; once saw him leaning against a Tree with his Hands crossed upon his Breast; and, having lost a String of small Pearls, which she remembered he had seen her threading as she sat in one of the Arbours, was persuaded he had taken it up, and kept it for the Object of his secret Adoration.

She often wondered, indeed, that she did not find her Name carved on the Trees, with some mysterious Expressions of Love; that he was never discovered lying along the Side of one of the little Rivulets, increasing the Stream with his Tears; nor, for three Months that he had lived there, had ever been sick of a Fever caused by his Grief, and the Constraint he put upon himself

himself in not declaring his Passion: But she considered again, that his Fear of being discovered kept him from amusing himself with making the Trees bear the Records of his secret Thoughts, or of indulging his Melancholy in any Manner expressive of the Condition of his Soul; and, as for his not being sick, his Youth, and the Strength of his Constitution, might, even for a longer time, bear him up against the Assaults of a Fever: But he appeared much thinner and paler than he used to be; and she concluded, therefore, that he must in time sink under the Violence of his Passion, or else be forced to declare it to her; which she considered as a very great Misfortune; for, not finding in herself any Disposition to approve his Love, she must necessarily banish him from her Presence, for fear he should have the Presumption to hope, that Time might do any thing in his Favour: And it was possible also, that the Sentence she would be obliged to pronounce, might either cause his Death, or force him to commit some extravagant Action, which would discover him to her Father, who would, perhaps, think her guilty of holding a secret Correspondence with him.

These Thoughts perplexed her so much, that, hoping to find some Relief by unburdening her Mind to *Lucy*, she told her all her Uneasiness. Ah I said she to her, looking upon *Edward*, who had just passed them, how unfortunate do I think myself in being the Cause of that Passion which makes this illustrious Unknown wear away his Days in so shameful an Obscurity! Yes, *Lucy*, pursued she, that *Edward*, whom you regard as one of my Father's menial Servants, is a Person of *sublime Quality*, who submits to this Disguise only to have an Opportunity of seeing me every Day. But why do you seem so surprized? Is it possible, that you have not suspected him to be what he is? Has he never unwittingly made any Discovery of himself? Have you not surprized him in Discourse with his faithful 'Squire, who, certainly, lurks hereabouts to receive his Commands, and is happily the Confident of his Passion? Has he never entertained you with any Conversation about me? Or have you never seen any valuable Jewels in his Possession by

by which you suspected him to be not what he appears?

Truly, Madam, replied *Lucy*, I never took him for any body else but a simple Gardener, but now you open my Eyes, methinks I can find I have been strangely mistaken; for he does not look like a Man of a low Degree; and he talks quite in another Manner from our Servants. I never heard him indeed speak of your Ladyship, but once; and that was, when he first saw you walking in the Garden, he asked our *John*, if you was not the Marquis's Daughter; And he said you was as beautiful as an Angel. As for fine Jewels, I never saw any; and I believe he has none; but he has a Watch, and that looks as if he was something, Madam: Nor do I remember to have seen him talk with any Stranger that looked like a 'Squire.

*Lucy*, having thus, with her usual Punctuality, answered every Question her Lady put to her, proceeded to ask her, What she should say, if he should beg her to give her a Letter, as the other Gentleman had done?

You must by no means take it, replied *Arabella*: My Compassion had before like to have been fatal to me. If he discovers his Quality to me, I shall know in what manner to treat him.

They were in this Part of their Discourse, when a Noise they heard at some Distance, made *Arabella* bend her Steps to the Place from whence it proceeded; and, to her infinite Amazement, saw the head Gardener, with a Stick he had in his Hand, give several Blows to the concealed Hero, who suffered the Indignity with admirable Patience.

Shocked at seeing a Person of Quality treated so unworthily, she called out to the Gardener to hold his Hand; who immediately obeyed; and *Edward*, seeing the young Lady advance, sneaked off, with an Air very different from an *Oroondates*.

For what Crime, pray, said *Arabella*, with a stern Aspect, did you treat the Person I saw with you so cruelly? He whom you take such unbecoming Liberties with, may possibly — But again I ask you, What has he done? You should make some Allowance for his  
want

want of Skill in the abject Employment he is in at present.

It is not for his want of Skill, Madam, said the Gardener, that I corrected him; he knows his Business very well, if he would mind it; but, Madam, I have discovered him——

Discovered him, do you say? interrupted *Arabella*: And has the Knowledge of his Condition not been able to prevent such Usage? or rather, Has it been the Occasion of his receiving it?

His Conditions are very bad, Madam, returned the Gardener; and I am afraid are such as will one Day prove the Ruin of Body and Soul too. I have for some time suspected he had bad Designs in his Head; and just now watched him to the Fish-pond, and prevented him from——

O dear! interrupted *Lucy*, looking pitifully on her Lady, whose fair Bosom heaved with Compassion, I warrant he was going to make away with himself.

No, resumed the Gardener, smiling at the Mistake, he was only going to make away with some of the Carp, which the Rogue had caught, and intended, I suppose, to sell; but I threw them into the Water again; and if your Ladyship had not forbid me, I would have drubbed him soundly for his Pains.

Fye! fye! interrupted *Arabella*, out of Breath with Shame and Vexation, tell me no more of these idle Tales.

Then, hastily walking on to hide the Blushes which this strange Accusation of her illustrious Lover had raised in her Face, she continued for some time in the greatest Perplexity imaginable.

*Lucy*, who followed her, and could not possibly reconcile what her Lady had been telling her concerning *Edward*, with the Circumstance of his stealing the Carp, ardently wished to hear her Opinion of this Matter; but, seeing her deeply engaged with her own Thoughts, she would not venture to disturb her.

*Arabella* indeed, had been in such a terrible Consternation, that it was some Time before she even reconciled Appearances to herself; but, as she had a most happy

happy Faculty in accommodating every Incident to her own Wishes and Conceptions, she examined this Matter so many different Ways, drew so many Conclusions, and fancied so many Mysteries in the most indifferent Actions of the supposed noble Unknown, that she remained, at last, more than ever confirmed in the Opinion, that he was some great Personage, whom her Beauty had forced to assume an Appearance unworthy of himself: When *Lucy*, no longer able to keep Silence, drew off her Attention from those pleasing Images, by speaking of the Carp-stealing Affair again.

*Arabella*, whose Confusion returned at that disagreeable Sound, charged her, in an angry Tone, never to mention so injurious a Suspicion any more: For, in fine, said she to her, do you imagine a Person of his Rank could be guilty of stealing Carp? Alas! pursued she, sighing, he had, indeed, some fatal Design; and, doubtless, would have executed it, had not this Fellow so luckily prevented him.

But Mr. *Woodbind*, Madam, said *Lucy*, saw the Carp in his Hand: I wonder what he was going to do with them.

Still, resumed *Arabella*, extremely chagrined, still will you wound my Ears with that horrid Sound? I tell you, obstinate and foolish Wench, that this unhappy Man went thither to die; and if he really caught the Fish, it was to conceal his Design from *Woodbind*: His great Mind could not suggest to him, that it was possible he might be suspected of a Baseness like that this ignorant Fellow accused him of; therefore he took no Care about it, being wholly possessed by his despairing Thoughts.

However, Madam, said *Lucy*, your Ladyship may prevent his going to the Fish-pond again, by laying your Commands upon him to live.

I shall do all that I ought, answered *Arabella*; but my Care for the Safety of other Persons must not make me forget what I owe to my own.

As she had always imputed Mr. *Hervey's* fancied Attempt to carry her away, to the Letter she had written to him, upon which he had probably founded

his Hopes of being pardoned for it, she resolved to be more cautious for the future in giving such Instances of her Compassion; and was at a great Loss in what manner to comfort her despairing Lover, without raising Expectations she had no Inclination to confirm: But she was delivered from her Perplexity by the News of his having left the Marquis's Service; which she attributed to some new Design he had formed to obtain her; and *Lucy*, who always thought as her Lady did, was of the same Opinion; tho' it was talked among the Servants, that *Edward* feared a Discovery of more Tricks, and resolved not to stay till he was disgracefully dismissed.

### C H A P. VIII.

*In which a Mistake, in point of Ceremony, is rectified.*

**A**RABELLA had scarce done thinking of this last Adventure, when the Marquis communicated a Piece of Intelligence to her, which opened a Prospect of an infinite Number of new ones.

His Nephew, having just returned from his Travels, was preparing to come and pay him a Visit in his Retreat; and, as he always designed to marry *Arabella* to this Youth, of whom he was extremely fond, he told his Daughter of the intended Visit of her Cousin, whom she had not seen since she was eight Years old; and, for the first time, insinuated his Design of giving him to her for an Husband.

*Arabella*, whose Delicacy was extremely shocked at this abrupt Declaration of her Father, could hardly hide her Chagrin; for tho' she always intended to marry some time or other, as all the Heroines had done, yet she thought such an Event ought to be brought about with an infinite deal of Trouble; and that it was necessary she should pass to this State thro' a great Number of Cares, Disappointments, and Distresses of various Kinds, like them; that her Lover should purchase

chase her with his Sword from a Croud of Rivals; and arrive to the Possession of her Heart by many Years of Services and Fidelity.

The Impropiety of receiving a Lover of a Father's recommending appeared in its strongest Light. What Lady in Romance ever married the Man that was chose for her? In those Cases the Remonstrances of a Parent are called Persecutions; obstinate Resistance, Constancy and Courage; and an Aptitude to dislike the Person proposed to them, a noble Freedom of Mind which disdains to love or hate by the Caprice of others.

*Arabella*, strengthening her own Resolutions by those Examples of heroic Disobedience, told her Father, with great Solemnity of Accent, that she would always obey him in all just and reasonable Things; and, being persuaded that he would never attempt to lay any Force upon her Inclinations, she would endeavour to make them conformable to his, and receive her Cousin with that Civility and Friendship due to so near a Relation, and a Person whom he honoured with his Esteem.

The Marquis, having had frequent Occasions of admiring his Daughter's Eloquence, did not draw any unpleasing Conclusion from the nice Distinctions she made; and, being perfectly assured of her Consent whenever he demanded it, expected the Arrival of his Nephew with great Impatience.

*Arabella*, whose Thoughts had been fully employed since this Conversation with her Father, was indulging her Meditations in one of the most retired Walks in the Garden; when she was informed by *Lusy*, that her Cousin was come, and that the Marquis had brought him into the Garden to look for her.

That Instant they both entered the Walk, when *Arabella*, prepossessed, as she was, against any favourable Thoughts of the young *Glanville*, could not help betraying some Surprize at the Gracefulness of his Figure.

It must be confessed, said she to her Attendant, with a Smile, that this Lover my Father has brought us, is no contemptible Person: Nevertheless I feel an invincible

ble Repugnance in myself against receiving him in that Character.

As she finished these Words, the Marquis came up, and presented Mr. *Glanville* to her, who, saluting her with the Freedom of a Relation, gave her a Disgust that shewed itself immediately in her fair Face, which was overspread with such a Gloom, that the Marquis was quite astonished at it. Indeed *Arabella*, who expected he would hardly have presumed to kiss her Hand, was so surprized at his Freedom, in attempting her Lips, that she not only expressed her Indignation by Frowns, but gave him to understand he had mortally offended her.

Mr. *Glanville*, however, was neither surprized nor angry at her Resentment; but, imputing it to her Country Education, endeavoured to rally her out of her ill Humour; and the Marquis, being glad to find a Behaviour, which he thought proceeded from her Dislike of her Cousin, was only an Effect of an over-scrupulous Modesty, told her that Mr. *Glanville* had committed no Offence by saluting her, since that was a Civility which was granted to all Strangers at the first Interview, and therefore could not be refused to a Relation.

Since the World is so degenerate in its Customs from what it was formerly, said *Arabella*, with a Smile full of Contempt upon her Cousin, I am extremely happy in having lived in a Solitude which has not yet exposed me to the Mortification of being a Witness to Manners I cannot approve; for if every Person I shall meet with for the future be so deficient in their Respects to Ladies, as my Cousin is, I shall not care how much I am secluded from Society.

But, dear Lady *Bella*, interrupted Mr. *Glanville* gaily, tell me, I beseech you, how I must behave to please you; for I should be extremely glad to be honoured with your good Opinion. The Person, resumed she, whom I must teach how to acquire my good Opinion, will, I am afraid, hardly recompense me by his Docility in Learning, for the Pains I should be at in instructing him.

But



But, resumed *Glanville*, that I may avoid any more Occasions of offending you, only let me know how you would be approached for the future.

Since, answered she, there is no Necessity to renew the Ceremony of introducing you again to me, I have not a second Affront of that Kind to apprehend; but I pray tell me, If all Cavaliers are as presuming as yourself; and if a Relation of your Sex does not think a modest Embrace from a Lady a Welcome sufficiently tender? \*

Nay, Cousin, cried *Glanville* eagerly, I am now persuaded you are in the Right; an Embrace is certainly to be preferred to a cold Salute. What would I give that the Marquis would introduce me a second time, that I might be received with so delightful a Welcome?

The Vivacity with which he spoke this was so extremely disagreeable to *Arabella*, that she turned from him abruptly, and striking into another Walk, ordered *Lucy* to tell him she commanded him not to follow her.

Mr. *Glanville*, however, who had no Notion of the exact Obedience which was expected from him, would have gone after her, notwithstanding this Prohibition, which *Lucy* delivered in a most peremptory Manner, after her Lady's Example: But the Marquis who had left the two young People at Liberty to discourse, and had walked on, that he might not interrupt them, turning about, and seeing *Glanville* alone, called him to have some private Discourse with him; and, for that time, spared *Arabella* the Mortification of seeing her Commands disobeyed.

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\* *The Heroines, tho' they think a Kiss of the Mouth a great Condescension to a Lover, and never grant it without Blushes and Confusion, yet make no Scruple to embrace him upon every short Absence.*

## C H A P. IX.

*In which a Lover is severely punished for Faults which the Reader never would have discovered if he had not been told.*

THE Marquis, tho' he had resolved to give *Arabella* to his Nephew, was desirous he should first receive some Impressions of Tenderness for her; before he absolutely declared his Resolution; and ardently wished he might be able to overcome that Reluctance which she seemed to have for Marriage: But, tho' *Glanville* in a very few Days became passionately in Love with his charming Cousin, yet she discovered so strong a Dislike to him, that the Marquis feared it would be difficult to make her receive him for an Husband: He observed she took all Opportunities of avoiding his Conversation; and seemed always out of Temper when he addressed any thing to her; but was well enough pleased, when he discoursed with him; and would listen to the long Conversations they had together with great Attention.

The Truth is, she had too much Discernment not to see Mr. *Glanville* had a great deal of Merit; his Person was perfectly handsome; he possessed a great Share of Understanding, an easy Temper, and a Vivacity which charmed every one, but the insensible *Arabella*.

She often wondered, that a Man, who, as she told her Confident, was Master of so many fine Qualities, should have a Disposition so little capable of feeling the Passion of Love, with the Delicacy and Fervour she expected to inspire; or, that he, whose Conversation was so pleasing on every other Subject, should make so poor a Figure when he entertained her with Matters of Gallantry. However, added she, I should be to blame to desire to be beloved by Mr. *Glanville*; for I am persuaded that Passion would cause no Reformation in the Coarseness of his Manners to Ladies, which makes him so disagreeable to me, and might possibly increase my Aversion.

The

The Marquis, having studied his Nephew's Looks for several Days, thought he saw Inclination enough in them for *Arabella*, to make him receive the Knowledge of his Intention with Joy: He, therefore, called him into his Closet, and told him in few Words, that, if his Heart was not pre-engaged, and his Daughter capable of making him happy, he resolved to bestow her upon him, together with all his Estates.

Mr. *Glanville* received this agreeable News with the strongest Expressions of Gratitude; assuring his Uncle, that *Lady Bella*, of all the Women he had ever seen, was most agreeable to his Taste; and that he felt for her all the Tenderness and Affection his Soul was capable of.

I am glad of it, my dear Nephew, said the Marquis, embracing him: I will allow you, added he smiling, but a few Weeks to court her: Gain her Heart as soon as you can, and when you bring me her Consent, your Marriage shall be solemnized immediately.

Mr. *Glanville* needed not a Repetition of so agreeable a Command: He left his Uncle's Closet, with his Heart filled with the Expectation of his approaching Happiness; and, understanding *Arabella* was in the Garden, he went to her with a Resolution to acquaint her with the Permission her Father had given him to make his Addressee to her.

He found his fair Cousin, as usual, accompanied with her Women; and, seeing, that, notwithstanding his Approach, they still continued to walk with her, and impatient of the Restraint they laid him under, I beseech you, Cousin, said he, let me have the Pleasure of walking with you alone: What Necessity is there for always having so many Witnesses of our Conversation? You may retire, said he, speaking to *Lucy*, and the other Woman; I have something to say to your Lady in private.

Stay, I command you, said *Arabella*, blushing at an Insolence so uncommon, and take Orders from no one but myself. — I pray you, Sir, pursued she frowning, What Intercourse of Secrets is there between you and me, that you expect I should favour you with a private Conversation?

Conversation? An Advantage which none of your Sex ever boasted to have gained from me; and which haply, you should be the last upon whom I should bestow it.

You have the strangest Notions, answered *Glanville* smiling at the pretty Anger she discovered: Certainly you may hold a private Conversation with any Gentleman, without giving Offence to Decorum; and I may plead a Right to this Happiness, above any other, since I have the Honour to be your Relation.

It is not at all surprizing, resumed *Arabella* gravely, that you and I should differ in Opinion upon this Occasion: I don't remember that ever we agreed in any thing; and, I am apt to believe, we never shall.

Ah! don't say so, Lady *Bella*, interrupted he: What a Prospect of Misery you lay before me! For, if we were always to be opposite to each other, it is necessary you must hate me as much as I admire and love you.

These Words, which he accompanied with a gentle Pressure of her Hand, threw the astonished *Arabella* into such an Excess of Anger and Shame, that, for a few Moments, she was unable to utter a Word.

What a horrid Violation this, of all the Laws of Gallantry and Respect, which decree a Lover to suffer whole Years in Silence before he declares his Flame to the divine Object that causes it; and then with awful Tremblings, and submissive Prostrations at the Feet of the offended Fair!

*Arabella* could hardly believe her Senses when she heard a Declaration, not only made without the usual Forms, but also, that the presumptuous Criminal waited for her Answer, without seeming to have any Apprehension of the Punishment to which he was to be doomed; and that, instead of deprecating her Wrath, he looked with a smiling Wonder upon her Eyes, as if he did not fear their Lightenings would strike him dead.

Indeed, it was scarce possible for him to help smiling, and wondering too, at the extraordinary Notion of *Arabella*; for, as soon as he had pronounced those fatal Words, she started back two or three Steps; cast a  
Look

Look at him full of the highest Indignation; and, lifting up her fine Eyes to Heaven, seemed, in the Language of Romance, to accuse the Gods for subjecting her to so cruel an Indignity.

The Tumult of her Thoughts being a little settled, she turned again towards *Glanville*; whose Countenance expressing nothing of that Confusion and Anxiety common to an Adorer in so critical a Circumstance, her Rage returned with greater Violence than ever.

If I do not express all the Resentment your Insolence has filled me with, said she to him, affecting more Scorn than Anger, 'tis because I hold you too mean for my Resentment; but never hope for my Pardon for your presumptuous Confession of a Passion I could almost despise myself for inspiring. If it be true that you love me, go and find your Punishment in that Absence to which I doom you; and never hope I will suffer a Person in my Presence, who has affronted me in the manner you have done.

Saying this, she walked away, making a Sign to him not to follow her.

Mr. *Glanville*, who was at first disposed to laugh at the strange Manner in which she received his Expressions of Esteem for her, found something, so extremely haughty and contemptuous in the Speech she had made; that he was almost mad with Vexation.

As he had no Notion of his Cousin's heroic Sentiments, and had never read Romances, he was quite ignorant of the Nature of his Offence; and, supposing the Scorn she had expressed for him was founded upon the Difference of their Rank and Fortune, his Pride was so sensibly mortified at that Thought, and her so insolently forbidding him her Presence, that he was once inclined to shew his Resentment of such ungentle Use, by quitting the Castle without taking Leave even of the Marquis, who, he thought, could not be ignorant of the Reception he was likely to meet with from his Daughter; and ought to have guarded him against it, if he really meant him so well as he seemed to do.

As he was extremely violent and hasty in his Resolutions,

lutions, and nicely sensible of the least Affront, he was not in a Condition to reason justly upon the Marquis's Conduct in this Affair; and while he was fluctuating with a thousand different Resolutions, *Lucy* came to him with a Billet from her Lady, which she delivered without staying till he opened it; and was superscribed in this Manner:

*Arabella, To the most presumptuous Man in the World —*

**Y**OU seem to acknowledge so little Respect and Deference for the Commands of a Lady, that I am afraid it will be but too necessary to reiterate that, which, at parting, I laid upon you: Know then, that I absolutely insist upon your repairing, in the only manner you are able, the Affront you have put upon me; which is, by never appearing before me again. If you think proper to confine me to my Chamber, by continuing here any longer, you will add Disobedience to the Crime by which you have already mortally offended

*Arabella.*

The Superscription of this Letter, and the uncommon Style of it, persuaded Mr. *Glanville*, that what he had been foolish enough to resent as an Affront, was designed as a Jest, and meant to divert him as well as herself: He examined her Behaviour again, and wondered at his Stupidity in not discovering it before. His Resentment vanishing immediately, he returned to the House; and went, without Ceremony, to *Arabella's* Apartment, which he entred before she perceived him, being in a profound Musing at one of the Windows: The Noise he made, in approaching her, obliged her at last to look up; when, starting, as if she had seen a Basilisk, she flew to her Closet, and shutting the Door with great Violence, commanded him to leave her Chamber immediately.

Mr. *Glanville*, still supposing her in Jest, intreated her to open the Door; but, finding she continued obstinate, Well, said he, going away, I shall be revenged  
on

on you some time hence, and make you repent the Tricks you play me now.

*Arabella* not being able to imagine any thing, by these Words he spoke in Raillery, but that he really, in the Spite and Anguish of his Heart, threatened her with executing some terrible Enterprize; she did not doubt, but he either intended to carry her away; or, thinking her Aversion to him proceeded from his having a Rival happy enough to be esteemed by her, those mysterious Words he had uttered related to his Design of killing him; so that as she knew, he could discover no Rival to wreak his Revenge upon, she feared, that, at once to satisfy that Passion as well as his Love, he would make himself Master of her Liberty: For, in fine, said she to *Lucy*, to whom she communicated all her Thoughts, have I not every thing to apprehend from a Man, who knows so little how to treat my Sex with the Respect which is our Due, and who, after having, contrary to the timorous Nature of that Passion, insulted me with a free Declaration of Love, treated my Commands with the utmost Contempt by appearing before me again, and even threatens me with the Revenge he is meditating at this Moment?

Had Mr. *Glanville* been present, and heard the terrible Misfortunes which she prefaged from the few Words he had jestingly spoke, he would certainly have made her quite furious, by the Diversion her Mistake would have afforded him. But the more she reflected on his Words, the more she was persuaded of the terrible Purpose of them.

'Twas in vain to acquaint her Father with the Reasons she had for disliking his Choice: His Resolution was fixed, and if she did not voluntarily conform to it, she exposed herself to the Attempts of a violent and unjust Lover, who would either prevail upon the Marquis to lay a Force upon her Inclinations, or make himself Master of her Person, and never cease persecuting her, till he had obliged her to give him her Hand.

Having reasoned herself into a perfect Conviction that all these things must necessarily happen, she thought it both just and reasonable to provide for her own

own Security, by a speedy Flight : The Want of a Precedent, indeed, for an Action of this Nature, held her a few Moments in Suspence ; for she did not remember to have read of any Heroine that voluntarily left her Father's House, however persecuted she might be ; but she considered, that there was not any of the Ladies in Romances, in the same Circumstances with herself who was without a favoured Lover, for whose sake it might have been believed she had made an Elopement, which would have been highly prejudicial to her Glory ; and, as there was no Foundation for any Suspicion of that Kind in her Case, she thought there was nothing to hinder her from withdrawing from a tyrannical Exertion of parental Authority, and the secret Machinations of a Lover, whose Aim was to take away her Liberty, either by obliging her to marry him, or by making her a Prisoner.

## C H A P. X.

*Contains several Incidents, in which the Reader is expected to be extremely interested.*

**A**RABELLA had spent some Hours in her Closet, revolving a thousand different Stratagems to escape from the Misfortune that threatened her, when she was interrupted by *Lucy*, who, after desiring Admittance, informed her, that the Marquis, having rode out to take the Air that Evening, had fallen from his Horse and received some Hurt ; that he was gone to Bed, and desired to see her.

*Arabella*, hearing her Father was indisposed, ran to him, excessively alarmed ; and reflecting on the Resolution she had just before taken, of leaving him, which aggravated her Concern, she came to his Bedside with her Eyes swimming in Tears. Mr. *Glanville* was sitting near him ; but, rising at her Appearance to give her his Chair, which she accepted without taking any Notice of him, he stood at some distance contemplating her Face, to which Sorrow had given so many Charms, that



that he gazed on her with an Eagerness and Delight that could not escape her Observation.

She blushed excessively at the passionate Looks he gave her, and, finding the Marquis's Indisposition not considerable enough to oblige her to a constant Attendance at his Bed-side, she took the first Opportunity of returning to her Chamber; but, as she was going out, *Glanville* presented his Hand to lead her up Stairs: Which she scornfully refusing;

Sure, Cousin, said he, a little piqued, you are not disposed to carry on your ill-natured Jest any further?

If you imagined I jested with you, said *Arabella*, I am rather to accuse the Slowness of your Understanding, for your persisting in treating me thus freely, than the Insolence I first imputed it to: But, whatever is the Cause of it, I now tell you again, that you have extremely offended me; and, if my Father's Illness did not set Bounds to my Resentment at present, I would make you know, that I would not suffer the Injury you do me, so patiently.

Since you would have me to believe you are serious, replied *Glanville*, be pleased to let me know what Offence it is you complain of; for I protest I am quite at a Loss to understand you.

Was it not enough, resumed *Arabella*, to affront me with an insolent Declaration of your Passion, but you must also, in Contempt of my Commands to the contrary, appear before me again, pursue me to my Chamber, and use the most brutal Menaces to me?

Hold, pray, Madam, interrupted *Glanville*, and suffer me to ask you, If it is my Presumption, in declaring myself your Admirer, that you are so extremely offended at?

Doubtless it is, Sir, answered *Arabella*, and such a Presumption, as, without the aggravating Circumstances you have since added to it, is sufficient to make me always your Enemy.

I beg Pardon, returned Mr. *Glanville* gravely, for that Offence; and also, for staying any longer in a House, which you have, so genteelly, turned me out of.

My Pardon, Mr. *Glanville*, resumed she, is not so easily gained: Time, and your Repentance, may, indeed, do much towards obtaining it.

Saying this, she made a Sign to him to retire, for he had walked up with her to her Chamber: But, finding he did not obey her, for really he was quite unacquainted with these Sorts of dumb Commands, she hastily retired to her Closet, lest he should attempt to move her Pity, by any Expressions of Despair for the cruel Banishment she had doomed him to.

Mr. *Glanville*, seeing she had shut herself up in her Closet, left her Chamber, and retired to his own, more confounded than ever at the Behaviour of his Cousin.

Her bidding him so peremptorily to leave the House, would have equally persuaded him of her Ignorance and Ill-breeding, had not the Elegance of her Manners, in every other respect, proved the contrary: Nor was it possible to doubt she had a great Share of Understanding; since her Conversation, singular as some of her Sentiments seemed to him, was far superior to most other Ladies. Therefore, he concluded, the Affront he had received, proceeded from her Disdain to admit the Addresses of any Person, whose Quality was inferior to hers; which, probably, was increased to some particular Dislike she had to his Person.

His Honour would not permit him to make Use of that Advantage her Father's Authority could give him; and, wholly engrossed by his Resentment of the Usage he had received from her, he resolved to set out for *London* the next Day without seeing the Marquis, from whom he was apprehensive of some Endeavours to detain him.

Having taken this Resolution, he ordered his Servant to have the Horses ready early in the Morning; and, without taking any Notice of his Intention, he left the Castle, riding, as fast as possible, to the next Stage, from whence he wrote to his Uncle, and dispatching a Messenger with his Letter, held on his Way to *London*.

The Marquis, being pretty well recovered from his  
Indisposition

Indisposition by a good Night's Rest, sent for Mr. *Glanville* in the Morning, to walk with him, as was his Custom, in the Garden; but, hearing he had rode out, tho' he imagined it was only to take the Air, yet he could not help accusing him, in his own Thoughts, of a little Neglect; for which he resolved to chide him, when he returned: But his long Stay filling him with some Surprize, he was beginning to express his Fears that something had befallen him, to *Arabella*, who was then with him; when a Servant presented him the Letter, which Mr. *Glanville's* Messenger had that Moment brought.

The Marquis casting his Eyes on the Direction, and knowing his Nephew's Hand, Bless me, cried he, extremely surprized, What can this mean? *Bella*, added he, here's a Letter from your Cousin.

*Arabella*, at these Words, started up; and, preventing her Father, with a respectful Action, from opening it, I beseech you, my Lord, said she, before you read this Letter, suffer me to assure you, that, if it contains any thing fatal, I am not at all accessary to it: 'Tis true I have banished my Cousin, as a Punishment for the Offence he was guilty of towards me; but, Heaven is my Witness, I did not design his Death; and if he has taken any violent Resolution against himself, he has greatly exceeded my Commands.

The Marquis, whose Surprize was considerably increased by these Words, hastily broke open the Letter, which she perceiving, hurried out of the Room; and locking herself up in her Closet, began to bewail the Effect of her Charms, as if she was perfectly assured of her Cousin's Death.

The Marquis, however, who, from Lady *Bella's* Exclamation, had prepared himself for the Knowledge of some very extraordinary Accident, was less surprized, than he would otherwise have been, at the Contents, which were as follow:

*My Lord,*

**A**S my leaving your House so abruptly will certainly make me appear guilty of a most unpardonable Rudeness,

Rudeness, I cannot dispense with myself from acquainting your Lordship with the Cause; though, to spare the Reproaches Lady *Bella* will probably cast on me for doing so, I could wish you knew it by any other Means.

But, my Lord, I value your Esteem too much to hazard the Loss of it by suffering you to imagine, that I am capable of doing any thing to displease you. Lady *Bella* was pleased to order me to stay no longer in the House; and menaced me with some very terrible Usage, if I disobeyed her: She used so many other contemptuous Expressions to me, that, I am persuaded, I shall never be so happy as to possess the Honour you designed for,

My Lord,

Your most obedient, &c.

*Charles Glanville.*

When the Marquis had read this Letter, he went to his Daughter's Apartment with an Intention to chide her severely for her Usage of his Nephew; but seeing her come to meet him with her Eyes bathed in Tears, he insensibly lost some Part of his Resentment.

Alas! my Lord, said she, I know you come prepared to load me with Reproaches, upon my Cousin's Account; but, I beseech your Lordship do not aggravate my Sorrows: Tho' I banished Mr. *Glanville*, I did not desire his Death; and, questionless, if he knew how I *resent* it, his Ghost would be satisfied with the Sacrifice I make him.

The Marquis not being able to help smiling at this Conceit, which he saw had so strongly possessed her Imagination, that she had no sort of Doubt but that her Cousin was dead, asked her, if she really believed Mr. *Glanville* loved her well enough to die with Grief at her ill Usage of him?

If, said she, he loves me not well enough to die for me, he certainly loves me but too little; and I am the less obliged to him.

But I desire to know, interrupted the Marquis, For what Crime it was you took the Liberty to banish him from my House?

I banished

I banished him, my Lord, resumed she, for his Presumption in telling me he loved me.

That Presumption, as you call it, tho' I know not for what Reason, said the Marquis, was authorized by me: Therefore, know, *Bella*, that I not only permit him to love you, but I also expect you should endeavour to return his Affection; and look upon him as the Man whom I design for your Husband: There's his Letter, pursued he, putting it into her Hand. I blush for the Rudeness you have been guilty of; but endeavour to repair it, by a more obliging Behaviour for the future: I am going to send after him immediately to prevail upon him to return; Therefore, write him an Apology, I charge you; and have it done by the Time my Messenger is ready to set out.

Saying this he went out of the Room; and *Arabella*, eagerly opened the Letter; and, finding it in a Style so different from what she expected; her Dislike of him, returned with more Violence than ever.

Ah! the Traitor! said she aloud, Is it thus that he endeavours to move my Compassion? How greatly did I over-rate his Affection, when I imagined his Despair was capable of killing him? Disloyal Man! pursued she, walking about, Is it by Complaints to my Father that thou expectest to succeed? And dost thou imagine the Heart of *Arabella* is to be won by Violence and Injustice?

In this Manner she wasted the Time allotted for her to write; and, when the Marquis sent for her Letter, having no Intention to comply, she went to his Chamber, conjuring him not to oblige her to a Condescension, so unworthy of her.

The Marquis, being now excessively angry with her, rose up in a Fury, and leading her to his Writing-Desk, ordered her, instantly, to write to her Cousin.

If I must write, my Lord, said she, sobbing, pray be so good as to dictate what I must say.

Apologize for your rude Behaviour, said the Marquis; and desire him, in the most obliging manner you can, to return,

*Arabella*, seeing there was a necessity for obeying, took up the Pen, and wrote the following Billet:

*The unfortunate Arabella, to the most ungenerous Glanville.*

**I**T is not by the Power I have over you, that I command you to return, for I disclaim any Empire over so unworthy a Subject; but, since it is my Father's Pleasure I should invite you back, I must let you know that I repeal your Banishment, and expect you will immediately return with the Messenger who brings this; however, to spare your Acknowledgements, know, that it is in Obedience to my Father's absolute Commands, that you receive this Mandate from

*Arabella.*

Having finished this Billet, she gave it to the Marquis to read; who, finding a great deal of his own Haughtiness of Temper in it, could not resolve to check her for a Disposition so like his own: Yet he told her, her Stile was very uncommon: And pray added he, smiling, who taught you to superscribe your Letters thus, "The unfortunate *Arabella*, to the most ungenerous *Glanville*?" Why, *Bella*, this Superscription is wholly calculated for the Bearer's Information: But come, alter it immediately; for I don't choose my Messenger should know, that you are unfortunate, or that my Nephew is ungenerous.

Pray, my Lord, replied *Arabella*, content yourself with what I have already done in Obedience to your Commands, and suffer my Letter to remain as it is: Methinks it is but reasonable I should express some little Resentment at the Complaint my Cousin has been pleased to make to you against me; nor can I possibly make my Letter more obliging, without being guilty of an unpardonable Meanness.

You are a strange Girl, replied the Marquis, taking the Letter, and inclosing it in one from himself; in which he earnestly intreated his Nephew to return, threatening him with his Displeasure, if he disobeyed; and

and assuring him, that his Daughter would receive him as well as he could possibly desire.

The Messenger being dispatched, with Orders to ride Post, and overtake the young Gentleman, he obeyed his Orders so well, that he came up with him at —, where he intended to lodge that Night.

Mr. *Glanville*, who expected his Uncle would make use of some Methods to recal him, opened his Letter without any great Emotion; but seeing another inclosed, his Heart leaped to his Mouth, not doubting but it was a Letter from *Arabella*; but the Contents surprized him so much, that he hardly knew whether he ought to look upon them as an Invitation to return, or a new Affront, her Words were so distant and haughty. The Superscription being much the same with a Billet he had received from her in the Garden, which had made him conclude her in Jest, he knew not what to think of it: One would swear this dear Girl's Head is turned, said he to himself, if she had not more *Wit* than her whole Sex besides.

After reading *Arabella's* Letter several times, he at last opened his Uncle's; and, seeing the pressing Instances he made him to return, he resolved to obey; and the next Morning set out for the Castle.

*Arabella*, during the time her Cousin was expected, appeared so melancholy and reserved, that the Marquis was extremely uneasy: You have never, said he to her, disobeyed me in any one Action of your Life; and I may with reason expect you will conform to my Will in the Choice I have made of a Husband for you, since it is impossible to make any Objection either to his Person or Mind; and, being the Son of my Sister, he is certainly not unworthy of you, tho' he has not a Title.

My first Wish, my Lord, replied *Arabella*, is to live single, not being desirous of entering into any Engagement which may hinder my Solitude and Cares, and lessen my Attendance, upon the best of Fathers, who, till now, has always most tenderly complied with my Inclinations in every thing: But if it is your absolute Command, that I should marry, give me not to one who, tho' he has the Honour to be allied to you,  
has

has neither merited your Esteem, or my Favour, by any Action worthy of his Birth, or the Passion he pretends to have for me; for, in fine, my Lord, by what Services has he deserved the Distinction with which you honour him? Has he ever delivered you from any considerable Danger? Has he saved your Life, and hazarded his own, for you, upon any Occasion whatever? Has he merited my Esteem, by his Sufferings, Fidelity, and Respect; or, by any great and generous Action, given me a Testimony of his Love, which should oblige me to reward him with my Affection? Ah! my Lord, I beseech you, think not so unworthily of your Daughter, as to bestow her upon one who has done so little to deserve her: If my Happiness be dear to you, do not precipitate me into a State from whence you cannot recall me, with a Person whom I can never affect.

