

THE  
COMPLEAT  
ACADEMY  
OF  
**Complements :**

CONTAINING

First, Choice Sentences, with Variety  
of Similitudes, and Comparisons ;  
also the best Complemental Letters.

Second, The Art of Courtship and Gen-  
teel Breeding, with Discourses proper  
for this Ingenious Age, far surpassing  
any Thing of this Nature.

TOGETHER

With a Collection of the Newest SONGS  
that are Sung at Court and Play-House

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L O N D O N :

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on London-Bridge ; And T. Ballard, at  
the Rising Sun in Little-Britain. 1705.

TO THE

# READER.

**H**E that would Learn to Speak and Endite Well, must take a great deal of Pains to the attainment thereof; for Men are not Born Orators, nor have they the Gift of Eloquence without Sweat and Labour of the Brain: Some are good Orators, but bad Enditers; others will Endite very Eloquently, but cannot Speak Well; very few that Excel in both. Of these, for the First, Great is the Disparagement which arises to a Man, from the Failure of his Tongue; it renders his Speech Preposterous, creates a Disrepute to his Person, and many times makes the very Truth he utters to be suspected, by being Cloathed in such a ragged Garment: Now if there accrues such a Disparagement to a Man by verbal Expressions, how much more liable is he to Censure, whose Pen lays him open to a sordid and incongruous Style in Writing, which Unbosoms a Man, and Limns forth his internal Parts as it were with a Pencil? To help the Reader, therefore, that he may be the better

## To the Reader.

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able to Speak and Write Quaintly and Eloquently, and not to stand with his Finger in his Mouth for want of Words wherewith to Express himself; I shall, First, give him some Short Sentences; or, Pearls of Eloquence, which he may use in his Discourse or Writings, as he shall see Occasion. Then several Forms of Similitudes and Comparisons, with Choice Letters: Next I will set down some Forms of Complemental Discourses upon several Subjects; then give you a Taste of some Amorous Poems and Songs, the best now in Request.

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## Advertisement.

YOUTH'S RECREATION; OR, MERRY PASTIMES, in Two Parts: Containing delightful Stories, Novels Jests, Tales, Bulls, Blunders, and Merry Conceits: with familiar Letters relating to Love and Business. Part II. Wonderful Histories of Giants, Pigmies, Fairies, Witches, Spectres, Spirits, Ghosts, Apparitions, Hobgoblins, Sea Monsters; History of the Isle of Pines, Relation of Whittington and his Cat: With many other Stories of Strange and Amazing Things. Printed for T. Ballard, at the Rising Sun in Little-Britain.

THE

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T H E  
Compleat Academy  
O F  
COMPLEMENTS, &c.



*Select Sentences : Or, Pearls of Eloquence.*

**S**IR, There can be no acknowledgment that I can make can be answerable to the Obligations I owe to your Honour.

*Sir,* You are qualified with all the Excellencies that Art and Nature can bestow.

*Sir,* You alone can Conduit me to the highest pitch of accidental Perfection.

*Sir,* Whatever Fate doth attend your Life, the same governs mine.

*Sir,* I cannot stoop too low to do your Excellency that observance which is due to your Merits.

*Sir,* You are the Star of Eloquence.

*Sir,* Be pleased to tell me how I may shew my self grateful to you for your Love.

*Sir,* Your full worth doth speak as loud an accent of desert, as his that Merits most.

*Sir,* If you will believe Truth, there is nothing more Terrible to a guilty Heart, than the Eye of a respected Friend.

*Sir,* My desires make me as careful to please you, as I am bound by Duty, and constrained by Inclination to serve you.

Sir, I had rather gratifie you with some small thing, and so be reputed Ignorant than Ungrateful.

Sir, The Noble Favours you are pleased to bestow upon me, may quicken my Endeavours, but never create a Desert in me worthy to be Yours.

Sir; It is out of your generous Disposition that you wish me well, as it is of Duty that I Honour you.

Sir, I dare not encounter you, in respect of your Eloquent Discourse, for when I intend to be most Perswasive, I appear most Barbarous in my Arguments.

Sir, Your inward Worth and outward Excellency, challenges the highest Respect and Veneration.

Sir, I am now convinced your deserts soar as high as Fame reported them.

Sir, It's past my wonder that the common vogue stiled you Happy, because your incomparable Disposition, and other vertuous endowments infinitely bespeak you so.

Sir, You are beyond the reach of any Calumny, having purchased to your self an immortal Fame and Reputation.

Sir, When I consider your exact symmetry of Body, and other Parts proportioned by Nature, I cannot but conclude in the Architecture of your Body, Nature play'd its Master-Piece.

Sir, The ingenious Blushes of your unparallel'd Countenance, vie with the Beauty of the whole World.

Sir, Nature's Pencil hath been so strangely skilful in the making of you so beloved an Animal, that when I have the Honour of seeing you, my Senses are exempted from their Offices, and my Eyes lose their sight by beholding You.

Sir,

Sir, As Nature hath made you mightily Happy in your outward Lineaments, so in your Free and Generous Spirit, your Gifts are beyond compare, your Love beyond Expression, your Friendship as firm as the *Medes* and *Persians* Law, unalterable.

Madam, Should I attempt to draw your Picture without the help of the Fam'd *Apelles*, I should be Non-pluss'd in the Attempt.

Madam, It's none but Nature's Darling, guided inevitably by her Advice, can either Describe your ingenious Countenance, or extraordinary Handsomness.

Madam, At the same time I behold your exquisite Beauty, and hear your vast Fame, I become Profelyte to your high Perfections and think my self Happy, if under the benign Reflections of your infinite lovely Countenance.

Madam, This Paper Visit begs your Acceptance and your Pardon; the one for its Meanness, the other for its Boldness; I question not your readiness to forgive me, and dispense with the other.

Madam, If Zeal could be Expressed or Represented in a Letter, this would Fire in its Flight, and Represent it self Yours in the highest Degree in lively Flames.

Incomparable Lady, Methinks my Fancy would exalt you the Princess of the World, lovely beyond Nature's Correction, Wise beyond Advice, and a Person in whom Nature and Art had an Ambitious contest.

Madam, The least Service upon your score, I term the highest attainment imaginable; your Love is an Honour, your Favour the greatest Advance, and that I be numbered amongst your little Favourites, I am Transported.

*Lady,* When I consider how the Enamoured World fly to your *Asylum*, and pay their Sacrifices to your adored Altar; if I can but be thought worthy to stile my self yours, happy I with an Emphasis.

*Madam,* You are the Phœnix of the Sex, the Mirror of the Age, the Star of the World, the lively Scheme of that Beauty that cannot be by any Exceeded, nor amended by all the famousest Artists that pretended to the highest Skill.

*Madam,* You are the very Abstract of Beauty, all those Excellencies that are singly in others, are concentrated together in you.

*Madam,* You are as much above my feeble Oration, as your Endearments transcend my mean Deserts.

*Madam,* I am yours, and will be yours in despite of Fate and Fortune.

Such a fair Spring of Beauty dwells in your Face, as would make the Cynick to leave his Tub, and become Love's Proselyte.

You are the Load-Stone of Beauty, that attracts all Eyes to gaze on and Admire your Perfections.

*Dearest Love,* Let me desire you to retain me in your Memory the only Monument where my Felicity desires to be Enshrin'd.

*Madam,* Your Endowments are so Transcendent, that had I the Tongue of Cicero, the Pen of Homer, the Oratory of Demosthenes, the Learning of Scaliger, the Wit of Musæus, and the Skill of Ovid; yet were all these far short to delineate your Perfections.

*Madam,* Every Grace about you is so large a Theme to Treat of, that I stand doubtful which first to touch at; if I err, let me intreat you before I offend to sign my Pardon.

*Madam,*

Madam, Your Love is the highest of my Ambition, the basis of my Wishes and the summ of my Desires.

Fairest Mistress, Be not Coy, for to be Coy is to be Cruel, and to be Cruel is to alter the Property of what thou art, Beautiful.

I prize your Love far more than Indian Treasures.

Your fair Aspect hath vanquished me so far, as to resign the happiness of my former Liberty, and to confess my self your Slave, since you think me unworthy the Name of your Servant.

Have Compassion on my Passion.

Grace me with one Smile, that my drooping Spirits may Revive..

Madam, Your Favours tie me to you as strong as Adamantine Chains.

How long shall my languishing Sickness wait upon the Triumphs of my Passions ?

Your Smiles make a Pleasant May, of a Gold December.

I never knew Virtue and Beauty meet in a sweeter Nature.

Madam, Your two Eyes are the Suns whereat Cupid lights his Torches.

Sir, Your heart is the Altar of Love, and Seat of Friendship.

Sir, My House is so much grac'd by your Learned Company, that I account it an Academy whilst you are in it.

The Contemplation of your Virtues wrap me up in Admiration.

Sir, I must confess my Merits far short of those Favours whereby you have obliged me unto you.

Give me leave (Sir) to gain that from your Experience, which otherwise all the Treasures of the Earth cannot purchase. Sir;

Sir, I owe more to you than my Parents ever gave me, more than if Fortune should look up and smile, prove a Prodigal in Favours to me, and I should live to take them with the one hand, and with the other pay it as a due Tribute to you.

Sir, I beseech you not to take Account of my Speech, which if it hath been over Passionate, yet it is the more to be born withal, because it proceeds out of an Affection much more vehement.

*Madam,* Your cruelty makes me that I can take no Rest, nor Food; Thoughts Nourish me, and Sighs Feed me. I Drink my own Tears, and Weep them forth again when I remember your unkindness.

Her Beauty is of it self sufficient to Captivate Hearts, without the help of Adulterous Art.

Sir, Your Deserts draw Admiration from your very Enemies.

Sir, You are so rarely Accomplish'd that it is hard to know whether your Piety or Valour hold Supremacy in your most Noble Structure.

Fairest, Since distance of Place must by force separate our Bodies, let Letters be our Hearts Ambassadors from one to another.

*Madam,* Let me obtain that Favour from you as that I may live in your Memory.

I Esteem more the Title of your Servant; than to be acknowledg'd Lord of an hundred Tenants.

The proportion of my Love is infinite.

*Madam,* I shall never acknowledge any other Light than yours, no more than the Earth doth any other than that of the Sun.

Let me become an Object in the Eyes of all good Men, an Object of Contempt to the whole World, if my faithful Devotion and Observance supply not all my Defects.

*Madam,*

*Madam,* When I Contemplate your Excellencies, I cannot but think you the Master-piece of the Creation; worthy of infinite Praise, and equal to the largest Desires and Imaginations that possibly can be.

*Fairest Mistress,* Grant me your Love, and I shall be more rich in Content than ever *Cresus* was in Silver.

*Madam,* I am vowed to be yours whilst living. Heat alloweth me to be my own.

*Alexander* was not more proud of his Conquest of the *East*, than I am to bear the Title of being your Servant.

*Sir,* You have heaped up so many Favours upon me, that I had need live a whole Age to study Gratitude.

*Sir,* Your Actions speak you to be truly generous and well worthy that noble stock from whence you are descended.

I am no Herald to enquire of Men's Pedigrees, it sufficeth me if I know their Vertues.

*Fairest One,* When I contemplate your Excellencies, methinks the Cyprian Queen was but a *Negro* compared to thee.

*Sir,* I admire and applaud the happiness of your Undertakings, that can at once captivate *Apollo* and the *Muses*.

*Sir,* Our lesser Lights borrow their Beams of Radiance from your greater Orb.

*Sir,* Your Vertues have, by the Degrees of Desert, ascended you to the Throne of Honour.

*Sir,* To induce you the more to Patience, let me to all others add the Appellation of that of Friend.

From the first Minute of our Acquaintance, I accounted it my highest Ambition to acknowledge my self your humble Servant. *Dearest*

*Dearest Madam, Do not tie up your Thoughts  
in so wilful a knot.*

*My lowly Fortunes will not admit of so great  
Sovereignty.*

*Fairest Mistress, Do not frown, lest my speedy  
Death give you a deplorable Demonstration how  
dearly I loved you.*

*I cannot use many Words where every Word  
that I speak is as an Arrow shot in my Heart.*

*Madam, Martyr me not with Doubts, but by a  
gracious and sudden Answer assure me really that  
you are mine.*

*Dearest Madam, Let not my Suit prove a Non-  
suit.*

*Mistress, Your Eloquence strikes me dumb, and  
binds my Lips to a perpetual Silence.*

*Sir, This Counsel that I give unto you, is *ex  
abundanti amoris*, out of the Surplusage of my  
ardent Love.*

*Madam, Torture me not thus with Suspence,  
but either kill me with a cruel No, or crown my  
Love with a consenting Yea.*

*Your Face is the Firmament of Beauty, wherein  
the Queen of Love sits enthroned.*

*The whole Summ of my Desires is, that you  
would paradise me in the Heaven of your Love.*

*Though your Body may be removed from my  
Eyes, your Remembrance cannot be excluded  
from my Heart.*

*Death may end my Life; but a thousand Deaths  
cannot put an end to my Love.*

*Madam, Your Beauty hath a commanding  
Power over my Senses.*

*Not the greatest Wealth that the World can  
afford shall be able to alien my Love from you.*

*Sir,*

Sir, Your Courtesies have too much obliged me ever to forget you.

Nor Life nor Death shall divorce my Affection from you.

Sir, I prefer before all other Interests, the Happiness of your Affection, and the new Assurance of our Friendship.

I wish my Power were as able as my Desire is to serve you.

*Cruel Fair One,* Do not Tantalize me thus with Smiles and Frowns; but either say you love me, and crown my Desires; or with a killing No, end at once both my Life and Miseries.

*Dearest Mistress,* Crown your Servant with this Favour, as to say that you do not hate me, if your Heart be so obdurate that you will not vouchsafe to love me.

*Fairest,* Be but as desirous of my content, as I am to serve you.

*Dearest Love,* Since I cannot be admitted to taste the sweet Nectar of your Lip, let me presume to ravish a Kiss from your Hand.

Harbour not Cruelty in your Heart, lest you spoil the Cabinet by putting such unworthy trash in it.

The Aspect of your Eyes are to me the Embassado's of Life and Death.

Who can resist the irresistible Force of your Beauty?

*Madam,* You are the sole Empress of my Heart, where you sit enthroned with a commanding Power.

Your Eyes are Cupid's Quivers, wherewith he shoots his Darts of Love.

What Pen is able sufficiently to express your transcendent worth?

*Sir,*

Sir, Let me desire you to accept of this small Mite of Acknowledgment in part of Recompence for those many Favours received from you.

When I contemp'ate your most excellent Parts and my own Deficiencies, it makes me blush to think how far I come short of your rare Endowments.

Sir, I am yoar most endeared Servant.

I shall think my self truly happy in the Enjoyment of so noble a Friend.

Sir, I hope your Candour is sufficient to dispel all Clouds of Suspicion, that might seem to eclipse my Reality.

Sir, Your Vertue conquers Hearts as irresistibly as *Alexander the Great* conquered Kingdoms.

Madam, He that knows the effects of your all-conquering Beauty, will not deny that Maxim, *Omnia vincit amor*.

Madam, Your very Looks carry in them the Oratory of Love.

Sir, Your well-tun'd Words carry in them the Harmony of Musick.

Dearest Mistress, In the Furnace of my agonies, grant me the refreshing of a Smile.

Madam, Could I but Conceit my self worthy of your Favour; it would make me think my state far above all others whatsoever.

Sir, The whole World shares in the Enjoyment of your Health, seeing Fate hath ordained you for the Service of Kings, and Conduct of People.

Sir, Your Eminences are so great, that the Virtues of our Fore-fathers are to be esteemed as Vices in comparison of yours.

Madam, You look and speak so sweetly, as if all the Graces had their residence in your Eyes and Mouth.

What

What Tongue is able sufficiently to express your Excellencies?

The removing of a Veil which shews in the Night the glory of a Scene beautified, dazles not my Eyes so much as your resplendent Beauty.

Sir, I dare not take upon me the boldness to speak, but under the leave of your far better Judgment.

Sir, The Honour of your Friendship so obligeth me to make some worthy acknowledgment, that I am most resolute to serve you.

Sir, Should I be false to you in this matter, I refuse not to make my Life a Sacrifice to your Wrath.

Sir, I have neither Power nor Ability left me but only to Express that I am Yours.

Dearest Mistress, Are not my own Misfortunes enough, but that you must further Burthen me with your displeasure?

Madam, It is impossible to see you without loving you, and much more to love you without being Extreme in that Affection.

Madam, Every word you speak, falls like a fresh Jewel to encrease your value

Condemn not in your Servant the Flames which your own Rays have kindled.

Cruel Fair One, Command not my absence, for I'll always dwell with you like your Shade.

Many Months are now past since my Heart hath encreased the number of your Vassals.

Dearest Mistress, Suffer my Eyes to pay Tribute where my Heart pays Love.

Madam, I want Power to express how much I am yours.

Let me yet Enjoy this Comfort, as to suffer my Eyes to Discourse my Griefs.

Let me die before I entertain a Thought that may any way yield you the least discontent.

*Dearest Mistress,* Pity my Sorrows, which are only mine, because I am so Extremely yours.

*Madam,* You Honour me beyond all compass of Merit, in the Enjoyment of your Company.

*Madam,* Your Breast is a Paradise of unspotted Goodness.

*Sir,* I Account my self very Happy that I can serve you in any thing.

*Sir,* Your Heroical Qualities shine forth in you, being as resplendent as Phæbus in a serene Day.

*Sir,* Your Requests shall be Commands in any thing wherein I can serve you.

*Sir,* I shall not dare to speak of my Valour, so long as you are in Presence.

*Fairest,* Let me desire you that the showers of your Mercy, may mitigate the fires of my burning Fancy.

*Cruel Fair One,* Can your Heart be so obdurate as not to give my Sorrows one Minute's Truce.

Know, *Madam,* That in Commanding me not to Love you, you require of me impossibilities.

*Madam,* The Calamities I suffer by your Disdain, Challenge the Tribute of a Bleeding Eye.

Believe this, *Divinest Mistress,* That what I am is at your Command.

*Madam,* You are the Empress of a Mind matchless for Virtue.

*Madam,* Your Vertues are as conspicuous, as the Sun in a serene Sky.

*Sir,* If your Occasions can make use of my best Endeavours, I shall Account the Employment an Honour unto me.

*Sir,* When I Contemplate your Perfections, I begin to abhor my self for my Deficiencies.

*Sir,*

Sir, I assure you that for what I have spoken in your just praise, I am rather your Debtor than Creditor herein.

Sir, Your Heroick Acts will give matter enough to succeeding Historians to Treat on.

Sir, Your Brave undaunted Spirit dignifies your Family many Stories high in the Estimate of Fame.

Sir, I rejoice in the Happy Election I have made of so Honourable a Friend.

Sir, Those excellent Parts wherewith you are Endowed, cannot but be acknowledged by Envy and admir'd at by Truth.

Dearest Mistress, Be but as pitiful as you are fair, and I will banish all despair clear from my Heart.

