

Silence who have the Use of Speech, and the Dangers her Scholars are exposed to by the strong Impressions that are made by harsh Sounds and vulgar Dialects. In short if they are Birds of any Parts or Capacity, she will undertake to render them so accomplished in the Compass of a Twelve-month, that they shall be fit Conversation for such Ladies as love to choose their Friends and Companions out of this Species.

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N^o 37. Thursday, April 12.

— *Non illa colo calathiferae Minervæ
Fæmineas assueta manus.* — Virg.

SOME Months ago, my Friend Sir ROGER being in the Country, inclosed a Letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I shall here call by the Name of *Leonora*, and as it contained Matters of Consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own Hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyship pretty early in the Morning, and was desired by her Woman to walk into her Lady's Library, 'till such time as she was in a Readiness to receive me. The very Sound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great Curiosity to see it; and, as it was some time before the Lady came to me, I had an Opportunity of turning over a great many of her Books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful Order. At the End of the *Folio's* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great Jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble Piece of Architecture. The *Quarto's* were separated from the *Octavo's* by a Pile of smaller Vessels, which rose in a delightful Pyramid. The *Octavo's* were bounded by Tea-Dishes of all Shapes, Colours and Sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden Frame, that they looked like one continued Pillar indented with the finest Strokes of Sculpture, and stained with the greatest Variety of Dyes. That Part of the Library which was designed for the Reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other loose Papers, was inclosed in a kind of Square, consisting of one of the prettiest Grottesque Works that ever

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I saw, and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkeys, Mandarin, Trees, Shells, and a thousand other odd Figures in *China* Ware. In the midst of the Room was a little Japan Table, with a Quire of gilt Paper upon it, and on the Paper a Silver Snuff-box made in the Shape of a little Book. I found there were several other counterfeit Books upon the upper Shelves, which were carved in Wood, and served only to fill up the Number like Fagots in the Muster of a Regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixt kind of Furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the Lady and the Scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy my self in a Grotto, or in a Library.

UPON my looking into the Books, I found there were some few which the Lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the Authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow.

Ogleby's Virgil.

Dryden's Juvenal.

Cassandra.

Cleopatra.

Astræa.

Sir Isaac Newton's Works.

The Grand Cyrus; with a Pin stuck in one of the middle Leaves.

Pembroke's Arcadia.

Locke of Humane Understanding; with a Paper of Patches in it.

A Spelling Book.

A Dictionary for the Explanation of hard Words.

Sherlock upon Death.

The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir William Temple's Essays.

Father Malbranche's Search after Truth, translated into *English*.

A Book of Novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's Midwifery.

The Ladies Calling.

Tales in Verse by Mr. *Dursey*: Bound in Red Leather, gilt on the Back, and doubled down in several Places.

All the Claſſick Authors in Wood.

A Set of *Elzivers* by the ſame Hand.

Clelia: Which opened of it ſelf in the Place that deſcribes two Lovers in a Bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a Daughter.

The New *Atalantis*, with a Key to it.

Mr. *Steele's* Chriſtian Hero.

A Prayer Book: With a Bottle of *Hungary* Water by the ſide of it.

Dr. *Sacheverell's* Speech.

Fielding's Trial.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's Inſtructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a Catalogue in my Pocket-Book of theſe, and ſeveral other Authors, when *Leonora* entred, and upon my preſenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me, with an unſpeakable Grace, that ſhe hoped Sir ROGER was in good Health: I answered *Yes*, for I hate long Speeches, and after a Bow or two retired.

LEONORA was formerly a celebrated Beauty, and is ſtill a very lovely Woman. She has been a Widow for two or three Years, and being unfortunate in her firſt Marriage, has taken a Reſolution never to venture upon a ſecond. She has no Children to take care of, and leaves the Management of her Eſtate to my good Friend Sir ROGER. But as the Mind naturally ſinks into a kind of Lethargy, and falls aſleep, that is not agitated by ſome Favourite Pleaſures and Purſuits, *Leonora* has turned all the Paſſions of her Sex into a Love of Books and Retirement. She converſes chiefly with Men, (as ſhe has often ſaid her ſelf) but it is only in their Writings; and admits of very few Male-Viſitants, except my Friend Sir ROGER, whom ſhe hears with great Pleaſure, and without Scandal. As her Reading has lain very much among Romances, it has given her a very particular Turn of Thinking, and diſcovers it ſelf even in her Houſe, her Gardens, and her Furniture. Sir ROGER
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has entertained me an Hour together with a Description of her Country-Seat, which is situated in a kind of Wilderness, about an hundred Miles distant from *London*, and looks like a little Enchanted Palace. The Rocks about her are shaped into Artificial Grottoes covered with Wood-Bines and Jessamines. The Woods are cut into shady Walks, twisted into Bowers, and filled with Cages of Turtles. The Springs are made to run among Pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a Beautiful Lake, that is inhabited by a Couple of Swans, and empties it self by a little Rivulet which runs through a Green Meadow, and is known in the Family by the Name of *The Purling Stream*. The Knight likewise tells me, that this Lady preserves her Game better than any of the Gentlemen in the Country, not (says Sir ROGER) that she sets so great a Value upon her Partridges and Pheasants, as upon her Larks and Nightingales. For she says that every Bird which is killed in her Ground, will spoil a Consort, and that she shall certainly miss him the next Year.

WHEN I think how odly this Lady is improved by Learning, I look upon her with a mixture of Admiration and Pity. Amidst these Innocent Entertainments which she has formed to her self, how much more Valuable does she appear than those of her Sex, who employ themselves in Diversions that are less Reasonable, tho' more in fashion? What Improvements would a Woman have made, who is so Susceptible of Impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such Books as have a tendency to enlighten the Understanding and rectify the Passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the Imagination?

BUT the manner of a Lady's Employing her self usefully in Reading shall be the Subject of another Paper, in which I design to recommend such particular Books as may be proper for the Improvement of the Sex. And as this is a Subject of a very nice Nature, I shall desire my Correspondents to give me their Thoughts upon it.

C

G.

Friday,