She would have gone on, but the Marquis interrupted her sternly: I'll hear no more, said he, of your foolish and ridiculous Objections: What Stuff is this you talk of? What Service am I to expect from my Nephew? And by what Sufferings is he to merit your Esteem? Assure yourself, *Arabella*, continued he, that I will never pardon you, if you presume to treat my Nephew in the Manner you have done: I perceive you have no real Objection to make to him; therefore I expect you will endeavour to obey me without Reluctance; for, since you seem to be so little acquainted with what will most conduce to your own Happiness, you must not think it strange, if I insist upon directing your Choice in the most important Business of your Life.

*Arabella* was going to reply; but the Marquis ordered her to be silent; and she went to her own Apartment in so much Affliction, that she thought her Misfortunes were not exceeded by any she had ever read.



## C H A P. XI.

*In which a logical Argument is unseasonably interrupted.*

**T**HE Marquis was also extremely uneasy at her Obstinacy: He desired nothing more ardently than to marry her to his Nephew; but he could not resolve to force her Consent; and, however determined he appeared to her, yet, in Reality, he intended only to use Persuasions to effect what he desired; and, from the natural Sweetness of her Temper, he was sometimes not without Hopes, that she might, at last, be prevailed upon to comply.

His Nephew's Return restored him to Part of his usual Tranquillity: After he had gently chid him for suffering himself to be so far transported with his Resentment at the little Humours of a Lady, as to leave his House, without acquainting him, he bid him go to *Arabella*, and endeavour to make his Peace with her.

Mr. *Glanville* accordingly went to her Apartment, resolving to oblige her to come to some Explanation with him concerning the Offence she complained of; but that fair incensed Lady, who had taken Shelter in her Closet, ordered *Lucy* to tell him she was indisposed, and could not see him.

*Glanville*, however, comforted himself for this Disappointment by the Hopes of seeing her at Supper, and accordingly she came, when the Supper-Bell rung, and, making a very cool Compliment to her Cousin, placed herself at Table: The soft Languor that appeared in her Eyes, gave such an additional Charm to one of the loveliest Faces in the World, that *Glanville*, who sat opposite to her, could not help gazing on her with a very particular Attention; he often spoke to her, and asked her trifling Questions, for the sake of hearing the Sound of her Voice, which Sorrow had made inchantingly sweet.

When Supper was over, she would have retired; but the Marquis desired her to stay and entertain her Cousin,

fin, while he went to look over some Dispatches he had received from *London*.

*Arabella* blushed with Anger at this Command; but, not daring to disobey, she kept her Eyes fixed on the Ground, as if she dreaded to hear something that would displease her.

Well, Cousin, said *Glanville*, tho' you desire to have no Empire over so unworthy a Subject as myself, yet I hope you are not displeas'd at my return, in Obedience to your Commands.

Since I am not allowed any Will of my own, said she, sighing, it matters not whether I am pleas'd, or displeas'd; nor is it of any Consequence to you to know.

Indeed but it is, Lady *Bells*, interrupted he; for if I knew how to please you, I would never, if I could help it, offend: Therefore, I beg you, tell me how I have disobliged you; for, certainly, you have treated me as harshly as if I had been guilty of some very terrible Offence.

You had the Boldness, said she, to talk to me of Love, and you well know that Persons of my Sex and Quality are not permitted to listen to such Discourses; and if, for that Offence, I banish'd you my Presence, I did no more than Decency required of me; and which I would yet do, were I Mistress of my own Actions.

But is it possible, Cousin, said *Glanville*, that you can be angry with any one for loving you? Is that a Crime of so high a Nature as to merit an eternal Banishment from your Presence?

Without telling you, said *Arabella*, blushing, whether I am angry at being loved, 'tis sufficient you know, that I will not pardon the Man who shall have the Presumption to tell me he loves me.

But, Madam, interrupted *Glanville*, if the Person who tells you he loves you, be of a Rank not beneath you; I conceive you are not at all injur'd by the favourable Sentiments he feels for you; and, tho' you are not dispos'd to make any Returns to his Passion, yet you are certainly oblig'd to him for his good Opinion.

Since Love is not voluntary, replied *Arabella*, I am not

not obliged to any Person for loving me; for, questionless, if he could help it, he would.

If it is not a voluntary Favour, interrupted *Glanville*, it is not a voluntary Offence; and, if you do not think yourself obliged by the one, neither are you at Liberty to be offended with the other.

The Question, said *Arabella*, is not whether I ought to be offended at being loved, but whether it is not an Offence to be told I am so.

If there is nothing criminal in the Passion itself, Madam, resumed *Glanville*, certainly there can be no Crime in declaring it.

However specious your Arguments may appear, interrupted *Arabella*, I am persuaded it is an unpardonable Crime to tell a Lady you love her; and, tho' I had nothing else to plead, yet the Authority of Custom is sufficient to prove it.

Custom, Lady *Bella*, said *Glanville*, smiling, is wholly on my Side; for the Ladies are so far from being displeas'd at the Addresses of their Lovers, that their chiefest Care is to gain them, and their greatest Triumph to hear them talk of their Passion: So, Madam, I hope you'll allow that Argument has no Force.

I don't know, answered *Arabella*, what Sort of Ladies there are who allow such unbecoming Liberties, but I am certain, that *Statira*, *Parisatis*, *Clelia*, *Mandana*, and all the illustrious Heroines of Antiquity, whom it is a Glory to resemble, would never admit of such Discourses.

Ah for Heaven's sake, Cousin, interrupted *Glanville*, endeavouring to stifle a Laugh, do not suffer yourself to be governed by such antiquated Maxims! The World is quite different to what it was in those Days; and the Ladies in this Age would as soon follow the Fashions of the *Greek* and *Roman* Ladies, as mimic their Manners; and I believe they would become one as ill as the other.

I am sure, replied *Arabella*, the World is not more virtuous now than it was in their Days, and there is good Reason to believe it is not much wiser; and I don't see why the Manners of this Age are to be preferred to those

those of former ones, unless they are wiser and better: However, I cannot be persuaded, that Things are as you say, and that when I am a little better acquainted with the World, I shall find as many Persons who resemble *Orosdates*, *Artaxerxes*, and the illustrious Lovers of *Clelia*, as those who are like *Tiribases*, *Artaxos*, and the presuming and insolent *Glanville*.

By the Epithets you give me, Madam, said *Glanville*, I find you have placed me in very bad Company: But pray, Madam, if the illustrious Lover of *Clelia* had never discovered his Passion, how would the World have come to the Knowledge of it?

He did not discover his Passion, Sir, returned *Arabella*, till, by the Services he did the noble *Clelus*, and his incomparable Daughter; he could plead some Title to their Esteem: He several times preserved the Life of that renowned *Roman*; delivered the beautiful *Clelia* when she was a Captive; and, in fine, conferred so many Obligations upon them, and all their Friends, as he might well expect to be pardoned by the divine *Clelia* for daring to love her. Nevertheless, she used him very harshly, when he first declared his Passion, and banished him also from her Presence; and it was a long time before she could prevail upon herself to compassionate his Sufferings.

The Marquis coming in interrupted *Arabella*; upon which she took Occasion to retire; leaving *Glanville* more captivated with her than ever.

He found her Usage of him was grounded upon Examples she thought it her Duty to follow; and, strange as her Notions of Life appeared, yet they were supported with so much Wit and Delicacy, that he could not help admiring her, while he foresaw, the Oddity of her Humour would throw innumerable Difficulties in his Way; before he should be able to obtain her.

However, as he was really passionately in Love with her, he resolved to accommodate himself, as much as possible, to her Taste, and endeavour to gain her Heart by a Behaviour most agreeable to her: He therefore assumed an Air of great Distance and Respect; never mentioned

mentioned his Affection, nor the Intentions of her Father in his Favour; and the Marquis, observing his Daughter conversed with him with less Reluctance than usual, leaving to Time, and the Merit of his Nephew, to dispose her to comply with his Desires, resolved not to interpose his Authority in an Affair upon which her own Happiness so much depended.

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## C H A P. XII.

*In which the Reader will find a Specimen of the true Pathetic, in a Speech of Oroondates. —  
The Adventure of the Books.*

**A**RABELLA saw the Change in her Cousin's Behaviour with a great deal of Satisfaction; for she did not doubt but his Passion was as strong as ever; but that he forbore, thro' Respect, from entertaining her with any Expressions of it: Therefore she now conversed with him with the greatest Sweetness and Complaisance: She would walk with him for several Hours in the Garden, leaning upon his Arm; and charmed him to the last Degree of Admiration by the agreeable Sallies of her Wit, and her fine Reasoning upon every Subject he proposed.

It was with the greatest Difficulty he restrained himself from telling her a Thousand times a Day that he loved her to Excess, and conjuring her to give her Consent to her Father's Designs in his Favour: But, tho' he could get over his Fears of offending her, yet it was impossible to express any Sentiments of this Nature to her, without having her Women Witnesses of his Discourse; for, when he walked with her in the Garden, *Lucy*, and another Attendant, always followed her: If he sat with her in her own Chamber, her Women were always at one End of it: And, when they were both in the Marquis's Apartment, where her Women did not follow her, poor *Glanville* found himself embarrassed by his Presence; for, conceiving his Nephew had Opportunities enough of talking to

his Daughter in private, he always partook of their Conversation.

He passed some Weeks in this Manner, extremely chagrined at the little Progress he made; and was beginning to be heartily weary of the Constraint he laid upon himself, when *Arabella*, one Day, furnished him, without designing it, with an Opportunity of talking to her on the Subject he wished for.

When I reflect, said she, laughing, upon the Difference there was between us some Days ago, and the Familiarity in which we live at present, I cannot imagine by what means you have arrived to a good Fortune you had so little Reason to expect; for, in fine, you have given me no Signs of Repentance for the Fault you committed, which moved me to banish you; and I am not certain whether, in conversing with you in the manner I do, I give you not as much Reason to find Fault with my too great Easiness, as you did me to be displeas'd with your Presumption.

Since, returned *Glanville*, I have not persisted in the Commission of those Faults which displeas'd you, what greater Signs of Repentance can you desire, than this Reformation in my Behaviour?

But Repentance ought to precede Reformation, replied *Arabella*; otherwise, there is great Room to suspect it is only feigned: And a sincere Repentance shews itself in such visible Marks, that one can hardly be deceiv'd in that which is genuine. I have read of many indiscreet Lovers, who not succeeding in their Addresses, have pretended to repent, and acted as you do; that is, without giving any Signs of Contrition for the Fault they had committed, have eat and slept well, never lost their Colour, or grew one bit thinner, by their Sorrow; but contented themselves with saying they repented; and, without changing their Disposition to renew their Fault, only conceal'd their Intention, for fear of losing any favourable Opportunity of committing it again: But true Repentance, as I was saying, not only produces Reformation, but the Person who is possess'd of it voluntarily punishes himself for the Faults he has been guilty of. Thus *Manares*, deeply repenting

repenting of the Crime his Passion for the divine *Mandana* had forced him to commit; as a Punishment, obliged himself to follow the Fortune of his glorious Rival; obey all his Commands; and, fighting under his Banners, assist him to gain the Possession of his adored Mistress. Such a glorious Instance of Self-denial was, indeed, a sufficient Proof of his Repentance; and infinitely more convincing than the Silence he imposed upon himself with respect to his Passion.

*Oroondates*, to punish himself for his Presumption, in daring to tell the admirable *Statira*, that he loved her, resolved to die, to expiate his Crime; and, doubtless, would have done so, if his fair Mistress, at the Intreaty of her Brother, had not commanded him to live.

But pray, Lady *Bella*, interrupted *Glanville*, were not these Gentlemen happy at last in the Possession of their Mistresses?

Doubtless they were, Sir, resumed she; but it was not till after numberless Misfortunes, infinite Services, and many dangerous Adventures, in which their Fidelity was put to the strongest Trials imaginable.

I am glad, however, said *Glanville*, that the Ladies were not insensible; for, since you do not disapprove of their Compassion for their Lovers, it is to be hoped you will not be always as inexorable as you are now.

When I shall be so fortunate, interrupted she, to meet with a Lover who shall have as pure and perfect a Passion for me, as *Oroondates* had for *Statira*, and give me as many glorious Proofs of his Constancy and Affection, doubtless I shall not be ungrateful: But, since I have not the Merits of *Statira*, I ought not to pretend to her good Fortune; and shall be very well contented if I escape the Persecutions which Persons of my Sex, who are not frightfully ugly, are always exposed to, without hoping to inspire such a Passion as that of *Oroondates*.

I should be glad to be better acquainted with the Actions of this happy Lover, Madam, said *Glanville*; that, forming myself upon his Example, I may hope to please a Lady as worthy of my Regard as *Statira* was of his.

For

For Heaven's sake, Cousin, resumed *Arabella*, laughing, how have you spent your Time; and to what Studies have you devoted all your Hours, that you could find none to spare for the Perusal of Books from which all useful Knowledge may be drawn; which give us the most shining Examples of Generosity, Courage, Virtue, and Love; which regulate our Actions, form our Manners, and inspire us with a noble Desire of emulating those great, heroic, and virtuous Actions, which made those Persons so glorious in their Age, and so worthy Imitation in ours? However, as it is never too late to improve, suffer me to recommend to you the reading of these Books, which will soon make you discover the Improprieties you have been guilty of; and will, probably, induce you to avoid them for the future.

I shall certainly read them, if you desire it, said *Glanville*; and I have so great an Inclination to be agreeable to you, that I shall embrace every Opportunity of becoming so; and will therefore take my Instructions from these Books, if you think proper, or from yourself; which, indeed, will be the quickest Method of teaching me.

*Arabella* having ordered one of her Women to bring *Cleopatra*, *Cassandra*, *Clelia*, and the Grand *Cyrus*, from her Library, *Glanville* no sooner saw the Girl return, sinking under the Weight of those voluminous Romances, but he began to tremble at the Apprehension of his Cousin laying her Commands upon him to read them; and repented of his Complaisance, which exposed him to the cruel Necessity of performing what to him appeared an *Herculean* Labour, or else incurring her Anger by his Refusal.

*Arabella*, making her Women place the Books upon a Table before her, opened them, one after another, with Eyes sparkling with Delight; while *Glanville* sat rapt in Admiration at the Sight of so many huge Folio's, written, as he conceived, upon the most trifling Subjects imaginable.

I have chosen out these few, said *Arabella* (not observing his Consternation) from a great many others, which compose the most valuable Part of my Library; and,



and, by that time you have gone thro' these, I imagine you will be considerably improved.

Certainly, Madam, replied *Glanville*, turning over the Leaves in great Confusion, one may, as you say, be greatly improved, for these Books contain a great deal: And, looking over a Page of *Cassandra*, without any Design, read these Words, which were Part of *Oroondates's* Soliloquy when he received a cruel Sentence from *Stacira*.

“ Ah cruel! says this miserable Lover, and what  
 “ have I done to merit it? Examine the Nature of  
 “ my Offence, and you will see I am not so guilty,  
 “ but that my Death may free me from Part of that  
 “ Severity: Shall your Hatred last longer than my  
 “ Life? And can you detest a Soul that forsakes its  
 “ Body only to obey you? No, no, you are not so  
 “ hard-hearted; that Satisfaction, will, doubtless,  
 “ content you: And, when I shall cease to be, doubt-  
 “ less I shall cease to be odious to you.”

Upon my Soul, said *Glanville*, stifling a Laugh with great Difficulty, I cannot help blaming the Lady this sorrowful Lover complains of, for her great Cruelty; for here he gives one Reason to suspect, that she will not even be contented with his dying in Obedience to her Commands, but will hate him after Death, an Impiety quite inexcusable in a Christian!

You condemn this illustrious Princess with very little Reason, interrupted *Arabella*, smiling at his Mistake; for, besides that she was not a Christian, and ignorant of those Divine Maxims of Charity and Forgiveness, which Christians, by their Profession, are obliged to practise, she was very far from desiring the Death of *Oroondates*; for, if you will take the Pains to read the succeeding Passages, you will find that she expresses herself in the most obliging Manner in the World; for when *Oroondates* tells her he would live, if she would consent he should, the Princess most sweetly replies, “ I not only consent, but also intreat it; and, “ if I have any Power, command it.” However, lest you should fall into the other Extreme, and blame this great Princess for her Easiness (as you before condemned her

her for her Cruelty,) 'tis necessary you should know how she was induced to this favourable Behaviour to her Lover: Therefore pray read the whole Transaction. Stay! here it begins, continued she; turning over a good many Pages, and marking where he should begin to read.

*Glanville*, having no great Stomach to the Task, endeavoured to evade it, by intreating his Cousin to relate the Passages she desired he should be acquainted with: But she declining it, he was obliged to obey; and began to read where she directed him: And, to leave him at Liberty to read with the greater Attention, she left him, and went to a Window at another End of the Chamber.

Mr. *Glanville*, who was not willing to displease her, examined the Task she had set him, resolving, if it was not a very hard one, to comply; but, counting the Pages, he was quite terrified at the Number, and could not prevail upon himself to read them: Therefore, glancing them over, he pretended to be deeply engaged in reading, when, in Reality, he was contemplating the surprising Effect these Books had produced in the Mind of his Cousin; who, had she been untainted with the ridiculous Whims they created in her Imagination, was, in his Opinion, one of the most accomplished Ladies in the World.

When he had sat long enough to make her believe he had read what she had desired, he rose up, and, joining her at the Window, began to talk of the Pleasantness of the Evening, instead of the Rigour of *Statira*.

*Arabella* coloured with Vexation at his extreme Indifference in a Matter which was of such prodigious Consequence, in her Opinion; but disdainng to put him in mind of his Rudeness, in quitting a Subject they had not thoroughly discussed, and which she had taken so much Pains to make him comprehend, she continued silent; and would not condescend to afford him an Answer to any thing he said.

*Glanville*, by her Silence and Frowns, was made sensible of his Fault; and, to repair it, began to talk of

of the inexorable *Statira*, though, indeed, he did not well know what to say.

*Arabella*, clearing up a little, did not disdain to answer him upon her favourite Topic: I knew, said she, you would be ready to blame this Princess equally for her Rigour and her Kindness; but it must be remembered that, what she did in Favour of *Oroondates*, was wholly owing to the Generosity of *Artaxerxes*.

Here she stopped, expecting *Glanville* to give his Opinion; who, strangely puzzled, replied at random, To be sure, Madam, he was a very generous Rival.

Rival! cried *Arabella*; *Artaxerxes* the Rival of *Oroondates*! Why certainly you have lost your Wits: He was *Statira's* Brother; and it was to his Mediation that *Oroondates*, or *Orontes*, owed his Happiness.

Certainly, Madam, replied *Glanville*, it was very generous in *Artaxerxes*, as he was Brother to *Statira*, to interpose in the Behalf of an unfortunate Lover; and both *Oroondates*, and *Orontes*, were extremely obliged to him.

*Orontes*, replied *Arabella*, was more obliged to him than *Oroondates*; since the Quality of *Orontes* was infinitely below that of *Oroondates*.

But, Madam, interrupted *Glanville*, (extremely pleased at his having so well got over the Difficulty he had been in,) which of these two Lovers did *Statira* make happy?

This unlucky Question immediately informed *Arabella*, that she had been all this time the Dupe of her Cousin; who, if he had read a single Page, would have known that *Orontes* and *Oroondates* was the same Person; the Name of *Orontes* being assumed by *Oroondates*, to conceal his real Name and Quality.

The Shame and Rage she conceived at so glaring a Proof of his Disrespect, and the Ridicule to which she had exposed herself, were so great, that she could not find Words severe enough to express her Resentment; but, protesting that no Consideration whatever should oblige her to converse with him again, she ordered him instantly to quit her Chamber; and assured him, if he ever attempted to approach her again, she would submit

mit to the most terrible Effects of her Father's Resentment, rather than be obliged to see a Person who had, by his unworthy Behaviour, made himself her Scorn and Aversion.

*Glanville*, who saw himself going to be discarded a second time, attempted, with great Submission, to move her to recal her cruel Sentence; but *Arabella*, bursting into Tears, complained so pathetically of the Cruelty of her Destiny, in exposing her to the hated Importunities of a Man she despised, and whose Presence was so insupportable, that *Glanville*, thinking it best to let her Rage evaporate before he attempted to pacify her, quitted her Chamber; cursing *Statira* and *Orontes* a thousand times, and loading the Authors of those Books with all the Imprecations his Rage could suggest.

### C H A P. XIII.

#### *The Adventure of the Books continued.*

**I**N this Temper he went to the Gardens to pass over the Chagrin this unfortunate Accident had given him; when, meeting the Marquis, who insisted upon knowing the Cause of that ill Humour, so visible in his Countenance, *Glanville* related all that had passed; but, in Spite of his Anger, it was impossible for him to repeat the Circumstances of his Disgrace without laughing, as well as the Marquis, who thought the Story so extremely diverting, that he would needs hear it over again.

However, *Charles*, said he, though I shall do what I can to gain your Pardon from *Bella*, yet I shall not scruple to own you acted extremely wrong, in not reading what she desired you; for, besides losing an Opportunity of obliging her, you drew yourself into a terrible Dilemma; for how was it possible for you to evade a Discovery of the Cheat you put upon her, when she began to talk with you upon those Passages she had desired you to read?

I acknowledge my Error, my Lord, answered *Glanville*;

*villè*; but if you restore me to my Cousin's Favour again, I promise you to repair it by a different Behaviour for the future.

I'll see what I can do for you, said the Marquis; leaving him, to go to *Arabella's* Apartment, who had retired to her Closet, extremely afflicted at this new Insult she had received from her Cousin: Her Grief was the more poignant, as she was beginning to imagine, by the Alteration in his Behaviour, that he would prove such a Lover as she wished; for Mr. *Glanville's* Person and Qualifications had attracted her particular Notice: And, to speak in the Language of Romance, she did not hate him; but, on the contrary, was very much disposed to wish him well: Therefore, it was no Wonder she extremely resented the Atfront she had received from him.

The Marquis, not finding her in her Chamber, proceeded to her Closet, where her Women informed him she was retired; and, knocking gently at the Door, was admitted by *Arabella*, whom he immediately discerned to have been weeping very much; for her fine Eyes were red and swelled, and the Traces of her Tears might still be observed on her fair Face; which, at the Sight of the Marquis, was overspread with a Blush, as if she was conscious of her Weakness in lamenting the Crime her Cousin had been guilty of.

The Marquis drew a favourable Omen for his Nephew from her Tears and Confusion; but, not willing to increase it, by acknowledging he had observed it, he told her he was come, at Mr. *Glanville's* Request, to make up the Quarrel between them.

Ah! my Lord, interrupted *Arabella*, speak no more to me of that unworthy Man, who has so grossly abused my Favour, and the Privilege I allowed him: His Baseness and Ingratitude are but too manifest; and there is nothing I so much regret as my Weakness in restoring him to Part of my good Opinion, after he had once forfeited it, by an Insolence not to be paralleled.

Indeed, *Bella*, said the Marquis, smiling, you resent too deeply these slight Matters: I can't think my Nephew so guilty as you would have me believe he is; and

and you ought neither to be angry or surprized, that he preferred your Conversation before reading in a foolish old-fashioned Book that you put in his Hands.

If your Lordship had ever read these Books, replied *Arabella*, reddening with Vexation, 'tis probable you would have another Opinion of them; but, however that may be, my Cousin is not to be excused for the Contempt he shewed to my Commands; and for daring, by the Cheat he put on me, to expose me to the Shame of seeing myself so ridiculously imposed upon.

However, you must forgive him, said the Marquis; and I insist upon it, before I quit your Apartment, that you receive him into Favour.

Pardon me, my Lord, replied *Arabella*; this is what I neither can nor ought to do; but I hope you will not wrong me so much as to continue to desire it.

Nay, *Bella*, said he, this is carrying Things too far, and making trifling Disputes of too great Consequence: I am surprized at your Treatment of a Man whom, after all, if ever you intend to obey me, you must consent to marry.

There is no Question, my Lord, replied she, but it would be my Glory to obey you in whatever is possible; but this you command me now to do, not being so, I conceive you will rather impute my Refusal to Necessity, than Choice.

How! returned the Marquis, will you endeavour to persuade me, that it is not possible Mr. *Glorville* should be your Husband?

'Tis impossible he should be so with my Consent, resumed *Arabella*; and I cannot give it without wounding my own Quiet in a most sensible manner.

Come, come, *Bella*, said the Marquis (fretting at her extreme Obstinacy), this is too much: I am to blame to indulge your Foibles in this Manner: Your Cousin is worthy of your Affection, and you cannot refuse it to him without incurring my Displeasure.

Since my Affection is not in my own Power to bestow, said *Arabella*, weeping, I know not how to remove your Displeasure; but, questionless, I know how

to

to die, to avoid the Effects of what would be to me the most terrible Misfortune in the World.

Foolish Girl! interrupted the Marquis, how strangely do you talk? Are the Thoughts of Death become so familiar to you, that you speak of dying with so little Concern?

Since, my Lord, resumed she, in an exalted Tone, I do not yield, either in Virtue or Courage, to many others of my Sex, who, when persecuted like me, have fled to Death for Relief, I know not why I should be thought less capable of it than they; and if *Artimisa*, *Candace*, and the beautiful Daughter of *Cleopatra*, could brave the Terrors of Death for the sake of the Men they loved, there is no Question but I also could imitate their Courage, to avoid the Man I have so much Reason to hate.

The Girl is certainly distracted, interrupted the Marquis, excessively enraged at the strange Speech she had uttered: These foolish Books my Nephew talks of have turned her Brain! Where are they? pursued he, going into her Chamber: I'll burn all I can lay my Hands upon.

*Arabella*, trembling for the Fate of her Books, followed her Father into the Room, who seeing the Books which had caused this useful Adventure lying upon the Table, he ordered one of her Women to carry them into his Apartment, vowing he would commit them all to the Flames.

*Arabella*, not daring, in the Fury he was in, to interpose, he went out of the Room, leaving her to bewail the Fate of so many illustrious Heroes and Heroines, who, by an Effect of a more cruel Tyranny than any they had ever experienced before, were going to be cast into the merciless Flames; which would, doubtless, pay very little Regard to the divine Beauties of the admirable *Clelia*, or the heroic Valour of the brave *Orontes*; and the rest of those great Princes and Princesses, whose Actions *Arabella* proposed for the Model of hers.

Fortune,

Fortune, however, which never wholly forsook these illustrious Personages, rescued them from so unworthy a Fate, and brought Mr. *Glanville* into the Marquis's Chamber just as he was giving Orders to have them destroyed.

END of the FIRST BOOK.



T H E





THE

# *Female* QUIXOTE.

B O O K II.

C H A P. I.

*In which the Adventure of the Books is happily concluded.*

**T**HE Marquis, as soon as he saw Mr. *Glanville*, told him he was resolv'd to cure *Arabella* of her Whims, by burning the Books that had put them into her Head: I have seized upon some of them, pursued he, smiling; and you may, if you please, wreak your Spite upon these Authors of your Disgrace, by burning them your self.

Though I have all the Reason in the World to be enraged with that Incendiary *Statira*, said *Glanville* laughing, for the Mischief she has done me; yet I cannot consent to put such an Affront upon my Cousin, as to burn her favourite Books: And now I think of it, my Lord, pursued he, I'll endeavour to make a Merit with Lady *Bella* by saving them: Therefore spare

them, at my Request, and let me carry them to her. I shall be quite unhappy till we are Friends again.

You may do as you will, said the Marquis; but I think it encouraging her in her Follies to give them to her again.

*Glanville*, without replying, eagerly took up the Books, for fear the Marquis should change his Mind; and, highly delighted with the Opportunity he had got of making his Peace with Lady *Bella*, ran to her Apartment, loaded with these kind Intercessors; and, making his Way by *Lucy*, who would have opposed him, penetrated even into the Closet of the melancholy Fair-one, who was making bitter Reflections on the Cruelty of her Destiny, and bewailing her Loss with a Deluge of Tears.

As ridiculous as the Occasion of these Tears was, yet *Glanville* could not behold them without being affected: Assuming, therefore, a Countenance as sad as he was able, he laid the Books before her; and told her, he hoped she would excuse his coming into her Presence without her Permission, since it was only to restore her those Books, whose Loss she seemed so greatly to lament; and added, that it was with much Difficulty he prevailed upon the Marquis not to burn them immediately; and his Fears, that he might really do as he threatened, made him snatch them up, and bring them with so little Ceremony, into her Closet.

*Arabella*, whose Countenance brightened into a Smile of pleasing Surprise at the Sight of her recovered Treasure, turned her bright Eyes upon *Glanville* with a Look of Complacency that went to his Heart.

I well perceive, said she, that, in exaggerating the Merit of this little Service you have done me, you expect I should suffer it to cancel your past Offences: I am not ungrateful enough to be insensible of any Kindness that is shewn me; and, tho' I might be excused for suspecting it was rather Policy than Friendship, that induced you to seek my Satisfaction, by saving these innocent Victims of my Father's Displeasure, nevertheless I pardon you upon the Supposition,

position, that you will, for the future, avoid all Occasion of offending me.

At these Words, she made a Sign to him to be gone, fearing the Extravagance of his Joy would make him throw himself at her Feet to thank her for the infinite Favour she had conferred upon him; but, finding he seemed disposed to stay longer, she called one of her Women into the Closet; and, by some very significant Frowns, gave *Glanville* to understand his Stay was displeasing; so that he left her, with a very low Bow, highly pleased at her having repealed his Banishment; and, assured the Marquis, that nothing could have happened more fortunate for him, than his intended Disposal of his Daughter's Books, since it had proved the Means of restoring him to her Favour.

## CHAP. II.

*Which contains a very natural Incident.*

FROM this Time Mr. *Glanville*, tho' he was far from coming up to Lady *Bella's* Idea of a Lover, yet, by the Pains he apparently seemed to be at in obliging her, made every Day some Progress in her Esteem. The Marquis was extremely pleased at the Harmony which subsisted between them; tho' he could have wished to have seen their Marriage advance a little faster; but *Glanville*, who was better acquainted with *Arabella's* Foible than the Marquis, assured him, he would ruin all his Hopes, if he pressed her to marry; and, intreated him to leave it intirely to him, to dispose her to consent to both their Wishes.

The Marquis was satisfied with his Reasons, and, resolving not to importune his Daughter, upon that Subject, any more, they lived for some Months in a perfect Tranquility; to which an Illness the Marquis was seized with, and which was, from the first, thought to be dangerous, gave a sad Interruption.

*Arabella's* extreme Tenderness upon this Occasion, her anxious Solitude, her pious Cares, and never-

ceasing Attendance at the Bedside of her sick Father, were so many new Charms, that engaged the Affection of *Glanville* more strongly. As the Marquis's Indisposition increased, so did her Care and Assiduity: She would not allow any one to give him any thing but herself; bore all the pettish Humours of a sick Man with a surprizing Sweetness and Patience; watched whole Nights, successively, by his Bedside; and when, at his Importunity, she consented to take any Rest, it was only upon a Couch in his Chamber, from whence no Intreaties could make her remove. Mr. *Glanville* partook with her in these Fatigues; and, by his Care of her Father, and Tenderness for her, confirmed her in the Esteem she had entertained of him.

The Marquis, who had struggled with the Violence of his Distemper for a Fortnight, died on the Fifteenth Day in the Arms of *Arabella*, who received his last Looks; his Eyes never removing themselves from her Face, till they were closed by Death. Her Spirits, which the Desire she had of being useful to him, had alone supported, now failed her at once; and she fell upon the Bed, without Sense or Motion, as soon as she saw him expire.

Mr. *Glanville*, who was kneeling on the other Side, and had been holding one of his Uncle's Hands, started up in the most terrible Consternation, and, seeing the Condition she was in, flew to her Relief: Her Women, while he supported her, used all the Endeavours they could think of to recover her; but she continued so long in her Swoon, that they apprehended she was dead; and *Glanville* was resigning himself up to the most bitter Sorrow, when she opened her Eyes; but it was only to close them again. Her Faintings continued the whole Day; and the Physicians declaring she was in great Danger, from her extreme Weakness, she was carried to Bed in a Condition, that seemed to promise very little Hopes of her Life.

The Care of the Marquis's Funeral devolving upon Mr. *Glanville*, he sent a Messenger express for his Father, who was appointed Guardian to Lady *Bella*; the Marquis having first asked her if she was willing it should

should be so. This Gentleman arrived Time enough to be Witness of that sad Ceremony, which was performed with a Magnificence suitable to the Birth and Fortune of the Marquis.

Lady *Bella* kept her Bed several Days, and her Life was thought to be in Danger; but her Youth, and the Strength of her Constitution, overcame her Disease; and, when she was so well recovered as to be able to admit of a Visit from her Uncle, Mr. *Glanville* sent for Permission to introduce him. The afflicted *Arabella* granted his Request; but, being then more indisposed than usual, she intreated they would defer their Visit for an Hour or two, which they complied with, and, returning at the appointed Time, were conducted into her Dressing-Room by *Lucy*, who informed them her Lady was just fallen into a Slumber.

Mr. *Glanville*, who had not seen her for some Days, expected her waking with great Impatience; and pleased himself with describing her, with a Lover's Fondness, to his Father, when the Sound of her Voice in the next Room interrupted him.

### CH A P. III.

*Which treats of a consolatory Visit, and other grave Matters.*

**A**RABELLA, being then awaked from her Slumber, was indulging her Grief by Complaints, which her Women were so used to hear, that they never offered to disturb her. Merciless Fate! said she, in the most moving Tone imaginable, Cruel Destiny! that, not contented with having deprived my Infancy of the soft Cares, and tender Indulgences, of a Mother's Fondness, has robbed me of the only Parent I had left, and exposed me, at these early Years, to the Grief of losing him, who was not only my Father, but my Friend, and Protector of my Youth!

Then, pausing a Moment, she renewed her Complaints with a deep Sigh: Dear Relics of the best of Fathers!

Fathers! pursued she, Why was it not permitted me to bathe you with my Tears? Why were those sacred Remains of him, from whom I drew my Life, snatched from my Eyes, ere they had poured their Tribute of Sorrow over them? Ah! pitiless Women! said she to her Attendants, you prevented me from performing the last pious Rites to my dear Father! You, by your cruel Care, hindered me from easing my sad Heart, by paying him the last Duties he could receive from me! Pardon, O dear and sacred Shade of my loved Father! pardon this unwilling Neglect of thy afflicted Child, who, to the last Moment of her wretched Life, will bewail thy Loss!

Here she ceased speaking; and Mr. *Glanville*, whom this Soliloquy had much less confounded than his Father, was preparing to go in, and comfort her, when the old Gentleman stopping him with a Look of great Concern: My Niece is certainly much worse than we apprehend, said he: She is in a Delirium: Our Presence may, perhaps, discompose her too much.

No, Sir, replied *Glanville*, extremely confused at this Suspicion; my Cousin is not so bad as you suppose: It is common enough for People in any great Affliction to ease themselves by Complaints.

But these, replied the Knight, are the strangest Complaints I ever heard, and savour so much of Phrensy, that I am persuaded her Head is not quite right.

*Glanville* was going to reply, when *Lucy*, entering, told them her Lady had ordered their Admission: Upon which they followed her into *Arabella's* Chamber, who was lying negligently upon her Bed.

Her deep Mourning, and the black Gawse, which covered Part of her fair Face, was so advantageous to her Shape and Complexion, that Sir *Charles*, who had not seen her since she grew up, was struck with an extreme Surprize at her Beauty, while his Son was gazing on her so passionately, that he never thought of introducing his Father to her, who contemplated her with as much Admiration as his Son, though with less Passion.

*Arabella*, rising from her Bed, saluted her Uncle with  
a Grace

a Grace that wholly charmed him; and, turning to receive Mr. *Glanville*, he burst into Tears at the Remembrance of his having assisted her in her last Attendance upon her Father. Alas! Sir, said she, when we saw each other last, we were both engaged, in a very melancholy Office. Had it pleased Heaven to have spared my Father, he would, doubtless, have been extremely sensible of your generous Cares; nor shall you have any Reason to accuse me of Ingratitude, since I shall always acknowledge your Kindness as I ought.

If you think you owe me any Obligation, returned *Glanville*, pay me, dearest Cousin, by moderating your Sorrow: Indeed you suffer yourself to sink too much under an Affliction which is impossible to be remedied.

Alas! answered *Arabella*, my Grief is very slight, compared to that of many others upon the Death of their Relations: The Great *Syfigambis*, who, questionless, wanted neither Fortitude nor Courage, upon the News of her Grand-daughter's Death, wrapt herself up in her Veil, and, resolving never more to behold the Light, waited for Death in that Posture.

*Menecrates*, upon the Loss of his Wife, built a magnificent Tomb for her; and, shutting himself up in it, resolved to pass away the Remainder of his Life with her Ashes. These, indeed, were glorious Effects of Piety and Affection, and unfeigned Signs of an excessive Sorrow: What are the few Tears I shed to such illustrious Instances of Grief and Affection, as these?

*Glanville*, finding his Cousin upon this Strain, blushed extremely, and would have changed the Subject; but the old Gentleman, who had never heard of these two Persons she mentioned, who expressed their Sorrow for their Losses in so strange a Manner, was surprized at it; and was resolved to know more about them.

Pray, Niece, said he, were you acquainted with these People, who could not submit to the Dispensation of Providence, but, as one may say, flew in the Face of Heaven by their Impatience?