Fair One, Know that the Passions of my Love are so Extreme, that the more you think to quench them by disdain, the greater Flames you encrease by desire; and the more you think to gall them with hate, the more they gape after Love.

Madam, One smile from you Transports my Heart into Elizium.

Madam, Say not I Flatter you, but survey your self, and you will then conclude that I have done you no wrong.

Madam, I have no Soul but to adore you.

How greedily my Ears do feed upon your charming Voice.

Forbid me rather to live than not to love you.

Madam, Your very presence is a Restorative unto me.

Your Face when it shines forth, expels the Night more than a Thousand Stars.

Sir, Your pleasing Discourse shortens Time and lengthens Content.

Madam, My Constancy is such, that neither Time nor Absence, nor whatever Affliction

Fortune

Fortune can throw upon me shall make it alterable.

*Madam,* One Kiss from your Rosy Lips would Warm the chillest Blood, and Revive the most drooping Spirit.

*Madam,* He that shall behold you would think it were impossible for Nature to Frame, or not to Counterfeit such admirable Features.

Her Eyes are so full of Grace and Quickness, as makes the Enamoured Lover to surfeit with Delight.

If I could be so happy as to obtain my wish, it should be that my Deserts might be suitable to my Desires, and my Desires ever pleasing to your Deserts.

Let me Seal my Happiness with a Kiss from your Life-breathing Lips.

*Madam,* That you have conferred your Love upon me, it is a matter so far above my Merits, that I cannot think upon it without Presumption.

Though it be Winter in other places, yet your Face is always a perpetual Spring of Beauty.

O stain not such excellent outward Graces, with the Appellation of a cruel Heart.

Reprove not my Death, by disdaining my Service.

*Lady,* Let me advise you to make use of your Time, and to gather your Rose-Buds whilst you may, for Age will steal on; and when you have no further Attractions than an Eloquent Tongue, no Man will Court you for the Furrows in your Face, and you shall only be left to bewail the Ruins of your Beauty.

*Fair One,* Could I resist Fate, then might I repel my Affections to you.

*Dearest Mistress,* I cannot but confess how much my small desert is over-balanced by your unspeakable goodness.

*Sir,* Your Rhetorick is like the Musick of Orpheus's Harp, enough to draw Trees and Stones to be attentive unto you.

*Dearest Love,* Your Presence hath bestowed a New Complexion on me, and stained my Cheeks with a Vermilion Dye.

The Proportion of my Love is without bounds, as being infinite.

Your Beauty it is that hath made me a Prisoner, O let your Bounty set me Free.

*Sir,* Your Vertues commend you above the reach of Envy it self.

*Sir,* To speak no more than what is due to your Praise, may by some be accounted Flattery.

*Sir,* Your Speech appeareth in such costly Robes, and is adorned with such lofty and glorious Language, that my poor Cabinet affordeth no such Treasure.

*Madam,* Give me but the Enjoyment of your Company, and in my Conceit I am Crowned an Emperor.

*Madam,* Your Presence is the Food of my Thoughts, and your Absence an Extreme Famine.

In the Enjoyment of you I Envy not *Cræsus* for his Wealth nor *Miltiades* for his Conquests, being possessed of a richer Treasure than they ever Enjoy'd.

*Madam,* Let me say thus much in my own Defence, that your Displeasure is quite contrary to my Desert.

*Dearest Mistress,* Think not that I Flatter, since my Tongue is the real Interpreter of my Thoughts.

*Sir,*

*Sir,* That which we call Vertue in others, we find in your self to be a Natural Habit.

I never knew Vertue and Valour so sweetly mix'd together as in your worthy Self.

*Madam,* I find by your Excellent Oratory that you are Enriched with more Persefctions than Years

*Sir,* Your Oratory strikes me Dumb ; whilst others only Hear, I stand and Admire.

*Sir,* Though I have no Rhetorick to perfwade you, yet there's a Power in your acceptance to make plainness Fashionable.

*Sir,* I shall think my self Happy, that upon any Opportunity, you shall assign me an Employment wherein I may serve you.

*Madam,* Since the Spring hath display'd it self in your Beauty, make me not an unfortunate Winter in your Affection.

*Madam,* Your admirable Grace and singular Beauty, serveth as an Adamant to Captivate my Heart.

### *A Miscellaneous Present of Sentences, to be used either in Discourse or Writing.*

**D**EEM it no glory to swell in Tyranny.  
The Date-Tree is not known by the Bark but Blossom : Judge not by outward Appearance but inward Qualities.

When the *Halcions* Hatch, the Sea is not Tempestuous, nor does the *Phœnix* spread her Wings on her Nest, but when there is a serene Sky

The *Syrens* sit and sing, but their Seats are Environed with Rocks.

Dogs grow fiercer by Tying, and no Cage can please a *Bird*. Vertue

Vertue like the clear Heaven is without Clouds.  
*Basilisks Eye* is bright, but as prejudicial as a Thunderbolt.

As the *Ram* who goes back to return with the greater Force.

Women are *Panthers* to Allure, *Syrens* to Entice, in shew like *Tantalus's App'es*, but touched, fall to Ashes, he that drinks them drinks *Aconitum*.

Women are Feathers blown in the bluster of their own loose Passions, and are meerly the dalliance of the fleeting Winds.

Then they drew back, but drew back in such sort, that still their Terror went forwards.

In *Creet* learn to Lye, in *Paphos* to Love, in *Greece* to Dissemble, in *Spain* to be Proud, in *Italy* Wantonness, in *England* Gluttony.

*Rome* was not Built all in one Day, but who knows how many Days it was in Building?

Those who desired to be in Favour with *Alexander*, brought him either Philosophers or Soldiers.

It is as short as sweet a Pilgrimage to Travel to your Lips.

A Booty richer than *Cæsar* in Ransacking so many Cities.

More glory than *Alexander* in subduing Nations.

She was Vertuous enough to redeem her Sex from Calumny.

Soldiers must not fly at one Roar of the Cannon.

Love is equal to all, no Birth or Estate can Challenge a Prerogative in it.

A perpetual Spring of Beauty dwells in her Face, and a Perfumie more Rich than the Spice of *Arabia* proceeds from her Mouth.

As the Sun softneth the Wax but hardeneth  
the Clay.

That Pleasure might cause Reading, Reading  
might gain Knowledge, Knowledge might win  
Pity, and Pity obtain Grace.

He satisfied, thou sufficed.  
Chastity keep charily.

What Similitudes shall I use sufficiently to  
Illustrate your Excellencies?

An Ounce of *Give Me*, is better than a Pound  
of *Hear Me*.

Love with *Dido* and Feign with *Cressilla*.

A Wanton she never wants one.

*Artemesia* could Frown as well as Smile; *Lucrecia*  
though Chast yet Chid; *Necessaria Mala*.

Shun *Scylla* and fall into *Charybdis*.

The *Hyena* will Fawn on thee, but if thou fol-  
low her she leads thee to a Den of Serpents.

Wise by our own Woes.

Didain not the Rose because of the Prickles,  
nor the Honey because the Bee hath a Sting.

Pure White, Majestick, Fair, and well Polish'd.

Who more esteemed *Homer*, the Prince of Poets,  
than did Great *Alexander*, that Universal Monarch?

When first I entred into this Labyrinth of Love.

A Courtezan's Perfections are of all others the  
most Pernicious.

Let me Rally my Thoughts once again in Order.

Measure not the Matter by the Man.

It is better to Love with Severity, than to  
Deceive with Sweetness.

I rather chuse to bear all Injuries than to com-  
plain of Persons laid to Rest.

To Deceive under Friendship's Notion, is  
Double Treachery.

Honesty is the best Policy.

Althou

Although great store of Jemms of this inestimable value glitter in your Crown Imperial, like fixed Stars of Heaven.

Praise not thy self for being better than the worst, but rather blame thy self for being worse than the best.

The Eagle hath Talons to strike as well as Wings to shadow.

A Syren for his Eloquence.

The mirror of Love, and miracle of Nature.

Fairer than Cloris in all her Pride.

Her Beauty attracts Love, as the Load-stone doth Iron.

Enter more into the Mind of the Giver, than the Worth of the Gift.

Kings and Beggars cannot triumph in a sympathy.

Look not so much above thee upon others to admire their Wealth, as upon others below thee to fear their Want.

When Time, the Mother of Truth shall decide all Controversies.

What Tongue that is not Eloquent, shall dare to speak of her Perfections?

Men speak of Women according as they find, and by the Knowledge of one, pass Judgment of the rest.

The Panther is gay, yet deadly.

As rash as Icarus.

The Bee carrieth Honey in her Mouth, but a Sting in her Tail.

The Refuse of Natures Excrement.

Accompanieth it as the Shadow doth the Sun.

The foul Toad hath a fair Stone in her Head ; the fine Gold is found in the hard Earth ; the sweetest Kernel in the hardest Shell ; Virtue is

harbour'd in the Heart of him that most Men esteem most misshapen.

Like a Mourner with a Taper by him.

The *Sea-Crab* swimmeth always against the Stream, as doth Wit against Wisdom.

*Norris* is an Herb that will poyson Sheep, but a present Help for a Man that is poisoned.

The vulgar Multitude have Ears to hear, and Eyes to see, but not Discretion to judge.

A Youth of Wax, fit to receive any Impressi-  
on that shall be put upon him.

Exercise not thy Cruelty upon Beasts; thou  
thy self fearest Death, think then that they are  
loth to die.

As the *Cock*, who by long scraping on the  
Dunghil, discovers the Knife that shall cut his  
own Throat.

Love is above Reason, but not contrary to it

Love and Suretyship are easie to enter into,  
but hard to get out of

A Courtezans Love is the most deep Hatred of  
all others.

Frugality is the Nurse of Hospitality.

So over-charged with a deep Melancholy,  
that no Mirth whatsoever could draw one Smile  
from him.

### *Choice Similitudes and Comparisons for the bet- ter gracing of our Language.*

**L**ike to *Diana* in her Summer Weeds, tripping  
it over the flowry Lanes and Meadows.

His Arguments like Arrows, swifter of Flight  
than sure of Aim.

Like

Like some, unwiseley Liberal, who more delight  
to give Gifts than to pay Debts.

Vertue is like the clear Heaven without Clouds.

Like Lightning, which melteth the Sword, yet  
hurteth not the Scabbard.

As the Chirurgeon searches the wound before  
he heals it.

His Speech as amorous as the Lins of Ovid.

As sweet as the Breath of new blown Roses.

They are fairer than the Cyprian Goddess when  
she put her Countenance in the best Dress to win  
*Aeonis* to her Embraces.

Like as Musick is the sweet Recreation of a  
wearyed Mind.

When the Sun, like a noble Heart began to  
shew his brightest Countenance in his lowest  
Estate.

As valiant as *Alexander*, who proposed the  
whole World for his Conquest.

As Bones once broken, being knit together,  
grow the stronger.

As feigned a Friend as the *Crocodile*, who de-  
vours whilst she weeps.

Quite contrary to kind, as Frosts in *June*, or  
hot Weather in *December*.

As bloody as *Nero*, who ripp'd up his Mother's  
Belly to see the Face of his Conception.

Set as civil a Face on it as *Læcretia*, Chastities  
first Martyr.

As the Onion causeth the Eye to weep, altho'  
the Heart be joyful.

As some cry with laughing.

As the Shepherds Wife, who dresseth not her  
self till the approach of her Husband.

Like the Snail that carrieth her House on her  
Head.

Like a Bed of Roses where Flowers are mixed with Prickles.

Like to the *Dolphin*, whom Musick's sound bringeth to the Shore.

Being like a Rose out of a Briar, an excellent Son, or an evil Mother.

As beautiful as she for whom *Troy* endured Ten Years Siege.

As a Man may be drowned in a little Rivulet as well as in a large Sea.

Like Gold which is a restorative both to the Body and Purse.

As the Rain refreshes the parched Earth in July.

As welcome as Health after Sickness, Wealth after Want, Freedom after Confinement, or the Sight of a Husband to his Wife after a long Journey.

Becomes him as ill as an unwieldy Elephant, to imitate a Whelp in his wantonness.

As impossible as to extinguish Fire with Oil.

His Poetry more spiritless than small Beer.

As nothing will kill an Ass but cold.

As the falling Man catches at any Thing to stay him.

As the rising Sun soon dries up the Morning Dew.

He redoubled his Blows as fast, giving as many Wounds as Blows, and as many Deaths almost as Wounds, as if he intended to make the earth drunk with their Blood.

Like the Violence of an Inundation, which no Force is able to resist.

As the Traveller, who by the multiplicity of Ways is brought out of his right Way, and having store of choice, yet knows not which to chuse.

Love by Concealment encreases, and private  
magninations add Fuel to that Fire.

About which two, as about the two Poles,  
the Sky of Beauty was turned.

Lovers sorrows are like the restless Labours of  
*Syphus*.

Attracted by your Beauty as by an Adamant.  
Castles long besieged do yield at the last.

By their outward Habits shewed the inward  
Affliction of their Hearts.

Violence done to the Body is no Prejudice to  
Honour, when the Mind is free from Consent.

Women delighting altogether in Extreams,  
spare no Attempts to compass their own Wills.

Fortune is always a fatal Enemy to Lovers  
stollen Felicities.

Much more Noble by Vertue than Descent of  
Blood.

Sin and Shame can never be so closely carried  
or clouded with the greatest Cunning, but Truth  
hath a loop-hole whereby to discover it.

Womens Wits are always best upon sudden  
Constraints.

Many Men who while they strive to climb  
from a good Estate to a seeming better, do be-  
come in much worse Condition than they were  
before.

More full of Craft and Deceit, than Love or  
faithful Dealing.

Many times it comes to pass, that by how  
much the lower Hope declineth, so much the  
higher Love ascendeth.

*Sol*, now retiring towards the West, the Days  
Warmth was more mildly qualified.

The Privilege of Idleness is very potent, espe-  
cially when it is back'd by Solitude.

Their Senses having sufficiently banqueted  
on those several Beauties.

I on'y live at your Command.

In speaking of the Actions of Love, there ne-  
ver wanteth sufficient Subject.

Disputes do better become the Colleges of  
Scholars, than to be managed amongst Drifters  
or Samplers.

Determining to kill Death with their Jovial  
Disposition

That I should have the Honour to break the  
first Staff of Freedom in this fair Company.

God's Goodness regards not our Errors, when  
they proceed from Things which we cannot dis-  
cern

The bashful Blood mounting up into her Face,  
gave apparent Testimony that his Discourse re-  
lished of Immodesty.

Fire of its own Nature taketh hold of such  
things as are most light and tender.

The Birds sit merri'y singing on the blooming  
Branches.

Who will not make his Enemy a Bridge of  
Gold to flee by?

*Lais* that had so many Poets to her Lovers,  
could not always preserve her Beauty with their  
Praises.

That Love is ill grounded that destroys its self  
through Ignorance.

Love in a Tavern is as ridic'ous as Wine in  
an Ale-house.

Delighting more in Arms than Amours.

By pleasant Discourse clipping the Wings of  
speedy slighted Time.

Youth not accustomed to dissembling easily  
disclofeth his Temper.

Look

Look Babies in each others Eyes.

Their Love being like Breath on Steel; soon  
on, and soon off.

None speak his Name but spit after it, for fear  
of being poisoned.

By your self, that is, by all that's Good.

A Disposition would turn Charity it self into  
Hate.

Making the Soul climb up into the Ear.

Furnished with all fair Objects that might de-  
liver Delight to the admiring Fancy.

You may as soon go kind'e Fire with Snow.

As Morning Dew upon the damask Rose.

Two Souls joined in one Desire

Her Tears were black Mourning to be her  
Tears.

Blessing himself with his Mistress's Eyes.

The dumb Wax pitying my too nigh ap-  
proaching Unhappiness, seemed to be an unwil-  
ling Messenger of my Misery.

Water and Water are not more alike.

Brave it in the Shop that have nothing in the  
Ware house

Not caring how the Metal of their Mind is  
eaten with the Rust of Idleness

A Happiness which loves himself would be  
proud of.

In whose Comparison all Whites are Iak.

Wearing their Faces to the bent of others  
Looks.

Certain as the unchanged Edicts of Fate.

Whiter than new fallen Flakes of purest  
Snow.

*Witty and pleasant Proverbs to be used upon  
sundry Occasions.*

**T**H E higher the Ape climbs, the more he shews his Nakedness.

Young men think old men Fools, but old men know young men to be Fools.

A Wife and Goodnes are oftentimes two different Things.

Better is one Bird in the Hand, than two in the Bush.

He that lives in Hope danceth without Musick.

I had rather see a Wren in the Cage, than an Eagle in the Clouds.

Crabs by Nature may become good Apples by Art.

Love me and love my Hound.

He hath great need of a Fool that playeth the Fool himself.

Marrying and Hanging go by Destiny.

Fair Words makes Fools fain.

Much Water goes by the Mill that the Mill

Marriages are made on Earth, but Matches are made in Heaven.

One Fool may throw a Stone into a Well, which Twenty wise Men cannot get out again.

A rowling Stone never gathers Moss.

The burnt Child dreads the Fire.

When the Steed is sto'n shut the Stable Door.  
We must live by the Quick, and not by the Dead.

Good to make Hay whilst the Sun shines.

None knows where the Shooe pinches but he that wears it

The Leg of a Lark is better than the whole Body of a Kite.

Love me little and love me long.

Live in hope to scape the Rope.

The nearer the Church, from God the farther.

Shrugging of Shoulders is no paying of Debts.

Curst Cows have commonly short Horns.

When the Lion's Skin is too short, piece it out with the Fox's Tail.

He that stumbies and falls not, wiends his pace.

Small and small Roast makes but a cold }

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He hath great need of a Fool that playeth the Fool himself.

Marrying and Hanging go by Destiny.

Fair Words makes Fools fain.

Much Water goes by the Mill that the Miller never wots of.

Quick Believers need broad Shoulders.

Hot Love is soon cold.

Near is my Petticoat, but nearer is my Smock

Make a Coward fight and he will kill the Devil.

New Bread and Grapes paint young Maids, and take away Wrink' es from the old.

Sorrow quits no scores.

Love and Friendship brook no Fellowship.

Fair Wenches cannot want Favours.

Gaming, Women, and Wine, whilst they laugh make Men pine.

A Woman and a Glasse are ever in danger.

Mar.

Marriages are made on Earth, but Matches are made in Heaven.

One Fool may throw a Stone into a Well, which Twenty wise Men cannot get out again.

A rowling Stone never gathers Moss.

The burnt Child dreads the Fire.

When the Steed is sto'n shut the Stable Door.

We must live by the Quick, and not by the Dead.

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Love me little and love me long.

Live in hope to scape the Rope.

The nearer the Church, from God the farther.

Shrugging of Shoulders is no paying of Debts.

Curst Cows have commonly short Horns.

When the Lion's Skin is too short, piece it out with the Fox's Tail.

He that stumbles and falls not, mends his pace.

Great Boast and small Roast makes but a cold Kitchen.

When the Fox preaches let the Geese beware.

Better at the latter end of a Feast, than the beginning of a Fray.

Love and Drunkenness cannot be hid.

Most covet, most lose.

One Hand is enough in a Purse.

Eat a Bushel of Salt with a Man before you trust him.

Like to like quoth the Devil to the Collier.

The Devil is good when he is pleased.

When the Sky falls we shall have Larks.

Love and Majesty brook no Rivals.

Give Losers leave to speak.      B. 5      The

The Cat and the good Wife should be always at home.

The Kettle calls the Skillet black Arse.

Vice corrects Sin.

An Ounce of Mirth is better than a Pound of Sorrow.

No Penny, no *Pater-noster*.

He that borrows, speeds with sorrows.

Far fetch'd, and dear bought, is good for Ladies  
Look not a gift Horse in the Mouth.

Those that have enough, may put enough in the Pot.

Where there is nothing to be had, the King must lose his Right.

Happy is that Wooing that's not long a doing.

Fire is a good Servant, but an ill Master.

He that comes last must kiss the Cook.

Give an Inch, and take an Ell.

Sweet Meat must have sowre Sauce.

A lisping Lass best to kiss.

The more the merrier, but the fewer the better Chear.

Elegant

Elegant and Choice  
**LETTERS**  
Upon several Occasions.

*A Letter of Thanks for a Token.*

SIR,  
THE greatness of your Token, heightened by the Consideration of my own Indesert, was no less than a surprisal to me; it was much commended by all that participated, and you have therein obliged many you never saw; they call themselves Securities in the Obligations due to you. In the discharge whereof, they will be faithful Contributors; considering the magnificence of the Present, they will involve all their Interest with that of mine, as being moved with natural Principles to resolve, such Favours must not go unrequited, until we agree upon some suitable Present, for a further Acknowledgment;

I am, Yours most obliged,  
R. N.

The Answer.

SIR,  
THE small Token was more than ordinarily seasonable to be the Cause of so much Acknowledgement; however you are pleased to compliment it; I suppose the Company delighted more than the Present, impute it to the Benefit of your good Wine, which prepared

prepared the Palate for so coarse a Dish ; I was not at all ambitious of such eloquent Thanks only to tender my Respects to you, if you had the Opportunity to gratifie any Friends, I am glad for your sake ; I pray take their Acknowledgments as due to your Self, pray continue to make me Happy by frequent Advice of your Welfare, which is all that is desired by

Your Cordial Friend,

R. S.

*An Apprentice to his Father in the Country.*

SIR,

I have great Reason to be sensible of your care of me in my Minority: let these serve to acquaint you, that having now acquired those requisite Qualifications which at my first Arrival I was something wanting in ; I hope London may prove the Forge of my Preferment, as it hath of many others, tho' I must expect it with much Difficulty. Your powerful Prayers to Heaven I hope will have that Effect as to make me double my Industry ; as Time and further Converse with Citizens shall enable me, I shall give you larger Informations, I having not attained any Thing worth your Knowledge, or that may be serviceable to you in your Diversion in the Country.

Sir, I am your most dutiful Son,  
W. M.

*To entreat a Maid to speak to her Mistress in the Way of Love.*

Sweetheart,

I know your Place, and that Credit which you hold with your Mistress, gives you a privilege sometimes to speak to her with boldness ; be pleased therefore to take some happy Opportunity to cast in some Words that might stir Affection

fection in my behalf, and move her to take some Pity and Compassion on her unworthy Servant, and I will account it the greatest Courtesie you could do for a distressed Lover. I need not instruct you what Arguments to use to perswade her, since what you Maids conceive to be best in your own liking, move that to her; and if she give a weak and feeble Answer, you make take it for sufficient Proof, that there is hope she will incline to love me ; if ever therefore you hope to thrive in your own Fortunate Marriage, take upon you that Employment as to solicit her to look upon me with Favour, and you shall not be rewarded with bare Thanks, but such a Testimony of my Gratitude as shall be to your Satisfaction ; in earnest whereof be pleased to let your Finger grace this Diamond Ring, and be mindful of me, that at my next coming, I may receive such Comforts as may revive the much discontented Mind of a true affectionate Lover.

### Her Answer.

SIR,

Promise your self all the Assistance that lies in me : I know what critical Hour Womans Affections are most inclinable, I will put home at first for you, afterwards you must do it your self ; be assured, that what my weak understanding can invent shall be all expressed to make my Mistress place her Affection on you, wherein I hope, through my Endeavours, you shall be fortunate.

### A wanton Love-Letter.

Lady,

Could you peruse my Heart, you there might see your self enthron'd, and all my Faculties paying their Homage to your Memory; propose

propose but a Course how I may win your Belief, were the way to it as deep as Danger, or from hence to the Center, I will search it out. For by all my Hopes, by all those Rites that crown a happy Union, by the Rosie Tincture of your Cheeks, and by your all-subduing Eyes, I prize you above the World. O then, my fair *Venus*, can you be afraid of Love? His Brow is smooth, and his Face beset with Banks full of Delights; about his Neck there hangs a golden Chain of wanton Smiles, let us then taste the Pleasures that Cupid commands, who is no Niggard: Thus I take my leave, and rest

*Your Beauties Admirer,*  
N. G.

### The Answer.

SIR,

I am very sorry the Disease of the Time hath so prevailed upon you, the Perfection of Complements (as it is now thought) is to corrupt Honesty, and undermine Virtue. Your Cogitations have found such easie Entrance that I suspect their Truth, they seem to favour of Art more than Passion; upon my Life I cannot frame my self to believe one Word of your flattering Letter. I can see through all your Mists, were I a Goddess as you term me, and Sister to Phœbus, or armed like Minerva, I would transform you straight, and fix you up a Monument for your Hypocrisie: These are but Things of Custom with you, and all your Vows are but a Cloud of Wind and Emptiness, forced on by the storm of Lust, when that is over and your Thoughts calmed, then you will perhaps love that Virtue which did with-hold you as 'a Tie and Anchor from driving to Destruction: So wishing you more temperate Thoughts, I leave you,

And am

M. R.  
From

*From a Lover to his Sweetheart in the Country.*

Dear Heart,

I have endeavoured with a more than Masculine Temper to suppress those Thoughts that prompted me to write to you in the Country, knowing how much it will conduce to your Happiness and mine, to carry Things for a time as privately as may be, but

*The Light of hidden fire it self discovers,  
Love that is concealed betrays poor Lovers.*

I could no longer forbear writing to you, in whose Welfare my Happiness consists, but since I have ventured to Epistolize, I hope you will make it no Sin to make me your Example; were you of my mind we would no longer thus complement in Mists I am here, though in a great and popu'ous City, because wanting your Company, all alone, and if you hasten not to make me happy with your Presence, I cannot long subsist with my Life; thus taking my leave, I kiss your Hands and remain

Your Humble Servant,

M. B.

The Answer.

SIR,

YOU are very venturous to send your Letter by the common Carrier, but by good Fortune my Fingers were the first that broke it open: I am here among my Friends, who will by no means hear of any Departure, though I earnestly beg Dismission: you know my Affection to you, nor shall any thing be of force to alter it; but as you love me send no more Letters, for you are not ignorant to what Misery I shall be exposed in case.

case my Father take the least notice of our Loves, who  
hates you mortally, and while he doth so, cannot love me.  
I shall be in Town within Three Weeks, no Perswasion  
shall retard me, in the mean time rest assured, that you  
have the sole Command of

Your Truly Loving,

J. R.

*A Letter of Complement.*

SIR,

THE high Esteem I have ever had of you,  
commands my Quill to manifest how much  
Service I owe to your worthy self, a Man made  
up of the choicest Endowments, and born to bless  
this sordid Age with the sublimest Splendor; I  
could grow old in your Company, and sequester  
my self from the Society of all Mankind merril-  
ly to serve you; nor can I be buffeted by For-  
tune, while I boast my self your Creature, whose  
single Friendship outvies all the Society in this  
magnificent City. Were all Wits blended in  
one Bulk, they could not make the Shadow of  
your Ingenuity; so that Antients have no cause  
to brag of their Giantick Masters of Wit and  
Sense, while you have a Being on Earth, or  
while Fame shall trumpet your Memory. I shall  
implore (with the lowest Submission) that you  
will begin to irradiate my g'oomy Mansion with  
your Illustrious Person to Morrow about Dinner-  
time, where a number of Votaries will wait to  
receive Oracles from your mellifluous Mouth,  
and amongst them,

Your humble Servant,

E. O.

The

## The Answer.

SIR,

I Received your Eloquent Epistle, and trust me I am almost of Belief, that you fomented such a Plot on purpose to pose me ; do you think that every Genius can keep pace with yours ; whose boundless Fancy flows out like a Torrent, tearing up all Obstacles like some impetuous Inundation ? In attributing such Glories to me, you only teach me what you say of your self, who are truly what you feign me but to be : I shall wait upon you to Morrow at the Hour appointed, but your Friends must expect nothing from me, save the Manifestation of a sincere Affection like them to serve you, and so prostrate the little I am Master of at your Feet, as becomes,

Sir,

Your humble Admirer,

A. B.

From an Uncle or Guardian, persuading a young Lass to marry an Old Man.

Niece,

I Sent the Gentleman I mentioned (Mr. M. G. a Man of great Substance, and very Eminent among his Neighbours) to you Yesterday to propose (what my self mention'd unto him) a Marriage to you ; but was there ever such a cross Creature as you thus to stand in your own Light, have you a Mind utterly to undo your self ? he tells me that you receiv'd him with the highest Scorn, and could hardly be brought to look upon him, that your Abuses were monstrous, affronting him to his Heels ; he swears he had rather be under Twenty Executions, than the Lash of your Tongue : Now fie upon thee, foolish Girl, who wilt not be guided by thy Friends, abuse

abuse a Man of his Gravity; if you take this course you will quite alienate my Affection, and I know not who will confer any Portion upon thee if I should cast you off; so wishing you more Discretion, I leave you, being very much desirous (if you would let me) to prove my self,

*Your truly loving Uncle,*

G. S.

### The Answer.

SIR,

I wonder you would put such a Man as Mr. M. G. upon me, alas! he may be my Father for Years, I dare be confident, that a Catamite hath more Vigour in him than he, there is not so much as one masculine Grain in that sapless Trunk of his, a Fellow that is as bald as a Looking-glass, and whose Diseases would puzzle an able Arithmetician to recount; is he a fit Match for me? There is not a Joint of him that is free from the Gout, which hath seized not only upon his Feet but his Fingers, which is all the Strength he can boast of; were I married to him I must spend my whole Life in rubbing him with hot Woollen Cloths and applying Plasters, Trenchers, Cataplasmes to his Belly, so that I should undergo the Officee of a Chirurgeon; and not a Wife. Good Sir, consider the Inequality, the prodigious Discrepancy betwixt us, and command me not to that which will ruin both my self and him; in all Things (this excepted) my Obedience shall wait upon your Commands as becomes your obedient Niece.

R. B.

### A Letter of Love.

Madam,

YOUR Looks have taken me Prisoner, I am quite captivated and bound with the golden Chains of your loose Hair, so that my Destiny hath its Dependance upon your Frowns or Smiles. I here

I here present you with a fond Oblation, a Heart that brings its own Fire with it, and burns before your Beautie's Deity, offered up with a zealous Devotion, as ever yet True Love sacrificed any, by that Shrine to whom I pay my Orisons, that fair *Idea* that cools all my Thoughts? thy self I mean, that Seat of Pleasures, this Spring of Love that flows from my Soul runs in as pure a Stream as thy matchless Vertues, being full fraught with Zeal, and free from all adulterate Mixtures, therefore (dear Lady) let me not fall a Victim to your Rigour, since I cannot live longer than you shall permit me to call my self,

Your only Servitor.

A. P.

### The Answer.

SIR,

**H**E that is accustomed to deceive, gains this Reward by it, that when he speaks Truth he is not credited; you think now that your Love and Lust together are so cunningly interwoven, and with such subtle Threds; that I cannot distinguish them. Alas, Sir, I have your Character already, for the most perfidious and Love-abusing Creature in the World, that all your Vows are treacherous, your Smiles and Words, and Actions, like small Rivulets through a thousand Turnings of loose Passions, at last are burried to the dead Sea of Sin; should you therefore dissolve your Eyes to Tears, were every Accent a Sigh in your Speech, had you the several Spells and Magick Charms of Love, I should seal my Ears up, that I might not hear your Dis-simulations: This you may make your Faith,

From E. D.

A Let.

*A Letter from a brisk Youth to a lively Lass.*

Fair Joanna,

If your Favour do not pay my Ransom, I vow  
I must continue a Captive till Death, tho' one  
Comfort will be (in case you deny your Aid) my  
Life will be of no lasting Date, your Looks have  
wounded me, and will kill me if Quarter be not  
given; but you are no Amazonian Lady to put  
on steely Arms, and manage the Sword and Shield,  
though your Head be hidden in a Muslin Hel-  
met, and therefore I shall hope that the Softness  
of your Soul will not suffer you to become my  
murderess: you are my *Venus*, make me your  
*Anchises*, my Soul, my Life, and Light. I pro-  
test, by all Things sacred, that my Love to you  
is of such Ardeney, that Men that are newly li-  
fted in some black Conspiracy that are in Despair,  
or (which is worst of all) in want, do enjoy more  
quiet Sleeps than I do. Your Idea is always be-  
fore me; to multiply your Praises I know would  
rather win your Anger than your Applause, tho'  
I would say (with immaculate Truth for Warrant)  
that you are fairer than *Hebe*, wiser than *Pallas*,  
and more continent than *Penelope*; it is my un-  
happiness to know that a Creature of such exqui-  
site Perfection lives, and yet not to know whe-  
ther my Loyal Service may find Acceptation; you  
are the true *Venus* (Lady) make me your Priest,  
the Office will become me. However, dear Cheru-  
bin, let me not fail of an Answer by this Bearer,  
since I can live no longer than you shall allow  
me to call my self,

*Your voted Votary.*

Her

## Her Answer.

SIR,

THE little Experience I have hitherto had of you, commands me to esteem you no less than a Friend to Virtue, but you do ill to talk so passionately, and think so coolly : You Men can play the Proteusses at pleasure, and (with the Camelion) change your selves according to the Colour you look on, be seeming Realists here, and palpable Dissimblers in another place ; this Day devout Amorists, to Morrow sullen Stoicks ; yet will I thank you for that Love you make me believe you bear towards me, and whatever your Heart is, I shall not blush to tell you, that I dare meet your Love half way, provided it be honourable, and not glev'd to sinister Cogitations : This, Sir, you may believe, and accordingly determine of me, who am

Yours in all civil Respects, &amp;c.

A Letter of Complements to a Maid or Widow, the Lover excusing himself that he met not according to promise, &c.

Dear Mistress,

Had I not a Hope that your immaculate Can-  
dour can whiten the blackest Crime, I  
should chuse rather to sacrifice my Life to inces-  
sant Sorrow, and consequently to inevitable  
Death, than add to my Guilt by apologizing for  
a Sin that cannot be remitted : By Cupid's Bow  
and Quiver, by Venus Shrine, nay by your fair  
self, from whose bright Eyes the blind God fet-  
ches his Paphian Fire, and whose sacred Bosom  
is the true Temple of Divine Love, I could not  
(though I endeavoured it with the Hazard of my  
Life)

Life) meet you according to promise, some luckless Planet, without doubt, had governance over that ominous Day : I confess it were but Justice to cast me off as a Thing not worthy your future Notice, who have contemned, tho' not wilfully, such a Happiness as Kings would have been proud to purchase with the Price of their Diadems ; you may doom me to Death, I have deserved it, and am so clogg'd with Guilt, that I have scarce Confidence enough to beg your Pardon ; if any Penance might expiate this black Oversight, I should think you more than courteous in appointing me to Row upon the Thames for one Year, or to personate a Merry Andrew upon the Ropes the whole Time of Bartholomew Fair : so that were I so much a Brute (as History makes *Brutes* to be) I shou'd undoubtedly sign my own Pass for the other World. Determine of me, dear Lady, out of Hand, it is some Happiness, though a killing one, that the Malefactor is sensible of the woist that can happen. Thus begging your speedy reply, I humbly take my leave, and remain

Your afflicted, but affectionate Servant,  
J T.

### Her Answer.

SIR,

YOU do very aptly imitate those Children, who having tied Strings about the Legs of their Birds, sometimes suffer them to gain Liberty to a great Distance, but when they please twitch them home again ; there is no dallying with Loves Tools, his Arrows are sharply pointed, and apt to wound a wanton Hand ; can you think me so shallow to conceit that all the Business in the World should have blockt up your Way to one you affected with a cordial Regard, and what fine Powers you call

call to witness with you that this Disappointment could not be avoided, a blind Boys Bow, a blunt Dart, and a leaden Shrine. Well, Sir, you know what Command you have over me, and that a slender Excuse will serve where the Injury is pardon'd e'er committed ; all the Penance I shall impose is this, that you afford me a Visit at my Mansion to Morrow in the Morning, about the Hour of Ten, where you shall find

Your faithful Friend,

R. P.

*A Letter from a Bachelor or Widower, to the Maid or Widow that he is sure to.*

My dear Heart,

Since the Heavens have so much favoured me, that your Consent walks Hand in Hand with the serious Proposals of my lawful Love, I cannot but express those Joys that crowd about my Heart, and tell you, that as I was never happy till now, so I shall never find any Felicity but in your blessed Company, who are more to me than the Mines of Mexico or Peru, your Face affording the fulness of Beauty, -your Body the *summum* of all Bliss, and your Bosom the *basis* of all Perfection : And rest confident that the Sun shall sooner shine without affording either Heat or Light; the Sea cease Ebbing and Flowing, and the Earth be void of Inhabitants, e'er my firm fixed Affection fall from that bright Zenyth where my cordial Zeal has placed it. I am providing as fast as may be for the Solemnization of our Hymeneal Rites, my true Love gives Wings unto my Haste, for I long to fold thee in my Arms, who art my Light and Life, and to whom I shall ever prove my self

Sincerely Affectionate, K. R.  
Her

## Her Answer.

Sweet Friend,

I Kindly thank you for your last Letter, and think my self the happiest she in the World, who have the sincere and unbyassed Affection of a Man so accomplished as your self: Nor shall I fail to retribute your Cordiality with the Return of a true and unfeigned Zeal, my Heart is wholly yours, you sit as sole Sovereign thare, and command each Thought e'er I can call it mine; my Subjugation to you is (in my Opinion) the most immence Tranquility that can possibly wait on Mortality; command me, dear Friend, as soon as you please, for the griping Miser is not more desirous of Mammon, or the hungry Man of Meat than I am to devote all I call mine to your Commands; to whom I shall ever manifest my self

A Loyal Lover,

M. P.

*A Lover being out of Hope ever to gain his Mistress's Affection, thus takes his Farewel of her by Letter.*