I am very well acquainted with their History, resumed *Arabella*; and I can assure you, they were both very admirable Persons.

Oh!

Oh! Oh! their History! interrupted the Knight! What, I warrant you, they are to be found in the *Fairy Tales*, and those sort of Books! Well, I never could like such Romances, not I; for they only spoil Youth, and put strange Notions into their Heads.

I am sorry, resumed *Arabella*, blushing with Anger, that we are like to differ in Opinion upon so important a Point.

Truly, Niece, said Sir *Charles*, if we never differ in any thing else, I shall be very easy about this slight Matter; tho' I think a young Lady of your fine Sense (for my Son praises you to the Skies for your *Wit*) should not be so fond of such ridiculous Nonsense as these Story-Books are filled with.

Upon my Word, resumed *Arabella*, all the Respect I owe you cannot hinder me from telling you, that I take it extremely ill you should, in my Presence, rail at the finest Productions in the World: I think, we are infinitely obliged to these Authors, who have, in so sublime a Style, delivered down to Posterity the heroic Actions of the bravest Men, and most virtuous of Women: But for the inimitable Pen of the famous *Scudery*, we had been ignorant of the Lives of many great and illustrious Persons: The warlike Actions of *Oroondates*, *Aronces*, *Juba*, and the renowned *Artaban*, had, haply, never been talked of in our Age; and those fair and chaste Ladies, who were the Objects of their pure and constant Passions, had still been buried in Obscurity; and neither their divine Beauties, or singular Virtue, been the Subject of our Admiration and Praise. But for the famous *Scudery*, we had not known the true Cause of that Action of *Clelia's*, for which the Senate decreed her a Statue; namely, Her casting herself, with an unparalleled Courage, into the *Tyber*, a deep and rapid River as you must certainly know, and swimming to the other Side. It was not, as the *Roman* Historians falsely report, a Stratagem to recover herself, and the other Hostages, from the Power of *Porſena*; it was to preserve her Honour from Violation by the impious *Sextus*, who was in the Camp. But for *Scudery*, we had still thought the inimitable



mitable Poetess *Sappho* to be a loose Wanton, whose Verses breathed nothing but unchaste and irregular Fires : On the contrary, she was so remarkably chaste, that she would never even consent to marry ; but, loving *Phaon*, only with a Platonic Passion, obliged him to restrain his Desires within the Compass of a Brother's Affection. Numberless are the Mistakes he has cleared up of this Kind ; and I question, if any other Historian, but himself, knew that *Cleopatra* was really married to *Julius Caesar* ; or that *Cesarion*, her Son by this Marriage, was not murdered, as was supposed, by the Order of *Augustus*, but married the fair Queen of *Ethiopia*, in whose Dominions he took Refuge. The prodigious Acts of Valour, which he has recounted of those accomplished Princes, have never been equalled by the Heroes of either the *Greek* or *Roman* Historians : How poor and insignificant are the Actions of their Warriors to *Scudery's*, where one of those admirable Heroes would put whole Armies into Terror, and with his single Arm oppose a Legion !

Indeed, Niece, said Sir *Charles*, no longer able to forbear interrupting her, these are all very improbable Tales. I remember, when I was a Boy, I was very fond of reading the History of *Jack the Giant killer*, and *Tom Thumb* ; and these Stories so filled my Head, that I really thought one of those little Heroes killed Men an hundred Feet high ; and that the other, after a great many surprising Exploits, was swallowed up by a Cow.

You was very young, Sir, you say, interrupted *Arabella* tartly, when those Stories gained your Belief : However, your Judgement was certainly younger, if you ever believed them at all ; for as credulous as you are pleased to think me, I should never, at any Age, have been persuaded such Things could have happened.

My Father, Madam, said *Glanville*, who was strangely confused all this Time, bore Arms in his Youth ; and Soldiers, you know, never trouble themselves much with reading.

Has my Uncle been a Soldier, said *Arabella*, and does

does he hold in Contempt the Actions of the bravest Soldiers in the World?

The Soldiers you speak of, Niece, said Sir *Charles*, were indeed the bravest Soldiers in the World; for I don't believe, they ever had their Equals.

And yet, Sir, said *Arabella*, there are a great Number of such Soldiers to be found in *Scudery*.

Indeed, my dear Niece, interrupted Sir *Charles*, they are to be found no where else, except in your Imagination, which I am sorry to see, is filled with such *Whimsies*.

If you mean this to affront me, Sir, resumed *Arabella*, hardly able to forbear Tears, I know how far, as my Uncle, I ought to bear with you: But, methinks, it is highly unkind to aggravate my Sorrows by such cruel Jest; and, since I am not in an Humour to suffer them, don't take it ill, if I entreat you to leave me to myself.

Mr. *Glanville*, who knew nothing pleased his Cousin so much as paying an exact Obedience to her Commands, rose up immediately; and, bowing respectfully to her, asked his Father, If he should attend him into the Gardens?

The Baronet, who thought *Arabella's* Behaviour bordered a good deal upon Rudeness, took his Leave with some Signs of Displeasure upon his Countenance; and, notwithstanding all his Son could say in Excuse for her, he was extremely offended.

What said he, to Mr. *Glanville*, does she so little understand the Respect that is due to me as her Uncle, that she, so peremptorily, desired me to leave her Room? My Brother was to blame to take so little Care of her Education; she is quite a Rustic!

Ah! don't wrong your Judgement so much, Sir, said *Glanville*; my Cousin has as little of the Rustic as if she had passed all her Life in a Court: Her fine Sense, and the native Elegance of her Manners give an inimitable Grace to her Behaviour; and as much exceed the studied Politeness of other Ladies I have conversed with, as the Beauties of her Person do all I have ever seen.

She

She is very handsome, I confess, returned Sir *Charles*; but I cannot think so well of her *Wis* as you do; for methinks she talks very oddly, and has the strangest Conceits! Who, but herself, would think it probable, that one Man could put a whole Army to Flight; or commend a foolish Fellow for living in a Tomb, because his Wife was buried in it? Fie, fie! these are silly and extravagant Notions, and will make her appear very ridiculous.

Mr. *Glanville* was so sensible of the Justness of this Remark, that he could not help sighing; which his Father observing, told him, That, since she was to be his Wife, it was his Business to produce a Reformation in her; for, added he, notwithstanding the immense Fortune she will bring you, I should be sorry to have a Daughter-in-law, for whom I should blush as often as she opens her Mouth.

I assure you, Sir, said Mr. *Glanville*, I have but very little Hopes, that I shall be so happy as to have my Cousin for a Wife; for, tho' it was my Uncle's Command I should make my Addresses to her, she received me so ill, as a Lover, that I have never dared to talk to her upon that Subject since.

And pray, resumed Sir *Charles*, upon what Terms are you at present?

While I seem to pretend nothing to her, as a Lover, replied Mr. *Glanville*, she is very obliging, and we live in great Harmony together; but I am persuaded, if I exceed the Bounds of Friendship in my Professions, she will treat me extremely ill.

But, interrupted Sir *Charles*, when she shall know, that her Father has bequeathed you one Third of his Estate, provided she don't marry you, 'tis probable her Mind may change; and you may depend upon it, since your Heart is so much set upon her, that, as I am her Guardian, I shall press her to perform the Marquis's Will.

Ah! Sir, resumed Mr. *Glanville*, never attempt to lay any Constraint upon my Cousin in an Affair of this Nature: Permit me to tell you, it would be an Abuse  
of

of the Marquis's generous Confidence, and what I would never submit to.

Nay, nay, said the old Gentleman, you have no Reason to fear any Compulsion from me: Tho' her Father has left me her Guardian, till she is of Age, yet it is with such Restriction, that my Niece is quite her own Mistress in that Respect; for tho' she is directed to consult me in her Choice of an Husband, yet my Consent is not absolutely necessary. The Marquis has certainly had a great Opinion of his Daughter's Prudence; and I hope, she will prove herself worthy of it by her Conduct.

Mr. *Glanville* was so taken up with his Reflections upon the State of his Affairs, that he made but little Reply; and, as soon as he had disengaged himself, retired to his Chamber, to be at more Liberty to indulge his Meditations. As he could not flatter himself, with having made any Impression upon the Heart of *Arabella*, he foresaw a thousand Inconveniences from the Death of the Marquis; for, besides that he lost a powerful Mediator with his Cousin, he feared that, when she appeared in the World, her Beauty and Fortune would attract a Croud of Admirers, among whom, it was probable, she would find some one more agreeable to her Taste than himself. As he loved her with great Tenderness this Thought made him extremely uneasy; and he would sometimes wish the Marquis had laid a stronger Injunction upon her in his Will to marry him; and regretted the little Power his Father had over her: But he was too generous, to dwell long upon these Thoughts, and contented himself with doing all that was honourable to obtain her, without seeking for any Assistance from unjustifiable Methods.

C H A P.

## C H A P. IV.

*Which contains some common Occurrences, but placed in a new Light.*

**A**RABELLA, in a few Days, leaving her Chamber, had so many Opportunities of charming her Uncle by her Conversation, which, when it did not turn upon any Incident in her Romances, was perfectly fine, easy, and entertaining, that he declared, he should quit the Castle with great Regret; and endeavoured to persuade her to accompany him to Town: But *Arabella*, who was determined to pass the Year of her Mourning, in the Retirement she had always lived in, absolutely refused, strong as her Curiosity was, to see *London*.

Mr. *Glanville* secretly rejoiced at this Resolution, tho' he seemed desirous of making her change it; but she was unalterable; and, therefore, the Baronet did not think proper to press her any more.

Her Father's Will being read to her, she seemed extremely pleased with the Articles in Favour of Mr. *Glanville*, wishing him Joy of the Estate that was bequeathed to him, with a most enchanting Sweetness.

Mr. *Glanville* sighed, and cast his Eyes on the Ground, as he returned her Compliment, with a very low Bow; and Sir *Charles*, observing his Confusion, told *Arabella*, that he thought it was a very bad Omen for his Son, to wish him Joy of an Estate, which he could not come to the Possession of, but by a very great Misfortune.

*Arabella*, understanding his Meaning, blushed; and, willing to change the Discourse, proceeded to consult her Uncle upon the Regulation of her House. Besides the Legacies her Father had bequeathed to his Servants, those, who were more immediately about his Person, she desired; might have their Salaries continued to them: She made no other Alteration, than discharging these Attendants, retaining all the others; and submitting to her Uncle the Management of her Estates,

receiving the Allowance he thought proper to assign her, till she was of Age, of which she wanted three Years.

Every Thing being settled, Sir *Charles* prepared to return to Town. Mr. *Glanville*, who desired nothing so much as to stay some time longer with his Cousin in her Solitude, got his Father to intreat that Favour for him of *Arabella*: But she represented to her Uncle the Impropriety of a young Gentleman's staying with her, in her House, now her Father was dead, in a manner so genteel and convincing, that Sir *Charles* could press it no further; and all that Mr. *Glanville* could obtain, was, a Permission to visit her some time after, provided he could prevail upon his Sister, Miss *Charlotte Glanville*, to accompany him.

The Day of their Departure being come, Sir *Charles* took his Leave of his charming Niece, with many Expressions of Esteem and Affection; and Mr. *Glanville* appeared so concerned, that *Arabella* could not help observing it; and bade him adieu with great Sweetness.

When they were gone, she found her Time hung heavy upon her Hands; her Father was continually in her Thoughts, and made her extremely melancholy: She recollected the many agreeable Conversations she had had with *Glanville*; and wished it had been consistent with Decency to have detained him. Her Books being the only Amusement she had left, she applied herself to reading with more Eagerness than ever; but, notwithstanding the Delight she took in this Employment, she had so many Hours of Solitude and Melancholy to indulge the Remembrance of her Father in, that she was very far from being happy.

As she wished for nothing more passionately than an agreeable Companion of her own Sex and Rank, an Accident threw a Person in her Way, who, for some Days, afforded her a little Amusement. Stepping one Day out of her Coach, to go into Church, she saw a young Lady enter, accompanied with a middle-aged Woman, who seemed to be an Attendant. As *Arabella* had never seen any one, above the Rank of a Gentleman Farmer's Daughter, in this Church, her Attention

tion was immediately engaged by the Appearance of this Stranger, who was very magnificently dressed: Tho' she did not seem to be more than eighteen Years of Age, her Stature was above the ordinary Size of Women; and, being rather too plump to be delicate, her Mien was so majestic, and such an Air of Grandeur was diffused over her whole Person, joined to the Charms of a very lovely Face, that *Arabella* could hardly help thinking she saw the beautiful *Candace* before her, who, by *Scudery's* Description, very much resembled this Fair one.

*Arabella*, having heedfully observed her Looks, thought she saw a great Appearance of Melancholy in her Eyes, which filled her with a generous Concern for the Misfortunes of so admirable a Person; but, the Service beginning, she was not at Liberty to indulge her Reflections upon this Occasion, as she never suffered any Thoughts, but those of Religion, to intrude upon her Mind, during these pious Rites.

As she was going out of Church she observed the young Lady, attended only with the Woman who came with her, preparing to walk home, and therefore stepped forward, and, saluting her with a Grace peculiar to herself, intreated her to come into her Coach, and give her the Pleasure, of setting her down at her own House: So obliging an Offer from a Person of *Arabella's* Rank could not fail of being received with great Respect by the young Lady, who was not ignorant of all the Forms of Good-breeding; and, accepting her Invitation, she stepped into the Coach; *Arabella* obliging her Woman to come in also, for whom, as she had that Day only *Lucy* along with her, there was Room enough.

As they were going home, *Arabella*, who longed to be better acquainted, intreated the fair Stranger, as she called her, to go to the Castle, and spend the Day with her, and she consenting, they passed by the House where she lodged, and alighted at the Castle, where *Arabella* welcomed her, with the most obliging Expressions of Civility and Respect. The young Lady tho' perfectly versed in the Modes of Town-Breeding

and *nothing-meaning* Ceremony, was at a Loss how to make proper Returns to the Civilities of *Arabella*: The native Elegance and Simplicity of her Manners were accompanied with so much real Benevolence of Heart, such insinuating Tenderness, and Graces so irresistible, that she was quite oppressed with them; and, having spent most of her Time between her Toilet and Quadrille, was so little qualified for partaking a Conversation so refined as *Arabella's*, that her Discourse appeared quite tedious to her, since it was neither upon Fashions, Assemblies, Cards, or Scandal.

Her Silence, and that Absence of Mind, which she betrayed, made *Arabella* conclude, she was under some very great Affliction; and, to amuse her after Dinner, led her into the Gardens, supposing a Person, whose Uneasiness, as she did not doubt, proceeded from Love, would be pleased with the Sight of Groves and Streams, and be tempted to disclose her Misfortunes, while they wandered in that agreeable Privacy. In this, however, she was deceived; for, tho' the young Lady sighed several times, yet, when she did speak, it was only of indifferent Things, and not at all in the manner of an afflicted Heroine.

After observing upon a thousand Trifles, she told *Arabella* at last, to whom she was desirous of making known her Alliance to Quality, that these Gardens were extremely like those of her Father's-in-Law, the Duke of — at —

At this Intimation, she expected *Arabella* would be extremely surprized; but that Lady, whose Thoughts were always familiarized to Objects of Grandeur, and would not have been astonished, if she had understood her Guest was the Daughter of a King, appeared so little moved, that the Lady was piqued by her Indifference; and, after a few Moment's Silence, began to mention going away.

*Arabella*, who was desirous of retaining her a few Days, intreated her so obligingly to favour her with her Company, for some time, in her Solitude, that the other could not refuse; and, dispatching her Woman to the House where she lodged, to inform them



of her Stay at the Castle, would have dispensed with her coming again to attend her, had not *Arabella* insisted upon the contrary.

The Reserve, which the Daughter-in-Law of the Duke of —— still continued to maintain, notwithstanding the repeated Expressions of Friendship *Arabella* used to her, increased her Curiosity to know her Adventures, which she was extremely surprized, she had never offered to relate; but, attributing her Silence, upon this Head, to her Modesty, she was resolved, as was the Custom in those Cases, to oblige her Woman, who she presumed, was her Confidante, to relate her Lady's History to her; and sending for this Person one Day, when she was alone, to attend her in her Closet, she gave Orders to her Women, if the fair Stranger came to enquire for her, to say she was then busy, but would wait on her as soon as possible.

After this Caution, she ordered *Mrs. Morris* to be admitted; and, obliging her to sit down, told her, she sent for her in order to hear from her the History of her Lady's Life, which she was extremely desirous of knowing.

*Mrs. Morris*, who was a Person of Sense, and had seen the World, was extremely surprized at this Request of *Arabella*, which was quite contrary to the Laws of Good-breeding; and, as she thought, betrayed a great deal of impertinent Curiosity: She could not tell how to account for the free Manner in which she desired her to give up her Lady's Secrets, which, indeed, were not of a Nature to be told; and appeared so much confused, that *Arabella* took Notice of it; and, supposing it was her Bashfulness which caused her Embarrassment, she endeavoured to re-assure her by the most affable Behaviour imaginable.

*Mrs. Morris*, who was not capable of much Fidelity for her Lady, being but lately taken into her Service, and not extremely fond of her, thought she had now a fine Opportunity of recommending herself to *Arabella*, by telling her all she knew of *Miss Groves*, for that was her Name; and, therefore, told her, since she was pleased to command it, she would give her what

Account she was able of her Lady; but intreated her to be secret, because it was of great Consequence to her, that her Affairs should not be known.

I always imagined, said *Arabella*, that your beautiful Mistress had some particular Reason for not making herself known, and for coming in this private Manner into this Part of the Country: You may assure yourself therefore, that I will protect her as far as I am able, and offer her all the Assistance in my Power to give her: Therefore you may acquaint me with her Adventures, without being apprehensive of a Discovery that would be prejudicial to her.

Mrs. *Morris*, who had been much better pleased with the Assurances of a Reward for the Intelligence she was going to give her, looked a little foolish at these fine Promises, in which she had no Share; and *Arabella*, supposing she was endeavouring to recollect all the Passages of her Lady's Life, told her, She need not give herself the Trouble to acquaint her with any thing that passed during the Infancy of her Lady, but proceed to acquaint her with Matters of greater Importance: And since, said she, you have, no doubt, been most favoured with her Confidence, you will do me a Pleasure to describe to me, exactly, all the Thoughts of her Soul, as she has communicated them to you, that I may the better comprehend her History.

## C H A P. V.

*The History of Miss Groves, interspersed with some very curious Observations.*

**T**HOUGH, Madam, said Mrs. *Morris*, I have not been long in Miss *Groves's* Service, yet I know a great many Things by the means of her former Woman, who told them to me, tho' my Lady thinks I am ignorant of them; and I know that this is her second Trip into the Country.

Pray, interrupted *Arabella*, do me the Favour to relate

relate Things methodically: Of what Use is it to me to know that it is your Lady's second Trip, as you call it, into the Country, if I know not the Occasion of it? Therefore begin with informing me, who were the Parents of this admirable young Person.

Her Father, Madam, said Mrs. *Morris*, was a Merchant; and, at his Death, left her a large Fortune, and so considerable a Jointure to his Wife, that the Duke of —, being then a Widower, was tempted to make his Addressee to her. Mrs. *Groves* was one of the proudest Women in the World; and, this Offer flattering her Ambition more than ever she had Reason to expect, she married the Duke after a very short Courtship; and carried Miss *Groves* down with her to —, where the Duke had a fine Seat, and where she was received by his Grace's Daughters, who were much about her own Age, with great Civility. Miss *Groves*, Madam, was then about twelve Years old, and was educated with the Duke's Daughters, who, in a little time, became quite disgusted with their new Sister; for Miss *Groves*, who inherited her Mother's Pride, tho' not her Understanding, in all things affected an Equality with those young Ladies, who, conscious of the Superiority of their Birth, could but ill bear with her Insolence and Presumption. As they grew older, the Difference of their Inclinations caused perpetual Quarrels amongst them; for his Grace's Daughter's were serious, reserved, and pious. Miss *Groves* affected noisy Mirth, was a great Romp, and delighted in masculine Exercises.

The Duchess was often reflected on for suffering her Daughter, without any other Company than two or three Servants, to spend great Part of the Day in riding about the Country, leaping over Hedges and Ditches, exposing her fair Face to the Injuries of the Sun and Wind; and, by those coarse Exercises, contracting a masculine and robust Air not becoming her Sex, and tender Years: Yet she could not be prevailed upon to restrain her from this Diversion, till it was reported, she had listened to the Addressee of a young Sportsman, who used to mix in her Train,  
when

when she went upon those Rambles, and procured frequent Opportunities of conversing with her.

There is a great Difference, interrupted *Arabella*, in suffering Addresses, and being betrayed into an involuntary Hearing of them, and this last, I conceive to have been the Case of your Lady; for it is not very probable, she would so far forget what she owed to her own Glory, as to be induced to listen quietly to Discourses like those you mention.

However, Madam, resumed Mrs. *Morris*, the Duchess thought it necessary to keep her more at home; but, even here, she was not without meeting Adventures, and found a Lover in the Person who taught her to write.

That, indeed, was a very notable Adventure, said *Arabella*; but it is not strange, that Love should produce such Metamorphoses: 'Tis not very long ago, that I heard of a Man of Quality, who disguised himself in a poor Habit, and worked in the Gardens of a certain Nobleman, whose Daughter he was enamoured with: These things happen every Day.

The Person I speak of, Madam, said Mrs. *Morris*, was never discovered to be any thing better than a Writing-master; and yet, for all that, Miss was smitten with his fine Person, and was taking Measures to run away with him, when the Intrigue was discovered, the Lover dismissed, and the young Lady, whose faulty Conduct had drawn upon her her Mother's Dislike, was sent up to *London*, and allowed to be her own Mistress at Sixteen; to which unpardonable Neglect of her Mother she owes the Misfortunes that have since befallen her.

Whatever may be the common Opinion of this Matter, interrupted *Arabella* again, I am persuaded the Writing-master, as you call him, was some Person of Quality, who made use of that Device to get Access to his beautiful Mistress. Love is ingenious in Artifices: Who would have thought, that, under the Name of *Alcippus*, a simple Attendant of the fair *Artemisa* Princess of *Armenia*, the gallant *Alexander* Son of the great and unfortunate *Antony*, by Queen *Cleopatra*,  
was

was concealed, who took upon himself that mean Condition for the sake of seeing his adored Princess? Yet the Contrivance of *Orones*, Prince of the *Massagetes*, was far more ingenious, and even dangerous; for this valiant and young Prince, happening to see the Picture of the beautiful *Thalestris*, Daughter of the Queen of the *Amazons*, he fell passionately in Love with her; and, knowing that the Entrance into that Country was forbid to Men, he dressed himself in Womens Apparel; and, finding means to be introduced to the Queen, and her fair Daughter, whose Amity he gained by some very singular Services in the Wars, he lived several Years undiscovered in their Court: I see, therefore, no Reason to the contrary, but that this Writing-master might have been some illustrious Person, whom Love had disguised; and, I am persuaded, added she, smiling, that I shall hear more of him anon, in a very different Character.

Indeed, Madam, said Mrs *Morris*, whom this Speech of *Arabella* had extremely surprized, I never heard any thing more about him, than what I have related; and, for what I know, he continues still to teach Writing; for I don't suppose the Duchess's Displeasure could affect him.

How is it possible, said *Arabella*, that you can suppose such an Offence to Probability? In my Opinion, 'tis much more likely, that this unfortunate Lover is dead thro' Despair; or, perhaps, wandering over the World in Search of that Fair one, who was snatched from his Hopes.

If it was his Design to seek for her, Madam, resumed Mrs. *Morris*, he need not have gone far, since she was only sent to *London*, whither he might easily have followed her.

There is no accounting for these Things, said *Arabella*: Perhaps he has been imposed upon, and made to believe, that it was she herself that banished him from her Presence: 'Tis probable too, that he was jealous, and thought she preferred some one of his Rivals to him. Jealousy is inseparable from true Love; and the slightest Matters imaginable will occasion it:  
And,

And, what is still more wonderful, this Passion creates the greatest Disorders in the most sensible and delicate Hearts. Never was there a more refined and faithful Passion, than that of the renowned *Artamenes* for *Mandana*; and yet this Prince was driven almost to Distraction by a Smile, which, he fancied, he saw in the Face of his Divine Mistress, at a time when she had some Reason to believe he was dead; and he was so transported with Grief and Rage, that, tho' he was a Prisoner in his Enemy's Camp, where the Knowledge of his Quality would have procured him certain Death, yet he determined to hazard all Things for the sake of presenting himself before *Mandana*, and upbraiding her with her Infidelity; when, in Reality, nothing was farther from the Thoughts of that fair and virtuous Princess, than the Lightness he accused her of: So that, as I said before, it is not at all to be wondered at, if this disguised Lover of your Lady was driven to Despair by Suspicions as groundless, perhaps, as those of *Artamenes*, yet not the less cruel and tormenting.

Mrs. *Morris*, finding *Arabella* held her Peace at these Words, went on with her History in this manner: — Miss *Groves*, Madam, being directed by her Woman in all things, took up her Lodgings in her Father's House, who was a broken Tradesman, and obliged to keep himself concealed for fear of his Creditors: Here she formed her Equipage, which consisted of a Chair, one Footman, a Cook, and her Woman: As she was indulged with the Command of what Money she pleased, her Extravagance was boundless: She lavished away large Sums at gaming, which was her favourite Diversion, kept such a Number of different Animals for Favourites, that their Maintenance amounted to a considerable Sum every Year: Her Woman's whole Family were supported at her Expence; and she frequented all public Places, and surpassed Ladies of the first Quality in Finery, her Dress alone consumed great Part of her Income. I need not tell you, Madam, that my Lady was a celebrated Beauty: You have yourself been pleased to say, that she is very handsome. When she first appeared at Court, her Beauty, and the uncommon

Dignity

Dignity of her Person, at such early Years, made her the Object of general Admiration. The King was particularly struck with her; and declared to those about him, that Miss *Groves* was the finest Woman at Court. The Ladies, however found means to explain away all that was flattering in this Distinction: They said, Miss *Groves* was clumsy, and it was her Resemblance to the *unwieldy German Ladies* that made her so much admired by his Majesty. Her Pride and the Quality Airs she affected, were the Subject of great Ridicule to those that envied her Charms: Some Censures were maliciously cast on her Birth; for, as she was always stiled the Dutchess of —'s Daughter, a Custom she introduced herself, she seemed to disclaim all Title to a legal Father. Miss *Groves*, as universally admired as she was, yet made but very few particular Conquests. Her Fortune was known to be very considerable, and her Mother's Jointure was to descend to her after her Death: Yet there was no Gentleman, who would venture upon a Wife of Miss *Groves's* Taste for Expence, as very few Estates, *to which she could pretend*, would support her Extravagance. — The Honourable Mr. L—, Brother to the Earl of —, was the only one, amidst a Croud of Admirers, who made any particular Address to her. This Gentleman was tolerably handsome, and had the Art of making himself agreeable to the Ladies, by a certain Air of Softness and Tenderness, which never failed to make some Impression upon those he desired to deceive.

Miss *Groves* was ravished with her Conquest, and boasted of it so openly, that People, who were acquainted with this Gentleman's Character, foreseeing her Fate, could not help pitying her.

A very few Months Courtship compleated the Ruin of poor Miss *Groves*: she fell a Sacrifice to Oaths which had been often prostituted for the same inhuman Purposes; and became so fond of her Betrayer, that it was with great Difficulty he could persuade her not to give him, even in public. the most ridiculous Proofs of her *Tenderness*. Her Woman pretends, that she was ignorant of this Intrigue, till Miss *Groves* growing big with Child, it could no longer be concealed; it was at length agreed,

agreed, she should lie-in at her own Lodgings, to prevent any Suspicions from her retreating into the Country; but that Scheme was over-ruled by her Woman's Mother, who advised her to conceal herself in some Village, not far from Town, till the Affair was over.

Miss *Groves* approved of this second Proposal, but took Advantage of her Shape, which, being far from delicate, would not easily discover any growing Bigness, to stay in Town as long as she possibly could. When her Removal was necessary, she went to the Lodgings provided for her, a few Miles distant from *London*: And, notwithstanding the Excuses which were framed for this sudden Absence, the true Cause was more than suspected by some busy People, who industriously inquired into her Affairs.

Mr. *L* — saw her but seldom during her Illness: The Fear of being discovered was his Pretence: But her Friends easily saw through this Disguise, and were persuaded Miss *Groves* was wanting in his Affections.

As she had a very strong Constitution, she returned to Town at the End of three Weeks: The Child was dead, and she looked handsomer than ever. Mr. *L* — continued his Visits; and the Town to make Remarks of them. All this time the Duchess never troubled herself about the Conduct of this unfortunate young Creature: And the People she was with had not the Goodness to give her any Hint of her Misconduct, and the Waste of her Fortune: On the contrary, they almost turned her Head with their Flatteries, preyed upon her Fortune, and winked at her Irregularities.

She was now a second time with Child: Her Character was pretty severely handled by her Enemies: Mr. *L* — began openly to slight her: And she was now several thousand Pounds in Debt. The Mother and Sisters of her Woman, in whose House she still was, were base enough to whisper the Fault she had been guilty of to all their Acquaintances. Her Story became generally known: She was shunned and neglected by every body; and even Mr. *L* —, who had been the Cause of her Ruin, intirely abandoned her, and boasted openly of the Favours he had received from her.

Miss



Miss *Groves* protested to her Friends, That he had promised her Marriage; but Mr. *L*— constantly denied it, and never scrupled to say, when he was questioned about it, That he found Miss *Groves* too easy a Conquest to make any Perjury necessary. Her Tenderness, however, for this base Man, was so great, that she never could bear to hear him rail'd at in her Presence; but would quarrel with the only Friends she had left, if they said any thing to his Disadvantage. As she was now pretty far advanced with Child, she would have retired into the Country; but the bad Condition of her Affairs made her Removal impossible: In this Extremity she had Recourse to her Uncle, a rich Merchant in the City, who, having taken all the necessary Precautions for his own Security, paid Miss *Groves's* Debts, carrying on, in her Name, a Law-suit with the Duchs, for some Lands, which were to be put into her Hands, when she was of Age, and which that great Lady detained. Miss *Groves*, being reduced to live upon something less than an Hundred a Year, quitted *London*, and came into this Part of the Country, where she was received by Mrs. *Barnett*, one of her Woman's Sisters, who is married to a Country-Gentleman of some Fortune: In her House she lay in of a Girl, which Mr. *L*— sent to demand, and will not be persuaded to inform her how, or in what manner, he has disposed of the Child.

Her former Woman leaving her, I was received in her Place, from whom I learnt all these Particulars: And Miss *Groves* having gained the Affections of Mr. *Barnett's* Brother, her Beauty and the large Fortune which she has in Reversion, has induced him, notwithstanding the Knowledge of her past unhappy Conduct, to marry her. But their Marriage is yet a Secret, Miss *Groves* being apprehensive of her Uncle's Displeasure for not consulting him in her Choice

Her Husband is gone to *London*, with an Intention to acquaint him with it; and, when he returns, their Marriage will be publicly owned.

## C H A P. VI.

*Containing what a judicious Reader will hardly approve.*

MRS. *Morris* ending her Narration, *Arabella*, who had not been able to restrain her Tears at some Parts of it, thanked her for the Trouble she had been at; and assured her of her Secrecy: Your Lady's Case, said she, is much to be lamented; and greatly resembles the unfortunate *Cleopatra's*, whom *Julius-Cesar* privately marrying, with a Promise to own her for his Wife, when he should be peaceable Master of the *Roman Empire*, left that great Queen big with Child, and, never intending to perform his Promise, suffered her to be exposed to the Censures the World has so freely cast upon her; and which she so little deserved.

Mrs. *Morris*, seeing the favourable Light in which *Arabella* viewed the Actions of her Lady, did not think proper to say any thing to undeceive her; but went out of the Closet, not a little mortified at her Disappointment: For she saw she was likely to receive nothing for betraying her Lady's Secrets, from *Arabella*: Who seemed so little sensible of the Pleasure of Scandal, as to be wholly ignorant of its Nature; and not to know it when it was told her.

Miss *Groves*, who was just come to Lady *Bella's* Chamber-door, to inquire for her, was surprized to see her Woman come out of it; and who, upon meeting her, expressed great Confusion. As she was going to ask her some Questions concerning her Business there, *Arabella* came out of her Closet; and, seeing Miss *Groves* in her Chamber, asked her Pardon for staying so long from her.

I have been listening to your History, said she, with great Frankness, which your Woman has been relating: And I assure you I am extremely sensible of your Misfortunes.

Miss *Groves*, at these Words, blushed with extreme Confusion; and Mrs. *Morris* turned pale with Astonishment

ment and Fear. *Arabella*, not sensible that she had been guilty of any Indiscretion, proceeded to make Reflections upon some Part of her Story, which, though they were not at all disadvantageous to that young Lady, she received as so many Insults: And asked Lady *Bella*, If she was not ashamed to tamper with a Servant to betray the Secrets of her Mistress?

*Arabella*, a little surprized at so rude a Question, answered, however, with great Sweetness; and protested to her, that she would make no ill Use of what she had learned of her Affairs: For, in fine, Madam, said she, do you think I am less fit to be trusted with your Secrets, than the Princess of the *Leontines* was with those of *Clelia*; between whom there was no greater Amity and Acquaintance, than with us? And you must certainly know, that the Secrets which that admirable Person entrusted with *Lysimena*, were of a Nature to be more dangerous, if revealed, than yours. The Happiness of *Clelia* depended upon *Lysimena's* Fidelity: And the Liberty, nay, haply, the Life, of *Aronces*, would have been in Danger, if she had betrayed them. Though I do not intend to arrogate to myself the Possession of those admirable Qualities which adorned the Princess of the *Leontines*, yet I will not yield to her, or any one else, in Generosity and Fidelity: And if you will be pleased to repose as much Confidence in me, as those illustrious Lovers did in her, you shall be convinced I will labour as earnestly for your Interest, as that fair Princess did for those of *Aronces* and *Clelia*.

Miss *Grover* was so busied in reflecting upon the Baseness of her Woman in exposing her, that she heard not a Word of this fine Harangue (at which Mrs. *Morris*, notwithstanding the Cause she had for Uneasiness, could hardly help laughing); but, assuming some of that Haughtiness in her Looks, for which she used to be remarkable, she told Lady *Bella*, that she imputed her impertinent Curiosity to her Country Ignorance, and ill Breeding: And she did not doubt but she would be served in her own kind, and meet with as bad Fortune as she had done; and, perhaps, deserve it worse than

than she did: For there are more false Men in the World besides Mr. L——; and she was no handsomer than other People.

Saying this, she flung out of the Room, her Woman following, leaving *Arabella* in such Confusion at a Behaviour of which she had never before had an Idea, that for some Moments she remained immoveable.

Recollecting herself, at last, and conceiving, that Civility required she should endeavour to appease this incensed Lady, she went down Stairs after her; and, stopping her just as she was going out of the House, intreated her to be calm, and suffer her to vindicate herself from the Imputation of being impertinently curious to know her Affairs.

Miss *Groves*, quite transported with Shame and Anger, refused absolutely to stay.

At least, Madam, said *Arabella*, stay till my Coach can be got ready; and don't think of walking home, so slightly attended.

This Offer was as sullenly answered as the other: And *Arabella*, finding she was determined to venture home, with no other Guard than her Woman, who silently followed her, ordered two of her Footmen to attend her at a small Distance; and to defend her, if there should be Occasion.

For who knows, said she to *Lucy*, what Accident may happen? Some one or other of her insolent Lovers may take this Opportunity to carry her away; and I should never forgive myself for being the Cause of such a Misfortune to her.

Mrs. *Morris* having found it easy to reconcile herself to her Lady, by assuring her, that Lady *Bella* was acquainted with great Part of her Story before; and that what she told her, tended only to justify her Conduct, as she might have been convinced by what Lady *Bella* said; they both went home with a Resolution to say nothing of what had passed, with relation to the Cause of the Disgust Miss *Groves* had received: But only said, in general, that Lady *Bella* was the most ridiculous Creature in the World; and was so totally ignorant of  
good

good Breeding, that it was impossible to converse with her.

## CHAP. VII.

### *Which treats of the Olympic Games.*

**W**HILE *Arabella* was ruminating on the unaccountable Behaviour of her new Acquaintance, she received a Letter from her Uncle, informing her (for she had expressly forbid Mr. *Glanville* to write to her,) that his Son and Daughter intended to set out for her Seat in a few Days.

This News was received with great Satisfaction by *Arabella*, who hoped to find an agreeable Companion in her Cousin; and was not so insensible of Mr. *Glanville's* Merit, as not to feel some kind of Pleasure at the Thought of seeing him again.

This Letter was soon followed, by the Arrival of Mr. *Glanville*, and his Sister; who, upon the Sight of *Arabella*, discovered some Appearance of Astonishment and Chagrin; for, notwithstanding all her Brother had told her of her Accomplishments, she could not conceive it possible for a young Lady, bred up in the Country, to be so perfectly elegant and genteel as she found her Cousin.

As Miss *Charlotte* had a large Share of Coquetry in her Composition, and was fond of Beauty in none of her own Sex but herself, she was sorry to see Lady *Bella* possessed of so great a Share; and, being in Hopes her Brother had drawn a flattering Figure of her Cousin, she was extremely disappointed at finding the Original so handsome.