Scornful Lady,

HE that first folded his Arms, lookt pale, walkt disconsolately, and sighed his Sorrows in a pensive Tone, was he that first taught Women how to be cruel and relentless: Most inexorable Woman! have I so long courted thee with all the Reality of serious Love? have I lickt thy Spittle from the Earth, and prostrated my self at thy Feet as thy Footstool, offering up more Prayers at thy Shrine than in the Temple, and will nothing mollifie thy obdurate Heart? what Excuse canst thou make for such contemptuous Scorn? am I another Hypenax, or a misshapen

shapen Thyrfites? or has Time yet stamp'd the Characters of Age upon my Brow? or is my Estate so mean that I cannot maintain thee in more Pomp than thy Pride can dictate? if none of these can be charg'd upon me, let the World judge of thy Wisdom; for me, I have found my Error, and will appoint my self the strictest Penance: In the mean time, I gaze upon my quondam Absurdities (in reference to th e) as Prodigies that predicted Ruin, but by h avenly Appointment are turned to good. So farewell fond and cruel Mistress, and may both Poles meet before thy Love and my Affection, which is the firm resolve of

*Thy Mortal Enemy, T. T.*

*A Letter from a Woman, being forced to wooe some obdurate Young Man.*

Sweet Sir,

I Cannot but tax You of too much Harshness and Dissonancy, for flying her who so entirely affects You: Must *Daphne* follow *Phebus*? Sir! can you be so uneasie, can you freeze in so hot a Summers-Day? Certainly it is your mistake that occasions this Scorn: I have Youth and some Beauty, else my Glass is treacherous, and all that censure me are meer Calumniators. I do confess I am too pliant, too much Woman, yet I can frown and nipp the Passions of others even in the Bud. I can tell others that they court our Sex only to please their present Heat, and then it is their Pleasure to leave us; I can hold off, and by the Chymical Power of my Countenance draw whole Rheams of Sonnets and Madrigals from the Brains of a weeping Lover; yet to you,

C

dear

dear Sir, who are my better self, I put off all those necessary Niceties, and contrary to Custom do that Office which no way besits a Woman, and intreat a Man to love: if you are humane, and have Blood and Spirit you cannot chuse but relent; though you are as hard as Marble, yet I believe you are no Image; is it not deplorable that a thing of so exact a Form, shap't out with so true a Symmetry, that has all the Organs of Speech belonging to a Man, should render all those but lifeless Motions that walk upon wires; Then, dear Sir, leave off what you have been, and be what God and Nature intended you for, a Man, and embrace that real Love which is unfeignedly offered by

*Your affectionate, R.R.*

*A New Married Wife thus Discards her quondam Lover by a Letter.*

SIR,

Could not your own Discretion tell you that when I was married I was none of yours: Is it not time, Sir, to become virtuous? I hope you will forget our past Follies, and neither talk of our Intimacy, or cherish a Thought of our future Familiarity; your Eyes are now commanded to lock off me, I stand now in the Marriage Circle safe and secure; nor can all your Spells, Charms, or Incantations be of force to remove me: It is the highest Sacrilege to violate Wedlock; you rob two Temples at once, and so make your self doubly Guilty, while you ruin hers, and bespatter her Husband's Honour; but I have hopes of your Conformity, and that for the time to come, you will love me virtuously, chastely, and modestly: So expecting, nay implo-

imploring your Compliance, I take my leave,  
and am

*Tours, in all civil Service, E. W.*

*A Feering Ironical Epistle.*

SIR,

I Have so much care of your Health, that I  
cannot but intreat you (as the Welsh Phi-  
losopher says) to take very many heeds, that your  
brains bring not your body to ruin. I hear you  
have undertaken all City Feasts, Posies for Chim-  
nies and Chambers, and Entertainments whenso-  
ever, and wheresoever, at the peril of your own  
Invention; 'tis a very noble Resolve I confess,  
but you must consider that the misery of Man  
may fitly be compared to a Divedapper, who  
when she is under Water past our Sight, and in-  
deed can seem no more to us, rises again, and  
does but shake her self, and is the very same she  
was: Even so, beloved Sir, is it still with transi-  
tory Man. You have learnt the Names of the  
several Liberal Sciences, and have written Epi-  
stles Congratulatory to the Nine Muses, and are  
indeed one of the Water-Bailiffs of *Helicon*: But  
what then? *Poverty is the Patrimony of the Muses*;   
those that have seen the sad *Exit* of many a fa-  
mous Poet, have made that old Law into a new  
Maxim: you are not to be taught that no Man  
can be learned of a sudden, but let not your Pro-  
ject for Poetry discourage you; what (probably)  
you may lose in that you may get again in Alchi-  
my; but whatever happens, you must remember  
that the chief Note of a Scholar is to govern his  
Passions; keep your Hat on the Block, salute few  
bare-headed, especially in Winter there is much  
danger in it. The Poet *Aeschilus*, while he was

complementing with his Hat in his Hand, had his Brains beaten out by a Shell-Fish darted from an Eagles Claw, who took his bald Pate for a white Rock : I know you bruise your Brains and confine your self to much Vexation ; I know also that Eight and twenty several Almanacks have been compiled, and all for several Years since first that Fabrick of yours was endued with Breath ; and Eight and twenty times has *Phæbus Carr* run out his yearly Course since your Creation. I need not play the *OEdipus*, or say you are Eight and twenty Years of Age : so wishing you long Life, I rest and remain,

*Yours verily, O. C.*

*To his Mistress, recover'd from an Ague.*

*Madam,*

Y O U may very well admire to receive a Letter from one whom long before this time you might have imagin'd to have been dead : A Patient which the Doctors gave over, and who himself acknowledges no Phylick could have cured, but that of your fair Presence ; which carried such a Sovereignty with it, that my Ague presently left me, and Nature in spight of my Disease, took Strength to her self and rais'd me up in thy Bed, to make this clear acknowledgment of Cure to your Beauty. Madam, I now find my self rid of that Distemper, and am perfwaded I shall sooner, for the future, suffer under the Violence of a Fever, than of a shivering Cold. I could not but express my fears to you, with my thanks, hoping that you will take care to preserve what you have again created. Be pleas'd to interest your Affection for my Safety and to defend

*of Complements.*

defend a Thing, whom your Goodness hath  
made so dear to you, as to be ever,

*Madam, E. K.*

*To his retired Mistress.*

*Lady,*  
**Y**OU carry your Eyes like one of those that  
wear a Veil: Not a Look of yours but  
preaches Chastity; and you are so confirm'd in a  
general Contempt of Mankind, that if Fortune  
her self should come to present you with a Hus-  
band, you would scarce go out of your Closet to  
meet him in your Chamber. You speak of no-  
thing but Religion and Cloisters, and all your  
Entertainment, is discourse of Mortification.  
Lady, not to dissemble my Thoughts to you, I  
much fear, that a beginning like yours, so full of  
restraint, will afterwards be followed with a Pro-  
gress of too much Liberty; and instead of the  
precise Demureness that you pretend, some Ser-  
vant or other will read a new Heresie in your  
face. I shall not at this time send you studied  
Oaths or Protestations. I know some Moons must  
go about before you will acknowledge the Error  
wherein you live. For the present I shall only  
desire you to take care of your Health, if not for  
your own, yet for the common Good of those  
that love you; of which number he desires to be  
the first, who presumes to honour himself with  
the Title of,

*Madam, W. P.*

*To his Mistress, being disoblig'd by her.*

*Ady,* I did always expect this Favour from  
your ordinary Goodness, that I might pro-  
mise my self that you would have a little kind-  
ness

## *The Compleat Academy*

ness for me ; 'tis true, that I was pre-inform'd of your humour, but I could hardly believe it; or that you would disoblige those that shall do you Service and Friendship. I would not now complain of you, but that I should give you Advan-tage by my silence that I had not discover'd the Subtilties of your Deceit, which is so malicious, that I have at once stript me both of Love and Hatred: And I am now impatient, till I have ac-quainted those that yet profess their Service to you, how that of all the Ladies I ever knew, you are the most unworthy of Affection. In the mean space, I beseech you to believe, that those Endeavours which you have employ'd to disoblige me, have absolutely taken away my Will and Desire to be,

*Lady, Yours to serve, R. P.*

*To his Mistress, acknowledging the kindness of her Letters.*

*Lady,*

I AM no less oblig'd to you for your Letters than for your Entertainments; and though I have not Judgment enough to censure their Good-ness, I am not so unfortunate, as not to taste of their Sweetness; I must entreat you to believe me, and not to forbear to make me Happy with them: You know not but that I may become a Ciceronian, being instructed by your eloquent Copies; which it I cannot reach to my self, I will at least shew them to those, that shall render them excellent by their imitation. For certainly, without flattery, all Nature had need put her self into Action, to find out your equal. Lady, I do with all seriousness acknowledge, that it is too great an Ambition for me, either to stile my self your Scholar, or your Servant.

*R. P.*

To excuse to his Mistress his too easie believing of  
false Reports.

Lady,

I AM impatient till I see you, that I may be-  
tween your hands abjure all false Opinions.  
Only be pleas'd so to dispose your self, that you  
may accept of my Recantation. By my last Let-  
ters, you might perceive that I had let in some  
false Reports had almost poison'd the fair Soul of  
my Belief: But as soon as I receiv'd the Charact-  
ers of your Hand, and perus'd the Simplicity of  
that naked Truth; wherewith you may put my  
Suspicion to flight, I soon came to my self. I  
was ever confident, whatever false Rumour di-  
vulg'd, that a Person of your noble Deportment,  
knew how to preserve your self in the greatest  
Contagion: And that ye could run no other Pe-  
ril in those Adventures; but that of being im-  
portun'd. You express in your Letter some weak  
Conjectures concerning me: I perceive we  
were both tainted with the same Imperfection.  
Lady, such Jealousies, though they are dangerous  
if dispers'd, yet are the greatest Confirmations of  
future Love. It was no great matter which of us  
chang'd our Opinion; it was no great matter  
which of us chang'd our Opinions first. The  
thick Breath is now gone off from the clear Cry-  
stal of our then blemish'd Affections. I assure  
you now, that I have suffer'd my self to be per-  
suaded by your Reasons; as for your Objections,  
they were not worth the confuting. Lady, you  
see how easily I am cured of this sickness, being  
wholly dispos'd to believe and obey you; and be  
to the uttermost of my power,

Lady, I am yours, W. P.

*To his Mistress, thanking her for the Acceptance of his Service.*

*Lady,*

I AM now at last in part perswaded, that I have now two the best Fortunes that the Earth can afford me ; the Possession of your Vertue, and of your favour. You may say, this Language is very fair, and that my Friendship speaks like Love. I have no other Answer to return you, but that as you gain Hearts, you have found a way to enter into them, and see what Affections they produce. Let me therefore intreat you to behold the Violence of Devotion ; and since I do entitle you my Goddess, be pleas'd to express your self by the effect of so fair a Name, in accepting the Heart more than the Hand, and prizing the Character of my Sincerity above the Value of my Oblation. Certainly I should be the most Unfortunate among the living, should you be a severe Censurer of my Works or Words ; in both which there is neither Power nor Eloquence : But had I the one or the other in a perfect Degree, I should never be able to shew you, as I would, the Desire that inflames me to serve you, and to be

*Lady, Your humble Servant, R. C.*

*To his Mistress, desiring her Picture.*

*Madam,*

I Hope that you will not take amiss the Request that I do now make to you ; that you will please to give me your Picture, knowing that I esteem the Original more than any thing in the world. That fair Body enliven'd with so much Sweetness and Perfection, I hold in so great a Veneration,

ration, that I pant after the Shadow thereof. Be pleased therefore to ease my impatience by the grant of this Favour, assuring your self that I shall place it among the greatest Happinesses that could ever befall,

*Madam, Your most humble Servant, T. T.*

### The Reply.

SIR,

THE Request that you make to me, to give you my Picture, is so obliging, that I am constrain'd to give my Consent; not at all wondring that you have before your Eyes the Image of a Person that admires you so much; be pleased to believe this for a Truth, in recompence of that favour, which I bestow on you, as also that I shall ever continue to be,

*Sir, Your most humble Servant, M. R.*

*To his Mistress, desiring a Lock of Hair from her.*

*Madam,*

YOU need not wonder at that Servitude to which you have reduc'd me; 'tis so pleasing to me, that I do now request from you new Chains, by the Gift of a Bracelet of your Hair, to tell you how much I shall esteem this Favour, your Merit or my Love are only capable. And as you have the knowledge of my request, so I shall leave you to think of answering my Desires, and also of the Passion which I have to serve you, being more than ever,

*Madam,*

*Your most humble and obedient Servant,*

*W. R.*

## The Reply.

SIR,

YOUR Deserts have wrought so strong a Perswasion in me to consent to the Favour which you request of me, that I send it you in this Letter; I shall not impose on you the silence which you ought to keep in this Matter, knowing that your Discretion hath prevented my Commands. It suffices me to put you in mind, that as these are no common Favours, they require Secrecy from those that receive them. I suppose that you will not forget your self in this Particular, while you remember that I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant, M. W.

To his Mistress, an Acknowledgment for being belov'd by her.

SHall I pass over in silence, Fairest, so excessive a Happineſſ? or ſhall I publish it, to render it more great? I know my Silence will honour it moſt, but by making it known, I ſhall render it more glorious; for in telling it abroad, I ſhall eternize the Memory thereof. Therefore ſhall my mouth be always open in the extolling of your Favour, my Mind wholly taken up with Thoughts of you, and my Soul always admiring its moſt perfect Object, blessing the Day of my Birth, for being happy in yours. Your Death ſhall be my Tomb, defiriſing no other honour or glory while I live, but the Title of,

Madam, Your moſt faithful Servant, R. P.

A Lady

*A Lady to her Servant, accusing him of Inconstancy.*

SIR,

They do always tax our Sex for being inconstant, but I must now apply that Fault to you, I say to you, whose Oaths did give so great a Testimony of your Fidelity, that I durst not doubt them for fear of injuring my self; though the Wind was always the Bearer of your Love, and not your Love, for that you never had; so that if I blame my self for having believ'd you, I shall praise my self hereafter for imitating you, though with some Trouble, that I was not your Example; for it was most reasonab'e, that I should have preceded you, as being your Mistress, though now

Your Servant, E. T.

*To request a Favour from his Mistress.*

Madam,

You bestow your Favours with so much Boun-  
ty, that tho' I am averse to beg them, yet the  
freeness of your Courtesie leaves me no other  
Shame, than that which proceeds from my Inabi-  
lity of returns. I do not use to value the Services  
which I perform to my Friends, but you are pleas'd  
to put such a rate upon them, that I have no  
other way left, but to vow thus with all respect,  
to solicit you as long as I live. Believe me, Ma-  
dam, you have entertained my Service so nobly,  
that I stand in fear of a Propension to make Mo-  
tions to you, and to remain still an Importunate  
Beggar, till I have tir'd you into a necessity of  
yielding to my Request. Though I confess, could  
I but gain the Advantage of being esteem'd, and  
beloved by you, it is the highest Elight that my  
Ambition covets.

*To his long absented Mistress.*

*Madam,*

I Cannot but deplore my Misfortune, that Ca-  
melion like, I live only on the Idea ; all the  
support of my frail Life having been for this  
Twelve Months only from Imagination. I pro-  
test Lady, those Four Letters which I receiv'd  
quarter after quarter, have with much ado kept  
me alive ; the last you directed to me, being so  
short, as if you had confin'd me to the Extremity  
of so thin a Diet, that your most despised Lovers  
might in my pitiful Picture, read to themselves  
Lectures of Consolation. Lady, I know at the  
best, that absent Persons cannot entertain them-  
selves but by Letters, yet by as woful Experience  
I find, that there is but small Pleasure to hear  
thus so far off from one another, as we do. For  
my part, I cannot but complain, and I think I  
have more cause than any man living ; you know  
the Reality of this my Expression : Believe me,  
you have expos'd me to such Extremities, that I  
am now resolv'd to approach you, and to write  
no more, but act what I have been accustom'd to  
protest, how perfectly I can be,

*Madam, I am, C.B.*

*To his Mistress, upon the Death of her Brother.*

I Ady, The continuance of your Melancholy  
having toucht me so far, as to make me par-  
take of your Grief, wonder not if you receive  
these undeserved Lines from me, which I hope  
will wipe away your Tears, if you consider him  
that intreats you to be pitiful to himself ; if not,  
to his Youth. Believe me, Dearest, my Sorrows  
for

for your self carry more reason with them, than yours for your deceased Brother, which can have no other pretence than custom, and your good nature. Pardon me if I tell you freely, that if you do not decline your grief, I shall abate of the belief I had of your Spirit. I know well that the loss of Friends must needs touch us, nor would I remove the sense of Mourning, but the error; not the tribute of Tears, but the superfluity of them. For though we must give something to Nature, let us not take away all from Reason; neither doth Nature so much as Opinion prevail over in these extremes of Sorrow. Believe me, fair One, Sorrow hath plac'd you too near the Grave, that should you look in your Glass, you would already conceive your self there: For never did Tears deal more cruelly with any than your self; seeing they have in mind at once two of the fairest Things in the World, the clearness of your Disposition and Beauty. Judge therefore, whether I have not as much cause to lament with you, as to write to you. At least I hope you will of your subtle Thoughts, to consider a little of him, who with Tears entreats you to consider of your self, as being,

*Madam, Your tender Lover, W. T.*

*To her Servant, accepting his Service.*

SIR,

Since you can so well express your Affection to one that needs it, I could not but let you understand how you have prosper'd; with Justice enough you name your self a Friend, yet in my Opinion you might invent some more significant Word, though it were to stile your self a Lover; for

for you have already given me such real Testimonies of your Affection, that I dare entertain you in such a Quality. I only wait for a favourable Occasion, which may for my excuse, witness the dear and glorious Marks which you gave me of your Love and Account of me, and how much I am already,

Sir, &c.

### The Answer.

LADY,

I AM no longer able to keep my Words from letting my Heart fall upon this Paper: Your Letter having won me to you in such a sort, that I have no power over my self but what you leave me; the Joy I have entertain'd from your Lines, having not yet restor'd me to my Reason; this may seem strange to you; but I assure you, I find no other Reason to be contented to live, but as you are still in the World; and I am therefore only bound to preserve my self, because you are unwilling to lose me. Your Lines sweetly invite me to give you a Visit: Fairest, if you will have me to endire your Presence, take some more Humane Form; and appear not in that fulness of Splendor; least I forget what you are, and never cease to do you continual Acts of Reverence; and when I should speak to you, should overflow with Prayers and Thanks; conceiving that I may have Fortune from others, but Glory from none but you. Let me intreat you therefore, when I approach your Favers, that you wouldest give them out by Tidil, and distribute them by Measure, that he may not be too far transported beyond himself, who is,

Lady, &c.

With all my heart, and all my soul, I hope to be a good Servant to you, and to be always ready to serve you. From  
John. Not your servant, but your friend and servant.

*From a Lady, consenting to her Servant's Requests.*

SIR,

I Must not wish you good without endeavouring to do it, as far as my weak Endeavours will permit me. I have so many Affections that I remain unmoveable, so that you may be assur'd, if you can love your self; that you need not to doubt of my Endearments to you. Sir, though I cannot be regular in observing Complements, I shall never be negligent in necessary Duties; and so often think of you, that you need not to solicit my Thoughts. True Friendship is always attended with remembrance, and they that can forget, were never truly in Love. When we fix upon a worthy Obje&t, we should resemble the Covetous, who have no less care to conserver, than to heap up Treasure. All that for the present I shall request you is, that you would be more bold to employ me, and think if I want a Memory to accomplish your Desires, that I am then on my Death-bed. This is the Assurance you may expect from her, who is

Your kind Mistress, A. P.

*To her Servant, resolving not to Marry.*

SIR,

I AM not yet in the mind to change the Blessedness of my Liberty for the Purgatory of Marriage: You tell me a Wife is the Wealth of the Mind; you must except all Jealousies and Dislikes that may happen: Then that she is the Welfare of the Heart; 'tis so when her Youth with Beauty, her Wit with Virtue, have that happy Agreement between themselves, so as to command the Affections. But, Sir, you are not

to

to learn, they have left most of our Sex : It were a sin to pry further into their Imperfections ; the Terms you write on being so extreamly opposite. But if I am not deceived in my reading, the Learned express, that they weaken the strength, confound the Business of our life, empty the Purse, with a Thousand other odd Qualities, which when I meet you next, you shall be sure to hear of. Till when, wishing you the Continuance of that quiet, wherein you boast your self to live, I decline this Theme of your wiving Letter till our next Visit. I bid you farewell, and rest

*Your, &c.*

*To his Mistress, Sick.*

*Madam,*

Though the most fair Envy your Beauties, and the most Perfect your Merits, yet are they silenced by your Charms ; nay, Sickness it self is render'd Captive by the Puissance of your Allurements ; though if it wound you now, it is but with the Wounds that you have made ; and doubtless it hath seized on you, hoping that by Possession of your fair Body, it may both change its Name and Nature ; so that it is pardonable, both for its Love, and for its Subtlety. Neither do I believe that it is you, but your rigour that it aims to destroy, be you less Cruel, and the Disease will asswage ; otherwise you will be in danger of your Life. Though doubtless the Consideration of destroying so many Marvels, will stop his Designs. Death oft-times make use of Love against us ; so that he will have a care of your Life, as of his keenest Weapon wherewith he brings us Men under his Command, making us

us willing to yield to his Stroak, as the Refuge of that Misery into which your Cruelty oft-times throws us. This I know by Experience, as being your Slave.

*To his Mistress, despairing of her Favour, though unjustly offended against her.*

*Madam,*

**V**Hat avails it you to make me feel your Thorns when I have gather'd your Flower. Why do you blame in Words, him whom you have honour'd in Effects, and blame him without cause, who cannot praise you but unjustly; moderate your Severity, seeing that it offends you more than it hurts me. I have protested a Thousand times that I never was faulty, as you thought me; though it was to no purpose, you believing otherwise. It suffices for my Satisfaction, that I know the Truth, and that I have essay'd all the Ways in the World to make you understand it, though in vain. Adieu, most fair, but yet too cruel, if you leave me triumphing over the most worthy Subject in the World, I leave you vanquish'd by a more faithful Lover.

*A Letter of Consolation to a Mistress, upon the Death of her Servant.*

*Madam,*

I Believe that if you have been the last who have understood the Death of your Servant, that you will be one of the first, and indeed the only Person, who will in your Soul ce'ebrate the sad remembrance of him, a much longer time than any of his Friends: not that his Merit doth oblige you, for I well know that all Merit loses its Esteem in your Presence, being so perfect as you

you are ; nor your Piety, though it be a thing natural to you with your other Vertues ; but only his Love and Constancy, as being both equally incomparable. Neither do I believe, that either of these do oblige you at all, for though his Love were very great, that could not be otherwise, seeing you were his Object, no more than his Constancy whatever it were ; so that to say the Truth, I know not what can urge you to bewail his Loss, unless it be the Goodness of your Inclinations, being as mild and sweet as you are Fair, and consequently full of Piety. I should weep my self, for having the least thought to condemn your Tears, yet give me leave to believe, that when you remember that the Fires proceeding from your Eyes did help to consume his Life, it would make them weep for Sorrow. Now what punishment will you impose upon your Beauty, if there be nothing in you that hath partaken of the Millions of pains which he hath endured for your sake : Certainly you ought to suffer Shipwrack in the Sea of your Tears, unless the God of Love have need of you for one of his Altars, since you are the only Idol, to whom all Mortals will present the Sacrifices of their Servitude. And as for my self, who have undertaken to succeed to the Merits and Constancy of your deceased Servant, I will not give Assurances in Words, for Deeds themselves shall always be my Sureties. Dry up your Tears, stop your Sighs. I summon you to this Duty, in the behalf of Reason it self, knowing that his Commands are to be obey'd. Madam, when I first put Pen to Paper, I had a Design to comfort you, but knowing the Greatness of your Resolution against all sorts of Accidents, I chang'd my Intention, to assure you

of

of the Love and Servitude that I have vow'd to you, under the Title of,

*Madam, Your most humble Servant, J. R.*

*A Letter.*

SIR,

I Know 'tis to no purpose to dispute of Civilities with you, who live in the Light of the World, and are so well stored with the best Words to express them. I know too well that the Excellency that dwells in you, begets at the same time desires to preserve, as well as to acquire your favour. I have but one Grief, that I have not Soul enough to judge of those Perfections that dwell in you, which though I can never attain rightly to conceive, yet I am confident, no Man can honour them more, so that should you call me your Idolater, you could not strain a word that could so rightly, as that, express my Respects toward you. Sir, Complements are very rare with me, and therefore I request you to believe me, when I say, that they must be very strong Cords, and dangerous Commandments, that shall remove me from your Service; I know I can never deserve such violent Proofs of my Obedience: It shall suffice me that I doubt not of your Love, as being,

*Sir, Your most devoted Servant, M. O.*

*To his Absent Friend.*

SIR,

If I thought Fortune could be so much our Friend, I should request her to make us inseparable, that I might be no more oblig'd thus to write; since the Entertainments that distant Friends do give and take by Letters, is but a Picture

Picture of those between Persons presents: For to say the Truth, a Letter is but a Copy of that which makes us more curious of the Original; a Glass that shadows to us stronger Desires to enjoy the Person that is absent. The very Lines I receive from you, carrying with them the Effects of Joy to hear from you, and of a Passion to be more near you, that I might not still be forced to write that to you, which I would willingly protest; and find Occasions more and more to testify what I am, and ever shall be;

*Sir, Your ever-loving Friend, E. C.*

*To his Friend, complaining of Neglect.*

SIR,

THE Friendship which you have promised me, and the Service which you have protested to me, force me now to demand the Reason of your silence. I question not but that you will want no excuse to plead for your self: But I entreat you to believe, that unless they be very lawful, I shall not cease to complain of you. You do well to lay the Fault sometimes upon your urgent Occasions, sometimes upon the Indisposition of your Body: But all this is no Satisfaction to me. Confess but your Fault, crave Pardon, and you shall have it presently granted. This is the way to preserve eternally the Friendship of

*Your most humble Servant, M. P.*

The Answer.

SIR,

YOU do me so great a favour in complaining of me, that I am constrained to give you Thanks, instead of taking the least offence at you. This is not because I want excuses to authorize my silence, but the interest

interest that you have in me, which makes me to condemn my self, resolving henceforward, that you shall rather complain of my Importunity than of my Slackfulness. Which is the Protestation of

Sir, Your most humble Servant, E. W.

*Return of Thanks.*

SIR,

I Protest that you have obliged me with a Favour, and that so perfectly, that I must be your Debtor all the Days of my Life. I wish that an Opportunity would offer it self for you, to employ me in your Service, that I might testify to you, that since your Favours are so extremely high, there is no Extremity which I would not undergo to requite them. This is no complemental Discourse, my Heart dictates to my Pen all that which I write to you, assuring you once more, that I will long bear in vain the Title of

Your most humble Servant, S. P.

The Answer.

SIR,

I Must complain of the Excess of your Civilities and Courtesies, since our Interest consists in a reciprocal Friendship. You thank me for Courtesies receiv'd from me, as if I were not oblig'd to do them, accustoming your self to such kind of Phrase, and believe that the Language of Complements is unknown to Friends. I am in the number of them, and moreover,

Your most humble Servant, K. A.

To

*To desire a Courtesie.**SIR,*

**T**H E Fame of your Generosity, hath given me the boldness to require a Favour from you, to disintangle me from a Business, the Success whereof depends much upon your Authority. 'Tis true, that I never had the Honour to be acquainted with you. But though this be my particular Unhappiness, I hope that you will not make any Excuse to refuse me the Courtesie which I desire from you, not doubting but that in some other Matter I may have the Honour to make my self known to you, rather by my Services than by my Name, since your descent obliges me to remain,

*Sir, Your obliged Servant, T. T.*

*The Answer.**SIR,*

**I** Have done all what you required of me, with a great deal of Satisfaction, and little Trouble. Prepare your self to impose Commands upon me, that you may not let the Passion which I have to serve you lie Idle, and you shall discern by my Obedience, that I take Delight in nothing more, than in making my self appear in all Places,

*Sir, Your most real Servant, W. R.*

*On the same Subject.**SIR,*

**A** lthough I am the most unprofitable of all your Friends, yet am I none of the least willing to serve you, and from thence I take the Liberty to desire you, to give me a Meeting. All that I can say for the first Acknowledgment of this

this Favour, is, That I shall eternally remember this Favour ; and that if I cannot meet with any Opportunity to requite so great a Kindness, I shall bear my Sorrow for it to my Grave, together with the Title of,

*Your most loyal Servant, N. S.*

The Answer.

SIR,

**W**HEN you desire any Service from me, I entreat you to consider whether it be in my Power to perform it ; that I may be more bold to encounter the Blame which my Unhappiness obliges you to lay upon me. You shall command, when you please, other Proofs of my Willingness to serve you, desiring nothing more than the Title of,

Sir, Your most humble Servant, W. P.

*To congratulate the good Fortune of his Friend.*

SIR,

If you know how acceptable the News of your good Fortune is to me, you would not doubt, but that the Joy which Surprises me for the same, is equal to yours. Truly I cannot add any thing to it, since it proceeds from the Friendship which I have vow'd to you, which is not common, since your Merit is the Object. I would tell you more, if the Excess of my Joy would give me liberty. It suffices me to assure you, that my content cannot equal the Passion which I have to serve you, as being,

*Sir, Your most humble Servant, R. R.*

The

## The Answer.

SIR,

I Did always believe that you were of so generous a Spirit, that you participate in my Concernments; but I perswade my self at the same Instant of Time, that you doubt not of my Willingness to serve you, that I may in some Measure Merit the Effects of your noble Disposition. This I am urg'd to, not being able further to requite the continual Proofs, which you give me of your good Will towards me. I entreat you to esteem this for an undeniable Truth, as being from my Heart and Soul,

Sir, Your most faithful Servant, P. P.

To his Accomplish'd Friend.

SIR,

IF I have hope to be known to after Ages, it must be by the Honour of your Acquaintance; Your Reputation at this time, being so just and so general, that 'tis become a Verity wherein the Wise agree with the Vulgar. Pardon me, Sir, if I presume thus to prevent your Command, by this early showing you my ready Inclination to obey them: But I am content that you should give it what Name you please, provided you judge well of the Effects of my Duty, and do me the Honour to believe that I am,

Yours, &amp;c.

To his Learned Friend.

SIR,

ALL the Riches both of Nature and Art dwell in you, and are of such force, that I acknowledge my Inclinations to serve you, carry with them immortal Reason; your Discourse being

being so grave and solid, that they cannot be sufficiently listen'd to, for the Edification of Men that have seen Four Ages. And for your Letters; in what Stile soever you write them, they are always pleasing, if not, most admirably profitable; as it your Spirit had been employ'd from your Youth, in perswading of Princes, or instructing of Ambassadors. When your Lines are serious, they strain not; when familiar, they are without negle&t: Like Beauties that appear in all Fashions, yet allure, whether neatly drest, or carelesly p'ain Pardon me, Sir, if I lay open my naked Soul before you in this Simplicity of my Acknowledgments, you having so absolutely purchast both my Thoughts and Affections, that I must need ingenuously confess, that I have nothing left, but to assure you, Sir, how much I am,

*Your, &c.*

*To his Friend at Court.*

SIR,

Y  
OU seem to have so perfum'd your self with the sweetness of the Court, that you cannot admit of the Prophaneness of a Village. Such a rudeness is the Errand this Letter carries with it; but be pleas'd to accept of it, as you know the height of my Ambition is bounded in such rural Presents; neither shou'd I dare to presume thus, were I not perswaded that you allow me this Liberty, which otherwise I should never take. But I am confident you delight to gratifie me, and to do me the same Good that I wish to you. If you desire to know the cause of such extraordinary Boldness in me, I beseech you to believe there is no other, than the great Affection I have to serve you, and to be,

D

*Sir, &c.*

*To his Friend, upon the renewing of their Correspondence.*

SIR,

TO be separated from a Man so dear to me as your self, I do believe I could not live in the fortunate Islands, and having till I embrace you no other way of Traffick but by Letters, I am extreamly angry with my self, that you have prevented me in returning our old Correspondence. Though I must acknowledge there is some justice in it, for since you were the first that broke it, 'twas fit you should be the first to re-establish it : I write thus of the Honour of your Favour ; assuring you notwithstanding, that I could no way deserve it. Therefore, Sir, give me leave to beg your Pardon for my neglect, if I were guilty, which I shall never be in any Thing that concerns you : and to make it more clear to you, I never ceas'd to honour you ; but only not to express it, was like a secret Fire not quench'd but cover'd, which became the more violent when it had less liberty to appear ; wherefore, Sir, be confident, that I shall make you see upon all Occasions, for what is just that I will never be less than I am,

*Yours, &c.*

*A Familiar Return of Thanks.*

SIR,

THIS negligence of my Stile be pleas'd to esteem one of the Marks of Friendship between us. Gratitude is one of a poor Man's Virtues. This is the best Rhetorick you could expect in so few Lines ; and so I would renounce the World and all its Promises, if a Mortal could do

do so, to express my self but truly thankful to you for your exquisite Favours. The Expedition of this Messenger would permit me no further at this time, but only to set my Hand to this Protestation, that I love you exceedingly, that I honour you, and am as much as any Man can be in the World,

*Yours, &c.*

*To his Friend, inviting him into the Country.*

SIR,

Will not send you studied Complements, I know you are born in a Country of good Words ; I am here among Thorns and Thistles, among People that are naturally affected with Dulness, and dream in the best Company, such as can give no other Reason for their Silence, but that they are entreated not to speak ; insomuch, that you may walk our Village, and hear nothing but whistling ; and which is a Miracle, our *Codians* are here arriv'd to such a height of wilful Ignorance, as if they held their Lands by no other Tenure, but that of never speaking to the purpose. I should be quite out of Heart, if I had not your Promise to relie on, that you will suddenly give me a Visit, to witness what I am like to suffer this long Vacation, except I enjoy your Company ; I wait for you as for a Blessing, and if you come not hither next Week, I proclaim to you, that I am no longer,

*Yours to Command, R.S.*

*To his Sick Friend.*

SIR, The News of your Sickness hath so much alter'd my Health, that I may count my self a Sharer in your Misfortunes. Really it hath so

much griev'd me, that the Sorrow which I sustain, is more than the Fever which you endure. Do you therefore take Courage, if you will that I should be in good Health. You know how much I am interested in your Concernments. In a word, I assure you, that if you do not quit your Bed, I shall be forc'd to betake my self to mine. These are the absolute Protests of,

Sir,                   Yours, &c.

*A Soldier to his Mistress.*

*Madam,*

I have now left the bloody Banners of Mars to follow Cupid's Ensigns; though I must now confess, the latter to be the severer Service: For under the one we only get broken Pates, under the other wounded Hearts. There we have Pay and Plunder, here we have neither. But from whence arises all my Trouble? 'Tis from you, Madam, who like *Joan of Arquez* are risen up to terrifie me in the midst of all my Conquests. For alas! the Assaults of your Eyes have so alarum'd my Breast, that it is in vain for me to think of reposing by Day, or sleeping by Night: Oh! that you would make an end of the War, and come and take me in my own Quarters; otherwise I must be compell'd to bring my scaling Ladders to force that Lathem-House of Beauty, which is your fair Body, to free my self from the hourly Incursions, that your Perfections make upon my Soul. But why do I rage? Deliver it by fair means. By the Nails of Jupiter, if you will not delay to do it, I swear there is no Man shall venture his Life farther to defend you from the Batteries of lying Fame or injurious Slander. And more than that, you shall find me the most

faith-

faithful Knight that ever smote terrible Giant  
for fair Ladies sake, who am,

*Madam, Your valiant Lover, W.P.*

*A Pedagogue to his Mistress.*

*Most dear Star,*

**K**Now you not that you are already mounted above the Horizon of Accomplish'd *Nihil verius est.* There is nothing more true. And being thus the Miracle of your Perfections, and the Perfection of your Miracles, with a soft Violence ye have wounded my bleeding Soul. *Fæmineo Generi tribuuntur* The Feminine Gender is very troublesome; But O Damsel! as fair as you are cruel, and as cruel as you are fair, do not resemble that treacherous Emperor *Nero*, who took pleasure to see the City of *Rome* on fire. O! do not from the Turret of your Merits, with delight, behold not only the Suburbs, but even the City of my Heart to burn, with all the Churches in it, that I have dedicated to your honour. For I can assure you more fair than *Venus*, than *Venus* of *Cyprus*, as the Grammar hath it, *Creta Britannia*, *Cyprus*, *Great Britain* and *Cyprus*; that whatever Oration or Syllogism, poor, miserable and passive I can make by way of special Demonstration, is only to shew and acknowledge how much I am your superlative Servant, *per omnes casas*, in all cases

B. R.

*A Cockney to his Mistress.*

*My dear Peggy,*

I Have here sent thee these Lines writ with my Tears, and a little Blacking that our Maid rubs my Father's Shoes with, that I may unload a whole Cart-load of Grief into the Warehouse of thy Bosom. Truly *Peggy*, I think I shall die,

D

for

for I can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor wake. Nothing that my Mother can buy, either in *Cheapside* or *Newgate*-Market will go down with me ; yet, you know my Mother's as pretty a Housewife as any in the Town. She seeing me look as pale as the Linen in *Moor-fields*, and moping in the *Chimney-Corner*, bid the Maid fetch me a Cap, and ask'd me if I would have any *Sugar-fops*. But I cry'd no, I'd have *Peggy* : with that she jeer'd me, saying, What are you Love-sick *Tom*? And then I cry'd, and made a Noise like a Cat upon the Tiles. But let all the World say what they will, I will pout and be sick, and my Father and Mother shall lose their eldest Son, but I'll have *Peggy*, that I will. I beseech thee not to omit any occasion of writing to me, that since I cannot kiss thy Hand, I may kiss the Letters that thy Hand did write. The Bearer here-of is our Cook-maid, one that pities my Condition, and is very trusty : I have therefore engag'd her to call and see thee every time she goes to Market. My Mother's Rings are all close lock'd up, else I would steal one to send it thee : However, I intreat thee to accept of the good Will for the Deed, and to take in good part the Endeavours of thy most faithful Servant,

R. R.

## POSTSCRIPT.

As I was going to seal, my Father came in, taken suddenly and desperately ill. The Physicians were sent for, and by their whispering, assure me that he cannot live ; as soon as he is dead I shall not fail to visit thee, and make sure work between us.