*Arabella*, on the contrary, was highly pleased with Miss *Glanville*; and, finding her Person very agreeable, did not fail to commend her Beauty: A sort of Complaisance mightily in Use among the Heroines, who knew not what Envy or Emulation meant.

Miss *Glanville* received her Praises with great Politeness, but could not find in her Heart to return them:

And, as soon as these Compliments were over, Mr. *Glanville* told Lady *Bella*, how tedious he had found the short Absence she had forced him to, and how great was his Satisfaction at seeing her again.

I shall not dispute the Truth of your last Assertion, replied *Arabella*, smiling, since I verily believe, you are mighty well satisfied at present; but I know not how you will make it appear, that an Absence, which you will allow to be short, has seemed so tedious to you; for this is a manifest Contradiction: However, pursued she, preventing his Reply, you look so well, and so much at Ease, that I am apt to believe, Absence has agreed very well with you.

And yet I assure you, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, interrupting her, that I have suffered more Uneasiness during this Absence, than I fear you will permit me to tell you.

Since, replied *Arabella*, that Uneasiness has neither made you thinner, nor paler, I don't think you ought to be pitied: For to say the Truth, in these Sort of Matters, a Person's bare Testimony has but little Weight.

Mr. *Glanville* was going to make her some Answer, when Miss *Glanville*, who, while they had been speaking, was adjusting her Dress at the Glass, came up to them, and made the Conversation more general.

After Dinner, they adjourned to the Gardens, where the gay Miss *Glanville*, running eagerly from one Walk to another, gave her Brother as many Opportunities of talking to Lady *Bella* as he could wish: However, he stood in such an Awe of her, and dreaded so much another Banishment, that he did not dare, otherwise than by distant Hints, to mention his Passion; and *Arabella*, well enough pleased with a Respect that in some measure came up to her Expectation, discovered no Repentment at Insinuations she was at Liberty to dissemble the Knowledge of: And if he could not, by her Behaviour, flatter himself with any great Hopes, yet he found as little Reason, in *Arabella's* Language, to despair.

Miss

Miss *Glanville*, at the End of a few Weeks, was so tired of the magnificent Solitude she lived in, that she heartily repented her Journey; and insinuated to her Brother, her Inclination to return to Town.

Mr. *Glanville*, knowing his Stay was regulated by his Sister's, intreated her not to expose him to the Mortification of leaving *Arabella* so soon; and promised her he would contrive some Amusements for her, which should make her relish the Country better than she had yet done.

Accordingly, he proposed to *Arabella* to go to the Races, which were to be held at — a few Miles from the Castle: She would have excused herself, upon account of her Mourning; but Miss *Glanville* discovered so great an Inclination to be present at this Diversion, that *Arabella* could no longer refuse to accompany her.

Since, said she to Miss *Glanville*, you are fond of public Diversions, it happens very luckily, that these Races are to be held at the Time you are here: I never heard of them before, and I presume 'tis a good many Years since they were last celebrated. Pray, Sir, pursued she, turning to *Glanville*, do not these Races, in some Degree, resemble the *Olympic Games*? Do the Candidates ride in Chariots?

No, Madam, replied *Glanville*; the Jockeys are mounted upon the fleetest Coursers they can procure; and he who first reaches the Goal obtains the Prize.

And who is the fair Lady that is to bestow it? resumed *Arabella*: I dare engage one of her Lovers will enter the Lists; she will, doubtless, be in no less Anxiety than he; and the Shame of being overcome, will hardly affect him with more Concern, than herself; that is, provided he be so happy as to have gained her Affections. I cannot help thinking the fair *Elismonda* was extremely happy in this Particular: For she had the Satisfaction to see her secret Admirer Victor in all the Exercises at the *Olympic Games*, and carry away the Prize from many Princes and Persons of rare Quality, who were Candidates with him; and he had also the Glory to receive three Crowns in one Day, from the  
Hands

Hands of his adored Princess; who, questionless, bestowed them upon him with an infinite deal of Joy.

What Sort of Races were those, Madam? said Miss *Glanville*; whose Reading had been very confined.

The *Olympic Games*, Miss, said *Arabella*, so called from *Olympia*, a City near which they were performed; in the Plains of *Blis*, consisted of Foot and Chariot-Races; Combats with the Cestus; Wrestling, and other Sports. They were instituted in Honour of the Gods and Heroes; and were therefore termed sacred, and were considered as a Part of Religion.

They were a kind of School, or military Apprenticeship; in which the Courage of the Youth found constant Employment: And the Reason why Victory in these Games was attended with such extraordinary Applause, was, that their Minds might be quickened with great and noble Prospects, when, in this Image of War, they arrived to a Pitch of Glory, approaching, in some respects, to that of the most famous Conquerors. They thought this Sort of Triumph one of the greatest Parts of Happiness of which Human Nature was capable: So that when *Diagoras* had seen his Sons crowned in the *Olympic Games*, one of his Friends made him this Compliment; Now, *Diagoras*, you may die satisfied; since you can't be a God. It would tire you, perhaps, was I to describe all the Exercises performed there: But you may form a general Notion of them, from what you have doubtless read of Jufts and Tournaments.

Really, said Miss *Glanville*, I never read about any such Things.

No! replied *Arabella*, surprized: Well, then, I must tell you, that they hold a middle Place, between a Diverfion and a Combat; but the *Olympic Games* were attended with a much greater Pomp and Variety: And not only all *Greece*, but other neighbouring Nations, were in a manner drained, to furnish out the Appearance.

Well, for my Part, said Miss *Glanville*, I never before heard of these Sort of Races; those I have been at were quite different. I know the Prizes and Bets are sometimes very considerable.

And



And, doubtless, interrupted *Arabella*, there are a great many Heroes who signalize themselves at these Races; not for the sake of the Prize, which would be unworthy of great Souls, but to satisfy that burning Desire of Glory, which spurs them on to every Occasion of gaining it.

As for the Heroes, or Jockeys, said Miss *Glanville*, call them what you please, I believe they have very little Share, either of the Profit or Glory: For their Masters have the one, and the Horses the other.

Their Masters! interrupted *Arabella*: What, I suppose, a great many foreign Princes send their Favourites to Combat, in their Name? I remember to have read, that *Alcibiades* triumphed three times successively at the *Olympic Games*, by means of one of his Domestic, who, in his Master's Name, entered the Lists.

Mr. *Glanville*, fearing his Sister would make some absurd Answer, and, thereby disoblige his Cousin, took up the Discourse: And, turning it upon the *Grecian History*, engrossed her Conversation, for two Hours, wholly to himself; while Miss *Glanville* (to whom all they said was quite unintelligible) diverted herself with humming a Tune, and tinkling her Cousin's Harpsichord; which proved no Interruption to the more rational Entertainment of her Brother and *Arabella*.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Which concludes with an excellent moral Sentence.*

THE Day being come on which they designed to be present at the Races (or, as *Arabella* called them, the *Games*), Miss *Glanville*, having spent four long Hours in dressing herself to the greatest Advantage, in order, if possible, to eclipse her lovely Cousin, whose Mourning, being much deeper, was less capable of Ornaments, came into her Chamber; and, finding her still in her Morning Dress, For Heaven's sake, Lady *Bella*, said she, when do you purpose to be ready?

ready? Why it is almost time to be gone, my Brother says, and here you are not a bit dressed!

Don't be uneasy, said *Arabella*, smiling; and, going to her Toilet, I shan't make you wait long.

Miss *Glanville*, seating herself near the Table, resolved to be present while her Cousin was dressing, that she might have an Opportunity to make some Remarks to her Disadvantage: But she was extremely mortified, to observe the Haste and Negligence she made her Women use in this important Employment; and that, notwithstanding her Indifference, nothing could appear more lovely and genteel.

Miss *Glanville*, however, pleased herself with the Certainty of seeing her Cousin's Dress extremely ridiculed, for the peculiar Fashion of her Gown: And the Veil, which, as becoming as it was, would, by its Novelty, occasion great Diverſion among the Ladies, helped to comfort her for the Superiority of her Charms; which, partial as she was to her own, she could not help secretly confessing.

*Arabella* being dressed in much less time than her Cousin, Mr. *Glanville* was admitted, who led her down Stairs to her Coach, which was waiting: His Sister (secretly repining at the Advantage *Arabella* had over her, in having so respectful an Adorer) followed: And, being placed in the Coach, they set out with great Appearance of Good-humour on all Sides.

They got to ——— but just time enough to see the Beginning of the first Course: *Arabella*, who fancied the Jockey's were Persons of great Distinction, soon became interested in the Fate of one of them, whose Appearance pleased her more than the others. Accordingly, she made Vows for his Success, and appeared so extremely rejoiced at the Advantage he had gained, that Miss *Glanville* maliciously told her, People would make Remarks at the Joy she expressed, and fancy she had a more than ordinary Interest in that Jockey, who had first reached the Goal.

Mr. *Glanville*, whom this impertinent Insinuation of his Sister had filled with Confusion and Spite, sat biting his Lips, trembling for the Effect it would produce

duce in *Arabella*: But she, giving quite another Turn to her Cousin's Words, I assure you, said she, with a Smile, I am not further interested in the Fate of this Person, who has hitherto been successful, than what the Handsomeness of his Garb, and the Superiority of his Skill may demand, from an unprejudiced Spectator: And, though I perceive you imagine he is some concealed Lover of mine, yet I don't remember to have ever seen him: And I am confident it is not for my sake that he entered the Lists; nor is it my Presence which animates him.

Lord bless me, Madam! replied Miss *Glanville*, Who would ever think of such strange things as these you talk you of? No body will pretend to deny that you are very handsome, to be sure, but yet, thank Heaven, the Sight of you is not so dangerous, but that such sort of People, as these are, may escape your Chains.

*Arabella* was so wholly taken up with the Event of the Races, that she gave but very little Heed to this sarcastic Answer of Miss *Glanville*; whose Brother taking Advantage of an Opportunity which *Arabella* gave him by putting her Head quite out of the Coach, chid her very severely for the Liberty she took with her Cousin. *Arabella*, by looking earnestly out of the Window, had given so full a View of her fine Person to a young Baronet, who was not many Paces from the Coach, that, being struck with Admiration at the Sight of so lovely a Creature, he was going up to some of her Attendants to ask who she was, when he perceived Mr. *Glanville*, with whom he was intimately acquainted, in the Coach with her: Immediately he made himself known to his Friend, being excessively rejoiced at having got an Opportunity of beginning an Acquaintance with a Lady whose Sight had so charmed him.

Mr. *Glanville*, who had observed the profound Bow he made to *Arabella*, accompanied with a Glance that shewed an extreme Admiration of her, was very little pleased at this Meeting; yet he dissembled his Thoughts well enough in his Reception of him. But Miss *Glanville* was quite overjoyed, hoping she would now have her Turn of Gallantry and Compliment: Therefore, accosting

accosting him in her free Manner, Dear Sir *George*, said she, you come in a lucky Time to brighten up the Conversation: Relations are such dull Company for one another, 'tis half a Minute since we have exchanged a Word.

My Cousin, said *Arabella* smiling, has so strange a Disposition for Mirth, that she thinks all her Moments are lost, in which she finds nothing to laugh at: For my Part, I do so earnestly long to know, to which of these Pretenders Fortune will give the Victory, that I can suffer my Cares for them to receive no Interruption from my Cousin's agreeable Gaiety.

Mr. *Glanville*, observing the Baronet gazed upon *Arabella* earnestly while she was speaking those few Words, resolved to hinder him from making any Reply, by asking him several Questions concerning the Racers, their Owners, and the Bets which were laid; to which *Arabella* added, And pray, Sir, said she, do me the Favour to tell me, if you know who that gallant Man is, who has already won the first Course?

I don't know really, Madam, said Sir *George*, what his Name is, extremely surprized at her Manner of asking.

The Jockey had now gained the Goal a Second time; and *Arabella* could not conceal her Satisfaction. Questionless, said she, he is a very extraordinary Person: but I am afraid we shall not have the Pleasure of knowing who he is; for if he has any Reason for keeping himself concealed, he will evade any Inquiries after him, by slipping out of the Lists while this Hurry and Tumult lasts, as *Hortensius* did at the *Olympic Games*; yet, notwithstanding all his Care, he was discovered by being obliged to fight a single Combat with one of the Persons whom he had worsted at those Games.

Mr. *Glanville*, who saw his Sister, by her little Coquetries with Sir *George*, had prevented him from hearing great Part of this odd Speech, proposed returning to the Castle; to which *Arabella* agreed: But, conceiving Civility obliged her to offer the Convenience of a Lodging to a Stranger of Sir *George's* Appearance, and who was an Acquaintance of her Cousins, You must

must permit me, said she to Mr. *Glanville*, to intreat your noble Friend will accompany us to the Castle, where he will meet with better Accommodations than at any Inn he can find; for I conceive, that, coming only to be a Spectator of these Games, he is wholly unprovided with a Lodging.

The Baronet, surprized at so uncommon a Civility, was at a Loss what Answer to make her at first; but, recollecting himself, he told her that he would, if she pleased, do himself the Honour to attend her home; but, as his House was at no great Distance from —, he would be put to no Inconveniency for a Lodging.

Miss *Glanville*; who was not willing to part so soon with the Baronet, insisted, with her Cousin's Leave, upon his coming into the Coach; which he accordingly did, giving his Horse to the Care of his Servant; and they proceeded together to the Castle; *Arabella* still continuing to talk of the Games, as she called them, while poor *Glanville*, who was excessively confused, endeavoured to change the Discourse, not without an Apprehension, that every Subject he could think of, would afford *Arabella* an Occasion of shewing her Foible; which, notwithstanding the Pain it gave him, could not lessen the Love he felt for her.

Sir *George*, whose Admiration of Lady *Bella* increased the longer he saw her, was extremely pleased with the Opportunity she had given him of cultivating an Acquaintance with her: He therefore lengthened out his Visit, in hopes of being able to say some fine Things to her before he went away; but Miss *Glanville*, who strove by all the little Arts she was Mistress of, to engage his Conversation wholly to herself, put it absolutely out of his Power; so that he was obliged to take his Leave without having the Satisfaction of even pressing the fair Hand of *Arabella*; so closely was he observed by her Cousin. Happy was it for him, that he was prevented by her Vigilance from attempting a Piece of Gallantry, which would, undoubtedly, have procured him a Banishment from her Presence; but, ignorant, how kind Fortune was to him in balking his Designs,

he was ungrateful enough to go away in a mighty ill Humour with this fickle Goddess: So little capable are poor Mortals of knowing what is best for them!

## C H A P. IX.

*Containing some curious Anecdotes.*

LADY *Bella*, from the Familiarity with which Miss *Glanville* treated this gay Gentleman, concluding him her Lover, and one who was apparently well received by her, had a strong Curiosity to know her Adventures; and as they were walking the next Morning in the Garden, she told her, that she thought it was very strange they had hitherto observed such a Reserve to each other, as to banish mutual Trust and Confidence from their Conversation: Whence comes it, Cousin, added she, being so young and lovely as you are, that you, questionless, have been engaged in many Adventures, you have never reposed Trust enough in me to favour me with a Recital of them?

Engaged in many Adventures, Madam! returned Miss *Glanville*, not liking the Phrase: I believe I have been engaged in as few as your Ladyship.

You are too obliging, returned *Arabella*, who mistook what she said for a Compliment; for since you have more Beauty than I, and have also had more Opportunities of making yourself beloved, questionless you have a great Number of Admirers.

As for Admirers, said Miss *Charlotte* bridling, I fancy I have had my Share! Thank God, I never found myself neglected; but, I assure you, Madam, I have had no Adventures, as you call them, with any of them.

No, really! interrupted *Arabella*, innocently.

No, really, Madam, retorted Miss *Glanville*; and I am surprized you should think so.

Indeed, my Dear, said *Arabella*, you are very happy in this respect, and also very singular; for I believe there

there are few young Ladies in the World, who have any Pretensions to Beauty, that have not given Rise to a great many Adventures; and some of them haply very fatal.

If you knew more of the World, Lady *Bella*, said Miss *Glanville* pertly, you would not be so apt to think, that young Ladies engage themselves in troublesome Adventures: Truly the Ladies that are brought up in Town are not so ready to run away with every Man they see.

No, certainly, interrupted *Arabella*; they do not give their Consent to such Proceedings; but for all that, they are, doubtless, run away with many times; for truly there are some Men, whose Passions are so unbridled, that they will have recourse to the most violent Methods to possess themselves of the Objects they love. Pray do you remember how often *Mandana* was run away with?

Not I indeed, Madam, replied Miss *Glanville*; I know nothing about her; but I suppose she is a *Jew*, by her outlandish Name.

She was no *Jew*, said *Arabella*, tho' she favoured that People very much; for she obtained the Liberty of great Numbers of them from *Cyrus*, who had taken them Captives, and could deny her nothing she asked.

Well, said Miss *Glanville*; and I suppose she denied him nothing he asked, and so they were even.

Indeed but she did tho', resumed *Arabella*; for she refused to give him a glorious Scarf which she wore, tho' he begged it on his Knees.

And she was very much in the right, said Miss *Glanville*; for I see no Reason why a Lover should expect a Gift of any Value from his Mistress.

Doubtless, said *Arabella*, such a Gift was worth a Million of Services; and, had he obtained it, it would have been a glorious Distinction for him: However, *Mandana* refused it; and, severely virtuous as you are, I am persuaded you can't help thinking, she was a little too rigorous in denying a Favour to a Lover like him —

Severely virtuous, *Lady Bella!* said *Miss Glanville*, colouring with Anger: Pray what do you mean by that? Have you any Reason to imagine, I would grant any Favour to a Lover?

Why, if I did, Cousin, said *Arabella*, would it derogate so much from your Glory, think you, to bestow a Favour upon a Lover worthy your Esteem, and from whom you had received a thousand Marks of a most pure and faithful Passion, and also a great Number of very singular Services?

I hope, Madam, said *Miss Glanville*, it will never be my Fate to be so much obliged to any Lover, as to be under a Necessity of granting him Favours in Requital.

I vow, Cousin, interrupted *Arabella*, you put me in mind of the fair and virtuous *Antonia*, who was so rigid and austere, that she thought all Expressions of Love were criminal; and was so far from granting any Person Permission to love her, that she thought it a mortal Offence to be adored even in private.

*Miss Glanville*, who could not imagine *Arabella* spoke this seriously, but that it was designed to sneer at her great Eagerness to make Conquests, and the Liberties she allowed herself in, which had probably come to her Knowledge, was so extremely vexed at the malicious Jest, as she thought it, that, not being able to revenge herself, she burst into Tears.

*Arabella's* Good-nature made her be greatly affected at this Sight, and, asking her Pardon for having undesignedly occasioned her so much Uneasiness, begged her to be composed, and tell her in what she had offended her, that she might be able to justify herself in her Apprehensions.

You have made no Scruple to own, Madam, said she, that you think me capable of granting Favours to Lovers, when, Heaven knows, I never granted a Kiss without a great deal of Confusion.

And you had certainly much Reason for Confusion, said *Arabella*, excessively surprized at such a Confession: I assure you I never injured you so much in my Thoughts,



Thoughts, as to suppose you ever granted a Favour of so criminal a Nature.

Look you there now ! said Miss *Glanville*, weeping more violently than before : I knew what all your round-about Speeches would come to. All you have said in Vindication of granting Favours, was only to draw me into a Confession of what I have done : How ungenerous was that !

The Favours I spoke of, Madam, said *Arabella*, were quite of another Nature, than those it seems you have so liberally granted : Such as giving a Scarf, a Bracelet, or some such Thing, to a Lover, who had haply sigh'd whole Years in Silence, and did not presume to declare his Passion, till he had lost best Part of his Blood in Defence of the Fair one he loved : It was when you maintained, that *Mandana* was in the right to refuse her magnificent Scarf to the illustrious *Cyrus*, that I took upon me to oppose your Rigidness ; and so much mistaken was I in your Temper, that I foolishly compared you to the fair and wise *Antonia*, whose Severity was so remarkable ; but really, by what I understand from your own Confession, your Disposition resembles that of the inconsiderate *Julia*, who would receive a Declaration of Love without Anger from any one ; and was not over-shy, any more than yourself, of granting Favours almost as considerable as that you have mentioned.

While *Arabella* was speaking, Miss *Glanville*, having dried up her Tears, sat silently swelling with Rage, not knowing whether she should openly avow her Resentment for the injurious Language her Cousin had used to her, by going away immediately, or, by making up the Matter, appear still to be her Friend, that she might have the more Opportunities of revengeing herself. The Impetuosity of her Temper made her most inclined to the former ; but the Knowledge that Sir *George* was to stay yet some Months in the Country, made her unwilling to leave a Place, where she might often see a Man whose fine Person had made some Impression upon her Heart ; and, not enduring to leave such a charming Conquest to *Arabella*,

she resolved to suppress her Resentment for the present; and listened, without any Appearance of Discomposure, to a fine Harangue of her Cousin upon the Necessity of Reserve, and distant Behaviour, to Men who presumed to declare themselves Lovers, enforcing her Precepts with Examples drawn from all the Romances she had ever read; at the End of which she embraced her, and assured her, if she had said any thing harsh, it proceeded from her great Regard to her Glory, of which she ardently wished to see her as fond as herself.

Miss *Glanville* constrained herself to make a Reply that might not appear disagreeable: And they were upon these Terms, when Mr. *Glanville* came up to them, and told Lady *Bella*, Sir *George* had sent to intreat their Company at his House that Day: But, added he, as I presume you will not think proper to go, on account of your Mourning, neither my Sister nor I will accept the Invitation.

I dare say, interrupted Miss *Glanville* hastily, Lady *Bella* will not expect such a needless Piece of Ceremony from us; and, if she don't think proper to go, she won't confine us.

By no means, Cousin, said *Arabella*, smiling; and, being persuaded Sir *George* makes the Entertainment purely for your Sake, it would not be kind in me to deprive him of your Company.

Mr. *Glanville*, being pleased to find his Cousin discovered no Inclination to go, would have persuaded his Sister not to leave Lady *Bella*: But Miss *Glanville* looked so much displeas'd at his Request, that he was oblig'd to insist upon it no more; and, both retiring to dress, Lady *Bella* went up to her Apartment, and betook herself to her Books, which supplied the Place of all Company to her.

Miss *Glanville*, having taken more than ordinary Pains in dressing herself, in order to appear charming in the Eyes of Sir *George*, came in to pay her Compliments to Lady *Bella* before she went, not doubting but she would be chagrined to see her look so well: But  
 Lady

Lady *Bella*, on the contrary, praised the Clearness of her Complexion, and the Sparkling of her Eyes.

I question not, said she, but you will give Letters to more Persons than one To-day; but remember, I charge you, added she smiling, while you are taking away the Liberty of others, to have a special Care of your own.

Miss *Glanville*, who could not think it possible one Woman could praise another with any Sincerity, cast a Glance at the Glass, fearing it was rather because she looked but indifferently, that her Cousin was so lavish in her Praises; and, while she was setting her Features in a Mirror which every Day represented a Face infinitely more lovely than her own, Mr. *Glanville* came in, who, after having very respectfully taken Leave of Lady *Bella*, led his Sister to the Coach.

Sir *George*, who was extremely mortified to find Lady *Bella* not in it, handed Miss *Glanville* out with an Air so reserved, that she raillied him upon it; and gave her Brother a very unpleasing Emotion, by telling Sir *George*, she hoped Lady *Bella*'s not coming along with them, would not make him bad Company.

As he was too gallant to suffer an handsome young Lady, who spread all her Attractions for him, to believe he regretted the Absence of another when she was present, he coquetted with her so much, that Mr. *Glanville* was in hopes his Sister would wholly engage him from Lady *Bella*.

## C H A P. X.

*In which our Heroine is engaged in a very perilous Adventure.*

**I**N the mean time, that solitary Fair one was alarmed by a Fear of a very unaccountable Nature; for, being in the Evening in her Closet, the Windows of which had a Prospect of the Gardens, she saw her illustrious concealed Lover, who went by the Name of  
*Edward,*

*Edward*, while he was in her Father's Service, talking with great Emotion to her House-Steward, who seemed earnestly to listen to some Propositions he was making to him. Her Surprize at this Sight was so great, that she had not Power to observe them any longer; but, seating herself in her Chair, she had just Spirits enough to call *Lucy* to her Assistance; who, extremely frighted at the pale Looks of her Lady, gave her a Smelling-bottle, and was preparing to cut her Lace, when *Arabella*, preventing her, told her in a low Voice, that she feared she should be betrayed into the Hands of an insolent Lover, who was come to steal her away. Yes, added she with great Emotion, I have seen this presumptuous Man holding a Conversation with one of my Servants; and tho' I could not possibly, at this Distance, hear their Discourse, yet the Gestures they used in speaking, explained it too well to me; and I have Reason to expect, I shall suffer the same Violence that many illustrious Ladies have done before me; and be carried away by Force from my own House, as they were.

Alas! Madam! said *Lucy*, terrified at this Discourse, who is it that intends to carry your Ladyship away? Sure no Robbers will attempt any Mischief at such a time as this!

Yes, *Lucy*, replied *Arabella*, with great Gravity, the worst kind of Robbers; Robbers who do not prey upon Gold and Jewels; but, what is infinitely more precious, Liberty and Honour. Do you know that Person who called himself *Edward*, and worked in these Gardens like a common Gardener, is now in the House, corrupting my Servants; and, questionless, preparing to force open my Chamber, and carry me away? And Heaven knows when I shall be delivered from his Chains.

God forbid, said *Lucy*, sobbing, that ever such a Lady should have such hard Hap! What Crime, I wonder, can you be guilty of, to deserve to be in Chains?

My Crime, resumed *Arabella*, is to have Attractions which expose me to these inevitable Misfortunes, which even

even the greatest Princesses have not escaped. — But dear *Lucy*, can you not think of some Methods by which I may avoid the Evil which waits me; Who knows but that he may, within these few Moments, force a Passage into my Apartment? These slight Locks can make but a poor Resistance to the Violence he will be capable of using.

Oh dear Madam! cried *Lucy*, trembling, and pressing near her, what shall we do?

I asked your Advice, said she; but I perceive you are less able than myself to think of any thing to save me. — Ah! *Glanville*, pursued she, sighing, would to Heaven thou wert here now!

Yes, Madam, said *Lucy*, Mr. *Glanville*, I am sure, would not suffer any one to hurt your Ladyship.

As thou valuest my Friendship, said *Arabella*, with great Earnestness, never acquaint him with what has just now escaped my Lips: True, I did call upon him in this Perplexity; I did pronounce his Name; and that, haply, with a Sigh, which involuntarily forced its Way: And, questionless, if he knew his good Fortune, even amidst the Danger of losing me for ever, he would resent some Emotions of Joy: But I should die with Shame at having so indiscreetly contributed to his Satisfaction: And, therefore, again I charge you, conceal, with the utmost Care, what I have said.

Indeed, Madam, said *Lucy*, I shall tell him nothing but what your Ladyship bids me; and I am so frightened, that I can think of nothing but that terrible Man, that wants to carry you away.

Mercy on us! added she, starting, I think I hear somebody on the Stairs!

Do not be alarmed, said *Arabella*, in a majestic Tone: It is I who have most Reason to fear: Nevertheless, I hope the Grandeur of my Courage will not sink under this Accident: Hark, somebody knocks at the Door, of my Antichamber: — My own Virtue shall support me: — Go, *Lucy*, and ask who it is.

Indeed I can't, Madam, said she, clinging to her: Pray pardon me: Indeed I am so afraid, I cannot stir.

Weak-soul'd

Weak-foul'd Wench! said *Arabella*, how unfit art thou for Accidents like these! Ah! had *Cylenia* and *Nartesia* been like thee, the fair *Berenice*, and the Divine Princess of *Media*, had not so eagerly intreated their Ravishers to afford them their Company in their Captivity: But go, I order you, and ask who it is that is at the Door of my Apartment: They knock again: Offer at no Excuses; but do your Duty.

*Lucy*, seeing her Lady was really angry, went trembling out of the Closet; but would go no farther than her Bedchamber, from whence she called out to know who was at the Door.

I have some Business with your Lady, said the House-Steward (for it was he that knocked): Can I speak with her at present?

*Lucy*, a little reassured by his Voice, made no Answer; but, creeping softly to the Door of the Ante-chamber, double-locked it; and then cried out in a Transport, No, I will take Care you shall not come to my Lady.

And why, pray, Mrs. *Lucy*? said the Steward: What have I done, that you are so much my Enemy?

You are a Rogue, said *Lucy*, growing very courageous, because the Door was locked between them.

A Rogue! said he, What Reason have you for calling me a Rogue? I assure you I will acquaint my Lady with your Insolence. I came to speak to her Ladyship about *Edward*; who prayed me to intercede for him, that he may be taken again into her Service: For he says, my Lady never believed any thing against him; and that was my Business: But, when I see her, I'll know whether you are allowed to abuse me in this manner.

*Arabella*, by this time, was advanced as far as the Bedchamber, longing to know what sort of Conference *Lucy* was holding with her intended Ravisher: When that faithful Confidante, seeing her, came running to her, and whispered her, that the House-Steward was at the Door, and said he wanted to intercede for *Edward*.

Ah!

Ah! the Traitor! said *Arabella*, retiring again: Has he, then, really bargained with that disloyal Man, to deliver up his Mistress? I am undone, *Lucy*, said she, unless I can find a Way to escape out of the House: They will, questionless, soon force the Doors of my Apartment.

Suppose, said *Lucy*, your Ladyship went down the Stairs that lead from your Dressing-room into the Garden; and you may hide yourself in the Gardener's House till Mr. *Glanville* come.

I approve, said *Arabella*, of one Part of your Proposal: But I shall not trust myself in the Gardener's House; who, questionless, is in the Plot with the rest of my perfidious Servants, since none of them have endeavoured to advertise me of my Danger. If we can gain the Gardens undiscovered, we may get out by that Door at the Foot of the Terrace, which leads into the Fields; for you know I always keep the Key of that private Door: So, *Lucy*, let us commend our selves to the Direction of Providence, and be gone immediately.

But what shall we do, Madam, said *Lucy*, when we are got out?

Why, said *Arabella*, you shall conduct me to your Brother's and, probably, we may meet with some generous Cavalier by the Way, who will protect us till we get thither: However, as I have as great a Danger to fear within Doors, as without, I will venture to make my Escape, though I should not be so fortunate as to meet with any Knight who will undertake to protect me from the Danger which I may apprehend in the Fields.

Saying this, she gave the Key of the Door to *Lucy*, whose Heart beat violently with Fear; and, covering herself with some black Cypress, which she wore in the Nature of a Veil, went softly down the little Staircase to the Terrace, followed by *Lucy* (who looked eagerly about her every Step that she went); and, having gained the Garden-door, hastily unlocked it, and fled, as fast as possible, cross the Fields, in order to procure a Sanctuary at *William's* House: *Arabella*,  
begging

begging Heaven to throw some generous Cavalier in her Way, whose Protection she might implore, and, taking every Tree at a Distance for a Horse and Knight, hastened her Steps to meet her approaching Succour; which, as soon as she came near, miserably balked her Expectations.

Though *William's* Farm was not more than two Miles from the Castle, yet *Arabella*, unused to such a rude Way of Travelling, began to be greatly fatigued: The Fear she was in of being pursued by her apprehended Ravisher, had so violent an Effect upon her Spirits, that she was hardly able to prosecute her Flight; and, to complete her Misfortunes, happening to stumble over a Stump of a Tree that lay in her Way, she strained her Ankle, and the violent Anguish she felt, threw her into a Swoon.

*Lucy*, upon whose Arm she leaned, perceiving her fainting, screamed out aloud, not knowing what to do with her in that Condition: She placed her upon the Ground, and supporting her Head against that fatal Stump, began to rub her Temples, weeping excessively all the time. Her Swoon still continuing, the poor Girl was in inconceivable Terror: Her Brother's House was now but a little Way off; but it being impossible for her to carry her Lady thither without some Help, she knew not what to resolve upon.

At length, thinking it better to leave her for a few Moments, to run for Assistance, than to sit by her and see her perish for want of it, she left her, though not without extreme Agony; and flew, with the utmost Eagerness, to her Brother's. She was lucky enough to meet him just coming out of his Door; and telling him the Condition in which she left her Lady, he, without asking any Questions about the Occasion of so strange an Accident, notwithstanding his Amazement, ran with all Speed to the Place where *Lucy* had left her: But, to their Astonishment and Sorrow, she was not to be found: They walked a long time in Search of her; and *Lucy*, being almost distracted with Fear lest she had been carried away, made Complaints that so puzzled her Brother, he knew not what to say to her: But, finding their

Search



Search fruitless, they agreed to go home to the Castle, supposing, with some Appearance of Reason, that they might hear of her there.

Here they found nothing but Grief and Confusion. Mr. *Glanville* and his Sister were just returned, and had been at Lady *Bella's* Apartment; but, not finding her there, they asked her Women where she was, who, not knowing any thing of her Flight, concluded she was in the Garden with *Lucy*. Mr. *Glanville*, surprized at her being at that Hour in the Garden, ran eagerly to engage her to come in, being apprehensive she would take Cold, by staying so late in the Air: But, not finding her in any of her usual Walks, he ordered several of the Servants to assist him in searching the whole Garden, sending them to different Places: But they all returned without Success; which filled him with the utmost Consternation.

He was returning, excessively uneasy, to the House, when he saw *Lucy*; who had been just told, in answer to her Inquiries about her Lady, that they were gone to look for her in the Garden; and running up to Mr. *Glanville*, who hoped to hear News of Lady *Bella* from her. Oh! Sir, said she, is my Lady found?

What! *Lucy*, said Mr. *Glanville* (more alarmed than before), do not you know where she is? I thought you had been with her.

Oh! dear, cried *Lucy*, wringing her Hands; for certain my poor Lady was stolen away while she was in that fainting Fit. Sir, said she to Mr. *Glanville*, I know who the Person is that my Lady said (and almost broke my Heart) would keep her in Chains: He was in the House not many Hours ago.

Mr. *Glanville*, suspecting this was some new Whim of *Arabella's*, would not suffer *Lucy* to say any more before the Servants, who stood gaping with Astonishment at the strange Things she uttered; but bid her follow him to his Apartment, and he would hear what she could inform him concerning this Accident. He would, if possible, have prevented his Sister from being present at the Story; but, not being able to form any Excuse for not suffering her to hear every thing that related

lated to her Cousin, they all three went into his Chamber; where he desired *Lucy* to tell him what she knew about her Lady.

You must know, Sir, said *Lucy*, sobbing, that there came a Man here to take away my Lady: A great Man he is, though he worked in the Gardens; for he was in Love with her: And so he would not own who he was.

And pray, interrupted Miss *Glanville*, Who told you he was a great Man, as you say?

My Lady told me, said *Lucy*: But, *howsoever*, he was turned away; for the Gardener says he caught him stealing Carp.

A very great Man, indeed, said Miss *Glanville*, that would steal Carp!

You must know, Madam, said she, that was only a Pretence: For he went there, my Lady says, to drown himself.

Bless me! cried Miss *Glanville*, laughing; the Girl's distracted, sure. Lord! Brother, don't listen to her nonsensical Tales; we shall never find my Cousin by her.

Leave her to me, said Mr. *Glanville*, whispering: Perhaps I may discover something by her Discourse, that will give us some Light into this Affair.

Nay, I'll stay, I am resolved, answered she; for I long to know where my Cousin is: Tho', do you think what this Girl says is true, about a great Man disguised in the Gardens? Sure my Cousin could never tell her such Stuff: But, now I think of it, added she, Lady *Bella*, when we were speaking about the Jockey, talked something about a Lover: I now believe it is as the Girl says. Pray let's hear her out.

Mr. *Glanville* was ready to die with Vexation, at the Charmer of his Soul's being thus exposed; but there was no Help for it.

Pray, said he to *Lucy*, tell us no more about this Man: But, if you can guess where your Lady is, let me know.

Indeed I can't, Sir, said she; for my Lady and I both stole out of the House, for fear *Edward* should break

break open the Doors of her Apartment, and we were running as fast as possible to my Brother's House (where she said she would hide herself till you came); but my poor dear Lady fell down and hurt herself so much, that she fainted away: I tried what I could to fetch her again; but she did not open her Eyes: So I ran like Lightning to my Brother, to come and help me to carry her to the Farm; but, when we came back she was gone.

What do you say? cried Mr. *Glanville*, with a distracted Look: Did you leave her in that Condition in the Fields? And was she not to be found when you came back?

No, indeed, Sir, said *Lucy*, weeping, we could not find her, though we wandered about a long time.

Oh! Heavens! said he, walking about the Room in a violent Emotion, Where can she be? What is become of her? Dear Sister, pursued he, order somebody to saddle my Horse: I'll traverse the Country all Night in quest of her.

You had best inquire, Sir, said *Lucy*, if *Edward* is in the House: He knows, may be, where my Lady is.

Who is he? cried *Glanville*.

Why the great Man, Sir, said *Lucy*, whom we thought to be a Gardener, who came to carry my Lady away; which made her get out of the House as fast as she could.

This is the strangest Story, said Miss *Glanville*, that ever I heard: Sure nobody would be so mad to attempt such an Action; my Cousin has the oddest Whims!