A Seaman

*A Seaman to his Delight in Wapping.*

*Kind, if not unkind Susan,*

**H**aving read in a Ballad, how that a Woman is compared to a Ship, it made me to conceive no small Reason, for a Sea-mutual Love between us. Since it is most certain that a Seaman cannot be without a Ship, nor a Ship without a Seaman, do not therefore shipwreck my good Intentions in their First Voyage to thee. Alas! for thou hast no reason to despise me, because my Cloaths are besmear'd with Pitch and Tar, knowing that I sha l stick the faster to thee. I must confess I have cast Anchor in the Harbour of thy Love, do not cut the Cable of my Affections, lest I am adrift into a Sea of Misery; and where the Waves of Despair encreas'd by the North Wind of thy Disdain, shall dash out my Brains against the Rocks of Misfortune. Flownce, I am in already, neither is it in my Power to help my self. O Susan, Susan, Susan! receive my floating Soul into the Cock-Boat of thy Heart, that thy poor Richard may not die, but live to recompence thee the Preserver of his Life.

*A Hector to his Mistress.*

*Most Illustrious Queen of Beauty!*

**D**Y the Beard of Achilles my Affections groan for you; your Perfections have trapan'd me: For when I had the Honour to smell your odori-ferous Breath, methought it pleas'd me better than the Scent of the best Spanish Tobacco. And when I kiss'd your Vermillion Lips, I fuck'd Canary from them. Now, Lady, your Sack and

Tobacco are the Two Strings to the Bow of a Man's Life; Oh, thou that art the Third String to the Bow of my Life! bind thy self about my Wasse, that I may be thy Oak, and thou my Ivy: or else that I may bear thee up and down the Town like the Fellow that carries his Brother in his Belly. Destroy not him that both can and will destroy Millions for thy sake. But be my *Aqua Cælestis*, my Castle of strong Water, to defend from the Batteries of Misfortune, the drooping Spirits of thy dejected Slave.

*A Lawyer to his Young Mistress.*

Madam,

THIS Indenture made the Thirteenth Day of April, in the Year, One thousand seven hundred and five, Witnesseth, That I John a Stiles of Long Acre, in the County of Bedford, Gent am a Person of Credit and Reputation. Hoping therefore that you are in good Hea'th, as I am at the writing hereof. These are to certifie you that I am sick at the very Heart for Love of you. The Judge thinks me mad, for when I should plead, I fall a courting of him, telling him he is the Star of my Affections, and that unless he will marry me, I shall be undone. My Clients also leave me, for while I peruse their Papers, they hearing me sigh so cruelly, begin to despair of their Cause, and go away in Discontent, without giving their Fees. But all this, my pretty Darling, may be help'd by thee. Daign therefore to bargain, fell, and to farm let, that fair Tene-ment of Beauty, which is thy self, unto him, that cares not what he gives for the Purchase; together with the Hands, Legs, Arms, Fingers, Toes, Hair, Eyes, Head, Thighs, Belly, Water Courses,

Courses, Easements, Commodities, and Appurtenances whatsoever, to the foresaid Tenement belonging. That I may have, hold, occupy, and enjoy them for the Term of Years wherein thou shalt live; at the expiring thereof fully to be compleat and ended. And I on the other part do promise and grant, to, and with thee my foresaid pretty Darling, to be thy old Fool, thy doating Fool, and to give thee all that I have for a Join-ture. And further, that thou shalt live in the Country, and cuckold me all the Term-time, and come up every Year after *Easter* to buy thee Pins, Gloves, and Ribbands, and a new Gown. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal the Day and Year first above-written.

*A Passionate Love-Letter.*

Dear Angel,

I Ove having taken your Beauties for Arms; had long since laid siege to my Liberty, which was retreated within the Fort of my Reason, when without putting himself to the Trouble of a Scalado, he is fied into my Eyes, and is by that way entered into my Heart, as a Robber breaks into a House through the Windows. The Sufferings I am in through his Means are very violent, but being at length appeased, he hath sworn to me that the Remedy lay in your Power; and that all I had to do, was to write to you of it: But seeing me a Secetary very ill furnish'd with the Necessaries of my Profession, he took a Quill out of his own Wing, and made me a Pen with the Point of his Dart; he hath given me Paper made of his old Headbands by a Celestial Paper-maker; he took the Leaks of my Heart which was half burnt, and having beaten them to Powder

he mingled them with my Tears, and thereof hath furnished me with Ink, with which I have written to you; and for to dry the Writing, he cast the Ashes of those Coals upon it. He gave me Wax out of his Torch to seal it, and cut off a little piece of the String of his Bow for me to bind withal. And now fair Lady consider, if having assisted me thus far so favourably, he may not with as little Difficulty, furnish me with all his Arrows for to wound you, and make you sick of the same Disease, as he is, who terms himself,

*Your Slave, R.K.*

*The Mountebank's Letter to the Chyrurgeons.*

*Gentlemen,*

Having had continual and daily Experience in several Parts for many Years together, in the Cure of the French Disease, with as good Success as mine own Heart could Wish; and now at length desiring to shew my self a profitab'le Member of this Commonwealth and City wherein I abide, I could not chuse but write to you, by way of Advice, seeing so many Errors among you, tending all to the Destruction of the Patient. In the first place, I counsel thee O Man or Woman, who e'er thou art, that dost profess the Cure of Venereal Disempers, to avoid that common Fault among all the Professors thereof, which is Covetousness. For if a young Man or a young Woman hath by chance got a Clap, and is willing to give all he hath, rather than to endure the Disease long, wilt thou be so base and sordid, to make his or her earnest Desire to be the cause of thy Exaction. Assure thy self that Money got by such Exaction, will be a Worm to consume that part of thy Estate which thou hast honestly

honestly got. In the next Place, be not too inquisitive of any Patient who he is, and where he dwells; for if he have not a mind to tell thee, what hast thou to do to enquire any thing concerning him? Thirdly, judge not rashly of him, as who shall say, you have been lying with a Wench; for you cannot but know that there are many Ways of getting Claps beside that one; as by drinking with the Party, lying in a hot Bed with him, sitting upon a Clole-Stool after him; as also by lifting, riding, or any other manner of straining. Then let every Patient receive his Cure with all Privacy. And lastly, do not flatter me daily with any Patient whatsoever. This is the Part which ye have to act upon the Theatre of this World, which, if thou dost not justly perform, consider, I say, consider, that you must make your Exits into Stoves and Sweating-Tubs, much hotter than those with which you ever afflicted your Patients withal, being on Earth. Heaven direct your Course, that you may be neither Cheaters, Impostors, nor Cozeners, as most are who profess the Cure of Venereal Distempers; but that ye may be in this, as well as in all your other Actions, faithful and honest, which is the daily Wish of

*Your Friend and Servant, P.S.*

*A Troom-man in Kent-street, to a young Lady of Quality, whom he fell in Love withal, beholding her in a Balcony.*

*Madam,*

**A**ND by that Word you may know I am no such Clown as you may take me for, in good sooth law now, your fair Face hath wounded

*m.e.*

me to the very Heart, so that I would give all the old Shooes in my Sack to enjoy the Happiness of your sweet Company. I know that Ladies love Variety, so that I am bold to think it would be no small Recreation to you, when you have been glutted with the Company of your Silk and Satten Gallants, to converse Two or Three Hours with a tatter'd Broom-man. I have heard in some Ballads, how the Gods did descend to come upon the Earth, and dine with poor People; much less therefore should you being but a mortal Lady, disdain to eat a piece of Bread and Cheeſe, now and then, with a sorry Broom-man. There is a Proverb that tells the Gentlemen, *That Joan is as good as my Lady in the dark*: And why should there not be another Proverb to tell the Gentlewomen, *That Tom is as good as my Lord in the dark*. I do not want Examples to tell you, how that the Queen of Fairies married a Tinker, and of several Ladies that have married their Gentlemen-Ushers, others their Father's Grooms, and others their Butlers. Now I believe my ſelf not inferior to any of thoſe. As for what you, as a Woman, can expect from a Man, I know my ſelf ſufficiently able, of which I have ſent you a Certificate, sign'd with the Marks of molt of the pretty Lasses in this Street; neither do I doubt of the Continuance thereof, unleſs your hard Heart do conſume my Marrow with Grief and Anguish of Mind; do not therefore kill me, who though I am but a Broom-man, dare ſwear my ſelf as fai hful a Servaſt to you, as any Man in *England, Scotland, France, or Ireland*. Pray ſend me word by this Bearer, for I ſtay within in great Perplexity, and cannot ſtir abroad with my Ware till I hear your Answer.

The

## The Lady's Answer.

Gentle Broom-man,

I Understand the great Affection which thou hast signified to me in thy Letter. For which I give thee ten Millions of Thanks. Truly thy eloquent Expressions, and past Examples have begot so great an Affection toward thee, that the Smoak of all the Shooes thou hast in thy Ware-house, were they on fire, is not able to smother the Flames which thou hast kindled in my Heart. I shall not come to thee in my Coach, lest it should draw out all the Wenchers in the Street to stare upon our private Affections. But if thou wilt make haste home from crying thy Ware about the Streets, I shall not fail to meet thee at the Wool-sack in Kent-street, by Six a Clock to Morrow Night, where I doubt not but that I shall be able to give thee sufficient Testimonies of my Humility, and affable Nature. In the mean time, I have sent thee a Flanders-lace Band, and a Diamond Ring, to wear for my sake. Wash thy Feet, and put some sweet Powder in thy Hair, and be confident in so doing, thou wilt render thy self most acceptable to thy

Endared Friend and Servant, M R.

*A Country Parson to a rich Farmer's Daughter in  
the same Village.*

Kind Mistress Dorothy,

THE Parson of this Parish doth send thee Greeting in these Lines. For verily last Sunday as I was preaching, thou didst dart from thy Eyes, the Love of thy amiable Features into my Breast. So that even as a Woman with Child longeth for the corner of an Apple-tart, or a piece of raw Mutton, so do I thirst after thee ; and even as a Virgin that eateth Chalk, and drinketh Vinegar, looks pale, and loseth her Stomach,

so

so do I look pale with languishing for thee, and my Belly is shrunk up for want of Food; for I have not eaten above half a Surloin of Beef, forty Tythe Eggs, thirty black Puddings, and five great brown Apple-Pies, since *Sunday last*, that your Father took me home to Dinner, which is now almost a Week. I shall put it to thy Choice, whether thou wilt be courted in publick or in private; for I have made five delicate Sermons upon the most amorous Place in all the *Canticles*, wherewithal to allure thee into my Embraces. If thou dost consent, then will I go to thy Mother, and as the Child desireth the Maid to spread him some Bread and Butter for his Afternoons Luncheon, so will I desire her to give thee unto me that I may spread my self upon thee. If she replieth, Yea, Then will I speak to her in the words of *S. Bernard*, saying, *I thank you heartily good Mother.* But if she say unto me, Nay, then as Saint Cyprian hath it very well: *I shall be ready to hang myself* Re thou therefore ... D. C.

without Compassion, which is like a Mandrake-Apple, comely in shew, but poisonous in taste. But woe is me, for I find that my Words have wrought no more Impression on your Heart than an Arrow on a Rock of Adamant. So that I may say of you, that as in the greenest Grafs is the greatest Serpent, in the clearest Water the ugliest Toad ; so is your fair Body lin'd with a cruel Soul. Alas ! you have no mercy on my Captivity, so that I am like the Spaniel that gnaws his Chain, but sooner spoils his Teeth than procures Liberty. But as a Bladder is to a learning Swimmer, so is Hope to me ; which makes me apt to believe, that as there is no Iron but will be softned with the Fire, so there is no Heart how hard so ever, that will not be soft by continual Prayers. I confess my Expression is but like a Picture drawn with a coal, wanting these lively Colours, which a more skilful Pen might give it. However, consider, that the Sun disclaims not to shine upon the smallest Worm. Reconcile your self to the

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*A Letter of Smiles from a young conceited Scrivener  
to his beloved Mistress, Mistress D. C. Spinstcr.*

*Madam,*

**I** No sooner saw you, but the Tinder of my Affection began to take fire. For your Beauty was to me like the Herb *Larix*, cool in the Water, but hot in my Stomach. So that as *Pharnoh* did long to know his Dream, so did I long to know what would become of me, as to your good liking of me. Be not therefore a Beauty without

without Compassion, which is like a Mandrake-Apple, comely in shew, but poisonous in taste. But woe is me, for I find that my Words have wrought no more Impression on your Heart than an Arrow on a Rock of Adamant. So that I may say of you, that as in the greenest Grass is the greatest Serpent, in the clearest Water the ugliest Toad ; so is your fair Body lin'd with a cruel Soul. Alas ! you have no mercy on my Captivity, so that I am like the Spaniel that gnaws his Chain, but sooner spoils his Teeth than procures Liberty. But as a Bladder is to a learning Swimmer, so is Hope to me ; which makes me apt to believe, that as there is no Iron but will be softned with the Fire, so there is no Heart how hard so ever, that will not be soft by continual Prayers. I confess my Expression is but like a Picture drawn with a coal, wanting these lively Colours, which a more skilful Pen might give it. However, consider, that the Sun disdains not to shine upon the smallest Worm. Reconcile your self to the humblest of your Vassals, and do not through your Marble-hearted-cruelty utterly overwhelm him with Sence-distracting Grief; like a Current that breaks the Dams, and with a vigorous impetuosity drowns the Fields.

*A Country Bumpkin to his Mistress.*

Sweet honey Joan,

I Have here sent thee a Thing, such a one as the Gentlefolks call a Love-Letter : 'twas indited by my self after I had drank two or three draughts of Ale, but 'twas writ in a Roman joining-Hand by the School-master and Clerk of our Parish, to whom I gave Six Pence for his Pains. Truly-

*Joan,*

*Joan*, my Parents never brought me up to speak finely as my Landlord's Son doth, but this I can say in downright Terms, I love thee Marry *Joan*, many time and oft have I fetcht home thy Cows, when no body knew who did it. Marry *Joan*, thou know'st I always plaid of thy side at Stool-Ball, and when thou didst win the Garland in the *Whitson-Holidays*, marry *Joan*, I was sure to be drunk that Night for Joy. Marry *Joan*, cry I still, but when wilt thou marry, *Joan*? I know thou dost love *Will*. the Taylor, who, 'tis true, is a very nimble Man, and foots it most fetuously; but I can tell thee *Joan*, I think I shall be a better Man than he shortly, for I am learning of a Fidler to play o'th' Kit; so that if thou wilt not yield the sooner, I will ravish thee e'er long with my Musick. 'Tis true, I never yet gave thee a Token; but I have here sent thee a piece of Silver Ribband; I bought it in the Exchange, where all the Folks houted at me, but thought I, hout and be hang'd and you will, for I will buy a Knot for my Love. I assure thee *Joan*, 'twill make a better shew than a gilt Bay-Leaf, and for this Year be the finest Sight in all our Church. But what wilt thou give me for this *Joan*? Alas! I ask nothing but thy self; come *Joan* thou shalt give me thy self, come prethee *Joan* give me thy self. What a happy Day would that be, that to see us with our best Cloathes on at Church, and the Parson saying; *I Tom, take thee Joan*, and by the Mass I would take thee, and hug thee, and lug thee too, and hey then away to the Alehouse, and hey for the Musitioners, and the Canaries, and the Silla-bubs, and the Shoulder a Mutton and Gravey, *With a hey down derry and a diddle diddle dee*. Thus having no more to say, I rest in Assurance of thy good Will, thine, *honestly, truly, and blearly*, R.P.

*A Letter to a Friend to borrow Money.*

SIR,

If borrowing of Money be not a breach of Friendship, let me intreat your Patience to open your Purse; I am loath to be too troublesome in making many Words, where such affable Gentleness outpasseth all Merit; a present Occasion puts me to the Adventure of your Kindness, the Matter is not much; yet it will at this time pleasure me, as much as so much may do; the Summ Five Pounds, the Time Three Months, my Credit the Assurance, and hearty Thanks the Interest; thus, without troubling the Scrivener, I hope my Letter will be of sufficient Power to prevail with your Love, entreating your present Answer; in the Affection of an honest Heart I commit you to the Almighty.

*Tours, or not his own, W. W.*

*His Answer.*

SIR,

If your Friendship were a Follower of Fortune, Love would have but a little Life in this World; the Contents of your Letter hath put me to a strict Account of my Estate, how I may help you and not hurt my self; I could make many Excuses, but that they taste of small Comfort, and therefore knowing Time to be precious, and to avoid Delays, let this suffice, your Request is granted, and the Money I have sent you, and not doubting your Credit, will take your Word for a Bond, and for the Use, (without abuse) I wish but Requital upon the like Occasion. Sir I am so glad that in this, or any Thing in my Power, I may make Proof of my Love: I rest in the same.

*Tours, or not mine own, R. P.*

*A Love-Letter to a worthy Gentlewoman.*

*Fair Mistress,*

**I**F I had no Eyes, I should not like you, and if I not Wit, I should not love you; for the brightness of your Beauty is for no blind Sight to gaze upon, nor the worthiness of your Virtue, for no weak Brains to beat upon; if you say I flatter you, look into your self, and do me no wrong; and if I do you right, chide not Affection for a Discovery, where Truth is honourable; pardon my Presumption if it exceed your Pleasure, and commend his Service, who will make an Honour of your Favours; so entreating your Patience for Answer to my poor Letter, until I hear from you; and always I rest,

*Your devoted, to be commanded, W. P.*

*A Love-Letter to a Lady.*

*Madam,*

**S**UCH, and so extream, are the Passions of Love, that the more they are quenched by Disdain, greater Flames are encreased by Desire, and the more they galled with Hate are, the more they gape after Love; like to the Stone Tapazon which being once kindled, burneth most vehemently in the Water: So I having my Heart scorched with the Beams of your Beauty, and my Mind flamed with your singular Virtue, neither can any bitter Look abate my Love, nor extream Discourtesie diminish my Affection; I am not he that will leave the Rose because it hath pricked my Finger, or refuse the Gold in the Fire because it burnt my Hand, for the Mind of a faithful Lover is neither to be daunted with Despite, nor affrighted with Danger: I rest,

*Your most faithful Lover, J. T.*

## Her Answer.

SIR,

If your Wit go with your Eyes, your Brains may be on the outside of your Head, and then if you deceive your self I hope you will not blame me: Colours are but Shadows, and may be full of Illusions, and the Worthiness of Vertue may be a reach above the World's Reason, yet the Discovery of Affection may be more in Words than in Matter, especially where Discretion sounds the depth of Desert, though the Honour of Truth be worth regard, where there is no Fault, there needs no Pardon, and therefore without Trouble of Patience, finding no Cause of Displeasure, I thus conclude, Love hath a Privilege to be at the Command of Kindness, in which I rest to wish you much Happiness.