Mr. *Glanville*, not able to listen any longer, charged *Lucy* to say nothing of this Matter to any one; and then ran eagerly out of the Room, ordering two or three of the Servants to go in Search of their Lady: He then mounted his Horse in great Anguish of Mind, not knowing whither to direct his Course.

## C H A P. XI.

*In which the Lady is wonderfully delivered.*

**B**UT to return to *Arabella*, whom we left in a very melancholy Situation: *Lucy* had not been gone long from her before she opened her Eyes; and, beginning to come perfectly to herself, was surprized to find her Woman not near her: The Moon shining very bright, she looked round her, and called *Lucy* as loud as she was able; but not seeing her, or hearing any Answer, her Fears became so powerful, that she had like to have relapsed into her Swoon.

Alas! unfortunate Maid that I am! cried she, weeping excessively, questionless I am betrayed by her on whose Fidelity I relied, and who was acquainted with my most secret Thoughts: She is now with my Ravisher, directing his Pursuit, and I have no Means of escaping from his Hands! Cruel and ungrateful Wench, thy unparalleled Treachery grieves me no less than all my other Misfortunes: But why do I say, Her Treachery is unparalleled? Did not the wicked *Arianta* betray her Mistress into the Power of her insolent Lover? Ah! *Arabella*, thou art not single in thy Misery, since the divine *Mandana* was, like thyself, the Dupe of a mercenary Servant.

Having given a Moment or two to these sad Reflections, she rose from the Ground with an Intention to walk on; but her Ankle was so painful, that she could hardly move: Her Tears began now to flow with greater Violence: She expected every Moment to see *Edward* approach her; and was resigning herself up to Despair, when a Chaise, driven by a young Gentleman, passed by her. *Arabella*, thanking Heaven for sending this Relief, called out as loud as she could, conjuring him to stay.

The Gentleman, hearing a Woman's Voice, stopped immediately, and asked what she wanted.

Generous Stranger, said *Arabella*, advancing as well as she was able, do not refuse your Assistance to save me

me from a most terrible Danger: I am pursued by a Person whom, for very urgent Reasons, I desire to avoid. I conjure you, therefore, in the Name of her you love best, to protect me; and may you be crowned with the Enjoyment of all your Wishes, for so charitable an Action!

If the Gentleman was surprized at this Address, he was much more astonished at the Beauty of her who made it: Her Stature; her Shape, her inimitable Complexion; the Lustre of her fine Eyes, and the thousand Charms that adorned her whole Person, kept him a Minute silently gazing upon her, without having the Power to make her an Answer.

*Arabella*, finding he did not speak, was extremely disappointed. Ah! Sir, said she, What do you deliberate upon? Is it possible you can deny so reasonable a Request, to a Lady in my Circumstances?

For God's sake, Madam, said the Gentleman, alighting, and approaching her, let me know who you are, and how I can be of any Service to you.

As for my Quality, said *Arabella*, be assured it is not mean; and let this Knowledge suffice at present: The Service I desire of you is, to convey me to some Place where I may be in Safety for this Night: Tomorrow I will intreat you to let some Persons, whom I shall name to you, know where I am; to the end they may take proper Measures to secure me from the Attempts of an insolent Man, who has driven me from my own House, by the Designs he was going to execute.

The Gentleman saw there was some Mystery in her Case, which she did not choose to explain; and; being extremely glad at having so beautiful a Creature in his Power, told her she might command him in all she pleased; and, helping her into the Chaise, drove off as fast as he could; *Arabella* suffering no Apprehensions from being alone with a Stranger, since nothing was more common to Heroines than such Adventures; all her Fears being of *Edward*, whom she fancied every Moment she saw pursuing them: And, being extremely anxious to be in some Place of Safety, she urged her

Protector to drive as fast as possible, who, willing to have her at his own House, complied with her Request; but was so unlucky in his Haste, as to overturn the Chaise. Though neither *Arabella* nor himself were hurt by the Fall, yet the Necessity there was to stay some time to put the Chaise in a Condition to carry them any farther, filled her with a thousand Apprehensions, lest they should be overtaken.

In the mean time, the Servants of *Arabella*, among whom *Edward*, not knowing how much he was concerned in her Flight, was resolved to distinguish himself by his Zeal in searching for her, had dispersed themselves about in different Places: Chance conducted *Edward* to the very Spot where she was: When *Arabella*, perceiving him while he was two or three Paces off, Oh! Sir, cried she, behold my Persecutor! Can you resolve to defend me against the Violence he comes to offer me?

The Gentleman, looking up, and seeing a Man in Livery approaching them, asked her, if that was the Person she complained of; and if he was her Servant?

If he is my Servant, Sir, replied she, blushing, he never had my Permission to be so: And, indeed, no one else can boast of my having granted them such a Liberty.

Do you know whose Servant he is, then, Madam? replied the Gentleman, a little surprized at her Answer; which he could not well understand.

You throw me into a great Embarrassment, Sir, resumed *Arabella*, blushing more than before: Questionless, he appears to be mine; but, since, as I told you before, he never discovered himself to me, and I never permitted him to assume that Title, his Services, if ever I received any from him, were not at all considered by me, as Things for which I was obliged to him.

The Gentleman, still more amazed at Answers so little to the Purpose, was going to desire her to explain herself upon this strange Affair; when *Edward*, coming up close to *Arabella*, cried out in a Transport, Oh! Madam! thank God you are found.

Hold,

Hold, impious Man! said *Arabella*, and do not give Thanks for that which, haply, may prove thy Punishment. If I am found, thou wilt be no better for it: And, if thou continuest to persecute me, thou wilt probably meet with thy Death, where thou thinkest thou hast found thy Happiness.

The poor Fellow, who understood not a Word of this Discourse, stared upon her like one that had lost his Wits; when the Protector of *Arabella*, approaching him, asked him, with a stern Look, What he had to say to that Lady, and why he presumed to follow her?

As the Man was going to answer him, Mr. *Glanville* came galloping up; and *Edward*, seeing him, ran up to him, and informed him, that he had met with Lady *Bella*, and a Gentleman, who seemed to have been overturned in a Chaise, which he was endeavouring to refit; and that her Ladyship was offended with him for coming up to her, and also, that the Gentleman had used some threatening Language to him upon that Account.

Mr. *Glanville*, excessively surprized at what he heard, stopped; and, ordering a Servant who came along with him, to run back to the Castle, and bring a Chaise thither to carry Lady *Bella* home, he asked *Edward* several more Questions relating to what she and the Gentleman had said to him: And, notwithstanding his Knowledge of her ridiculous Humour, he could not help being alarmed by her Behaviour, nor concluding that there was something very mysterious in the Affair.

While he was thus conversing with *Edward*, *Arabella*, who had spied him almost as soon, was filled with Apprehension to see him hold so quiet a Parly with her Ravisher: The more she reflected upon this Accident, the more her Suspicions increased; and, persuading herself at last, that Mr. *Glanville* was privy to his Designs, this Belief, however improbable, wrought so powerfully upon her Imagination, that she could not restrain her Tears.

Doubtless, said she, I am betrayed, and the perjured *Glanville* is no longer either my Friend or Lover: He

is

is this Moment concerting Measures with my Ravisher, how to deliver me into his Power; and, like *Philidaspes*, is glad of an Opportunity, by this Treachery, to be rid of a Woman whom his Parents and hers had destined for his Wife.

Mr. *Glanville*, having learned all he could from *Edward*, alighted; and, giving him his Horse to hold, came up to *Arabella*: And, after expressing his Joy at meeting with her, begged her to let him know what Accident had brought her, unattended, from the Castle, at that time of Night.

If by this Question, said the incensed *Arabella*, you would persuade me you are ignorant of the Cause of my Flight, know, your Dissimulation will not succeed; and that, having Reason to believe you are equally guilty with him from whose intended Violence I fled, I shall have recourse to the Valour of this Knight you see with me, to defend me, as well against you, as that Ravisher, with whom I see you leagued. — Ah! unworthy Cousin, pursued she, What dost thou propose to thyself by so black a Treachery? What is to be the Price of my Liberty, which thou so freely disposest of? Has thy Friend there, said she (pointing to *Edward*,) a Sister, or any Relation, for whom thou barterest, by delivering me up to him? But, assure thyself, this Stratagem shall be of no Use to thee: For, if thou art base enough to oppress my valiant Deliverer with Numbers, and thinkest, by Violence, to get me into thy Power, my Cries shall arm Heaven and Earth in my Defence. Providence may, haply, send some generous Cavaliers to my Rescue; and, if Providence fails me, my own Hand shall give me Freedom; for that Moment thou offerest to seize me, that Moment shall be the last of my Life.

While *Arabella* was speaking, the young Gentleman and *Edward*, who listened to her, eagerly, thought her Brain was disturbed: But Mr. *Glanville* was in a terrible Confusion, and silently cursed his ill Fate, to make him in Love with a Woman so ridiculous.

For Heaven's sake, Cousin, said he, striving to repress some Part of his Disorder, Do not give way to these



these extravagant Notions: There is nobody intends to do you any Wrong.

What! interrupted she, would you persuade me, that that Impostor there, pointing to *Edward*, has not a Design to carry me away; which you, by supporting him, are not equally guilty of?

Who? I! Madam! cried out *Edward*: Sure your Ladyship does not suspect me of such a strange Design! God knows I never thought of such a Thing!

Ah! Dissembler! interrupted *Arabella*, do not make use of that sacred Name to mask thy impious Falshoods: Confess with what Intent you came into my Father's Service disguised.

I never came disguised, Madam, returned *Edward*.

No! said *Arabella*: What means that Dress in which I see you, then?

'Tis the Marquis's Livery, Madam, said *Edward*, which he did not order to be taken from me when I left his Service.

And with what Purpose didst thou wear it? said she, Do not your Thoughts accuse you of your Crime?

I always hoped, Madam — said he.

You hoped! interrupted *Arabella*: frowning, Did I ever give you Reason to hope? I will not deny but I had Compassion on you; but even that you was ignorant of.

I know, Madam, you had Compassion on me, said *Edward*; for your Ladyship, I always thought, did not believe me guilty.

I was weak enough, said she, to have Compassion on you, though I *did* believe you guilty.

Indeed, Madam, returned *Edward*, I always hoped, as I said before (but your Ladyship would not hear me out), that you did not believe any malicious Reports; and therefore you had Compassion on me.

I had no Reports of you, said she, but what my own Observation gave me; and that was sufficient to convince me of your Fault.

Why, Madam, said *Edward*, did your Ladyship see me steal the Carp then, which was the Fault unjustly laid to my Charge?

Mr.

Mr. *Glanville*, as much Cause as he had for Uneasiness, could with great Difficulty restrain Laughter at this ludicrous Circumstance; for he guessed what Crime *Arabella* was accusing him of: As for the young Gentleman, he could not conceive what she meant, and longed to hear what would be the End of such a strange Conference. But poor *Arabella* was prodigiously confounded at his mentioning so low an Affair; not being able to endure that *Glanville* and her Protector should know a Lover of her's could be suspected of so base a Theft.

The Shame she conceived at it, kept her silent for a Moment: But, recovering herself at last, No, said she, I knew you better than to give any Credit to such an idle Report: Persons of your Condition do not commit such paltry Crimes.

Upon my Soul, Madam, said the young Gentleman, Persons of his Condition often do worse.

I don't deny it, Sir, said *Arabella*, and the Design he meditated of carrying me away was infinitely worse.

Really, Madam, returned the Gentleman, if you are such a Person as I apprehend, I don't see how he durst make such an Attempt;

It is very possible, Sir, said she, that I might be carried away, though I was of greater Quality than I am: Were not *Mandana*, *Candace*, *Clelia*, and many other Ladies who underwent the same Fate, of a Quality more illustrious than mine?

Really, Madam, said he, I know none of these Ladies.

No, Sir! said *Arabella*; extremely mortified.

Let me intreat you, Cousin, interrupted *Glanville* (who feared this Dispute would be very tedious), to expose yourself no longer to the Air at this time of Night: Suffer me to conduct you home.

It concerns my Honour, said she, that this generous Stranger should not think I am the only one that was ever exposed to these Insolent Attempts. You say, Sir, pursued she, that you don't know any of these Ladies I mentioned before: Let me ask you then, if you are acquainted with *Parthenissa*, or *Cleopatra*? who were both,

both, for some Months, in the Hands of their Ravishers.

As for *Parthenissa*, Madam, neither have I heard of her; nor do I remember to have heard of any more than one *Cleopatra*: But she was never ravished, I am certain; for she was too willing.

How! Sir, said *Arabella*: Was *Cleopatra* ever willing to run away with her Ravisher?

*Cleopatra* was a Whore, was she not, Madam? said he.

Hold thy Peace, unworthy Man, said *Arabella*; and profane not the Memory of that fair and glorious Queen, by such injurious Language: That Queen, I say, whose Courage was equal to her Beauty; and her Virtue surpassed by neither. Good Heavens! What a black Defamer have I chosen for my Protector!

Mr. *Glanville*, rejoicing to see *Arabella* in a Disposition to be offended with her new Acquaintance, resolved to sooth her a little, in hopes of prevailing upon her to return home. Sir, said he to the Gentleman, who could not conceive why the Lady should so warmly defend *Cleopatra*, you were in the Wrong to cast such Reflections upon that great Queen (repeating what he had heard his Cousin say before): For all the World, pursued he, knows she was married to *Julius Caesar*.

Though I commend you, said *Arabella*, for taking the Part of a Lady so basely vilified; yet let not your Zeal for her Honour induce you to say more than is true for its Justification; for thereby you weaken, instead of strengthening, what may be said in her Defence. One Falshood always supposes another, and renders all you can say suspected: Whereas pure, unmixed Truth, carries Conviction along with it, and never fails to produce its desired Effects.

Suffer me, Cousin, interrupted *Glanville*, to represent to you, the Inconveniency you will certainly feel, by staying so late in the Air: Leave the Justification of *Cleopatra* to some other Opportunity; and take care of your own Preservation.

What is it you require of me? said *Arabella*.

Only,

Only, resumed *Glanville*, that you would be pleased to return to the Castle, where my Sister, and all your Servants, are inconsolable for your Absence.

But who can assure me, answered she, that I shall not, by returning home, enter voluntarily into my Prison? For, to say the Truth, I still more than suspect you abet the Designs of this Man; since I behold you in his Party, and ready, no doubt, to draw your Sword in his Defence: How will you be able to clear yourself of this Crime? Yet I will venture to return to my House, provided you will swear to me, you will offer me no Violence, with regard to your Friend there: And also I insist, that he, from this Moment, disclaim all Intentions of persecuting me, and banish himself from my Presence for ever. Upon this Condition I pardon him, and will likewise pray to Heaven to pardon him also. Speak, presumptuous Unknown, said she to *Edward*, Wilt thou accept of my Pardon upon the Terms I offer it thee? And wilt thou take thyself to some Place where I may never behold thee again?

Since your Ladyship, said *Edward*, is resolved not to receive me into your Service, I shan't trouble you any more: But I think it hard to be punished for a Crime I was not guilty of.

'Tis better, said *Arabella*, turning from him, that thou shouldst complain of my Rigour, than the World tax me with Lightness and Indiscretion. And now, Sir, said she to *Glanville*, I must trust myself to your Honour, which I confess I do a little suspect: But, however, 'tis possible you have repented, like the poor Prince *Thrasylbulus*, when he submitted to the Suggestions of a wicked Friend, to carry away the fair *Alcionida*, whom he afterwards restored. Speak, *Glanville*, pursued she, are you desirous of imitating that virtuous Prince, or do you still retain your former Sentiments?

Upon my Word, Madam, said *Glanville*, you will make me quite mad, if you go on in this manner: Pray let me see you safe home; and then, if you please,

please, you may forbid my Entrance into the Castle, if you suspect me of any bad Intentions towards you.

'Tis enough, said she; I will trust you. As for you, Sir, speaking to the young Gentleman, you are so unworthy, in my Apprehensions, by the Calumnies you have uttered against a Person of that Sex which merits all your Admiration and Reverence, that I hold you very unfit to be a Protector of any of it: Therefore I dispense with your Services upon this Occasion; and think it better to trust myself to the Conduct of a Person, who, like *Thrasylbus*, by his Repentance, has restored himself to my Confidence, than to one, who, though, indeed, he has never betrayed me, yet seems very capable of doing so, if he had the Power.

Saying this, she gave her Hand to *Glanville*, who helped her into the Chaise that was come from the Castle; and the Servant, who brought it, mounting his Horse, Mr. *Glanville* drove her Home, leaving the Gentleman, who, by this time, had refitted his Chaise, in the greatest Astonishment imaginable at her unaccountable Behaviour.

END of the SECOND BOOK.



THE

# *Female* QUIXOTE.

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 B O O K III.
 

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C H A P. I.

*Two Conversations, out of which the Reader may pick up a great deal.*

**A**RABELLA, continuing to ruminate upon her Adventure during their little Journey, appeared so low and reserved, that Mr. *Glanville*, tho' he ardently wished to know all the Particulars of her Flight, and Meeting with that Gentleman, whose Company he found her in, was obliged to suppress his Curiosity for the present, out of a Fear of displeasing her. As soon as they alighted at the Castle, her Servants ran to receive her at the Gates, expressing their Joy to see her again, by a thousand confused Exclamations.

Miss *Glanville*, being at her Toilet when she heard of her Arrival, ran down to welcome her, in her Hurry forgetting,

forgetting, that as her Woman had been curling her Hair, she had no Cap on.

*Arabella* received her Compliments with a little Coolness; for, observing that her Grief for her Absence had not made her neglect any of her usual Solitude about her Person, she could not conceive it had been very great: Therefore, when she had made some slight Answer to the hundred Questions she asked in a Breath, she went up to her Apartment; and, calling *Lucy*, who was crying with Joy for her Return, she questioned her strictly concerning her leaving her in the Fields, acknowledging to her, that she suspected her Fidelity, tho' she wished at the same time, she might be able to clear herself.

*Lucy*, in her Justification, related, after her punctual Way, all that had happened: By which, *Arabella* was convinced she had not betrayed her; and was also in some Doubt, whether Mr. *Glanville* was guilty of any Design against her.

Since, said she to *Lucy*, thou art restored to my good Opinion, I will, as I have always done, unmask my Thoughts to thee. I confess then, with Shame and Confusion, that I cannot think of Mr. *Glanville's* assisting the Unknown to carry me away, without *resenting* a most poignant Grief: Questionless, my Weakness will surprize thee; and could I conceal it from myself, I would from thee; but, alas! it is certain, that I do not hate him; and I believe I never shall, guilty as he may be in my Apprehensions.

Hate him! Madam, said *Lucy*: God forbid you should ever hate Mr. *Glanville*, who, I am sure, loves your Ladyship as well as he does his own Sister!

You are very confident, *Lucy*, said *Arabella*, blushing, to mention the Word Love to me: If I thought my Cousin had bribed thee to it, I should be greatly incensed: However, tho' I forbid you to talk of his Passion, yet I permit you to tell me the Violence of his Transports when I was missing; the Threats he uttered against my Ravishers; the Complaints he made against Fortune; the Vows he offered for my Preserva-

tion; and, in fine, whatever Extravagances the Excess of his Sorrow forced him to commit.

I assure you, Madam, said *Lucy*, I did not hear him say any of all this.

What! interrupted *Arabella*: And didst thou not observe the Tears trickle from his Eyes, which, haply, he strove to conceal? Did he not strike his Bosom with the Vehemence of his Grief; and cast his accusing and despairing Eyes to Heaven, which had permitted such a Misfortune to befall me?

Indeed, Madam, I did not, resumed *Lucy*; but he seemed to be very sorry; and said, He would go and look for your Ladyship.

Ah! the Traitor! interrupted *Arabella* in a Rage: Fain would I have found out some Excuse for him, and justified him in my Apprehensions; but he is unworthy of these favourable Thoughts: Speak of him no more, I command you; he is guilty of assisting my Ravisher to carry me away; and therefore merits my eternal Displeasure: But tho' I could find Reasons to clear him even of that Crime, yet he is guilty of Indifference and Insensibility for my Loss, since he neither died with Grief at the News of it; nor needed the Interposition of his Sister, or the Desire of delivering me, to make him live.

*Arabella*, when she had said this, was silent; but could not prevent some Tears stealing down her fair Face: Therefore, to conceal her Uneasiness, or to be at more Liberty to indulge it, she ordered *Lucy* to make haste and undress her; and, going To-bed, passed the small Remainder of the Night, not in Rest, which she very much needed, but, in Reflections on all the Passages of the preceding Day: And, finding, or imagining she found, new Reasons for condemning *Mr. Glanville*, her Mind was very far from being at Ease.

In the Morning, lying later than usual, she received a Message from *Mr. Glanville*, inquiring after her Health; to which she answered, That he was too little concerned in the Preservation of it, to make it necessary to acquaint him.

Miss



Miss *Glanville* soon after sent to desire Permission to drink her Chocolate by her Bedside; which as she could not in Civility refuse, she was very much perplexed how to hide her Melancholy from the Eyes of that discerning Lady, who, she questioned not, would interpret it in favour of her Brother.

Upon Miss *Glanville's* Appearance, she forced herself to assume a chearful Look, asking her Pardon, for receiving her in Bed; and complaining of bad Rest, which had occasioned her lying late.

Miss *Glanville*, after answering her Compliments with almost equal Politeness, proceeded to ask her an hundred Questions concerning the Cause of her Absence from the Castle: Your Woman, pursued she, laughing, told us a strange Medley of Stuff about a great Man, who was a Gardener; and wanted to carry you away: Sure there was nothing in it! Was there?

You must excuse me, Cousin, said *Arabella*, if I do not answer your Questions precisely now: 'Tis sufficient that I tell you, Certain Reasons obliged me to act in the Manner I did, for my own Preservation; and that, another time, you shall know my History; which will explain many things you seem to be surprized at, at present.

Your History, said Miss *Glanville*! Why, will you write your own History then?

I shall not write it, said *Arabella*; tho', questionless, it will be written after my Death.

And must I wait till then for it, resumed Miss *Glanville*, gaily?

No, no, interrupted *Arabella*: I mean to gratify your Curiosity sooner, but it will not be yet a good time; and, haply, not till you have acquainted me with yours.

Mine! said Miss *Glanville*: It would not be worth your hearing, for really I have nothing to tell, that would make an History.

You have, questionless, returned *Arabella*, gained many Victories over Hearts; have occasioned many Quarrels between your Servants, by favouring some one, more than the others: Probably, you have caused

some Bloodshed; and have not escaped being carried away once or twice: You have also, I suppose, undergone some Persecution, from those who have the Disposal of you, in Favour of a Lover whom you have an Aversion to; and lastly, there is haply some one among your Admirers, who is happy enough not to be hated by you.

I assure you, interrupted Miss *Glanville*, I hate none of my Admirers; and I can't help thinking you very unkind to use my Brother as you do: I am sure, there is not one Man in an hundred, that would take so much from your Hands as he does.

Then there is not one Man in an hundred, resumed *Arabella*, whom I should think worthy to serve me: But, pray, Madam, What ill Usage is it your Brother complains of? I have treated him with much less Severity than he had Reason to expect; and, notwithstanding he had the Presumption to talk to me of Love, I have endured him in my Sight; an Indulgence, for which I may haply be blamed in After-ages.

Why, sure, *Lady Bella*, said Miss *Glanville*, it would be no such Crime for my Brother to love you!

But it was a mortal Crime to tell me so, interrupted *Arabella*.

And why was it such a mortal Crime to tell you so, said Miss *Glanville*? Are you the first Woman by Millions, that has been told so?

Doubtless, returned *Arabella*, I am the first Woman of my Quality, that ever was told so by any Man, till after an infinite Number of Services, and secret Sufferings: And truly, I am of the illustrious *Mandana's* Mind; for she said, That she should think it an unpardonable Presumption, for the greatest King on Earth to tell her he loved her, tho' after Ten Years of the most faithful Services; and concealed Tortments.

Ten Years! cried out Miss *Glanville*, in Amazement; Did she consider what Alterations ten Years would make in her Face, and how much older she would be at the End of Ten Years, than she was before?

Truly,

Truly, said *Arabella*, it is not usual to consider such little Matters so nicely; one never has the Idea of an Heroine older than Eighteen, tho' her History begins at that Age; and the Events, which compose it, contain the Space of Twenty more.

But, dear Cousin, resumed *Miss Glanville*, do you resolve to be Ten Years a courting? Or rather, will you be loved in Silence Ten Years, and be courted the other Ten; and so marry when you are an old Woman!

Pardon me, Cousin, resumed *Arabella*, I must really find Fault with the Coarseness of your Language. Courting, and Old Woman! What strange Terms! Let us, I beseech you, end this Dispute: If you have any thing to say in Justification of your Brother, which, I suppose, was the chief Intention of your Visit, I shall not be rude enough to restrain you; tho' I could wish you would not lay me under the Necessity of hearing what I cannot persuade myself to believe.

Since, returned *Miss Glanville*, I know of no Crime my Brother has been guilty of, I have nothing to say in his Justification: I only know, that he is very much mortified at the Message you sent him this Morning; for I was with him when he received it: But pray, What has he done to offend you?

If Mr. *Glanville*, interrupted *Arabella*, hopes for my Pardon, he must purchase it by his Repentance, and a sincere Confession of his Fault; which you may much better understand from himself, than from me: And, for this Purpose, I will condescend to grant him a private Audience, at which I desire you would be present; and also, I should take it well, if you will let him know, that he owes this Favour wholly to your Interposition.

*Miss Glanville*, who knew her Brother was extremely desirous of seeing *Arabella*, was glad to accept of these strange Terms; and left her Chamber, in order to acquaint him with that Lady's Intentions.

## C H A P. II.

*A solemn Interview.*

**I**N the mean time, that Fair-one, being risen, and negligently dressed, as was her Custom, went into her Closet, sending to give Miss *Glanville* Notice, That she was ready to see her. This Message immediately brought both the Brother and the Sister to her Apartment: And Miss *Glanville*, at her Brother's Request, staying in the Chamber, where she busied herself in looking at her Cousin's Jewels, which lay upon the Toilet, he came alone into the Closet, in so much Confusion at the Thoughts of the ridiculous Figure he made in complying with *Arabella's* fantastical Humours, that his Looks persuading her, there was some great Agitation in his Mind, she expected to see him fall at her Feet, and endeavour to deprecate her Wrath by a Deluge of Tears.

Mr. *Glanville* however disappointed her in that respect; for, taking a Seat near her, he began to intreat her, with a smiling Countenance, to tell him in what he had offended her; protesting, that he was not conscious of doing or saying any thing to displease her.

*Arabella* was greatly confused at this Question, which she thought she had no Reason to expect; it not being possible for her to tell him she was offended, that he was not in absolute Despair for her Absence, without, at the same time, confessing she looked upon him in the Light of a Lover, whose Expressions of a violent Passion would not have displeased her: Therefore, to disengage herself from the Perplexity his Question threw her into, she was obliged to offer some Violence to her Ingenuousness; and, contrary to her real Belief, tax him again with a Design of betraying her into the Power of the Unknown.

Mr. *Glanville*, tho' excessively vexed at her persisting in so ridiculous an Error, could hardly help smiling at the stern Manner in which she spoke; but knowing of  
what

what fatal Consequence it would be to him, if he indulged any Gaiety in so solemn a Conference, he composed his Looks to a Gravity suitable to the Occasion; and asked her, in a very submissive Tone, What Motive she was pleased to assign for so extraordinary a Piece of Villainy, as that she supposed him guilty of?

Truly, answered she, blushing, I do not pretend to account for the Actions of wicked and ungenerous Persons.

But, Madam, resumed *Glanville*, if I must needs be suspected of a Design to seize upon your Person, methinks it would have been more reasonable to suppose, I would rather use that Violence in Favour of my own Pretensions, than those of any other whatever; for, tho' you have expressly forbid me to tell you I love you, yet I hope you still continue to think I do.

I assure you, returned *Arabella*, assuming a severe Look, I never gave myself the Trouble to examine your Behaviour with Care enough to be sensible, if you still were guilty of the Weakness, which displeased me; but, upon a Supposition, that you repented of your Fault, I was willing to live with you upon Terms of Civility and Friendship, as became Persons in that Degree of Relationship in which we are: Therefore, if you are wise, you will not renew the Remembrance of those Follies I have long since pardoned; nor seek Occasions of offending me by new ones of the same kind, lest it produce a more severe Sentence than that I formerly laid upon you.

However, Madam, returned *Mr. Glanville*, you must suffer me to assure you, That my own Interest, which was greatly concerned in your Safety, and my Principles of Honour, would never allow me to engage in so villainous an Enterprize, as that of abetting any Person in stealing you away: Nor can I conceive, how you possibly could imagine a Fellow, who was your menial Servant, could form so presumptuous and dangerous a Design.

By your Manner of speaking, resumed *Arabella*, one would imagine you were really ignorant, both of the Quality of that presumptuous Man, as well as his designed

designed Offence: But yet, 'tis certain, I saw you in his Company; and saw you ready to draw your Sword in his Defence, against my Deliverer. Had I not the Evidence of my own Senses, for your Guilt, I must confess, I could not be persuaded of it by any other Means: Therefore, since Appearances are certainly against you, it is not strange, if I cannot consent to acquit you in my Apprehensions, till I have more certain Confirmation of your Innocence, than your bare Testimony only; which, at present, has not all the Weight with me it had some time ago.

I protest, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, who was strangely perplexed, I have Reason to think my Case extremely hard, since I have brought myself to be suspected by you, only through my Eagerness to find you, and Solitude for your Welfare.

Doubtless, interrupted *Arabella*, if you are innocent, your Case is extremely hard; yet it is not singular; and therefore you have less Reason to complain: The valiant *Coriolanus*, who was the most passionate and faithful Lover imaginable, having, by his admirable Valour, assisted the Ravishers of his adored *Cleopatra*, against those who came to rescue her; and, by his Arm alone, opposed to great Numbers of their Enemies, facilitated the Execution of their Design, had the Mortification afterwards to know, that he had, all that time, been fighting against that Divine Princess, who loaded him with the most cruel Reproaches for the Injury he had done her: Yet Fortune was so kind, as to give him the Means of repairing the Fault, and restoring him to some Part of her good Opinion; for, covered with Wounds as he was, and fatigued with fighting, before, yet he undertook, in that Condition, to prevent her Ravishers from carrying her off; and, for several Hours, continued fighting alone with near Two hundred Men, who were not able to overcome him, notwithstanding his extreme Weariness, and the Multitude of Blows which they aimed at him: Therefore *Glanville*, considering you, as *Cleopatra* did that unfortunate Prince, who was before suspected by her, as neither guilty nor innocent, I can only, like her, wish

wish you may find some Occasion of justifying yourself, from the Crime laid to your Charge: Till then, I must be under a Necessity of banishing you from my Presence, with the same consolatory Speech she used to that unfortunate Prince: — “ Go, therefore, *Glanville*, go, and endeavour your own Justification, I desire you should effect it, no less than you do yourself, and, if my Prayers can obtain from Heaven this Favour for you, I shall not scruple to offer some *in your behalf.*”

## C H A P. III.

*In which the Interview is ended, not much to the Lover's Satisfaction, but exactly conformable to the Rules of Romance.*

**A**RABELLA, when she had pronounced these Words, blushed excessively, thinking she had said too much: But, not seeing any Signs of extreme Joy in the Face of *Glanville*, who was silently cursing *Cleopatra*, and the Authors of those Romances, that had ruined so noble a Mind; and exposed him to perpetual Vexations, by the unaccountable Whims they had raised — Why are you not gone, said she, while I am in an Humour not to repent of the Favour I have shewn you?

You must excuse me, Cousin, said Mr. *Glanville*, peevishly, if I do not think so highly as you do of the Favour. Pray how am I obliged to you for depriving me of the Pleasure of seeing you, and sending me on a Wild-goose Chace, after Occasions to justify myself of a Crime I am wholly innocent of, and would scorn to commit?

Though, resumed *Arabella*, with great Calmness, I have Reason to be dissatisfied with the cool and unthankful manner in which you receive my Indulgence, yet I shall not change the favourable Disposition I am in towards you, unless you provoke me to, it by new  
Acts

Acts of Disobedience: Therefore, in the Language of *Cleopatra*, I shall tell you——

Upon my Soul, Madam, interrupted *Glanville*, I have no Patience with that rigorous Gipsy, whose Example you follow so exactly, to my Sorrow: Speak in your own Language, I beseech you; for I am sure neither hers, nor any one's upon Earth, can excel it.

Yet, said *Arabella*, striving to repress some Inclination to smile at this Sally, notwithstanding your unjust Prohibitions, I shall make use of the Language of that incomparable Lady, to tell you my Thoughts; which are, That 'tis possible you might be sufficiently justified in my Apprehensions, by the Anxiety it now appears you had for my Safety, by the Probability which I find in your Discourse, and the good Opinion I have of you, were it not requisite to make your Innocence apparent to the World, that so it might be lawful for *Arabella* to readmit you, with Honour, into her former Esteem and Friendship.

Mr. *Glanville*, seeing it would be in vain to attempt to make her alter her fantastical Determination at this time, went out of the Closet without deigning to make any Reply to his Sentence, though delivered in the Language of the admirable *Cleopatra*: But his ill Humour was so visible in his Face, that *Arabella*, who mistook it for an Excess of Despair, could not help feeling some kind of Pity for the Rigour which the Laws of Honour and Romance obliged her to use him with. And, while she sat meditating upon the Scene which had just passed; Mr. *Glanville* returned to his own Room, glad that his Sister, not being in *Arabella's* Chamber, where he had left her, had no Opportunity of observing his Discontent, which she would not fail to inquire the Cause of.

Here he sat, ruminating upon the Follies of *Arabella*, which he found grew more glaring every Day: Every thing furnished Matter for some new Extravagance; her Character was so ridiculous, that he could propose nothing to himself but eternal Shame and Disquiet, in the Possession of a Woman, for whom he must always  
blush,



blush, and be in Pain. But her Beauty had made a deep Impression on his Heart: He admired the Strength of her Understanding; her lively Wit; the Sweetness of her Temper; and a Thousand amiable Qualities which distinguished her from the rest of her Sex: Her Follies, when opposed to all those Charms of Mind and Person, seemed inconsiderable and weak; and, though they were capable of giving him great Uneasiness, yet they could not lessen a Passion which every Sight of her so much the more confirmed.

As he feared it was impossible to help loving her, his Happiness depended upon curing her of her romantic Notions; and, though he knew not how to effect such a Change in her as was necessary to complete it, yet he would not despair, but comforted himself with hopes of what he had not Courage to attempt. Sometimes he fancied Company, and an Acquaintance with the World, would produce the Alteration he wished: Yet he dreaded to see her exposed to Ridicule by her fantastical Behaviour, and become the Jest of Persons who were not possessed of half her Understanding.

While he traversed his Chamber, wholly engrossed by these Reflections, Miss *Glanville* was entertaining Sir *George*, of whose coming she was informed while she was in *Arabella's* Chamber.

## C H A P. IV.

*In which our Heroine is greatly disappointed.*

**M**ISS *Glanville*, supposing her Brother would be glad not to be interrupted in his Conference with *Lady Bella*, did not allow any one to acquaint them with Sir *George's* Visit; and, telling the Baronet her Cousin was indisposed, had, by these means, all his Conversation to herself.

Sir *George*, who ardently wished to see *Lady Bella*, protracted his Visit, in hopes that he should have that Satisfaction before he went away. And that fair Lady, whose Thoughts were a little discomposed by the De-

spair she apprehended Mr. *Glanville* was in, and fearful of the Consequences, when she had sat some time after he left her, ruminating upon what had happened, quitted her Closet, to go and inquire of Miss *Glanville*, in what Condition his Mind seemed to be when he went away; for she never doubted but that he was gone, like *Coriolanus*, to seek out for some Occasion to manifest his Innocence.

Hearing, therefore, the Voice of that Lady, who was talking and laughing very loud in one of the Summer-parlours, and being terrified with the Apprehension, that it was her Brother with whom she was thus diverting herself, she opened the Door of the Room precipitately; and, by her Entrance, filled Sir *George* with extreme Pleasure; while her unexpected Sight produced a quite contrary Effect on Miss *Glanville*.

*Arabella*, eased of her Fear, that it was Mr. *Glanville*, who, instead of dying with Despair, was giving Occasion for that noisy Laugh of his Sister, saluted the Baronet with great Civility; and, turning to Miss *Glanville*, I must needs chide you, said she, for the Insensibility with which it appears you have parted with your Brother.

Bless me, Madam, interrupted Miss *Glanville*, what do you mean? Whither is my Brother gone?

That, indeed, I am quite ignorant of, resumed *Arabella*; and I suppose he himself hardly knows what Course he shall take: But he has been with you, doubtless, to take his Leave.

Take his Leave! repeated Miss *Glanville*: Has he left the Castle so suddenly then, and gone away without me?

The Enterprize upon which he is gone, said *Arabella*, would not admit of a Lady's Company: And, since he has left so considerable an Hostage with me as yourself, I expect he will not be long before he return; and, I hope, to the Satisfaction of us both.

Miss *Glanville*, who could not penetrate into the Meaning of her Cousin's Words, began to be strangely alarmed: But, presently, supposing she had a mind to divert herself with her Fears, she recovered herself, and

and told her she would go up to her Brother's Chamber, and look for him.

*Arabella* did not offer to prevent her, being very desirous of knowing, whether he had not left a Letter for her upon his Table, as was the Custom in those Cafes: And, while she was gone, *Sir George* seized the Opportunity of saying an hundred gallant Things to her, which she received with great Indifference; the most extravagant Compliments being what she expected from all Men: And, provided they did not directly presume to tell her they loved her, no Sort of Flattery or Adulation could displease her.

In the mean time, *Miss Glanville*, having found her Brother in his Chamber, repeated to him what *Lady Bella* had said, as she supposed, to fright her.

*Mr. Glanville*, hearing this, and that *Sir George* was with her, hastened to them as fast as possible, that he might interrupt the foolish Stories he did not doubt she was telling.

Upon *Miss Glanville's* Appearance with her Brother, *Arabella* was astonished.

I apprehended, Sir, said she, that you were some Miles from the Castle by this time: But your Delay and Indifference convince me, you neither expect nor wish to find the means of being justified in my Opinion.

Pray, Cousin, interrupted *Glanville* (speaking softly to her), let us leave this Dispute to some other time.

No, Sir, resumed she, aloud, my Honour is concerned in your Justification: Nor is it fit I should submit to have the Appearance of Amity for a Person who has not yet sufficiently cleared himself of a Crime, with too much Reason laid to his Charge. Did *Coriolanus*, think you, act in this manner? Ah! if he had, doubtless, *Cleopatra* would never have pardoned him: Nor will I any longer suffer you to give me repeated Causes of Discontent.

*Sir George*, seeing Confusion in *Mr. Glanville's* Countenance, and Rage in *Arabella's*, began to think, that what he had at first took for a Jest, was a serious Quarrel between them, at which it was not proper he

should be present, and was preparing to go: When *Arabella*, stopping him with a graceful Action——

If, noble Stranger, said she, you are so partial to the Failings of a Friend, that you will undertake to defend any unjustifiable Action he may be guilty of, you are at Liberty to depart: But, if you will promise to be an unprejudiced Hearer of the Dispute between *Mr. Glanville* and myself, you shall know the Adventure which has given Rise to it; and will be Judge of the Reasonableness of the Commands I have laid on him.

Though, Madam, said *Sir George* (bowing very low to her), *Mr. Glanville* is my Friend, yet there is no Likelihood I shall espouse his Interest against yours: And a very strong Prepossession I feel in Favour of you, already persuades me, that I shall give Sentence on your Side, since you have honoured me so far, as to constitute me Judge of this Difference.

The solemn Manner in which *Sir George* (who began to suspect *Lady Bella's* peculiar Turn) spoke this, pleased her infinitely; while *Mr. Glanville*, vexed as he was, could hardly forbear laughing: When *Arabella*, after a Look of Approbation to *Sir George*, replied;

I find I have unwillingly engaged myself to more than I first intended: For, to enable you to judge clearly of the Matter in Dispute, 'tis necessary you should know my whole History.

*Mr. Glanville*, at this Word, not being able to constrain himself, uttered a Groan, of the same Nature with those which are often heard in the Pit at the Representation of a new Play. *Sir George* understood him perfectly well; yet seemed surprized: And *Arabella*, starting up,

Since, said she, I have given you no new Cause of Complaint, pray, from whence proceeds this Increase of Affliction?

I assure you, Cousin, answered he, my Affliction, if you please to term it so, increases every Day; and I believe it will make me mad at last: For this unaccountable Humour of yours is not to be borne.

You

You do not seem, replied *Arabella*, to be far from Madness already: And if your Friend here, upon hearing the Passages between us, should pronounce you guilty, I shall be at a Loss, whether I ought to treat you as a Madman, or a Criminal. Sir, added she, turning to *Sir George*, you will excuse me, if, for certain Reasons, I can neither give you my History myself, nor be present at the Relation of it: One of my Women, who is most in my Confidence, shall acquaint you with all the Particulars of my Life: After which I expect Mr. *Glanville* will abide by your Decision, as, I assure myself, I shall be contented to do.

Saying this, she went out of the Parlour, in order to prepare *Lucy* for the Recital she was to make.

Mr. *Glanville*, resolving not to be present at this new Absurdity, ran out after her; and went into the Garden, with a strong Inclination to hate the lovely Visionary who gave him such perpetual Uneasiness; leaving his Sister alone with the Baronet, who diverted herself extremely with the Thoughts of hearing her Cousin's History; assuring the Baronet, that he might expect something very curious in it, and find Matter sufficient to laugh at; for she was the most whimsical Woman in the World.

Sir *George*, who resolved to profit by the Knowledge of her Foible, made very little Reply to Miss *Glanville*'s Sneers; but waited patiently for the promised History, which was much longer coming than he imagined.

## CHAP. V.

*Some curious Instructions for relating an History.*

**A**RABELLA, as soon as she left them, went up to her Apartment; and, calling *Lucy* into her Closet, told her that she had made Choice of her, since she was best acquainted with her Thoughts, to relate her History to her Cousins, and a Person of Quality who was with them.

Sure your Ladyship jests with me, said *Lucy*: How can I make a History about your Ladyship?

There is no Occasion, replied *Arabella*, for you to make a History: There are Accidents enough in my Life to afford Matter for a long one: All you have to do is to relate them as exactly as possible. You have lived with me from my Childhood, and are instructed in all my Adventures; so that you must be certainly very capable of executing the Task I have honoured you with.

Indeed, said *Lucy*, I must beg your Ladyship will excuse me: I never could tell how to repeat a Story when I have read it; and I know it is not such simple Girls as I can tell Histories: It is only fit for Clerks, and such Sort of People, that are very learned.

You are learned enough for that Purpose, said *Arabella*; and, if you make so much Difficulty in performing this Part of your Duty, pray how came you to imagine you were fit for my Service, and the Distinction I have favoured you with? Did you ever hear of any Woman that refused to relate her Lady's Story, when desired? Therefore, if you hope to possess my Favour and Confidence any longer, acquit yourself handsomely of this Task; to which I have preferred you.

*Lucy*, terrified at the Displeasure she saw in her Lady's Countenance, begged her to tell her what she must say.

~~Well~~ ~~exclaimed~~ ~~Arabella~~: I am certainly the most unfortunate Woman in the World! Every thing happens to me in a contrary manner from any other Person! Here, instead of my desiring you to soften those Parts of my History where you have greatest room to flatter; and to conceal, if possible, some of those Disorders my Beauty has occasioned; you ask me to tell you what you must say, as if it was not necessary you should know as well as myself, and be able, not only to recount all my Words and Actions, even the smallest and most inconsiderable, but also all my Thoughts, however instantaneous; relate exactly every Change of my Countenance;

Countenance, number all my Smiles, Half-smiles, Blushes, Turnings pale, Glances, Pauses, Full-stops, Interruptions, the Rise and Falling of my Voice; every Motion of my Eyes, and every Gesture which I have used for these Ten Years past; nor omit the smallest Circumstance that relates to me.

Lord bless me! Madam, said *Lucy* excessively astonished, I never, till this Moment, it seems, knew the hundredth thousandth Part of what was expected from me: I am sure, if I had, I would never have gone to Service; for I might well know I was not fit for such Slavery.

There is no such great Slavery in doing all I have mentioned to you, interrupted *Arabella*: It requires, indeed, a good Memory, in which I never thought you deficient; for you are punctual to the greatest Degree of Exactness in recounting every thing one desires to hear from you.

*Lucy*, whom this Praise soothed into good Humour, and flattered with a Belief, that she was able, with a little Instruction, to perform what her Lady required, told her, if she pleased only to put her in a Way how to tell her History, she would engage, after doing it once, to tell it again whenever she was desired.

*Arabella*, being obliged to comply with the odd Request, for which there was no Precedent in all the Romances her Library was stuffed with, began to inform her in this manner:

First, said she, you must relate my Birth, which you know is very illustrious; and, because I am willing to spare you the Trouble of repeating Things, that are not absolutely necessary, you must apologize to your Hearers for slipping over what passed in my Infancy, and the first Eight or Ten Years of my Life, not failing, however, to remark, that, from some sprightly Sallies of Imagination, at those early Years, those about me conceived marvellous Hopes of my future Understanding: From thence you must proceed to an accurate Description of my Person.

What,

What, Madam, interrupted *Lucy*, must I tell what Sort of Person you have, to People who have seen you but a Moment ago?

Questionless you must, replied *Arabella*; and herein you follow the Examples of all the 'Squires and Maids who relate their Masters and Ladies Histories: For, though it be to a Brother, or near Relation, who has seen them a thousand times, yet they never omit an exact Account of their Persons.

Very well, Madam, said *Lucy*: I shall be sure not to forget that Part of my Story. I wish I was as perfect in all the rest.

Then, *Lucy*, you must repeat all the Conversations I have ever held with you upon the Subjects of Love and Gallantry, that your Audience may be so well acquainted with my Humour, as to know exactly, before they are told, how I shall behave, in whatever Advantages befall me. — After that, you may proceed to tell them, how a noble Unknown saw me at Church; how prodigiously he was struck with my Appearance; the tumultuous Thoughts that this first View of me occasioned in his Mind. —

Indeed, Madam, interrupted *Lucy* again, I can't pretend to tell his Thoughts: For how should I know what they were? None but himself can tell that.

However that may be, said *Arabella*, I expect you should decypher all his Thoughts, as plainly as he himself could do; otherwise my History will be very imperfect: Well, I suppose you are at no loss about that whole Adventure, in which you yourself bore so great a Share; so I need not give you any further Instructions concerning it: Only you must be sure, as I said before, not to omit the least Circumstance in my Behaviour, but relate every thing I did, said, and thought, upon that Occasion. The disguised Gardener must appear next in your Story: Here you will of necessity be a little deficient, since you are not able to acquaint your Hearers with his true Name and Quality; which, questionless, is very illustrious. However, above all, I must charge you not to mention that egregious Mistake about the Carp; for, you know how —

Here-



Here Miss *Glanville's* Entrance put a Stop to the Instructions *Lucy* was receiving: For she told *Arabella*; that Sir *George* was gone.

How! returned she, is he gone? Truly I am not much obliged to him for the Indifference he has shewed to hear my Story.

Why, really, Madam, said Miss *Glanville*, neither of us expected you would be as good as your Word, you were so long in sending your Woman down: And my Brother persuaded Sir *George* you were only in Jest; and Sir *George* has carried him home to Dinner.

And is it at Sir *George's*, replied *Arabella*, that your Brother hopes to meet with an Occasion of clearing himself? He is either very insensible of my Anger, or very conscious of his own Innocence.

Miss *Glanville*, having nothing to say in Answer to an Accusation she did not understand, changed the Discourse: And the two Ladies passed the rest of the Day together, with tolerable Good-humour on Miss *Glanville's* Side: who was in great hopes of making a Conquest of the Baronet, before whom *Arabella* had made herself ridiculous enough: But that Lady was far from being at Ease; she had laid herself under a Necessity of banishing Mr. *Glanville*; if he did not give some convincing Proof of his Innocence; which, as Matters stood, she thought would be very hard for him to procure; and, as she could not absolutely believe him guilty, she was concerned she had gone so far.

## CHAP. VI.

### *A very Heroic Chapter.*

MR. *Glanville*, coming home in the Evening, a little elevated with the Wine, of which he had drank too freely at Sir *George's*, being told the Ladies were together, entered the Room where they were sitting; and, beholding *Arabella*, whose Pensiveness had given an enchanting Softness to her Face, with a Look of extreme Admiration —

Upon

Upon my Soul, Cousin, said he, if you continue to treat me so cruelly, you'll drive me mad. How I could adore you this Moment, added he, gazing passionately at her, if I might but hope you did not hate me!

*Arabella*, who did not perceive the Condition he was in, was better pleased with this Address than any he had ever used; and, therefore, instead of chiding him, as she was wont, for the Freedom of his Expressions, she cast her bright Eyes upon the Ground, with so charming a Confusion, that *Glanville*, quite transported, threw himself on his Knees before her, and, taking her Hand, attempted to press it to his Lips; But she, hastily withdrawing it——

From whence is this new Boldness? said she: And what is it you would implore by that prostrate Posture? I have told you already upon what Conditions I will grant you my Pardon. Clear yourself of being an Accomplice with my designed Ravisher, and I am ready to restore you to my Esteem.

Let me perish, Madam, returned *Glanville*, if I would not die to please you, this Moment!

It is not your Death that I require, said she: And, though you should never be able to justify yourself in my Opinion, yet you might, haply, expiate your Crime, by a less Punishment than Death.

What shall I do, then, my Angelic Cousin? resumed he.

Truly, said she, the Sense of your Offence ought so mortally to afflict you, that you should invent some strange kind of Penance for yourself, severe enough to prove your Penitence sincere. — You know, I suppose, what the unfortunate *Osonier* did, when he found he had wronged his adored *Thalestris* by an injurious Suspicion.

I wish he had hanged himself, said Mr. *Glanville*, rising up in a Passion, at seeing her again in her Attitudes.

And why, pray, Sir, said *Arabella*, are you so severe upon that poor Prince? who was, haply, infinitely more innocent than yourself.

Severe,

Severe, Madam! said *Glanville*, fearing he had offended her: Why, to be sure, he was a sad Scoundrel, to use his adored *Thalesfris* as he did: And I think one cannot be too severe upon him.

But, returned *Arabella*, Appearances were against her; and he had some Shadow of Reason for his Jealousy and Rage: Then, you know, amidst all his Transports, he could not be prevailed upon to draw his Sword against her.

What did that signify? said *Glanville*: I suppose he scorned to draw his Sword upon a Woman: That would have been a Shame indeed.

That Woman, Sir, resumed *Arabella*, was not such a contemptible Antagonist as you think her: And Men, as valiant, possibly, as *Orontes* (though, questionless, he was one of the most valiant Men in the World), have been cut in Pieces by the Sword of that brave *Amazon*.

Lord bless me! said Miss *Glanville*, I should be afraid to look at such a terrible Woman: I am sure she must be a very masculine Sort of Creature.

You are much mistaken, Miss, said *Arabella*: for *Thalesfris*, tho' the most stout and courageous of her Sex, was, nevertheless, a perfect-Beauty; and had as much Harmony and Softness in her Looks and Person, as she had Courage in her Heart, and Strength in her Blows.

Indeed, Madam, resumed Miss *Glanville*, you can never persuade me, that a Woman who can fight, and cut People to Pieces with her Blows, can have any Softness in her Person: She must needs have very masculine Hands, that could give such terrible Blows: And I can have no Notion of the Harmony of a Person's Looks, who, by what you say, must have the Heart of a Tyger. But, indeed, I don't think there ever could be such a Woman.

What! Miss, interrupted *Arabella*: Do you pretend to doubt, that there ever was such a Person as *Thalesfris*, Queen of the *Amazons*? Does not all the World know the Adventures of that illustrious Princess; her Affection for the unjust *Orontes*, who accused her of having a scandalous Intrigue with *Alexander*, whom she went to meet,

meet, with a very different Design, upon the Borders of her Kingdom? The injurious Letter he wrote her, upon this Suspicion, made her resolve to seek for him all over the World, to give him that Death he had merited, by her own Hand: And it was in those Rencounters that he had with her, while she was incensed, that he forbore to defend himself against her, though her Sword was often pointed to his Breast.

But, Madam, interrupted Mr. *Glanville*, pray what became of this Queen of the *Amazons*? Was she not killed at the Siege of *Troy*?

She never was at the Siege of *Troy*, returned *Arabella*: But she assisted the Princes who besieged *Babylon*. to recover the Liberty of *Statira* and *Parisatis*: And it was in the opposite Party that she met with her faithless Lover.

If he was faithless, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, he deserved to die: And I wish, with 'all my Soul, she had cut him in Pieces with that famous Sword of hers that had done such Wonders.

Yet this faithless Man, resumed *Arabella*, whom you seem to have such an Aversion to, gave so glorious a Proof of his Repentance and Sorrow, that the fair Queen restored him to her Favour, and held him in much dearer Affection than ever: For, after he was convinced of her Innocence, he was resolved to punish himself with a Rigour equal to the Fault he had been guilty of; and, retiring to the Woods, abandoned for ever the Society of Men; dwelling in a Cave, and living upon bitter Herbs, passing the Days and Nights in continual Tears and Sorrow for his Crime: And here he proposed to end his Life, had not the fair *Thalestris* found him out in this Solitude; and, struck with the Sincerity of his Repentance, pardoned him; and, as I have said before, restored him to her Favour.

And to shew you, said *Glanville*, that I am capable of doing as much for you; I will, if you insist upon it, seek out for some Cave, and do Penance in it, like that *Orontes*, provided you will come and fetch me out of it, as that same fair Queen did him.

I do not require so much of you, said *Arabella*; for I told you before, that, haply, you are justified already in my Opinion; but yet it is necessary, you should find out some Method of convincing the World of your Innocence; otherwise it is not fit I should live with you upon Terms of Friendship and Civility.

Well, well, Madam, said *Glanville*, I'll convince you of my Innocence, by bringing that Rascal's Head to you, whom you suspect I was inclined to assist in stealing you away.

If you do that, resumed *Arabella*, doubtless you will be justified in my Opinion, and the World's also; and I shall have no Scruple to treat you with as much Friendship as I did before.

My Brother is much obliged to you, Madam, interrupted *Miss Glanville*, for putting him upon an Action, that would cost him his Life!

I have so good an Opinion of your Brother's Valour, said *Arabella*, that I am persuaded he will find no Difficulty in performing his Promise; and I make no question but I shall see him covered with the Spoils of that Impostor, who would have betrayed me; and I flatter myself, he will be in a Condition to bring me his Head, as he bravely promises, without endangering his own Life.

Does your Ladyship consider, said *Miss Glanville*, that my Brother can take away no Person's Life, whatever, without endangering his own?

I confidet, Madam, said *Arabella*, your Brother as a Man possessed of Virtue and Courage enough to undertake to kill all my Enemies and Persecutors, though I had ever so many; and I presume, he would be able to perform as many glorious Actions for my Service, as either *Juba*, *Cesaris*, *Artamenes*, or *Araban*, who, though not a Prince, was greater than any of them.

If those Persons you have named, said *Miss Glanville*, were Murderers, and made a Practice of killing People, I hope my Brother will be too wise to follow their Examples: A strange kind of Virtue and Courage indeed, to take away the Lives of one's Fellow-Creatures!

tures! How did such Wretches escape the Gallows, I wonder?

I perceive, interrupted *Arabella*, what kind of Apprehensions you have: I suppose you think, if your Brother was to kill my Enemy, the Law would punish him for it: But pray undeceive yourself, Miss: The Law has no Power over Heroes; they may kill as many Men as they please, without being called to any Account for it; and the more Lives they take away, the greater is their Reputation for Virtue and Glory. The illustrious *Artaban*, from the Condition of a private Man, raised himself to the sublimest Pitch of Glory by his Valour; for he not only would win half a dozen Battles in a Day; but, to shew that Victory followed him where-ever he went, he would change Parties, and immediately the Vanquished became Conquerors; then, returning to the Side he had quitted, changed the Laurels of his former Friends into Chains. He made nothing of tumbling Kings from their Thrones, and giving away half a dozen Crowns in a Morning; for his Generosity was equal to his Courage; and to this Height of Power did he raise himself by his Sword. Beginning at first with petty Conquests, and not disdainng to oppose his glorious Arm to sometimes less than a Score of his Enemies; so, by degrees, enuring himself to conquer inconsiderable Numbers, he came at last to be the Terror of whole Armies, who would fly at the Sight of his single Sword.

This is all very astonishing indeed, said Miss *Glanville*: However, I must intreat you, not to insist upon my Brother's quarrelling and fighting with People, since it will be neither for your Honour, nor his Safety; for I am afraid, if he was to commit Murder to please you, the Laws would make him suffer for it; and the World would be very free with its Censures on your Ladyship's Reputation, for putting him upon such shocking Crimes.

By your Discourse, Miss, replied *Arabella*, one would imagine, you knew as little in what the good Reputation of a Lady consists, as the Safety of a Man; for

for certainly the one depends entirely upon his Sword, and the other upon the Noise and Bustle she makes in the World. The Blood that is shed for a Lady, enhances the Value of her Charms; and the more Men a Hero kills, the greater his Glory, and, by Consequence, the more secure he is. If to be the Cause of a great many Deaths, can make a Lady infamous; certainly none were ever more so, than *Mandana*, *Cleopatra*, and *Statira*, the most illustrious Names in Antiquity; for each of whom, haply, an hundred thousand Men were killed: Yet none were ever so unjust, as to profane the Virtue of these Divine Beauties, by casting any Censures upon them for those glorious Effects of their Charms, and the heroic Valour of their Admirers.

I must confess, interrupted Miss *Glanville*, I should not be sorry to have a Duel or Two fought for me in *Hyde-park*; but then I would not have any Blood shed for the World.

*Glanville* here interrupting his Sister with a Laugh, *Arabella* also could not forbear smiling at the harmless Kind of Combats her Cousin was fond of.

But to put an End to the Conversation and the Dispute which gave Rise to it, she obliged Mr. *Glanville* to promise to fight with the Impostor *Edward*, whenever he found him; and either take away his Life, or force him to confess, he had no Part in the Design he had meditated against her.

This being agreed upon, *Arabella*, conducted Miss *Glanville* to her Chamber, retired to her own; and passed the Night with much greater Tranquillity, than she had done the preceding; being satisfied with the Care she had taken of her own Glory, and persuaded that *Glanville* was not unfaithful; a Circumstance, that was of more Consequence to her Happiness, than she was yet aware of.

## C H A P. VII.

*In which our Heroine is suspected of Insensibility.*

WHILE these things passed at the Castle, Sir George was meditating on the Means he should use to acquire the Esteem of Lady *Bella*, of whose Person he was a little enamoured, but of her Fortune a great deal more.

By the Observations he had made on her Behaviour, he discovered her peculiar Turn: He was well read in Romances himself, and had actually employed himself some Weeks in giving a new Version of the *Grand Cyrus*; but the prodigious Length of the Task he had undertaken, terrified him so much, that he gave it over: Nevertheless, he was perfectly well acquainted with the chief Characters in most of the *French Romances*; could tell every thing that was borrowed from them, in all the new Novels that came out; and, being a very accurate Critic, and a mortal Hater of *Dryden*, ridiculed him for want of Invention, as it appeared by his having recourse to these Books for the most shining Characters and Incidents in his Plays. *Amazur*, he would say, was the Copy of the famous *Artaban* in *Cleopatra*, whose Exploits *Arabella* had expatiated upon to Miss *Glanville*, and her Brother: His admired Character of *Melantha* in *Marriage à-la-mode*, was drawn from *Berissa* in the *Grand Cyrus*; and the Story of *Osmyn* and *Bensajda*, in his Conquest of *Granada*, taken from *Sesoftris* and *Timerville* in that Romance.

Fraught therefore with the Knowledge of all the Extravagances and Peculiarities in those Books, he resolved to make his Addresses to *Arabella* in the Form they prescribed; and, not having Delicacy enough to be disgusted with the Ridicule in her Character, served himself with her Foible, to effect his Designs.

It being necessary, in order to his better Acquaintance with *Arabella*, to be upon very friendly Terms with Miss *Glanville* and her Brother, he said a thousand gallant Things to one, and seemed so little offended with



with the Gloom he observed upon the Countenance of the other, who positively assured him, that *Arabella* meant only to laugh at him, when she promised him her History, that he intreated him, with the most obliging Earnestness, to favour him with his Company at his House, where he omitted no sort of Civility, to confirm their Friendship and Intimacy; and persuaded him, by several little and seemingly unguarded Expressions, that he was not so great an Admirer of Lady *Bella*, as her agreeable Cousin Miss *Glanville*.

Having thus secured a Footing in the Castle, he furnished his Memory with all the necessary Rules of making Love in *Arabella's* Taste, and deferred his next Visit no longer than till the following Day; but Mr. *Glanville* being indisposed, and not able to see Company, he knew it would be in vain to expect to see *Arabella*, since it was not to be imagined, Miss *Glanville* could admit of a Visit, her Brother being ill; and Lady *Bella* must be also necessarily engaged with her.

Contenting himself, therefore, with having inquired after the Health of the Two Ladies, he returned home, not a little vexed at his Disappointment.

Mr. *Glanville's* Indisposition, increasing every Day, grew at last dangerous enough to fill his Sister with extreme Apprehensions. *Arabella*, keeping up to her Forms, sent regularly every Day to enquire after his Health; but did not offer to go into his Chamber, though Miss *Glanville* was almost always there.

As she conceived his Sickness to be occasioned by the Violence of his Passion for her, she expected some Overture should be made her by his Sister, to engage her to make him a Visit; such a Favour being never granted by any Lady to a sick Lover, till she was previously informed, her Presence was necessary to hinder the Increase of his Distemper.

Miss *Glanville* would not have failed to represent to her Cousin the Incivility and Carelessness of her Behaviour, in not deigning to come and see her Brother in his Indisposition, had not Mr. *Glanville*, imputing this Neglect to the Nicety of her Notions, which he had

upon other Occasions experienced, absolutely forbid her to say any thing to her Cousin upon this Subject.

Miss *Glanville* being thus forced to Silence, by the Fear of giving her Brother Uneasiness, *Arabella* was extremely disappointed to find, that, in Five Days Illness, no Application had been made to her, either by the sick Lover, or his Sister, who she thought interested herself too little in his Recovery; so that her Glory obliging her to lay some Constraint upon herself, she behaved with a Coolness and Insensibility, that increased Miss *Glanville's* Aversion to her, while, in Reality, she was extremely concerned for her Cousin's Illness; but not supposing it dangerous, since they had not recourse to the usual Remedy, of beseeching a Visit from the Person whose Presence was alone able to work a Cure, she resolved to wait patiently the Event.

However, she never failed in her Respect to Miss *Glanville*, whom she visited every Morning, before she went to her Brother; and also constantly dined with her in her own Apartment, inquiring always, with great Sweetness, concerning her Brother's Health; when perceiving her in Tears one Day, as she came in, as usual, to dine with her, she was extremely alarmed; and asked with great Precipitation, If Mr. *Glanville* was worse?

He is so bad, Madam, returned Miss *Glanville*, that I believe it will be necessary to send for my Papa, for fear he should die, and he not see him.

Die, Miss! interrupted *Arabella* eagerly: No, he must not die, and shall not, if the Pity of *Arabella* is powerful enough to make him live. Let us go then, Cousin, said she, her Eyes streaming with Tears; let us go and visit this dear Brother, whom you lament: Haply my Sight may repair the Evils my Rigour has caused him; and since, as I imagine, he has forborn, through the profound Respect he has for me, to request the Favour of a Visit, I will voluntarily bestow it on him, as well for the Affection I bear you, as because I do not wish his Death.

You do not wish his Death, Madam! said Miss *Glanville*, excessively angry at a speech, in her Opinion,

nion, extremely insolent : Is it such a mighty Favour, pray, not to wish the Death of my Brother, who never injured you? I am sure, your Behaviour has been so extremely inhuman, that I have repented a thousand times, we ever came to the Castle.

Let us not waste the Time in idle Reproaches, said *Arabella* : If my Rigour has brought your Brother into this Condition, my Compassion can draw him out of it : It is no more than what all do suffer, who are possessed of a violent Passion ; and few Lovers ever arrive to the Possession of their Mistresses, without being several times brought almost to their Graves, either by their Severity, or some other Cause : But nothing is more easy, than to work a Cure, in these Cases ; for the very Sight of the Person beloved sometimes does it, as it happened to *Artamenes*, when the Divine *Mandana* condescended to visit him : A few kind Words, spoken by the fair Princess of *Persia* to *Oroondates*, recalled him from the Gates of Death ; and one Line from *Parisatis's* Hand, which brought a Command to *Lyfmacchus* to live, made him not only resolve, but even able, to obey her.—

*Miss Glanville*, quite out of Patience at this tedious Harangue, without any Regard to Ceremony, flounced out of the Room ; and ran to her Brother's Chamber, followed by *Arabella*, who imputed her rude Haste to a Suspicion, that her Brother was worse.

## C H A P. VIII.

*By which we hope the Reader will be differently affected.*

**A**T their Entrance into the Room, *Miss Glanville* inquired of the Physician, just going out, How he found her Brother? Who replied, that his Fever was increased since last Night ; and that it would not (seeing *Arabella* preparing to go to his Bedside) be proper to disturb him.

Saying

Saying this, he bow'd, and went out ; and Miss *Glanville*, repeating what the Physician had said, begged her to defer speaking to him till another time.

I know, said she, that he apprehends, the Sight of me will cause so many tumultuous Motions in the Soul of his Patient, as may prove prejudicial to him : Nevertheless, since his Disorder is, questionless, more in his Mind than Body, I may prove, haply, a better Physician than he ; since I am more likely, than he, to cure an Illness I have caused—

Saying this, she walked up to Mr. *Glanville's* Bedside, who, seeing her, thanked her, with a weak Voice, for coming to see him ; assuring her, he was very sensible of the Favour she did him.—

You must not, said she, blushing, thank me too much, lest I think the Favour I have done you, is really of more Consequence than I imagined, since it merits so many Acknowledgements : Your Physician tells us, pursued she, that your Life is in Danger ; but I persuade myself, you will value it so much from this Moment, that you will not protract your Cure any longer.

Are you mad, Madam, whispered Miss *Glanville*, who stood behind her, to tell my Brother, that the Physician says he is in Danger ? I suppose you really wish he may die, or you would not talk so.

If, answered she, whispering again to Miss *Glanville*, you are not satisfied with what I have already done for your Brother, I will go as far as Modesty will permit me : And gently pulling open the Curtains ;

*Glanville*, said she, with a Voice too much raised for a sick Person's Ear, I grant to your Sister's Solicitations, what the fair *Statira* did to an Interest yet more powerful, since, as you know, it was her own Brother, who pleaded in Favour of the dying *Orontes* : Therefore, considering you in a Condition haply no less dangerous, than that of that passionate Prince, I condescend, like her, to tell you, that I do not wish your Death ; that I entreat you to live ; and, lastly, by all the Power I have over you, I command you to recover.

Ending

Ending these Words, she closed the Curtain, that her transported Lover might not see her Blushes and Confusion, which were so great, that, to conceal them, even from Miss *Glanville*, she hurried out of the Room, and retired to her own Apartment, expecting, in a little time, to receive a Billet, under the sick Man's Hand, importing, that, in Obedience to her Commands, he was recovered, and ready to throw himself at her Feet, to thank her for that Life she had bestowed upon him, and to dedicate the Remains of it to her Service.

Miss *Glanville*, who stayed behind her, in a strange Surprize at her ridiculous Behaviour; though she longed to know what her Brother thought of it, finding he continued silent, would not disturb him. The Shame he conceived at hearing so absurd a Speech from a Woman he passionately loved; and the Desire he had, not to hear his Sister's Sentiments upon it; made him counterfeit Sleep, to avoid any Discourse with her upon so disagreeable a Subject.

That Day his Fever increased; and the next, the Physician pronouncing him in great Danger, a Messenger was dispatched to Town, to hasten the Coming of Sir *Charles*; and poor Miss *Glanville* was quite inconsolable, under the Apprehensions of losing him.

*Arabella*, not to derogate from her Character, affected great Firmness of Mind upon this Occasion; she used the most persuasive Eloquence to moderate her Cousin's Affliction, and caused all imaginable Care to be taken of Mr. *Glanville*: While any one was present, her Looks discovered only a calm and decent Sorrow; yet when she was alone, or had only her dear *Lucy* with her, she gave free Vent to her Tears; and discovered a Grief for Mr. *Glanville*'s Illness, little different from that she had felt for her Father's.

As she now visited him constantly every Day, she took an Opportunity, when she was alone by his Bed-side, to chide him for his Disobedience, in not recovering, as she had commanded him.

Dear Cousin, answered he faintly, Can you imagine, Health is not my Choice? And do you think, I would suffer

suffer these Pains, if I could possibly ease myself of them?

Those Pains, replied *Arabella*, mistaking his Complaint, ought to have ceased, when the Cause of them did; and when I was no longer rigorous, you ought no longer to have suffered: But tell me, since you are, questionless, one of the strangest Men in the World, and the hardest to be comforted; nay, and I may add, the most disobedient of all, that ever wore the Fetters of Love; Tell me, I say, what must I do to content you?

If I live, Cousin, said *Glanville*——

Nay, interrupted *Arabella*, since my Empire over you is not so absolute as I thought; and since you think fit to reserve to yourself the Liberty of dying, contrary to my Desire, I think I had better resolve not to make any Treaty with you: However, as I have gone thus far, I will do something more; and tell you since I have commanded you to live, I will also permit you to love me, in order to make the Life I have bestowed on you, worthy your Acceptance. Make me no Reply, said she, putting her Hand on his Mouth; but begin from this Moment to obey me.

Saying this, she went out of the Room——

A few Hours after, his Fever being come to a Height, he grew delirious, and talked very wildly; but a favourable Crisis ensuing, he fell into a sound and quiet Sleep, and continued in it for several Hours: Upon his waking, the Physician declared, his Fever was greatly abated; and the next Morning, pronounced him out of Danger——

Miss *Glanville*, transported with Joy, ran to Lady *Bella*, and informed her of this good News, but as she did not make her the Acknowledgements she expected, for being the Cause of his Recovery, she behaved with more Reserve than Miss *Glanville* thought was necessary: Which renewed her former Disgusts; yet, dreading to displease her Brother, she concealed it from the Observation of her Cousin.——

*Arabella*, being desirous of completing her Lover's Cure by some more favourable Expressions, went to his Chamber, accompanied by Miss *Glanville*.

I see,

I see, said she, approaching to his Bedside, with an enchanting Smile, that you know how to be obedient, when you please; and I begin to know, by the Price you set upon your Obedience, that small Favours will not content you.

Indeed, my dearest Cousin, said *Glanville*, who had found her more interested in his Recovery than he expected, you have been very obliging, and I will always most gratefully own it.

I am glad, interrupted *Arabella*, that Gratitude is not banished from all your Family; and that the Person in it, for whom I have the most Sensibility, is not intirely divested of it—

I hope, said Mr. *Glanville*, my Sister has given you no Cause to complain of her.

Indeed but she has, replied *Arabella*; for, notwithstanding she is obliged to me for the Life of a Brother, whom questionless she loves very well; nevertheless, she did not deign to make me the least Acknowledgement for what I have done in your Favour: However, *Glanville*, provided you continue to observe that Respect and Fidelity towards me, which I have Reason to hope for from you; your Condition shall be never the worse for Miss *Glanville's* unacknowledging Temper; and I now confirm the Grant I Yesterday made you, and repeat it again; That I permit you to love me, and promise you not to be displeas'd at any Testimonies you will give me of your Passion, provided you serve me with an inviolable Fidelity.

But, Madam, returned Mr. *Glanville*, to make my Happiness complete, you must also promise to love me; or else what signifies the Permission you give me to love you?

You are almost as unacknowledging as your Sister, returned *Arabella*, blushing; and if your Health was perfectly re-established, questionless, I should chide you for your Presumption; but since something must be allowed to sick Persons, whose Reason, one may suppose, is weakened by their Indisposition, I will pardon your Indiscretion at this time, and counsel you to wait patiently for what Heaven will determine in your Favour:  
Therefore

Therefore endeavour to merit my Affection by your Respect, Fidelity, and Services; and hope from my Justice, whatever it ought to bestow. —

Ending this Speech, with a Solemnity of Accent, that gave Mr. *Glanville* to understand, any Reply would offend her, he silently kissed her fair Hand, which she held out to him; a Favour, the Terms upon which they now were, and his Sickness, gave him a Right to expect. — And, finishing her Visit for that time, left him to his Repose, being extremely pleased at the Prospect of his Recovery, and very well satisfied at having so gracefully got over so great a Difficulty, as that of giving him Permission to love her: For by the Laws of Romance, when a Lady has once given her Lover that Permission, she may lawfully allow him to talk to her upon the Subject of his Passion, accept all his Gallantries, and claim an absolute Empire over all his Actions; reserving to herself the Right of fixing the Time when she may own her Affection: And when that Important Step is taken, and his Constancy put to a few Years more Trial; when he has killed all his Rivals, and rescued her from a thousand Dangers: she at last condescends to reward him with her Hand; and all her Adventures are at an End for the future.

END of the THIRD BOOK.

THE





THE

# *Female* QUIXOTE.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

*In which our Heroine discovers her Knowledge in Astronomy.*

**S**IR George, who had never missed a Day, during Mr. *Glanville's* Illness, in sending to the Castle, now he was able to see Company, visited him very frequently; and sometimes had the Happiness to meet with *Arabella* in his Chamber: But, knowing the Conditions of her Father's Will, and Mr. *Glanville's* Pretensions, he was obliged to lay so much Constraint upon himself, in the Presence of Miss *Glanville*, and her Brother, that he hardly durst trust his Eyes, to express his Admiration of her, for Fear of alarming them with any Suspicion of his Designs: However, he did not fail to recommend himself to her Esteem, by a Behaviour to her full of the most perfect Respect; and very often, ere he was aware, uttered

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some

some of the extravagant Compliments that the Gallants in the *French Romances* use to their *Mistresses*.