Your true Lover, M. P.

A Letter from a Lady to a Gentleman, whom she called her Servant, for the preferring of a Gentlewoman unto her.

Servant, I have often spoken unto you for that you must needs do me: I am going to the Court, and shall have great use of a Gentlewoman to attend me I know you have many Kinsmen and Acquaintance amongst whom you may find one to fit me, I will take her at your Hand, and regard her for your sake; and if her Deserts answers my Desires, she shall lose no Love in my Favour; and therefore leaving this trusty Charge to the Care of your discreet Kindness, as you will expect a greater Courtesie at my Hands, I rest,

Your loving Mistress, A. P.

His

## His Answer.

Good Madam,

Y  
OU spoke unto me to help you to a Gentlewoman, which with my Letter I have here sent you a Woman, and genteel, who, I hope, will not be altogether unworthy of your Entertainment: For her Person, she is not deformed, nor her Face of the worst Feature; she is neither blear-eyed, nor tongue-tyed: And for her Qualities, I hope she can do more than make courtesie and blush; her Parentage is not bare, nor her Breeding idle, and for her Disposition, I hope will be nothing displeasing: To praise her in any Perfection I dare not, but in all, will leave her to the trial of your Patience. So wishing my dutiful Service in this, or what else may lie in my Power, so fortunate as to deserve your Favour, and this Gentlewoman so gracious as to gain the continuance of your good Opinion, in Prayer for your Health and Hearts most wished Happiness, I take my leave at this Time, but rest all Times,

Your Ladyships most humble Servant, T.T.

*A Letter of Love to an honourable Lady.*

Honourable Madam,

I F Love were not above Reason, it would not be so high in regard, who dwelling only in the Spirits of the best Understanding, feeds the Heart only with the Fruits of an infallible Resolution: What it is in its own Nature, hath been diversly described, but I think, never known, but unto them that inwardly know it; some hold it a Riddle that none can interpret but he that made it: But if it be as I have read of it, *A Child, and Beauty begot it*; I hope Nature will be her self, and not unkind to her own Breed, how to prove Truth,

Truth, the Honour in your Eyes, that have wrought my Heart to your Service, shall make known to your Favour in the Happiness of your Employment. So craving Pardon for my Presumption, in my devoted Duty, to the Honour of your Command, I humbly take my leave,

*Your Ladyship's, in all bumbleness, &c.*

### Her Answer.

Worthy Knight,

If Love be above Reason, it must be either divine or devilish, and so regarded accordingly: What it is, I think it is best known by the Effects of it; howsoever idle Brains have beaten about the Description of it: Riddles are but Tests of Wit, and Miracles are ceased from being seen in our Age. But if it be a Child, tho' of a strange Parentage, surely Nature will not suffer the Mother to be cruel to her own Breed; but if it fall out to be an ungracious Father, what then will be thought of the Children? Yet, lest in misconstruing a Conceit, I may mistake a Content, since in the secret of Nature may be a Sense of strange understanding, I will suspend my Judgment, till I have made Proof of my Opinion: When Eyes and Hearts meet together in Discourse, I hope the Business will be soon ended that is referred to indifferent Judgments. So till Occasion be offered of the Performance of Employments, hoping that Virtue and Honour will soon agree upon sure Grounds; till I see you, I rest,

*Your loving Friend, &c.*

### A Letter of a Patient to his Physician.

After Doctor, your Patient commends him to your Patience, to bear a little kind hiding for your too long Absence, my Disease holds

holds his own, and my Pain nothing diminished, and if you come not the sooner, your Physick will be past working, for my Stomach is weak, and my Heart groweth faint. and yet I need, tho' my Digestion be not the best ; loath I am to languish, if I may have hope of Comfort, but your Absence makes me doubt of my Recovery ; I pray you therefore haſt you unto me, and let me be assured of your coming, leſt you come too late; you know my Disease, and are acquainted with my Body ; for my Cure I leave it to God and your Conscience, and so intreating your present Answer of your speedy Piefence, I commend you to the Almighty.

*Your ſick loving Patient, R. C.*

### His Answer.-

**M**Y good Patient, I fear your Impatience hath by ſome Passion increased your Pain ; I know the Force of your Disease cannot but be weakened, if you be not more afraid than hurt, you will not die of this Malady : If my Business were not great, I would ſee you, or if your Need were great I would not be from you ; but knowing every Cramp is not a Convulſion, nor every Stitch at the Heart, I will only wish you to put off Melancholy, to take heed of Cold, to have mind rather of Heaven than Earth : eat good Meat, but not too much ; drink good Wine, but measurable ; be at Chari-ty with all the World, but not too far with any, especially with the feminine Gender ; uſe Motion for natural Physick, and let a merry Heart be your best Phyſician, for Conceit is hurtful, if it be not contentive, and it is past the reach of my Reason to cure a corrupted Mind : Shortly, God willing, I will ſee you ; in the mean time, imagine I am with you, for indeed I will

not

not be long from you : And this let me tell you, that to put you out of Fear, I have no fear of you, but that you will be past Physick, e'er my Hope fail of your Care, and that will not be in haste ; and so hoping that you are not so weak in Spirit, but that you can endure a little Pain with Patience, in hope of assured Health, till I see you, and always, I rest,

Your Physician, and loving Doctor, S. P.

*A Letter from a Son in Prison to his Mother, his Estate being wasted.*

Dear and loving Mother ; as ever your maternal Love hath hitherto been manifested unto me, so now I beseech you in this great Extremity, to extend it towards me ; my Means are consumed, my self Captivated, ready to perish with Want and which way to turn me in this height of Misery I know not, but unto you, whose very careful Respect of me hath been such, that nought could (or as yet I hope can) remove your Love from me : Wherefore, in Pity of my present Misery, I desire you, good Mother, to make some Means for my Enlargement, my Debts are not much, notwithstanding of my self, I am utterly unable to give Satisfaction, insomuch, that unless you be pleased to commiserate my Distress, I am utterly devoid of all Hope of Comfort, or Enlargement : If therefore you will vouchsafe to set me at Liberty, my future Duty and Diligence shall obsequiously in such sort be manifested, that whatsoever hath heretofore been amiss, shall be amended, to my Good, and your Comfort, whereof wishing you to be most assured, and expecting your comfortable Answer, I rest,

*Your poor distressed Son, H. B.*

## Her Answer.

Son,

I AM sorry your Folly hath brought you to such Extremity: Had you been heedful in your Courses, you might have prevented these Disasters: Notwithstanding, since Misery ought rather to be pitied than blam'd, (especially by a Mother) I will in this your Extremity, in hope of your Reformity, manifest a Motherly Love unto you: Your Debts shall be paid, you set at Liberty, and some speedy Course be taken for your future Maintenance, if you will confirm what you have written; I will be with you to morrow, till then comfort your self, and pray for me, who am

Your indulgent Mother, A. B.

A Lover being to go beyond the Seas, takes leave of his Mistress thus.

My Dear,

SO leave the winter'd People of the North, the Minutes of their Summer, when the Sun departing leaves them in cold Walls of Ice, as I leave thee (my only Happiness on Earth) commanded from thy Presence by an irresistible Fate. But though we are sever'd for a Time, a span of Time, 'twill encrease our Joys, when next we meet; when we shall join again in a confirmed Unity for ever: Such will our next embraces be, my Dear, when the remembrance of former Dangers, (our Parents Anger frowns upon our Loves) will fasten Love in Perpetuity, will force our Sleeps to steal upon our Stories. These Days must come, and shall, without a Cloud or Night of Fear or Envy: Till when, keep warm my Soul within thy Bosom.

Thy real Lover, W.G.

Complemental and Amorous Ways of  
Wooing, and other Entertainments.

To wooe a fair young Gentlewoman.

*Philander.*

*M*adam, attracted by your Vertues, I come to offer up my Service at the shrine of your Beauty, desiring you to excuse my boldness, since Love compelled me, whose Deity no Mortal is able to resist.

*Silvia.*

Sir, For your Rhetorical Expressions I should commend you, but where Complements are strained so high, the Tongue is seldom the Ambassador of the Heart, therefore if you would have me to think any Reality in your Speech, wave Complements, for Truth seeks not these Fig-Leaves of art to cover it.

*Philander.*

Dearest Love, I desire to be rightly understood, your bright Beauty it is that hath captivated my Soul, those two fair Eyes of thine have wounded my Heart which nothing but the Balsam of your Love can make whole again.

*Silvia.*

O, Sir, you must pardon me if I think you flatter, for I cannot believe my Beauty hath such Power to force such Effects within your Heart.

E

*Philander.*

*Philander.*

O say not so, for if you felt the Force of Cupid's Dart as I do, you would say that nothing can touch my Soul like the Grief that I endure: O pity then my sad Condition! And think with your self that your fair Eyes have too much Majesty in them to serve for Baits or Allurements of a dissembling Lover.

*Silvia.*

Sir, you must pardon me if I doubt of the Sincerity of your affection till further trial; I shall therefore suspend my Answer till Time, the Mother of Truth, shall make known your Reality; in the mean time live in hope; yet know that I shall never cheris' any Lov: but what hath Virtue to its Basis or Foundation.

*Philander.*

'Thanks, Dearest Mistress, and may the Gods so prosper me in my Suit, as Virtue and Honour is the sole end that I propose to my self.

To woee a young Maid.

*Young Man.*

Purest Virgin, I know not which way to begin to open unto you the Secrets of my Breast, my Tongue falters in its Discourse, and is not tipp'd with Eloquence; but this know, you are she to whose Service my Heart is devoted, you are the Person on whom my Affections are placed, you are she whom I adore, the scope and end of all my Desires and Hopes.

*Young Woman.*

You speak strange Lines, Sir, though my own unworthiness checks me to think I deserve them; but you Men

You love to flatter, and with smooth Words bring Maids into a Fool's Paradise, and then laugh at the Folly of those whom so sly you have deluded.

## Young Man.

If my Tongue and Heart be not Relatives, may the one be stricken Dumb, and the other punished with Disdain where it most affects; no, all that is mine is no less yours than are your own Thoughts and Words; nor can you ever do so much for me but that the Affection wherewith I adore you, and the Faith I have reposed in you, will prove far greater.

## Young Woman.

Fair Words make Fools fain. Cupid (they say) luggs at Perjuries: Men think Womens Hearts to be made of Wax, fit to receive any Impression that a smooth Tale puts on them: But I am not so young to believe all that Men say, nor so unwise by a few flattering Words to enter Loves Labyrinth, wherein so many before me have lost their Way.

## Young Man.

Fairest Mistress, Be not so cruel to him that affects you so dearly. Narcissus disdaining others, was at last punished with Self-love. Beauty is but a Blossom, and therefore fading: Time forces Youth to give Place to Age; and most commonly those who disdain others when Young, are themselves disdained when they are Old.

## Young Woman.

Could I assure my Self your Love were real, Opinion might alter, and Fancy might doat where now it distrusts. Celia might say that she were Strephon's,

if she were sure that Strephon were really Celia's; Till Time therefore hath made a farther trial of your Truth, give me leave to remain as I am: Yet this know, that if I find you faithful, you may expect a better Answer at your Return.

*Young Man.*

In Confidence of that Happiness I shall not fail to visit you again, in the mean time, let one Kiss seal unto me the Ratification of this your gracious Promise.

To wooe a Widow.

*Gentleman.*

Come Widow, it is time now to dry away Tears from your Eyes, and bethink you of another Husband. It is too much for you to take all the Care of a Family upon you, I come to offer my Service to be Partner with you in this Trouble.

*Widow.*

I thank you, Sir, for your kind Proffer, but I mean to continue in this State still; the Remembrance of my kind Husband cannot so soon die, that I should already entertain a new Lover into my Heart.

*Gentleman.*

It is an old, but true Saying, that *We must live by the Quick and not by the Dead.* Suppose he were one that loved you dearly, maintained you bravely, and in every respect shewed himself a true and faithful Friend to you: Think not the Stock of good Husbands so far spent, but that there is still some left who can equal if not exceed him in every Degree.

*Widow.*

Widow.

Such Husband's are thick sown but thin come up ;  
however, I speak not this of you, for I must confess if  
I were minded to marry I should embrace your Love as  
soon as any ones that I know, but being now free, I in-  
tend not to subject my self to the Rule of a Husband  
any more.

Gent'eman

Be not so much an Enemy to your own Good,  
as by a foolish Nicety to debar your self the  
Pleasures of a second Marriage-Bed.

Widow.

Good Sir, if you love me, shew it in this, to cease  
your Suit at this Time, for to tell you true, I am not  
now in the loving Vein

Gentleman.

Farewel, Widow, for this time, yet think not  
but I will come again ; Tush, Women were made  
to be won, faint Heart never gained fair Lady ;  
Denial is no Disgrace.

James an Apprentice, with Jane his Master's Daugh-  
ter in the Dark.

James. I Swear James I will wake my Father and  
Mother if you offer these rude Tricks ; I  
wonder how the Candle went out.

James. Sweet Misses Jane be not angry, I  
scorn to offer you any Incivility, but I hope you  
will not be angry if I say I love you.

Jane. Love me little, and love me long ; you  
are short of your Time James ; Four Years yet to  
serve, think on that James.

James. I could serve Four hundred Years me-  
thinks, had I but hope to win your Love at last,

the very sight of you dispels all sad Thoughts of Servitude, and I am as free as the Air I breathe in, while I can frequently gaze on that Celestial Face of yours.

*Jane.* You have an English Expositor in your Box *James*, and therefore I do not wonder that you talk so fluently ; besides, you write Verses now and then, I liked those wondrous well that you made of our Boar-Cat that fell into the House of Office.

*James.* I made one Copy to Day at the request of a new Married Man, you know him I am sure Mistress *Jane*, T. S. the Milliner by the Stocks.

*Jane.* Let me hear them good *James*, he that puts a snaffle of Verses into my Mouth may lead me e'en where he List, I mean still in the Way of honesty *James*.

*James.* I know that Mistress *Jane*, the Verses are these :

*A Modest Wife is such a Jewel,  
Every Goldsmith cannot show it ;  
He that's honest and not cruel  
Is the likeliest Man to owe it.*

How do you like them Mistress *Jane* ?

*Jane.* Now by my Maidenhead exceeding wel' : Adg Bodikins we are undone : my Father knocks I swear.

*James.* One kiss dear Mistress *Jane*.

*Jane.* Take half a Dozen, but make no delay ; you know my Father is a hasty Man.

*The Master being angry that his Apprentice makes Love to his Daughter, thus Schools him.*

*M<sup>r</sup>. Master.* Sirrah, you shall know that you are my Servant, my Apprentice bound and enrol'ed, tho' I have often intrusted thee with all I am Master of at home and abroad, yet I do not remember that I ever gave my Consent that thou shouldest court my Daughter, and just in the nick of Time too, when she is on the very point of Preferment, as they say, when I had found out a wealthy Husband for her, but I shall bresk the Neck of your Design, and mar your Matter of Matrimony.

*Servant.* SIR, I acknowledge my self your Creature, a Thing that is wholly at your Disposal; yet give me leave to say, that I have not been careless of that which concerns your Profit, nor have I lavished and wasted your Stock by my Unthriftiness, I never wore your Gains upon my Back, nor exhausted your Treasure by my Riots; but for your Daughter, if her Love have the least Relation to me, I shall not Endeavour to stop it, though I were sure to be broken upon the Wheel in case I neglected it; nor indeed am I able to frown upon her fair Wishes, whose Love I durst own to the Tee h<sup>t</sup> of torture; nor will you (I hope) have a Thought of matching her to that lame Piece of Letchery.—

*Master.* 'Tis very well, I shall receive Instructions from you to whom I shall wed my Daughter, but I shall discharge your Wisdom from any such Employment; I do here discharge you my House, take your own Liberty; and when I know not where to find a Son-in-Law I will send

for you; be gone Sir, I do freely free you my Service, you are your own Master now, but shall never be my Daughter's Husband.

*Two Faithful Lovers Complement each other, meeting accidentally.*

*She.* Sweet, &c. welcome: *Dido* was not more joyful when *Eneas* landed on the Carthaginian Shore, than I am to meet thee thus happily

*He.* Thrice blessed be that kind Fate which conducted me to this Place, where I have the sight of her who is the sole Comfort that I have on Earth.

*She.* You may see how much *Fortune* is our Friend.

*He.* They say that *Fortune* is only courteous to Coxcombs,

*She.* By that rule (my Dear) you should not be overwise.

*He.* Nay, sometimes the fly Goddess affords a glance or so, even to those that are meriting, but that it is very seldom, and at best but to shew her mutability, not that she is Friend to worth. — What says my Dear unto that faithful love which I have ever fervently profest.

*She.* I shall not dissemble, though I blush to acknowledge it; that very blind Boy who has wounded you, has also lodg'd an Arrow in my Breast, I love you dear'y; and may those Powers who govern all Things Terrestrial, grant not only the Fruition, but the Felicity that all Loyal Lovers merit.

*He.* You make me happy above Humane Thought, my Breast is too narrow to comprehend

hind those numerous Joys that throng about my Heart

*She.* My Father you know will do his utmost to hinder what God and Nature I hope has decreed; I mean, he will use all the Stratagems that can be imagined to dissolve this sacred Union; he swears I shall marry with a Man of Wealth, and of his chusing, or he will not own me for his Child, but I scorn *Mammon* and his *Muses*, the Goods of the Mind are the Things that I prize, yet I would have you use your utmost Skill (if it be possible) to obtain my Father's Consent.

*He.* I shall be guided by thee my fair One, were the Venture more Perilous than that of *Jason* for the Golden Fleece; thou art my chaste *Medea*, and being armed with thy oraculous Counsel, I shall not fear to force my way, tho' opposed by Millions of Dangers.

*She.* Thanks my gentle Love; but lest that my Father (whose jealous Head is haunted with more doubts than *Argus* was furnished with Eyes) should suspect our Conference, I will presently leave you. Farewell dearest Friend until our next Meeting.

*He.* Adieu my Love, let the fairest Fortune attend thee, I will resort to your Father to morrow to implore his Consent, I have a Hope to prevail upon him.

### *A Dialogue betwixt Will and Joan.*

*Will.*

*C*ome *Joan*, we are towards Marriage, let us talk of that will do us good: What will thy Grandam give us towards House-keeping?

puts a snaffle of Verses into my Mouth may lead  
me e'en where he list; I mean still in the Way  
of honesty James.

James. I know that Mistress Jane, the Verses  
are these:

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Jane. Now by my Maidenhead exceeding wel':  
Adg Bodikins we are undone: my Father knocks  
I swear.

James. One kiss dear Mistress Jane.

Jane. Take half a Dozen, but make no delay;  
you know my Father is a hasty Man.