If he walked with her in the Gardens, he would observe, that the Flowers, which were before languishing and pale, bloomed with fresh Beauty at her Approach; that the Sun shined out with double Brightness, to exceed, if possible, the Lustre of her Eyes; and that the Wind, fond of kissing her celestial Countenance, played with her fair Hair; and, by gentle Murmurs, declared its Happiness——

If Miss *Glanville* happened to be present, when he talked to her in this Strain, she would suppose he was ridiculing her Cousin's fantastical Turn; and when she had an Opportunity of speaking to him alone, would chide him, with a great deal of good Humour, for giving her so much Diversion at her Cousin's Expence.

Sir *George*, improving this Hint, persuaded Miss *Glanville* by his Answers, that he really laughed at *Arabella*; and, being now less fearful of giving any Suspicion to the gay Coquet; since she assisted him to deceive her, he applied himself, with more Assiduity than ever, to insinuate himself into *Arabella's* Favour.

However, the Necessity he was under of being always of *Arabella's* Opinion, sometimes drew him into little Difficulties with Miss *Glanville*. Knowing that young Lady was extremely fond of Scandal, he told her, as a most agreeable Piece of News, one Afternoon when he was there, that he had seen Miss *Groves*, who, he supposed, had come into the Country upon the same Account as she had done a Twelve-month before. Her Marriage being yet a Secret, the complaisant Baronet threw out an Hint or two, concerning the Familiarity and Correspondence there was between her and the Gentleman to whom she was really secretly married.

Miss *Glanville*, making the most of this Intelligence, said a thousand severe Things against the unfortunate Miss *Groves*; which *Arabella*, always benevolent and kind, could not bear.

I persuade myself, said she to her Cousin, that you have been misinformed concerning this Beauty, whose Misfortune

Misfortunes you aggravate by your cruel Censures; and whoever has given you the History of her Life, has, haply, done it with great Injustice ———

Why, Madam, interrupted Miss *Glanville*, do you think you are better acquainted with her History, as you call it, who have never been in Town, where her Follies made her so remarkable, than Persons who were Eye-witnesses of all her ridiculous Actions?

I apprehend, said *Arabella*, that I, who have had a Relation made to me of all the Passages of her Life, and have been told all her most secret Thoughts, may know as much, if not more, than Persons who have lived in the same Place with her, and have not had that Advantage; and I think, I know enough to vindicate her from many cruel Aspersions.

Pray, Madam, returned Miss *Glanville*, will your Ladyship pretend to defend her scandalous Commerce with Mr. L—?

I know not, Miss, said *Arabella*, why you call her Intercourse with that perjured Man by so unjust an Epithet. If Miss *Groves* be unchaste, so was the renowned *Cleopatra*, whose Marriage with *Jullus Caesar* is controverted to this Day.

And what Reasons, Madam, said Miss *Glanville*, have you for supposing, Miss *Groves* was married to Mr. L—, since all the World knows to the contrary?

Very sufficient ones, said *Arabella*; since it is hardly possible to suppose, a young Lady of Miss *Groves*'s Quality would stain the Lustre of her Descent by so shameful an Intrigue; and also, since there are Examples enough to be found of Persons, who suffered under the same unhappy Circumstances as herself; yet were perfectly innocent, as was that great Queen I have mentioned; who questionless, you, Sir, are sufficiently convinced, was married to that illustrious Conqueror; who, by betraying so great and so fair a Queen, in great measure tarnished the Glory of his Laurels——

Married, Madam! replied Sir *George*: Who pretends to say, that fair Queen was not married to that illustrious Conqueror?

Nay, you know, Sir, interrupted *Arabella*, many People did say, even while she was living, that she was not married; and have branded her Memory with infamous Calumnies, upon Account of the Son she had by *Cesar*, the brave *Casario*, who, under the Name of *Cleomedon*, performed such Miracles of Valour in *Ethiopia*.

I assure you, Madam, said Sir *George*, I was always a great Admirer of the famous *Cleomedon*, who was certainly the greatest Hero in the World.

Pardon me, Sir, said *Arabella*; *Cleomedon* was, questionless, a very valiant Man; but he, and all the Heroes that ever were, must give place to the unequalled Prince of *Mauritania*; that illustrious, and for a long time unfortunate, Lover of the Divine *Cleopatra*, who was Daughter, as you questionless know, of the great Queen we have been speaking of —

Dear Heart! said Miss *Glanville*, What is all this to the Purpose? I would fain know, whether Sir *George* believes, Miss *Groves* was ever married to Mr. *L* — ?

Doubtless, I do, said he; for, as Lady *Bella* says, she is in the same unhappy Circumstance with the great *Cleopatra*; and if *Julius Cesar* could be guilty of denying his Marriage with that Queen, I see no Reason to suppose, why Mr. *L* — might not be guilty of the same kind of Injustice.

So then, interrupted Miss *Glanville*, blushing with Spite, you will really offer to maintain that Miss *Groves* was married? Ridiculous! How such a Report would be laughed at in *London*.

I assure you, replied *Arabella*, if ever I go to *London*, I shall not scruple to maintain that Opinion to every one, who will mention that Fair one to me; and use all my Endeavours to confirm them in it.

Your Ladyship would do well, said Miss *Glanville*, to persuade People, that Miss *Groves*, at Fifteen, did not want to run away with her Writing-master.

As I am persuaded myself, said *Arabella*, that Writing-master was some noble Stranger in Disguise, who was passionately in Love with her, I shall not

suffer

suffer any body in my Hearing, to propagate such an unlikely Story; but since he was a Person worthy of her Affection, if she had run away with him, her Fault was not without Example, and even Excuse: You know what the fair *Artemisa* did for *Alexander*, Sir; pursued she, turning to *Sir George*: I would fain know your Sentiments upon the Action of that Princess; which some have not scrupled to condemn—

Whoever they are, Madam, said *Sir George*, who condemn the fair *Artemisa* for what she did for *Alexander*, are Miscreants and Slanderers; and though that beautiful Princess has been dead more than Two thousand Years, I would draw my Sword in Defence of her Character, against all who should presume, in my Presence, to cast any Censures upon it.

Since you are so courageous, said *Miss Glanville*, laughing excessively at this Sally, which, she thought, was to ridicule her Cousin; it is to be hoped, you will defend a living Lady's Character, who may thank you for it; and make the World believe, that her Correspondence with *Mr. L*— was intirely innocent; and that she never had any Design to run away with her Writing master.

Are you resolved, Cousin, said *Lady Bella*, to persist in that ridiculous Mistake, and take a Nobleman for a Writing-master only because his Love put him upon such a Stratagem to obtain his Mistress?

Indeed, *Lady Bella*, said *Miss Glanville*, smiling, you may as well persuade me, the Moon is made of a Cream Cheese, as that any Nobleman turned himself into a Writing-master, to obtain *Miss Groves*—

Is it possible, *Miss*, said *Arabella*, that you can offer such an Affront to my Understanding, as to suppose, I would argue upon such a ridiculous System; and compare the Second glorious Luminary of the Heavens to so unworthy a Resemblance? I have taken some Pains to contemplate the Heavenly Bodies; and, by Reading and Observation, am able to comprehend some Part of their Excellence: Therefore it is not probable, I should descend to such trivial Comparisons; and liken a Planet, which, haply, is not much less than our Earth, to a thing so inconsiderable, as that you name—

Pardon me, dear Cousin, interrupted Miss *Glanville*, laughing louder than before, if I divert myself a little with the Extravagance of your Notions. Really I think, you have no Reason to be angry, if I supposed you might make a Comparison between the Moon and a Cream Cheefe; since you say, that same Moon, which don't appear broader than your Gardener's Face, is not much less than the whole World: Why, certainly, I have more Reason to trust my own Eyes, than such whimsical Notions as these.

*Arabella*, unwilling to expose her Cousin's Ignorance, by a longer Dispute upon this Subject, begged her to let it drop for the present; and, turning to Sir *George*, I am very glad, said she, that having always had some Inclination to excuse, and even defend, the Flight of *Artemisa* with *Alexander*, my Opinion is warranted by that of a Person so generous as yourself: Indeed, when we consider, that this Princess forsook her Brother's Dominions, and fled away with a Lover whom she did not hate; questionless, her Enemies accuse her, with some Appearance of Reason, of too great Imbecility.

But, Madam, replied Sir *George*, her Enemies will not take the Pains to examine her Reasons for this Conduct—

True, Sir, resumed *Arabella*; for she was in Danger of seeing a Prince, who loved her, put to a cruel and infamous Death upon a public Scaffold; and she did not resolve to fly with him, till all her Tears and Prayers were found ineffectual to move the King her Brother to Mercy.

Tho', replied Sir *George*, I am extremely angry with the indiscreet *Cepio*, who discovered *Alexander* to the *Armenian* King; yet what does your Ladyship think of that gallant Action of his, when he saw him upon the Scaffold, and the Executioner ready to cut off his Head? How brave it was of him, to pass undauntedly thro' the prodigious Number of Guards that environed the Scaffold; and, with his drawn Sword, run the Executioner through the Body, in the Sight of them all! Then giving the Prince another Sword, engage more than Two thousand Men in his Defence!

Questionless

Questionless, replied *Arabella*, it was a glorious Action, and when I think, how the King of *Armenia* was enraged to see such a Multitude of Soldiers fly from the Swords of two Men, I cannot choose but divert myself with the Consternation he was in: Yet that was nothing to the horrible Despair, which tormented him afterwards when he found, that *Alexander*, after being again taken and imprisoned, had broken his Chains, and carried away with him the Princess *Artemisa* his Sister.

## C H A P. II.

*In which a very pleasing Conversation is left unfinished.*

**A**S *Arabella* was in this Part of her Discourse, a Servant came to inform her, that Sir *Charles Glanville* was just alighted. Upon which, Miss *Glanville* flew to receive her Father; and *Arabella*, walking a little slower after her, gave Sir *George* an Opportunity of holding a little longer Conversation with her.

I dare believe, Madam, said he, when you read the Story of the unfortunate *Alexander*, your fair Eyes did not refuse to shed some Tears at the barbarous and shameful Death he was going to suffer: Yet I assure you, melancholly as his Situation was, it was also very glorious for him, since he had the sublime Satisfaction of dying for the Person he adored; and had the ravishing Pleasure to know, that his Fate would draw Tears from that lovely Princess, for whom he sacrificed his Life: Such a Condition, Madam, ought to be envied rather than pitied; for, next to the Happiness of possessing the Person one adores, certainly the Glory of dying for her is most to be coveted.

*Arabella*, pleasingly surprized to hear Language so conformable to her own Ideas, looked for a Moment upon the Baronet, with a most enchanting Complaisancy in her Eyes —

It must be confessed, Sir, said she, that you speak very rationally upon these Matters; and, by the Tenderness

derness and Generosity of your Sentiments, you give me Cause to believe, that your Heart is prepossessed with some Object worthy of inspiring them.

Sir George seeming, as if he struggled to suppress a Sigh; You are in the right, Madam, said he, to suppose, that if my Heart be prepossessed with any Object, it is with one, who is capable of inspiring a very sublime Passion; and I assure you, if ever it submits to any Fetters, they shall be imposed on me by the fairest Person in the World—

— Since Love is not voluntary, replied *Arabella*, smiling it may happen, that your Heart may be surprized by a meaner Beauty, than such a one as you describe: However, as a Lover has always an extraordinary Partiality for the beloved Object, 'tis probable, what you say may come to pass; and you may be in Love with the fairest Person in the World, in your own Opinion.

They were now so near the House, that Sir George could reply no otherways, than by a very passionate Glance, which *Arabella* did not observe, being in haste to pay her Respects to her Uncle, whom she met just going to Mr. *Glanville*. Her Looks were directed to him. Sir *Charles* saluting her with great Affection, they all went into Mr. *Glanville's* Chamber, who received his Father with the utmost Respect and Tenderness; extremely regretting the Trouble he had been at in taking a Journey to the Castle upon his Account; and gently blaming his Sister for her Precipitancy in alarming him so soon.

Sir *Charles*, extremely overjoyed to find him so well recovered, would not allow him to blame Miss *Glanville* for what she had done; but, addressing himself to his Niece, he thanked her for the Care she had taken of Mr. *Glanville*, in very obliging Terms.

*Arabella* could not help blushing at her Uncle's Compliment, supposing he thanked her for having restored her Cousin to his Health.

I assure you, Sir, said she, Mr. *Glanville* is less obliged to my Commands, than to the Goodness of his Constitution, for his Recovery; and herein he was not so obedient, as many Persons I could name to him.

Mr.



Mr. *Glanville*, willing to prevent the Company's Observation upon this Speech, began to acquaint his Father with the Rise and Progress of his Distemper: But though the old Gentleman listened with great Attention to his Son, while he was speaking; yet not having lost a Word of what *Arabella* had said, as soon as he was done, he turned to his Niece, and asked her, how she could be so unjust, to accuse his Son of Disobedience, because he did not recover when she commanded him? Why, Madam, added he, you want to carry your Power farther than ever any Beauty did before you; since you pretend to make People sick and well, whenever you please.

Really, Sir, replied *Arabella*, I pretend to no more Power, than what I presume all others of my Sex have upon the like Occasions; and since nothing is more common, than for a Gentleman, though ever so sick, to recover in Obedience to the Commands of that Person, who has an absolute Power over his Life, I conceive, I have a Right to think myself injured, if Mr. *Glanville*, contrary to mine, had thought proper to die——

Since, said the old Gentleman, smiling, my Son has so well obeyed your Commands in recovering his Health, I shall tremble, lest, in Obedience to a contrary Command of yours, he should die, and deprive me of an Heir; a Misfortune, which, if it should happen, I should place to your Account.

I assure you, Sir, said *Arabella*, very gravely, I have too great an Esteem, for Mr. *Glanville*, to condemn him to so severe a Punishment as Death for light Offences: And since it is not very probable, that he will ever commit such Crimes against me, as can be only expiated by his Death; such as Infidelity, Disobedience, and the like; you have no Reason to fear such a Misfortune by my means——

Alas! replied Sir *George*, you Beauties make very nice Distinctions in these Cases, and think, if you do not directly command your Lovers to die, you are no ways accountable for their Death: And when a Lover, as it often happens, dies through Despair of ever being able

able to make himself beloved; or, being doomed to Banishment or Silence, falls into a Fever, from which nothing but Kindness can recover him, and, that being denied, he patiently expires; I say, when these Things happen, as they certainly do every Day; How can you hold yourselves guiltless of their Deaths, which are apparently occasioned, either by your Scorn or Insensibility?

Sir Charles and Miss Glanville were extremely diverted at this Speech of Sir George's; and Mr. Glanville, though he would have wished he had been rallying any other Person's Follies than his Cousin's, yet could not help smiling at the solemn Accent, in which he delivered himself. —

Arabella, mightily pleased with his manner of talking, was resolved to furnish him with more Occasions of diverting the Company at her Expense.

I see, answered she, you are one of those Persons, who call a just Decorum, which all Ladies, who love Glory as they ought to do, are obliged to preserve, by the Name of Severity: But pray, what would you have a Lady do, whom an importunate Lover presumes to declare his Passion to? You know it is not permitted us to listen to such Discourses; and you know also, whoever is guilty of such an Offence, merits a most rigorous Punishment: Moreover, you find, that when a Sentence of Banishment or Silence is pronounced upon them, these unhappy Criminals are so conscious of the Justice of their Doom, that they never murmur against their Judge who condemns them; and therefore, whatever are their Fates, in Consequence of that Anger they have incurred, the Ladies, thus offended, ought not to be charged with it, as any cruel Exertion of their Power.

Such Eloquence as yours, Madam, replied Sir George, might defend Things yet more unjustifiable: However, you must give me Leave, as being interested in the Safety of my Sex, still to be of Opinion, that no Man ought to be hated, because he adores a beautiful Object, and consecrates all his Moments to her Service.

Questionless, resumed Arabella, he will not be hated, while, out of the Respect and Reverence he bears her,

he

he carefully conceals his Passion from her Knowledge; but as soon as even he breaks through the Bounds, which that Respect prescribes him, and lets her understand his true Sentiments, he has Reason to expect a most rigorous Sentence; since he certainly, by that Presumption, has greatly deserved it.

If the Ladies, replied Sir George, were more equitable, and would make some Distinction between those who really love them in a passionate and respectful Silence, and others who do not feel the Power of their Charms, they might spare themselves the Trouble of hearing what so mortally offends them: But when a Lady sees a Man every Day, who by his Looks, Sighs, and Solitude to please her, by his numberless Services and constant Attendance of her, makes it evident; that his Soul is possessed with a violent Passion for her; I say, when a Lady sees, and yet will not see, all this, and persist in using a passionate Adorer with all the Indifference due to a Man wholly insensible of the Power of her Charms; what must he do in such a mortifying Situation, but make known his Torments to her that occasions them, in order to prevail upon her to have some Sense of what he does and feels hourly for her sake?

But since he gains nothing by the Discovery of his Passion, resumed *Arabella*; but, on the contrary, loses the Advantages he was before possessed of, which were very great, since he might see and discourse with his Mistress every Day; and, haply, have the Honour to do her a great many petty Services, and receive some of her Commands; all these Advantages he loses, when he declares he loves: And truly, I think, a Man who is so unwise as to hazard a certain Happiness for a very improbable Hope, deserves to be punished; as well for his Folly as Presumption; and, upon both these Accounts, Banishment is not too rigorous a Sentence.

## C H A P. III.

*Definition of Love and Beauty. — The necessary Qualities of a Hero and Heroine.*

**T**HOUGH, replied Mr. *Glanville*, you are very severe in the Treatment you think it necessary our Sex should receive from yours; yet I wish some of our Town Beauties were, if not altogether of your Opinion, yet sufficiently so, as to make it not a Slavery for a Man to be in their Company; for unless one talks of Love to these fair Coquets the whole time one is with them, they are quite displeas'd, and look upon a Man who can think any thing, but themselves, worthy his Thoughts or Observation, with the utmost Contempt. How often have you and I, Sir *George*, pursu'd he, pitied the Condition of the few Men of Sense, who are sometimes among the Croud of Beaux, who attend the Two Sister Beauties to all Places of polite Diversion in Town? For those Ladies think it a mortal Injury done to their Charms, if the Men about them have Eyes or Ears for any Object but their Faces, or any Sound but that of their Voices: So that the Connoisseurs in Music, who attend them to *Ranelagh*, must stop their Ears, like *Ulysses*, when the *Siren Frasi* sings; and the Wits, who gallant them to the Side-box, must lay a much greater Constraint upon themselves, in order to resist the Soul-moving *Garrick*; and appear insensible, while he is upon the Stage.

Upon my Soul, added Sir *George*, (forgetting the Character he assumed,) when I have seen some Persons of my Acquaintance talking to the eldest of these Ladies, while one of *Congreve's* Comedies has been acting; his Face quite turned from the Stage, and hers over-spread with an eternal Smile; her fine Eyes sometimes lifted up in a beautiful Surprise, and a little enchanting Giggle half-hid with her Fan, in spite of their Inattention, I have been ready to imagine, he was entertaining her with Remarks upon the Play, which she was judicious enough to understand; and yet I have afterwards

wards been informed by himself, that nothing was less in their Thoughts; and all that Variety in her Face, and that extreme seeming Earnestness in his Discourse, was occasioned by the most trifling Subjects imaginable: He perhaps had been telling her, how the Sight of her Squirrel; which peeped out of her Pocket, surprized some Ladies she was visiting; and what they said upon her Fondness for it, when she was gone; blaming them at the same time for their want of Delicacy, in not knowing how to set a right Value upon such pleasing Animals: Hence proceeded her Smiles, the lifting up of her Eyes, the half-stifled Laugh, and all the pretty Gestures that appeared so wonderfully charming to all those who did not hear their Discourse: And it is upon such Trifles as these, or else on the inexhaustible Subject of their Charms; that all who are ambitious of being near these Miracles, are under a Necessity of talking.

And pray, interrupted *Arabella*, What Subjects afford Matter for a more pleasing Variety of Conversation, than those of Beauty and Love? Can we speak of any Object so capable of delighting as Beauty, or of any Passion of the Mind more sublime and pleasing than Love?

With Submission, Madam, said *Glanville*, I conceive, all that can be said, either of Beauty, or of Love, may be comprised in a very few Words: All who have Eyes, and behold true Beauty, will be ready to confess it is a very pleasing Object; and all that can be said of it, may be said in very few Words; for when we have run over the Catalogue of Charms, and mentioned fine Eyes, fine Hair, delicate Complexion, regular Features, and an elegant Shape, we can only add a few Epithets more, such as Lovely, Dangerous, Enchanting, Irresistible, and the like; and every thing that can be said of Beauty is exhausted. And so likewise it is with Love; we know that Admiration precedes it, that Beauty kindles it, Hope keeps it alive, and Despair puts an End to it; and that Subject may be as soon discussed as the other, by the judicious Use of proper Words; such as Wounds, Darts, Fires, Languishings, Dyings, Torture,

Torture, Rack, Jealousy, and a few more of no Signification, but upon this Subject.

Certainly, Sir, said *Arabella*, you have not well considered what you say, since you maintain, that Love and Beauty are Subjects easily and quickly discussed: Take the Pains, I beseech you, to reflect a little upon those numerous and long Conversations, which these Subjects have given Rise to in *Clelia*, and the *Grand Cyrus*, where the most illustrious and greatest Personages in the World manage the Disputes; and the agreeable Diversity of their Sentiments on those Heads affords a most pleasing and rational Entertainment: You will there find, that the greatest Conquerors, and Heroes of invincible Valour, reason with the most exact and scrupulous Nicety upon Love and Beauty; the Superiority of fair and brown Hair controverted by Warriors, with as much Eagerness as they dispute for Victory in the Field; and the different Effects of that Passion upon different Hearts defined with the utmost Accuracy and Eloquence.

I must own, interrupted Sir *Charles*, I should have but a mean Opinion of those Warriors, as you call them, who could busy themselves in talking of such Trifles; and be apt to imagine such insignificant Fellows, who could wrangle about the Colour of their Mistresses Hair, would be the first to turn their Backs upon the Enemy in Battle.

Is it possible, Sir, resumed *Arabella*, glowing with Indignation, that you can entertain such unworthy Thoughts of Heroes, who merit the Admiration and Praise of all Ages for their inestimable Valour, whom the Spears of a whole Army opposed to each of their single Swords would not oblige to fly? What think you, Sir, pursued she, looking at Sir *George*, of the injurious Words my Uncle has uttered against those heroic Princes, whose Courage, I believe, you are as well acquainted with as myself? The great *Oroondates*, the invincible *Artaban*, the valiant and fortunate *Artamenes*, the irresistible *Juba*, the incomparable *Cleomedon*, and an hundred other Heroes I could name, are all injured by this unjust Assertion of my Uncle; since  
 certainly

certainly they were not more famous for their noble and wonderful Actions in War, than for the Sublimity and Constancy of their Affections in Love.

Some of these Heroes you have named, replied Sir *George*, had the Misfortune, even in their Lives, to be very cruelly vilified: The great *Oroondates* was a long time accused of Treachery to his Divine Princess; the valiant and unfortunate *Artamenes* was suspected of Inconstancy; and the irresistible *Juba* reproached with Infidelity and Baseness, by both his Mistress and Friend.

I never knew you was so well acquainted with these Persons, interrupted Mr. *Glanville*; and I fancy it is but very lately that you have given yourself the Trouble to read Romances.

I am not of your Opinion, said *Arabella*. Sir *George*, questionless, has appropriated great Part of his Time to the Perusal of those Books, so capable of improving him in all useful Knowledge; the Sublimity of Love, and the Quintessence of Valour; which Two Qualities, if possessed in a superlative Degree, form a true and perfect Hero, as the Perfection of Beauty, Wit, and Virtue, make a Heroine worthy to be served by such an illustrious Personage; and I dare say, Sir *George* has profited so much by the great Examples of Fidelity and Courage he has placed before his Eyes, that no Consideration whatever could make him for one Moment fail in his Constancy to the Divine Beauty he adores; and, inspired by her Charms, he would scorn to turn his Back, as my Uncle phrases it, upon an Army of an hundred thousand Men.

I am extremely obliged to you, Madam, said Sir *George*, bowing his Head to the Ground, to hide a Smile he could not possibly restrain, for the good Opinion you have of my Courage and Fidelity.

As for Sir *George's* Courage, Cousin, said Mr. *Glanville* laughing, I never disputed it: And though it be indeed a very extraordinary Exertion of it, to fight singly against an Army of an hundred thousand Men; yet since you are pleased to think it probable, I am as willing to believe Sir *George* may do it as any other  
 Q 2 Man;

Man; but, as for his Fidelity in Matters of Love, I greatly suspect it, since he has been charged with some very flagrant Crimes of that Nature.

How, Sir! resumed *Arabella*, Have you ever been faithless then? and, after having sworn, haply, to devote your whole Life to the Service of some Beauty, have you ever violated your Oaths, and been base enough to forsake her?

I have too much Complaisance, Madam, said Sir *George*, to contradict Mr. *Glanville*, who has been pleased positively to assert, that I have been faithless, as you most unkindly phrase it.

Nay, Sir, replied *Arabella*, this Accusation is not of a Nature to be neglected; and tho' a King should say it, I conceive, if you are innocent, you have a Right to contradict him, and clear yourself: Do you consider how deeply this Assertion wounds your Honour and Happiness for the future? What Lady, think you, will receive your Services, loaded as you are with the terrible Imputation of Inconstancy?

Oh! as for that, Madam, said Miss *Glanville*, I believe no Lady will think the worse of Sir *George* for being faithless: For, my Part, I dectate, nothing pleases me so much, as gaining a Lover from another Lady; which is a greater Compliment to one's Beauty, than the Addresses of a Man that never was in Love before——

You may remember, Cousin, replied *Arabella*, that I said once before, your Spirit and Humour resembled a certain great Prince's very much; and I repeat it again, never was there a greater Conformity in Tempers and Inclinations.

My Daughter, said Sir *Charles*, is mightily obliged to you, Lady *Bella*, for comparing her to a great Prince's: Undoubtedly you mean it as a Compliment.

If you think, said *Arabella*, that barely comparing her to a Prince's be a Compliment, I must take the Liberty to differ from you: My Cousin is not so many Degrees below a Prince's, as that such a Comparison should be thought extraordinary; for if her Ancestors did not wear a Crown, they might, haply, have de-  
served



served it; and her Beauty may one Day procure her a Servant, whose Sword, like that of the great *Artaban*, may win her a Sceptre; who, with a noble Confidence, told his Princess, when the Want of a Crown was objected to him, I wear a Sword, Madam, that can perform things more difficult, than what you require; and if a Crown be all that I want to make me worthy of you, tell me what Kingdom in the World you choose to reign in, and I will lay it at your Feet.

That was a Promise, replied Sir *George*; fit only for the great *Artaban* to make: But, Madam, if you will permit me to make any Comparison between that renowned Warrior and myself, I would venture to tell you, that even the great *Artaban* was not exempted from the Character of Inconstancy any more than myself, since, as you certainly know, he was in Love with Three great Princesses successively.

I grant you, replied *Arabella*, that *Artaban* did wear the Chains of Three Princesses successively: But it must also be remembred in his Justification, that the Two First of these Beauties refused his Adorations, and treated him with Contempt, because he was not a Prince: Therefore, recovering his Liberty, by those Disdains they cast on him, he preserved that illustrious Heart from Despair, to tender it with more passionate Fidelity to the Divine Princess of the *Parthians*; who, though greatly their Superior in Quality and Beauty, did permit him to love her. However, I must confess, I find something like Levity in the Facility he found in breaking his Fetters so often; and when I consider, that among all those great Heroes, whose Histories I have read, none but himself ever bore, without dying, the Cruelties he experienced from those Princesses, I am sometimes tempted to accuse him myself of Inconstancy: But indeed every thing we read of that Prodigy of Valour is wholly miraculous; and since the Performance of Impossibilities was reserved for him, I conclude this Miracle also, among many others, was possible to him, whom nothing was ever able to resist upon Earth. However, pursued she, rising, I shall not absolutely condemn you, till I have heard your Adventures

tures from your own Mouth, at a convenient Time, when I shall be able to judge how far you merit the odious Appellation of Inconstancy.

Saying this, she saluted her Uncle, who had for some time been conversing in a low Voice with his Son, with a Grace wholly charming, and retired to her Apartment. Miss *Glanville* following her a few Moments after (the Compliment, extravagant as it was, which she had paid her, having procured her some Good-will from the vain and interested Miss *Glanville*), they conversed together with a great deal of good Honour till Dinner-time, which, because Mr. *Glanville*, was not absolutely recovered, was served in his Chamber.

#### C H A P. IV.

*In which our Heroine is engaged in a new Adventure.*

AS Mr. *Glanville* took a great deal of Pains to turn the Discourse upon Subjects, on which the charming *Arabella* could expatiate, without any Mixture of that Absurdity, which mingled itself in a great many others; the rest of that Day and several others, were passed very agreeably: At the End of which, Mr. *Glanville* being perfectly recovered, and able to go abroad; the Baronet proposed to take the Diversion of Hunting; which *Arabella*, who was used to it, consented to partake of; but being informed, that Miss *Glanville* could not ride, and chose to stay at home, she would have kept her Company, had not Sir *Charles* insisted upon the contrary.

As Sir *George*, and some other Gentlemen, had invited themselves to be of the Party; *Arabella*, on her coming down to mount her Horse, found a great many young Gallants, ready to offer her their Assistance upon this Occasion: Accepting therefore, with great Politeness, this Help from a Stranger, who was nearest her, she mounted her Horse, giving Occasion to every one that was present, to admire the Grace with which she

sat

sat and managed him. Her Shape being as perfect as any Shape could possibly be, her Riding-habit discovered all its Beauties: Her Hat, and the white Feather waving over Part of her fine black Hair, gave a peculiar Charm to her lovely Face: And she appeared with so many Advantages in this Dress and Posture, that Mr. *Glanville*, forgetting all her Absurdities, was wholly lost in the Contemplation of so many Charms, as her whole Person was adorned with.

Sir *George*, though he really admired *Arabella*, was not so passionately in Love as Mr. *Glanville*; and, being a keen Sportsman, eagerly pursued the Game, with the rest of the Hunters; but Mr. *Glanville* minded nothing but his Cousin, and kept close by her.

After having rode a long time, *Arabella*, conceiving it a Piece of Cruelty, not to give her Lover an Opportunity of talking to her, as, by his extreme Solitude, he seemed ardently to desire, coming to a delightful Valley, she stopped; and told Mr. *Glanville*, that being weary of the Chace, she should alight, and repose herself a little under the Shade of those Trees.

Mr. *Glanville*, extremely pleased at this Proposition dismounted; and, having helped her to alight, seated himself by her on the Grass.

*Arabella*, expecting he would begin to talk to her of his Passion, could not help blushing at the Thoughts of having given him such an Opportunity; and Mr. *Glanville*, endeavouring to accommodate himself to her Ideas of a Lover, expressed himself in Terms extravagant enough to have made a reasonable Woman think he was making a Jest of her: All which, however, *Arabella* was extremely pleased with; and she observed such a just Decorum in her Answers, that, as the Writers of Romance phrase it, if she did not give him any absolute Hopes of being beloved, yet she said enough to make him conclude she did not hate him.

They had conversed in this manner near a Quarter of an Hour, when *Arabella*, perceiving a Man at a little Distance, walking very composedly, shrieked out aloud; and, rising with the utmost Precipitation, flew from Mr. *Glanville*, and went to untie her Horse; while his

his Astonishment being so great at her Behaviour, that he could not, for a Moment or two, ask her the Cause of her Fear—

Do you not see, said she, out of Breath with the Violence of her Apprehensions, the Person who is coming towards us? It is the same, who, some Months ago, attempted to carry me away, when I was riding out with only two Attendants: I escaped, for that time, the Danger that threatened me; but, questionless, he comes now to renew his Attempts: Therefore can you wonder at my Fear?

If it should be as you say, Madam, interrupted *Glanville*, What Reason have you to fear? Do you not think I am able to defend you?

Ah! without Doubt, you are able to defend me, answered she; and though, if you offer to resist the Violence he comes to use against me, he will, haply, call Two or Three Dozen armed Men to his Assistance, who are, I suppose, concealed hereabouts, yet I am not apprehensive, that you will be worsted by them: But as it happened to the brave *Juba*, and *Cleomedon*, while they were fighting with some hundred Men, who wanted to carry away their Princesses before their Faces; and were giving Death at every Blow, in order to preserve them; the Commander of these Ravishers, seeing the Two Princesses sitting, as I was, under a Tree, ordered them to be seized by Two of his Men, and carried away, while the Two Princes were losing best Part of their Blood in their Defence; therefore, to prevent such an Accident happening, while you are fighting for my Rescue, I think it will be the safest Way for me to get on Horse-back, that I may be in a Condition to escape; and that you may not employ your Valour to no Purpose.

Saying this, having, with Mr. *Glanville*'s Assistance, loosed her Horse from the Tree, he helped her to mount, and then remounted his own.

Your Antagonist, said *Arabella*, is on Foot; and therefore, though I prize your Life extremely, yet I cannot dispense with myself from telling you, that 'tis against the Laws of Knighthood to take any Advantage  
of

of that kind over your Enemy; nor will I permit your Concern for my Safety to make you forget what you owe to your own Reputation.

Mr. *Glanville*, fretting excessively at her Folly, begged her not to make herself uneasy about things that were never likely to happen.

The Gentleman yonder, added he, seems to have no Designs to make any Attempt against you: If he should, I shall know how to deal with him: But, since he neither offers to assault me, nor affront you, I think we ought not to give him any Reason to imagine we suspect him, by gazing on him thus; and letting him understand by your Manner, that he is the Subject of our Conversation: If you please, Madam, we will endeavour to join our Company.

*Arabella*, while he was speaking, kept her Eyes fixed upon his Face, with Looks which expressed her Thoughts were labouring upon some very important Point: And, after a Pause of some Moments, Is it possible, said she, with a Tone of extreme Surprise, that I should be so mistaken in you! Do you really want Courage enough to defend me against that Ravisher?

Oh Heavens! Madam, interrupted *Glanville*, try not my Temper thus: Courage enough to defend you! 'Sdeath! you will make me mad! Who, in the Name of Wonder, is going to molest you?

He whom you see there, replied *Arabella*, pointing to him with her Finger: For know, cold and insensible as thou art to the Danger which threatens me, yonder Knight is thy Rival, and a Rival, haply, who deserves my Esteem better than thou dost; since, if he has Courage enough to get me by Violence into his Power, that same Courage would make him defend me against any Injuries I might be offered from another: And since nothing is so contemptible in the Eyes of a Woman, as a Lover who wants Spirit to die in her Defence; know, I can sooner pardon him, whom thou would cowardly fly from, for the Violence which he meditates against me, than thyself for the Pusillanimity thou hast betrayed in my Sight.

With

With these Words, she galloped away from her astonished Lover, who, not daring to follow her, for fear of increasing her Suspicions of his Cowardice, flung himself off his Horse in a violent Rage; and, forgetting that the Stranger was observing, and now within Hearing, he fell accusing and exclaiming against the Books, that had turned his Cousin's Brain; and railing at his own ill Fate, that condemned him to the Punishment of loving her. Mr. *Harvey* (for it really was he, whom an Affair of Consequence had brought again into the Country), hearing some of Mr. *Glanville's* last Words, and observing the Gestures he used, concluded he had been treated like himself by *Arabella*, whom he knew again at a Distance: Therefore coming up to Mr. *Glanville*, laughing—

Though I have not the Honour of knowing you, Sir, said he, I must beg the Favour you will inform me, if you are not disturbed at the ridiculous Folly of the Lady I saw with you just now? She is the most fantastical Creature that ever lived, and, in my Opinion fit for a Mad-house: Pray, are you acquainted with her?

Mr. *Glanville*, being in a very ill Humour, could not brook the Freedom of this Language against his Cousin, whose Follies he could not bear any one should rail at but himself; and being provoked at his Sneers, and the Interruption he had given to their Conversation, he looked upon him with a disdainful Frown, and told him in an haughty Tone, That he was very impertinent to speak of a Lady of her Quality and Merit so rudely.

Oh! Sir, I beg your Pardon, replied Mr. *Harvey*, laughing more than before; What, I suppose, you are the Champion of this fair Lady! But, I assure myself, if you intend to quarrel with every one that will laugh at her, you will have more Business upon your Hands than you can well manage.

Mr. *Glanville*, transported with Rage at this Insolence, hit him such a Blow with the But-End of his Whip, that it stunned him for a Moment; but recovering himself, he drew his Sword, and, mad with the Affront he had received, made a Push at *Glanville*; who,

who, avoiding it with great Dexterity, had recourse to his Hanger for his Defence.

*Arabella*, in the mean time, who had not rid far, concealing herself behind some Trees, saw all the Actions of her Lover, and intended Ravisher; and, being possessed with an Opinion of her Cousin's Cowardice, was extremely rejoiced to see him fall upon his Enemy first, and that with so much Fury, that she had no longer any Reason to doubt his Courage: Her Suspicions, therefore, being removed, her Tenderness for him returned; and when she saw them engaged with their Swords (for, at that Distance, she did not plainly perceive the Difference of their Weapons), her Apprehensions for her Cousin were so strong, that though she did not doubt his Valour, she could not bear to see him expose his Life for her: And without making any Reflections upon the Singularity of her Design, she was going to ride up to them, and endeavour to part them; when she saw several Men come towards them, whom she took to be the Assistants of her Ravisher, though they were, in reality, Hay-makers; who, at a Distance, having seen the Beginning of their Quarrel, had hastened to part them.

Terrified, therefore, at this Reinforcement, which she thought would expose her Cousin to great Danger, she galloped, with all Speed, after the Hunters, being directed by the Sound of the Horn. Her Anxiety for her Cousin made her regardless of her own Danger, so that she rode with a surprising Swiftness; and, overtaking the Company, she would have spoken, to tell them of her Cousin's Situation; when her Spirits failing her, she could only make a Sign with her Hand, and sunk down in a Swoon, in the Arms of *Sir George*, who eagerly galloped up to her; and, supporting her as well as he was able till some others came to her Relief, they took her off her Horse, and placed her upon the Ground; when, by the Help of some Water they brought from a Spring near them, in a little time she came to herself.

*Sir Charles*, who, seeing her come up to them without his Son, and by her fainting, concluded some Misfortune

fortune had happened to him, the Moment she opened her Eyes, asked her eagerly, Where he was?

Your Son, said *Arabella*, fighting, is, with a Valour equal to that of the brave *Glanvill*, this Moment fighting in my Defence against a Croud of Enemies; and is, haply, shedding the last Drop of his Blood in my Quarrel.

Shedding the last Drop of his Blood, *haply!* interrupted Sir *Charles*, excessively grieved; and, not a little enraged at *Arabella*, supposing she had introduced him into some Quarrel, It may be *happy* for you, Madam; but I am sure it will make me very miserable, if my Son comes to any Harm.

If it be the Will of Heaven he should fall in this Combat, resumed *Arabella*, he can never have a more glorious Destiny: And as that Consideration will, doubtless, sweeten his last Moments, so it ought to be your Consolation: However, I beg you'll lose no time, but haste to his Assistance; for since he has a considerable Number of Enemies to deal with, 'tis not improbable but he may be overpowered at last.

Where did you leave my Son, Madam? cried Sir *Charles*, eagerly.

He is not far off, replied *Arabella*: And you will, doubtless, be directed to the Place, by the Sight of the Blood of his Enemies, which he has spilt. Go that way, pursued she, pointing with her Finger towards the Place where she had left her Cousin: There you will meet with him, amidst a Croud of Foes, which he is sacrificing to my Safety, and his just Resentment.

Sir *Charles*, not knowing what to think, galloped away, followed by most Part of the Company; Sir *George* telling Lady *Bella*, that he would stay to defend her against any Attempts that might be made on her Liberty, by any of her Ravisher's Servants, who were, probably, straggling about. *Arabella*, however, being perfectly recovered, insisted upon following her Uncle.

There is no Question, said she, but Mr. *Glanville* is victorious: I am only apprehensive for the dangerous Wounds he may have received in the Combat, which will require all our Care and Assistance.

Sir



Sir *George*, who wanted to engross her Company a little to himself, in vain represented to her, that, amidst the Horrors of a Fight so bloody as that must certainly be, in which Mr. *Glanville* and his Friends would be now engaged, it would be dangerous for her to venture her Person: Yet she would not be persuaded; but, having mounted her Horse, with his Assistance, she rode as fast as she was able after the rest of the Company.

## C H A P. V.

*Being a Chapter of Mistakes.*

SIR *Charles*, who, by this Time had got to the Place she directed him to, but saw no Appearance of fighting, and only a few Haymakers in Discourse together, inquired, If there had been any Quarrel between two Gentlemen in that Place?

One of them, at this Question, advancing, told Sir *Charles*, that two Gentlemen had quarrelled there, and were fighting with Swords; but that they had parted them; and that one of them, having an Horse tied to a Tree, mounted him, and rode away: That the other, they believed, was not far off; and that there had been no Bloodshed, they having come time enough to prevent it.

Sir *Charles* was extremely satisfied with this Account; and, giving the Haymakers some Money for the good Office they did in parting the two Combatants, rode up to meet Lady *Bella*; and informed her, that his Son was safe.

I cannot imagine he is safe, replied she, when I see some of his Enemies (pointing to the Haymakers) still alive: It is not customary, in those Cases, to suffer any to escape: And, questionless, my Cousin is either dead, or a Prisoner, since all his Adversaries are not vanquished.

Why, you dream, Madam, replied Sir *Charles*, Those Fellows yonder are Haymakers: What should

make them Enemies to my Son? They were lucky enough to come in time to prevent him and another Gentleman from doing each other a Mischief. I cannot imagine for what Reason my Son quarrelled with that Person they speak of; Perhaps you can inform me.

Certainly, Sir, said *Arabella*, I can inform you, since I was the Cause of their Quarrel. The Story is too long to tell you now; and, besides, it is so connected with the other Accidents of my Life, that 'tis necessary you should be acquainted with my whole History, in order to comprehend it: But, if those Persons are what you say, and did really part my Cousin and his Antagonist, truly I believe they have done him a very ill Office: For, I am persuaded, my Cousin will never be at Rest, till, by his Rival's Death, he has freed himself from one, capable of the most daring Enterprizes to get me into his Power: And, since I cannot be in Security while he lives, and persists in the Resolution he has taken to persecute me, it had been better if he had suffered all the Effects of my Cousin's Resentment at that time, than to give him the Trouble to hunt him through the World, in order to sacrifice him to the Interest of his Love and Vengeance.

Sir *Charles*, no less astonished than alarmed at this Discovery of his Niece's sanguinary Sentiments, told her, he was sorry to see a Lady so far forget the Gentleness of her Sex, as to encourage and incite Men to such Extremities, upon her Account. And, for the future, added he, I must intreat you, Niece, to spare me the Affliction of seeing my Son exposed to these dangerous Quarrels: For, though his Life is so little regarded by you, yet it is of the utmost Consequence to me.

*Arabella*, who found Matter sufficient in the Beginning of this Speech, to be offended with her Uncle, yet, mistaking the latter Part of it for a pathetic Complaint of her Cruelty, replied very gravely, That her Cousin's Safety was not so indifferent to her as he imagined:

gined: And that she did not hate him so much, but that his Death would affect her very sensibly.

*Arabella*, in speaking these Words, blushed with Shame, as thinking they were rather too tender: And *Sir Charles*, who coloured likewise, from a very different Motive, was opening his Mouth, to tell her, that he did not think his Son was much obliged to her for not hating him; when *Arabella*, supposing he designed to press her to a further Explanation of the favourable Sentiments she felt for *Mr. Glanville*, stopped him with Precipitation: Press me no more, said she, upon this Subject: And, as I have already spoken too much, haply, before so many Witnesses, seek not to enhance my Confusion, by prolonging a Discourse that at present must needs be disagreeable to me.

I shall readily agree with you, Madam, replied *Sir Charles*, that you have spoken too much: And, if I had thought you capable of speaking in the manner you have done, I would have been more cautious in giving you an Occasion for it.

I should imagine, Sir, said *Arabella*, blushing with Anger, as she before did with Shame, that you would be the last Person in the World who could think I had spoken too much upon this Occasion: And, since you are pleased to tell me so, I think it fit to let you know, that I have not, in my Opinion, transgressed the Laws of Decency and Decorum, in what I have said in my Cousin's Favour: And I can produce many Examples of greater Freedom of Speech, in Princesses, and Ladies of the highest Quality: However, I shall learn such a Lesson of Moderation in this respect, from your Reproof, that I promise you, neither yourself, or *Mr. Glanville*, shall have any Cause, for the future, to complain of my want of Discretion.

*Sir Charles*, who was very polite and good-natured, was half angry with himself, for having obliged his Niece to such a Submission, as he thought it; and, apologizing for the Rudeness of his Reprehension, assured her, that he was perfectly convinced of her Discretion in all things, and did not doubt but her Conduct would be always agreeable to him.

*Arabella*, who, from what her Uncle had said, began to entertain Suspicions, that would never have entered any Imagination but hers, looked earnestly upon him for half a Moment, as if she wished to penetrate into the most secret Recesses of his Heart: But, fancying she saw something in his Looks that confirmed her Apprehensions, she removed her Eyes from his Face, and, fastening them on the Ground remained for some Moments in Confusion. — Sir *Charles*, whom her apparent Disturbance made very uneasy, proposed returning to the Castle; telling Lady *Bella* he expected to find his Son already there.

'Tis more than probable, said she, turning to Sir *George*, that my Cousin is gone in Pursuit of my Ravisher; and the Interruption that has been given to his designed Vengeance, making him more furious than before, 'tis not likely he will return till he has punished his Insolence by that Death he so justly merits.

Mr. *Glanville* is already so happy in your Opinion, said Sir *George*, with a very profound Sigh, that there is no need of his rendering you this small Service, to increase your Esteem: But, if my Prayers are heard, the Punishment of your Ravisher will be reserved for a Person less fortunate, indeed, than Mr. *Glanville*, tho' not less devoted to your Interest, and concerned in your Preservation.

Sir *George* counterfeiting a Look of extreme Confusion and Fear, as he ended these Words;

*Arabella*, who perfectly comprehended the Meaning they were designed to convey, thought herself obliged to take no Notice of them: And, therefore, without making any Reply to the young Baronet, who ventured slowly to lift his Eyes to her Face, in order to discover if there were any Signs of Anger in it, she told Sir *Charles* she inclined to go home: And Sir *George*, with the rest of the Company, attended them to the Castle; where, as soon as they arrived, they took their Leave.

Sir *George*, notwithstanding *Arabella's* Care to deprive him of an Opportunity of speaking to her, told her,

her, in a Whisper, having eagerly alighted to help her off her Horse,

I am going, Madam, to find out that insolent Man, who has dared to offer Violence to the fairest Person in the World: And, if I am so happy as to meet with him, he shall either take my Life, or I will put him into a Condition never to commit any more Offences of that Nature.

Saying this, he made a low Bow; and, being desirous to prevent her Answer, remounted his Horse, and went away with the rest of the Company.

*Arabella*, who, upon this Occasion, was to be all Confusion, mixed with some little Resentment, discovered so much Emotion in her Looks, while *Sir George* was whispering to her, that her Uncle, as he was handing her into the House, asked her, If she was offended at any thing *Sir George* had said to her?

*Arabella*, construing this Question as she had done some other things her Uncle had said to her, replied, in a reserved manner, Since my Looks, contrary to my Intention, have betrayed my Thoughts to you, I will not scruple to confess, that I have some Cause to be offended with *Sir George*; and that, in two Instances To-day, he has seemed to forget the Respect he owes me.

*Sir Charles* was fired at this Account: Is it possible, said he, that *Sir George* has had the Assurance to say any thing to offend you, and that before my Face too? This Affront is not to be borne.

I am sorry, replied *Arabella*, eying him heedfully, to see you so much concerned at it.

Don't be uneasy, interrupted *Sir Charles*: There will be no bad Consequences happen from it: But he shall hear of it, added he, raising his Voice with Passion: I'll force him this Night to explain himself.

You must pardon me, Sir, said *Arabella*, more and more confirmed in her Notions, if I tell you, that I am extremely offended at your uncommon Zeal upon this Occasion: And also I must assure you, that a little more Calmness would be less liable to Suspicion.

Miss *Glanville* coming to meet them, Sir *Charles*, who did not take much Notice of what *Arabella* said, eagerly inquired for his Son; and, hearing he was not come home, was apprehensive of his meeting again with the Person he had quarrelled with: But his Fears did not last long; for Mr. *Glanville* came in, having purposely avoided the Company, to hide the Uneasiness Lady *Bella's* tormenting Folly had given him.

## CH A P. VI.

*In which the Mistakes are continued.*

AS soon as Mr. *Glanville* appeared, the two Ladies retired; Miss *Glanville* asking *Arabella* a hundred Questions concerning their Diversion, the Drift of which was, to know how Sir *George* behaved to her: But that fair Lady, whose Thoughts were wholly employed on the strange Accidents which had happened to her that Day, longed to be at Liberty to indulge her Reflections; and, complaining of extreme Weariness, under Pretence of reposing herself till Dinner, got quit of Miss *Glanville's* Company, which, at that time, she thought very tedious.

As soon as she was left to herself, her Imagination running over all that had happened, she could not help confessing, that few Women ever met with such a Variety of Adventures in one Day: In Danger of being carried off by Violence, by one Lover; delivered by another; Insinuations of Love from a Third, who, she thought, was enamoured of her Cousin; and, what was still more surprising! a Discovery, that her Uncle was not insensible of her Charms, but was become the Rival of his own Son,

As extravagant as this Notion was, *Arabella* found Precedents in her Romances of Passions full as strange and unjustifiable; and confirmed herself in that Opinion, by recollecting several Examples of unlawful Love. Why should I not believe, said she, that my Charms can work as powerful Effects as those of *Olympia*, Princess

Princess of *Thrace*, whose Brother was passionately enamoured of her?

Did not the Divine *Glilia* inspire *Maherbal* with a violent Passion for her, who, though discovered to be her Brother, did not, nevertheless, cease to adore her? And, to bring an Instance still nearer to my own Case, was not the Uncle of the fair *Alcyone* in Love with her? And did he not endeavour to win her Heart by all the Methods in his Power?

Ah! then, pursued she, let us doubt no more of our Misfortune: And, since our fatal Beauty has raised this impious Flame, let us stifle it with our Rigour, and not allow an ill-timed Pity, or Respect, to encourage a Passion which may, one Day, cast a Blemish upon our Glory.

*Arabella*, having settled this Point, proceeded to reflect on the Conquest she had made of *Sir George*: She examined his Words over and over, and found them so exactly conformable to the Language of an *Oroondates* or *Oronces*, that she could not choose but be pleased: But, recollecting that it behoved her, like all other Heroines, to be extremely troubled and perplexed at an Insinuation of Love, she began to lament the cruel Necessity of parting with an agreeable Friend; who, if he persisted in making her acquainted with his Thoughts would expose himself to the Treatment Persons so indiscreet always meet with; nor was she less concerned, lest, if *Mr. Glanville* had not already dispatched her Ravisher, *Sir George*, by wandering in Search of him, and, haply, sacrificing him to his eager Desire of serving her, should, by that means, lay her under an Obligation to him, which, considering him as a Lover, would be a great Mortification.

*Sir George*, however, was gone home to his own House, with no Thoughts of pursuing *Arabella's* Ravisher: And *Mr. Glanville*, being questioned by his Father concerning his Quarrel, invented some trifling Excuse for it; which not agreeing with the Account the Baronet had received from *Arabella*, he told his Son, that he had concealed the Truth from him; and that there was more in that Affair than he had owned.

You

You quarrelled, added he, upon *Arabella's* Account; and she did not scruple to affirm it before all the Company.

Mr. *Glanville*, who had vainly flattered himself with an Hope, that his Cousin had not acquainted the Company with her whimsical Apprehensions, was extremely vexed when he found she had exposed herself to their Ridicule, and that it was probable even he had not escaped: But, willing to know from her own Mouth how far she had carried her Folly, he went up to her Chamber; and, being immediately admitted, she began to congratulate him upon the Conquest he had gained, as she supposed, over his Enemy; and thanked him very solemnly for the Security he had procured for her.

Mr. *Glanville*, after assuring her, that she was in no Danger of ever being carried away by that Person whom she feared, proceeded to inquire into all that had passed between her and the Company whom she had joined, when she left him; and *Arabella*, relating every Particular, gave him the Mortification to know, that her Folly had been sufficiently exposed: But she touched upon her Fears for him with so much Delicacy, and mentioned her Fainting in such a manner, as insinuated a much greater Tenderness than he before had Reason to Hope for; and this Knowledge destroying all his Intentions to quarrel with her for what she had said, he appeared so easy and satisfied, that *Arabella*, reflecting upon the Misfortune his Father's new-born Passion would probably be the Occasion of to him, could not help sighing at the Apprehension; looking on him, at the same time, with a kind of pitying Complacency; which did not escape Mr. *Glanville's* Notice.

I must know the Reason of that Sigh, Cousin, said he, smiling, and taking her Hand.

If you are wise, replied *Arabella*, gravely, you will be contented to remain in the pleasing Ignorance you are at present; and not seek to know a thing which will, haply, afford you but little Satisfaction.

You have increased my Curiosity so much, by this Advice, resumed he, accommodating his Looks to *Arabella's*,



*Arabella's*, that I shall not be at Rest till I know what it is you conceal from me: And, since I am so much concerned in it, even by your own Confession, I have a Right to press you to explain yourself.

Since you are so importunate, replied *Arabella*, I must tell you, that I will not do you so great a Diskindness, as to explain myself; nor will I be the first who shall acquaint you with your Misfortune, since you will, haply, too soon arrive at the Knowledge of it, by other means.

*Glanville*, who imagined this was some new Whim that had got into her Head, was but little perplexed at an Insinuation, which, had he been ignorant of her Foible, would have given him great Uneasiness: But; being sensible that she expected he would press her to disclose herself, and appear extremely concerned at her refusing him that Satisfaction, he counterfeited so well, that she was at a loss how to evade the Arguments he used to make her unfold the terrible Mystery; when the Dinner-bell ringing, and relieving her for the present, Mr. *Glanville*, led her down to the Parlour; where Sir *Charles* and his Daughter attended their coming.

## C H A P. VII.

*In which the Mistakes are not yet cleared up.*

**T**HE Baronet, who had been put into a bad Humour by *Arabella's* Insinuations, that Sir *George* had affronted her, appeared reserved and uneasy; and, being resolved to question her about it, was willing first to know exactly what it was his Niece had been offended at: But as he feared, if it came to his Son's Knowledge, it would produce a Quarrel between the young Gentlemen, that might have dangerous Consequences, he was desirous of speaking to her alone; and, as soon as Dinner was over, asked her to take a Walk with him upon the Terrace, telling her he had something to say to her in private. *Arabella*, whose Fears had been considerably increased by the Pensiveness which appeared in

in her Uncle's Looks during Dinner, and supposing he wanted a private Conversation, only to explain himself more clearly to her, than he had yet done, was excessively alarmed at this Request; and, casting her Eyes down to the Ground, blushed in such a manner as betrayed her Confusion; and made Miss *Glanville* and her Brother believe, that she suspected her Uncle had a Design to press her soon to give her Hand to Mr. *Glanville*, which occasioned her apparent Disorder.

Sir *Charles*, however, who had not so heedfully observed her Behaviour, repeated his Request: adding, with a Smile upon her giving him no Answer, Sure, Lady *Bella*, you are not afraid to be alone with your Uncle.

No, Sir, replied *Arabella*, giving him a piercing Look; I am not afraid of being alone with my Uncle; and, as long as he pretends to be no more than my Uncle, I shall not scruple to hear what he has to say to me.

Sir *Charles*, a little vexed at an Answer which insinuated, as he thought, a Complaint of his having pretended to more Authority over her than he ought, told her, he hoped she had no Cause to believe he would displease her, by any improper Exertion of that Power over her, with which her Father had intrusted him: For I assure you, added he, I would rather you should follow my Advice as an Uncle, than obey me as a Guardian; and, since my Affection for you is, perhaps, greater than what many People have for a Niece, my Solicitude ought to be imputed to that Motive.

I have all the Sense I ought to have of that Affection you honour me with, replied *Arabella*; and since I hope it will be always what it should be, without wishing for its Increase, I am contented with those Testimonies I have already received of it, and do not desire any other.

Sir *Charles*, a little puzzled to understand the Meaning of these Words, which the grave Looks of *Arabella* made yet more mysterious, rose from his Seat with an Air of Discontent; I should have been glad to have spoken a Word in private to you, Niece; said he; but, since you think proper to make so much Ceremony

mony in such a Trifle, I'll defer it till you are in a better Humour.

Miss *Glanville*, seeing her Father going out of the Room, stepped before him: Nay, Papa, said she, if you want to speak with my Cousin, my Brother and I will go out, and leave you to yourselves.

You will do me a very great Displeasure, said *Arabella*; for, I am sure, my Uncle has not any thing of Consequence to say to me: However, added she, seeing Miss *Glanville* go away, I am resolved, I will not be left alone: and therefore, Mr. *Glanville*, since I can pretend to some Power over you, I command you to stay.

You may remember, Madam, said Mr. *Glanville*, with a Smile, you refused to gratify my Curiosity, with regard to something you hinted to me some time ago; and to punish you, added he, going out of the Room, I am resolved you shall listen to what my Father has to say to you; for, by your Unwillingness to hear it, I imagine you suspect already what it is.

*Arabella*, finding she had no way to avoid hearing what she dreaded so much, and observing her Uncle had resumed his Chair, prepared to give him Audience; but, in order to deprive him of all Hope, that she would receive his Discourse favourably, she assumed the severest Look she was capable of; and, casting her Eyes on the Ground, with a Mixture of Anger and Shame, waited with a kind of Fear and Impatience for what he had to say.

I see, Madam, said the Baronet, observing her Confusion, that you apprehend what I am going to say to you; but, I beseech you, do not fear I have any Intentions, but such as you'll approve.

You are certainly in the right, Sir, said *Arabella*, in the Interpretation you have put on my Looks: I am really in Pain about the Purport of your Discourse: And you would particularly oblige me, if you would dispense with me from hearing it.

I see, replied Sir *Charles*, that, out of a mistaken Fear, you are unwilling to hear me, in order to avoid coming

coming to the Explanation I desire: But I tell you, once again, you have nothing to apprehend.

I have every thing to apprehend, Sir, resumed *Arabella*, tartly, while you persist in your Design of disobliging me: and you cannot give me a greater Proof of the Badness of your Intentions, than by thus forcing me to listen to Discourses I ought to avoid.

Since my Word has no Weight with you, replied Sir *Charles*, I'll condescend to assure you, by the most sacred Oath, That I do not mean to come to any Extremities with Sir *George*, concerning what you already told me: All I desire to know is, If you think you had any Reason to be offended with him for any thing he said? And, in that Case, I cannot dispense with myself from expostulating with him about it.

You would do me a Favour, Sir, resumed *Arabella*, if you would interest yourself a little less in what Sir *George* said to me: The Offence was committed against me only; and none but myself has any Right to resent it.

'Tis enough, Niece, said Sir *Charles*, rising: You acknowledge sufficient to make me resolve to oblige him to ask Pardon for the Affront you have received: However, I beg you may make yourself easy; no ill Consequences will happen from this Affair, provided my Son does not know it: And I know you have too much Discretion to acquaint him with it.

Saying this, he went out of the Room, leaving *Arabella* in great Confusion at what he had said; which, in her Opinion, had amounted almost to a plain Declaration of his Passion; and his Design of putting an End to Sir *George's* Pretensions, whom, it was probable, he looked upon as a more dangerous Rival than his Son, confirmed her in the Opinion of his Resolution to persecute her.

Full of the Reflections this Accident had occasioned, she went to walk in the Garden, where Mr. *Glanville*, his Sister having just left him, joined her.

As he imagined, his Father's Design, in speaking to her alone, was to prevail upon her to consent to marry him before she left the Country, which was  
what

what he most earnestly wished, he drew a bad Omen from the Discontent which appeared in her Eyes.

Is it with me, Cousin, said he, or with what my Father has been saying to you, that you are angry?

With both, replied *Arabella*, hastily; for if you had staid in the Room, as I commanded you, I should not have been exposed to the Pain of hearing Things so disagreeable.

Since I knew what would be the Purport of my Father's Discourse, said Mr. *Glanville*, you ought not to be surprized I could not resolve to give any Interruption to it, by my Presence: And, being so much interested in the Success of his Solicitations, I could not choose but give him an Opportunity of speaking to you alone, as he desired.

It seems then, resumed *Arabella*, you know what was the Subject of his Conversation.

I believe I can guess, interrupted Mr. *Glanville*, smiling.

Is it possible, cried *Arabella*, starting back in great Surprize, that, knowing, as you say you do, your Father's Intentions, you would resolve to furnish him with an Opportunity of disclosing them?

Can you blame me, said Mr. *Glanville*, for suffering him to undertake what I durst not myself? I know your Delicacy, or rather your Severity so well, that I am sensible, if I had taken the Liberty to say what my Father has said, you would have been extremely offended; and punished me, as you have often done, with a Banishment from your Presence: Nay, pursued he, seeing Astonishment and Anger in her Countenance, I perceive you are at this Moment, going to pronounce some terrible Sentence against me.

You are deceived, said *Arabella*, with a forced Calmness; I am so far from being offended with you, that I am ready to acknowledge, you merit very extraordinary Praises for the perfect Resignation you shew to the Will, and for your Credit, I will suppose, the Commands, of your Father:

But I would advise you to be contented with the Reputation of being a dutiful Son, and, for the future, never aspire to that of being a faithful Lover.

Speaking these Words, which were wholly unintelligible to her amazed Admirer, she left him, and went to her own Apartment, strangely surprized at the Indifference of Mr. *Glanville*; who, as she understood what he had said, was not only willing to resign her to his Father, but also took upon him to mediate in his behalf.

As she was unwilling to acknowledge, even to herself, that the Grief she felt at this Discovery, proceeded from any Affection for her Cousin, she imputed it to the Shame of seeing herself so basely forsaken and neglected; and, not being able to find a Precedent for such an Indignity offered to the Charms of any Lady in her Romances, the Singularity of her Fate, in this respect, seemed to demand all her Uneasiness.

### C H A P. VIII.

*Which contains some necessary Consequences of the foregoing Mistakes. — A Soliloquy on a Love-Letter.*

**W**HILE *Arabella* passed her Time in her Closet, in the most disagreeable Reflections, *Glanville* was racking his Brain to find out the Meaning of those mysterious Words she had uttered at leaving him: He examined them twenty times over, but could not possibly penetrate into their Sense: But, supposing at last, that they really meant nothing at all, or were occasioned by some new Flight of her Imagination, he went to find out his Father, in order to know what had passed between him and *Arabella*.

Sir *Charles*, however, was not to be found; he had ordered his Horse to be made ready, under Pretence  
of

of taking a little Ride after Dinner, and, passing by Sir *George's* House, alighted to pay him a Visit.

The young Baronet, being at home, received him with great Politeness: And Sir *Charles*, whose peculiar Disposition was, to be nicely tenacious of every thing, which, he imagined, had any Relation to the Honour of his Family, took the first Opportunity to question him, concerning the Confusion his Whisper had occasioned in Lady *Bella*; adding, That she had confessed, he had given her Reason to take ill what he had said to her.

Sir *George*, who was by no means willing to quarrel with the Uncle of *Arabella*, received the old Gentleman's Remonstrances with a great deal of Calmness; and, finding *Arabella* had not discovered the Purport of that Whisper which had offended her, he told Sir *Charles*, That the Confusion he saw in her Countenance, was occasioned by his rallying her upon the Fright she had been in upon Mr. *Glanville's* Account: He added some Particulars to this Account, that intirely taking away all Inclination in Sir *Charles* to pursue the Matter any farther, they parted upon very good Terms, Sir *George* promising, very soon, to return his Visit at the Castle.

Mr. *Glanville*, upon his Father's Return, being impatient to know what he had said to *Arabella*, inquired with so much Precipitation, concerning the Conversation they had had together, that Sir *Charles*, unwilling to tell him the Truth, and not having time to consider of an Answer, evaded his Question in such a manner, that Mr. *Glanville* could not help making some Observation upon it; and, comparing this Circumstance with what *Arabella* had said, tho' he could not comprehend the Meaning that seemed to be concealed under their Behaviour, he immediately concluded, there was some Mystery, which it concerned him to find out.

Possessed with this Opinion, he longed for an Opportunity to talk with *Arabella* alone, but he was not so happy to obtain one, for, though that Fair-one presided at the Tea-table, as usual, and also appeared

at Supper, yet she so industriously avoided all Occasions of being alone with him, though but for a Moment, and appeared so reserved and uneasy, that it was impossible for him to speak to her upon that Subject.

As soon as it was Time to retire, having resolved to request the Favour of a few Moments Conversation with her, in her own Apartment, and when he had, as was his Custom, handed her up Stairs, instead of wishing her a good Night, at her Chamber-door, he was going to desire Permission to enter it with her; when *Lucy*, coming to meet her Lady, whispered her in the Ear, upon which, *Arabella*, turning towards him, gave him an hasty Salute, and hurried into her Apartment.

*Glawville*, no less vexed at this Disappointment, than perplexed at that Whisper, which had caused such a visible Emotion in *Arabella*, retired to his own Room, tormented with a thousand uneasy Suspicions, for which he could not exactly assign a Cause, and wishing impatiently for the next Day, in which he hoped to procure some Explanation of what at present greatly perplexed him.

In the mean time, *Arabella*, who had been informed by *Lucy*, in that Whisper, who was eager to let her know it, that a Messenger had brought a Letter from Sir *George*, and, late as it was at Night, waited for an Answer, was debating with herself, whether she should open this Billet or not: She had a strong Inclination to see what it contained; but, fearful of transgressing the Laws of Romance, by indulging a Curiosity not justifiable by Example, she resolved to return this Letter unopened.

Here, said she to *Lucy*, give this Letter to the Messenger that brought it, and tell him, I was excessively offended with you, for receiving it from his Hands.

*Lucy*, taking the Letter, was going to obey her Orders, when, recollecting herself, she bid her stay.

Since Sir *George*, said she to herself, is no declared Lover of mine, I may, without any Offence to Decorum, see what this Letter contains: To refuse receiving it will be to acknowledge, that his Sentiments are  
not



not unknown to me; and, by consequence, to lay myself under a Necessity of banishing him: Nor is it fit, that I should allow him to believe, I am so ready to apprehend the Meaning of every gallant Speech, which is used to me; and to construe such Insinuations, as he took the Liberty to make me, into Declarations of Love.

Allowing, therefore, the Justice of these Reasons, she took the Letter out of *Lucy's* Hand; and being upon the Point of opening it, a sudden Thought controuled her Designs: She threw it suddenly upon her Toilet; and, looking very earnestly upon it,

Presumptuous Paper! said she, speaking with great Emotion to the Letter: Bold Repository of thy Master's daring Thoughts! Shall I not be blamed by all, who hereafter will hear, or read, my History, if, contrary to the Apprehensions I have, that thou containest a Confession that will displease me, I open thy Seal, and become accessary to thy Writer's Guilt, by deigning to make myself acquainted with it? And thou, too indiscreet and unwary Friend, whose Folds contain the Acknowledgement of his Crime! What will it advantage thee or him, if, torn by my resenting Hand, I make thee suffer, for the Part thou bearest in thy Master's Fault; and teach him, by thy Fate, how little Kindness he has to expect from me! Yet, to spare myself the Trouble of reading what will, questionless, greatly displease me, I will return thee, uninjured, into thy Master's Hands; and, by that Moderation, make him repent the Presumption he has been guilty of.

## C H A P. IX.

*Containing a Love-Letter in the Heroic Stile ;  
with some occasional Reasonings by Lucy, full  
of Wit and Simplicity.*

OUR fair Heroine, having ended the foregoing Soliloquy, took up the Letter, and gave it to *Lucy*, who had, all the time she was speaking, observed a profound Silence, mixed with a most eager Attention.

Here, pursued she, carry it to the Person who brought it; and bid him tell his Master, that, lest I should find any thing in it, which may offend me, I have chosen not to read it: And, if he is wise, he will profit by my Concern for him, and take care how he hazards displeasing me a Second time by an Impertunity of this kind, which I shall not so easily pardon him.

*Lucy*, who had taken particular Notice of this Speech, in order to remember every Word of it, when she repeated it again, went conning her Lesson to the Place where she had desired the Servant to wait her coming: But he was gone; such being indeed his Master's Orders; for he was apprehensive, that following the Custom of the Ladies in Romances, *Arabella* would return his Letter; and therefore, to deprive her of an Opportunity of sending it back that Night, he ordered his Man to say, he waited for an Answer; but, as soon as he conveniently could, to come away without one.

*Lucy*, in a great Surprize at the Servant's going away, returned to her Lady with the Letter in her Hand, telling her she must needs read it now, since the Person, who brought it, was gone.

It must be confessed, said *Arabella*, taking the Letter from her, with a Smile, he has fallen upon an ingenious

ingenious Device, to make me keep it for this Night ; and, since, haply, I may be mistaken in the Contents, I have a Mind to open it.

*Lucy* did not fail to confirm her Lady in this Design : And *Arabella*, making as if she yielded to the Importunities of her Confidante, opened the Letter, which she found as follows :

*The unfortunate and despairing Bellmour, to the Divine Arabella.*

*Madam,*

SINCE it is, doubtless, not only with your Permission, but even by your Commands, that your Uncle Sir *Charles Glanville*, comes to pronounce the Sentence of my Death, in the Denunciation of your Anger, I submit, Madam, without repining at the Rigour of that Doom you have inflicted on me. Yes, Madam, this Criminal, who has dared to adore you, with the most sublime and perfect Passion that ever was, acknowledges the Justice of his Punishment ; and, since it is impossible to cease loving you, or to live without telling you he does so, he is going, voluntarily, to run upon that Death your Severity makes him wish for, and the Greatness of his Crime demands. Let my Death then, O Divine *Arabella*, expiate the Offence I have been guilty of ! And let me hope those fair Eyes, that have beheld me with Scorn when alive, will not refuse to shed some Tears upon my Tomb ! And that, when you remember my Crime of loving you, you will also be pleased to remember, that I died for that Crime ; and wish for no other Comfort in Death, but the Hope of your not hating, when he is no more,

*The unhappy Bellmour.*

*Arabella,*

*Arabella*, who had read this Letter aloud, sigh'd gently at the Conclusion of it; but poor *Lucy* who was greatly affected at so dolorous an Epistle, could not restrain her Tears; but sobb'd so often, and with so much Violence, as, at length, recalled her Lady from the Reverie, into which she was plung'd.

What ails you? said she to her Confidante, greatly surpriz'd: What is the Cause of this unseemly Sorrow?

Oh! Madam! cried *Lucy*, her Sobs making a frequent and unpleasing Interruption in her Words; I shall break my Heart to be sure: Never was such a sad mournful Letter in the World: I could cry my Eyes out for the poor Gentleman. Pray excuse me, Madam; but, indeed, I can't help saying, You are the most hard-heartedest Lady I ever knew in my born Days: Why, to be sure, you don't care, if an hundred fine Gentlemen should die for you, tho' their Spirits were to haunt you every Night! Well! I would not have what your Ladyship has to answer for, for all the World!

You are a foolish Wench! replied *Arabella*, smiling at her Simplicity: Do you think I have any Cause to accuse myself, tho' Five thousand Men were to die for me? 'Tis very certain, my Beauty has produced very deplorable Effects: The unhappy *Hervey* has expiated, by his Death, the Violence his too desperate Passion forced him to meditate against me: The no less guilty, the noble Unknown, *Edward*, is wandering about the World, in a tormenting Despair; and stands expos'd to the Vengeance of my Cousin, who has vow'd his Death. - My Charms have made another Person, whose Character ought to be sacred to me, forget all the Ties of Consanguinity; and become the Rival of his Son, whose Interest he once endeavour'd to support: And, lastly, the unfortunate *Bellmour* consumes away in an hopeless Passion; and conscious of his Crime, dooms himself, haply, with more Severity than I desire, to a voluntary Death; in hopes, thereby, of procuring my Pardon and Compassion, when he is no more. All these, *Lucy*, as I said before,  
are

are very deplorable Effects of my Beauty ; but you must observe, that my Will has no Part in the Miseries, that unfortunate Beauty occasions ; and that, tho' I could even wish myself less fair, in order to avoid giving so much Unhappiness to others, yet these Wishes would not avail ; and since, by a fatal Necessity, all these Things will happen, whether I would or no, I must comfort myself under the Uneasiness, which the Sensibility of my Temper makes me feel, by the Reflection, that, with my own Consent, I contribute nothing to the Misfortune of those who love me.

Will your Ladyship then let poor Sir *George* die ? said *Lucy*, who had listened very attentively to this fine Harangue, without understanding what it meant.

Questionless, he must die, replied *Arabella*, if he persists in his Design of loving me.

But, pray, Madam, resumed *Lucy*, cannot your Ladyship command him to live, as you did Mr. *Hervy*, and Mr. *Glanville*, who both did as you bid them ?

I may command him to live, said *Arabella*, and there is no Question but he would obey me, if I likewise permit him to love me ; but, this last not being fit for me to do, I see no way to prevent the sad Resolution he has taken.

To be sure, Madam, returned *Lucy*, your Ladyship knows what you ought to do better than I can advise your Ladyship, being that you are more learned than me : But, for all that, I think it's better to save Life than to kill, as the Bible-Book says ; and, since I am sure your Ladyship is a good Christian, if the Gentleman dies for the Want of a few kind Words, or so, I am sure you will be troubled in Mind about it.

It must be confessed, said *Arabella*, smiling, that tho' your Sollicitations are not very eloquent, they are very earnest and affecting ; and I promise you, I will think about it ; and, if I can persuade myself, I am doing no wrong Thing, by concerning myself about his Preservation, I will dispatch you To-morrow Morning.

Morning, with my Orders to him, to live, or, at least to proceed no further in his Design of dying, till he has further Cause.

*Lucy*, being extremely glad she had gained her Point, call'd in her Lady's other Women, who having assisted her to undress, left her in her Closet, to which she always retired for an Hour, before she went to Bed.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.









*Just* THE *Standard*  
Female QUIXOTE:

OR, THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*ARABELLA.*

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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