Matter of Misdemeanor,

Sir, I acknowledge my being your  
Creature, a Thing that is wholly at your Dispos-  
al; yet give me leave to say, that I have not  
been careless of that which concerns your Pro-  
fit, nor have I lavished and wasted your Stock  
by my Unthriftness, I never wore your Gains  
upon my Back, nor exhausted your Treasure by  
my Riots; but for your Daughter, if her Love  
have the least Relation to me, I shall not Endeav-  
our to stop it, though I were sure to be broken  
upon the Wheel in case I neglected it; nor in-  
deed am I able to frown upon her fair Wishes,  
whose Love I durst own to the Teeth of torture,  
nor will you (I hope) have a Thought of match-  
ing her to that lame Piece of Latchery.—

Mrs. "Tis very well, I shall receive Instruc-  
tions from you to whom I shall wed my Daugh-  
ter, but I shall discharge your Wilson from any  
such Employment; I do here discharge you my  
House, take your own Liberty, and when I  
know not where to find a Son-in-Law I will send

for you; be gone Sir, I do freely free you my Service, you are your own Master now, but shall never be my Daughter's Husband.

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head those numerous Joys that throng about my Heart

Ske. My Father you know will do his utmost to hinder what God and Nature I hope has decreed; I mean, he will use all the Stratagems that can be imagined to dissolve this sacred Union; he swears I shall marry with a Man of Wealth, and of his chusing, or he will not own me for his Child, but I scorn Mammon and his Mass, the Goods of the Mind are the Things that I prize, yet I would have you use your utmost Skill (if it be possible) to obtain my Father's Consent.

He. I shall be guided by thee my fair One, were the Venture more Perilous than that of *Jas'tu* for the Golden Fleece; thou art my chaste Minerva, and being armed with thy oraculous Counsel, I shall not fear to force my way, tho' opposed by Millions of Dangers.

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He. Adieu my Love, let the fairest Fortune attend thee, I will resort to your Father to morrow to implore his Consent, I have a Hope to prevail upon him.

*A Dialogue betwixt Will, and Joan.*

Will.

Come Joan, we are towards Marriage, let us talk of that will do us good: What will thy Grandam give us towards House-keeping?

E s

Joan.

*John.* Marry, Two Platters, a Pot and a Pan,  
Two Dishes, and as many Spoons, a Sheet and  
Two flannel Blankets

*Will.* This is pretty well indeed, let me see;  
We must be askt in the Church next *Sunday*, and  
we'll be married presently.

*John.* I faith my Honey sweet Comb, I love  
thee; we'll have a whole Noise of Fiddlers, thic'  
I pawn my Petticoat for't: Come *Wil'*. Let us  
make haste home, and we'll make a Bag-pudding  
to Supper.

*Will.* Come away Chuck.

*Floria and Phillis,* Two near Neighbouring Damsells,  
*discourse of their Loves;* resolving not to marry  
Old Men for Money.

*Flor.* **P**HILLIS, I kiss your Hands.

**P**hillis. *Floria,* I pray you pardon me;  
I saw you not.

*Flor.* I faith you have fixt Thoughts draw  
your Eyes inward, that you see not your Friends  
before you.

*Phil.* True, and I think, the same that trouble  
you.

*Flor.* Then 'tis the Love of a young Gentle-  
man, and bitter Hatred of an old Dotard.

*Phil.* 'Tis so, witness your Brother *Francis*,  
and the rotten Carcass of old *Roderigo*: Had I a  
Hundred Hearts, I should want room to enter-  
tain his Love, and the others Hate.

*Flor.* I could say as much, were't not sin to  
slander the dead. Miserable Wenches! how have  
we offended our Fathers, that they should make  
us the Price of their Dotage, the Medicines of  
their Griefs, that have more need of Physick our  
selves?

selves? I thank my dead Mother that left me a Woman's Will; in her last Testament; that's all the Weapons we poor Girls can use; and with that will I fight against Father, Friends, and Kindred, and either enjoy Gerarde, or die in the Field in his Quarrel.

*Phil.* You are happy, that can withstand your Fortune with so merry a Resolution.

*Flor.* Why should I twine my Arms to Cables, sit up all Night like a watching Candle, and distil my Grains through my Eye-lids? Your Brother loves me and I love your Brother; and where these Two consent, I would fain see a Third cou'd hinder us.

*Phil.* Alas! our Sex is most wretched; no sooner born, but nurs'd up from our Infancy in continual Slavery; no sooner able to pray for our selves, but they possess us with the Anger of our Parents, that we dare not offer to bate our Desires: And whereas it becomes Men to vent their amorous Passions at their Pleasure, we (poor Souls) must take up our Affections in the Ashes of a burnt Heart, not daring to sigh without excuse of the Spleen, or Kit of the Mother.

*Flor.* I will plainly profess my Love; 'tis honest, chaste, and stains not Modesty: Shall I be married (by my Father's Compulsion) to an old-feeble Fellow, who is able to beget nothing but Groans; a dry Skin Dotard, a weak Back Coxcomb? No, no, I'll see him freeze to Crystal first. In other Things, good Father, I am your most obedient Daughter; but in this, a pure Woman. And in troth, the Temper of my Blood tells me, I was never born to so cold a Misfortune: My Genius whispers me in the Ear, and I swear,

swears, we shall enjoy our Loves ; fear it not, my Friend, and so farewell, good *Phillis*, farewell, farewell.

*Phil.* Farewel, merry-hearted *Floria*.

*A Young Citizen Courting his Neighbour's Daughter.*

*Antonio and Clarina.*

*Ant.* Good morrow, sweet *Clarina*; in exchange of this Kiss, see what I have brought thee from the *Exchange*.

*Clar.* What m. an you, Sir, by this?

*Ant.* Guess that by the Circumstance: Here's a Ring, wear't for my sake; Twenty Guinea's, pocket them, you Fool. Come, come, I know thou art a Maid: Say nay, and take them.

*Clar.* Sir, I beseech you, fasten no more upon me, than I may at ease shake off. Your Gift I reverence, yet refuse: And I pray tell me, why do you come so often hither, send me so many Letters, fasten on me so many Favours? what's your meaning in't?

*Ant.* Hark in thy Ear, I'll tell thee: Is't possible so soft a Body should have so hard a Soul? Nay, now I know my Penance; you will be angry and school me for tempting your Modesty. A fig for this Modesty; it hinders many a good Man from many a good Turn, and that's all the good it doth: But if thou but knewest, *Clarina*, how I love thee, thou wouldst be far more tractable. Nay, I bar chiding when thou speak'ft: I'll stop thy Lips if thou dost but offer an angry Word; by this Hand I'll do't, and with this too.

*Clarina.* Sir, If you love me, as you say, you do, shew me the Fruits thereof.

*Antonio.*

*Ant.* The Stock I can ; thou may'st see the Fruits hereafter.

*Clar.* Can I believe you love me, when you seek the Shipwreck of my Honour ?

*Ant.* Honour ! there's another Word to flap in a Man's Mouth. Honour ! why should'st thou and I stand upon our Honour, that were neither of us yet right Worshipful ?

*Clar.* I am sorry, Sir I have lent so large an Ear to such a bad Discourse ; and I protest, after this Hour, never to do the like. I must confess, of all the Gentlemen that ever courted me, you have possess'd the best part in my Thoughts : But this course Language exiles you quite from thence. Sir, had you come, instead of changing this my honest Name into a Strumpet's, to have honour'd me with the chaste Title of an honest Wife, I had referv'd an Ear for all your Suits ; but since I see your Rudeness finds no Limit, I'll leave you to your Lust.

*Ant.* You shall not, *Clarina*.

*Clar.* Then keep your Tongue within more moderate Bounds.

*Ant.* I will ; as I am virtuous, I will. I told you the second Word would be a Marriage : It mak's a Man forfeit his Freedom, and walk up and down ever after, with a Chain at his Heels. Marriage is like *Dædalus* his Labyrinth ; and being once in, there's no finding the way out. Well, I love this little Property most intolerably ; and I must set her on the Last, though it cost me all the Stooes in my Shop. Well, *Clarina*, thou seest my Stomach is come down ; thou hast my Heart already, there's my Hand.

*Clarina.* But in what way ?

*Antonio.* Nay I know not the Way yet; but I hope to find it hereafter, by your good Direction.

*Clar.* I mean, in what manner, in what way?

*Ant.* In the way of Marriage, in the way of Honesty. I hope thou art a Maid, *Clarina*.

*Clar.* Yes, Sir, and I accept it; in exchange of this, you shall receive my Heart.

*Ant.* A Bargain, and there's Earnest on thy Lips.

*A rough Soldier in Discourse with a soft Lady.*

*Sold.* ~~N~~OW, Lady, are you in haſt? Or do you ſlight a Prefence may Challenge your Observance? I am come confident of my Merit, to inform you, you ought to yield me the moſt ſtrict regard your Love can offer.

*Lady.* Sir, I am not (though I affe&t not ſelf-conceited boſt) ſo ignorant of my Worth, but I deserve from him who will enjoy me, a Reſpe&t more fair and courtlike.

*Sold.* The blunt Phraſe of War is my accuſtomed Language; yet I can tell you y'are very handsome, and direct your Looks with a becom-ing Poſture; I muſt ſpeak in the Heroick Diale&t, as I uſe to court *Bellona*, when my Deſires aim at a glorious Victory.

*Lady.* You'll scarce conquer a Lady with this ſtern Discouſe; *Mars* did not wooe the Queen of Love in Arms, but wrapt his batter'd Limbs in *Persian* Silks, or costly *Tyrian* Purples, ſpoke in Smiles to win her tempting Beauty.

*Sold.* I'll bring well-manag'd Troops of Sol-diers to the Fight, draw big Battalia's like a mo-ving Field of ſtanding Corn blown one way by the Wind, againſt the frightened Enemy; the Van ſhall ſave the Rear a labour, and by me marshal'd ſhall

shall fo'd bright Conquest in the Curles. *Pencian Daphne*, who did fly the Sun, shall give her Boughs to me for Ravishment, to invest my awful Front; and this shall prostrate (spight of all Opposition) your nice Soul to my commanding Merit.

*Lady.* These high Terms were apt to fright an Enemy, or beget Terror in flinty Bosoms. Can you think a timorous Lady can affect her Fear, yield the Security of her Peace and Life to th<sup>e</sup> Protection of her Honour? You must not persuade my Thoughts, that you who vary to the Scene of Love, can act it presently.

*Sold.* Slighted Lady! 'tis a Contempt inhumane, and deserves my utmost Scorn: I must find one more pliant.

*A Gentleman solicits a virtuous Gentlewoman to have the Use of her Body, only to prove her.*

*Robertus.* RE you still resolute (my dearest Mistress) to persist in your strange Tyranny, and scorn my constant Love?

*Lucretia.* Do not, Sir, abuse that sacred Title which the Powers Celestial glory in, by ascribing it to your hot Desires; pray rather cloath them in their own Attributes; term them your Lust, Sir, your wild irregular Lust.

*Rob.* This is coyness, a cunning coyness, to make me esteem at a high Rate, that Jewel which you seem to part from so unwillingly: (Merchants use it, to put bad Ware away:) think how much Gold and Silver thou shalt gain, in the Exchange of one poor trivial Commodity: That thing call'd Honour, which you so much stand upon, is merely an imaginary Voice, an unsubstantial

substantial Essence; and yet for that thou shalt have real Pleasures, such as Ladies, prone to delicious Luxury, wou'd covet to sate their Desires.

*Luc.* Away, Sir, you have a canker'd Soul; and know, Sir, not your Estate (were you rich *Cæsus's* Heir) shall buy my Honour.

*Rob.* Pray, Sweet, forgive me; seal it with one chaste kis, and henceforth let me adore you as the saver of my Honour (had I meant as I said.) My Truth and Fame's preserver, by Heaven, I did but try you, I must confess, having a great Ambition to prove them Lyers, who extoll'd your Worth Had you yielded to my Desires (my looser Heart by your Consent extinguish'd) I should have esteem'd, (yea, divulg'd it to the World) that you were but a Piece of counterfeit Gold, a fair House haunted with Goblins, which none but a mad Man would enter to posses: but I have found your Worth, and beg your Pardon.

*Luc.* You have it, Sir, although 'twas not well done to tempt a Woman's Weakness. Fare you well, Sir.

*Rob.* Farewell, the best of Women.

*A Friend having brought one of his Acquaintance home, thus entertains him.*

*Frederick.* SIR, I have too much intrench'd upon your Patience, to bring you thus far, for so poor a Welcome.

*Francisco.* You have oblig'd my Gratitude above Thought: Your Heart I see's as fairly spacious, as this your well-built, richly furnish'd Fabrick. I am too poor in Courtship, to express how I accept this Favour.

*Frederick.*

*Fredrick.* You abound in all Perfections. Please you to sit and taste those homely Cates my House affords, which I present unto you with as awful Love, as Mortals offer Incense to the Deities.

*Franc.* You prompt me what to say, Sir : Those Words transvers'd, would better fit my utterance.

*Fred.* Pray, Sir, let this be but a formal Entrance unto our future Friendship : I am oblig'd to you for many Favours ; in the Performance of which Courtesies, you have shewn your self the legitimate Son of your most worthy Father, as well Heir to his Vertues, as his Lands.

*Franc.* Sir, Challenge all my Services as your own ; command whate'er is mine : All my Faculties shall be employ'd to practise Retribution.

*Fred.* Sir, I thank you, and shall be ever prest to gratifie your Goodness. Pray, Sir, eat ; how relish you this Rhenish Wine ?

*Franc.* 'Tis precious as the Milk of Queens : I have not drank the like : Great Ottoman himself quaffs not a purer Liquor. Sir, to our future Amity.

*Fred.* I most cordially thank you. My House was never furnish'd until now, your Presence makes me happy.

*Franc.* Sir, You too much grace your Servant.

*Fred.* Sir, You want what I wish, some choice Dishes, which would perswade you to feed more freely.

*Franc.* *Lucullus*, were he here himself, could not repine at this repast : I am no Gormundizer, nor yet am guilty of their ridiculous Gestures, who must have every Bit sawc'd with this Word, Sir, I beseech you eat ; and rise as hungry, but more Fools by far, than when they late down.

*Frederick.*

*Fred.* You are in all Respects your self, Sir; But 'faich, since we're so opportunely met, let us not part so coolly. Though my own Wine be good, the mischief is, I have no Bush hangs at my Door, no Linen Aprons to squ'ak *Anon*, Sir: the Name of Tavern, adds to our Desires. Me-thinks Absurdities dance round about me, when I drink Healths at home.

*Franc.* Sir, *Bacchus* will reward you for your Courtesie entail'd unto his Priest. My Service waits upon you.

*A Complement between a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman before a Milliners-Shop in the Exchange.*

*M*adam, y'are welcome to this Paradise of Toys: be pleas'd to chuse what you like, and I shall sacrifice to your Beauty upon the Altar of this Shop, what Gold you shall think fit to command from my Pockets.

*Sir,* You enrich me with your Gifts; I'll assure you Sir; I do as freely accept of your Kindness, as you do liberally bestow them: For we Ladies of this Town, seldom have any mercy upon a Country-Gentleman's Pocket, when we meet with an Opportunity to empty it.

*Madam,* Your nimble Eye wherewith you do espy the Faults of Garb and Habit, emboldens me to crave your Judgment concerning the cut of my Cloaths, the choice of my Fancies, and the sling of my Legs.

*Sir,* For your Cloaths, were not your Breeches a little too long, they were Jeer-proof against all the Ladies either in *Hide-Park* or *Spring-Garden*. You walk such a barbary Prance, and stately Step, that your Feet are like Load-stones, drawing the Eyes of all Persons on you. *Madam,*

Mad'm, I wish the Gods would transform me into this Fan, that I am now about to give you, that I might be always puffing into your Mouth the Breath of my Affections; or this Piece of Ribband, that I might always hang about you in Two Tasseis, the one at your Breast, the other at your Breech.

Sir, I never fancied Flesh-colour Knots, nor am I about to build Cities, that you should prefer me your Hide to measure the Compass of the Walls; if I were, your Favours, Sir, merit, that I should like *Dido*, use something else for that Work; rather chusing you for my *Aneas*, to help me to People it.

*A Horse-Courser courting a Parsons Widow.*

Ady, The great Affection that I bear you, and the great desire I have to be lucky in Horse-flesh, spur me on to accost you with an humble Request, that I may be your Servant.

Sir, Your proper Person and eloquent Language would accuse me of Ingratitude, should my Obstinacy, to your reasonable Demands, be any Hindrance to your fortunate Markets.

*An Apprentice and a young Lady at a Boarding-School.*

Ady, Seeing the painted Cloth of your Virtues hang out at the Window, and Fame standing at the Door with a Trumpet in her Hand, I could not chuse, out of a natural Inclination which I have to Sights and Puppet-Shews, but step in to behold the monstrousness of your Beauties; and now, Madam, having seen you, I admire you more than the Hairy-Gentlewoman.

Sir,

*Sir*, Your Kindness proceeds more from your Goodness than my Desert; but you must give me leave to think you Complément, since you have compar'd me to a Person whose incomparable Qualities are as much above mine, as *Pauls* is above *S. Gregory's*.

*Lady*, If you'll be pleas'd to take a Cheesecake and a Bottle of Syder as the Earnest of my Affection, I shall think my self honour'd with waiting on you.

*Sir*, I shall not refuse the proffer of your Kindness, for the short Commons our Mistress allows us, makes us very willing to embrace such Invitations.

*At the Spring-Garden.*

*Madam*, Let me beg a Kiss from you, that I may drink to you in that Liquor which I most love, the Nectar of your Lips.

Your Servant, *Sir*, now give me leave to pledge you in that Liquor which I most love, which is a Glafs of Syder.

*Madam*, These Cheesecakes were made to eat, I would you could feed on them with that Eagerness, that I could feed on the Perfections of your Face; there is in them sweetness, tenderness, and pleasantness, the Emblems of your Qualifications.

*Sir*, I know not how to recompence these Favours, so that I am troubled that I must be now more in your Debt, before I have gratify'd your first Kindnesses.

At Parting.

Empress of my Soul, God give you good Night, many Thanks to you for your sweet Company.

I must return the same Acknowledgement to you again, Sir, who have this Night both fill'd my Heart with your Love, and my Belly with good Cheesecakes.

*A Passado Complement between a Gentleman and a Lady, meeting in Two several Coaches in the Highway going to Hide-Park.*

Y Our most humble Servant, Madam, I bless the Opportunity that now gives me leave to tell you how much I honour you, since you are the only Lady that ride triumphant in the Coach-Box of my Heart.

Sir, I do not know how I have merited so great a Favour, I wish it were a sufficient Recompence to let you understand, that you are the only Person that hold the Reins of my Affection.

Madam, Be pleased to honour me with your Commands, and I shall diet my self like a Race-Horse, that I may be swift to obey them.

Sir, My Commands are only, that you would accept of my Love, which I bestow upon you with the same freeness that you ever gave your Mistress a Bottle of Wine and Tarts.

O dear Madam, your most humble Servant.  
Drive on Coachman.

*Between a Gentleman and a Seamstress.*

**L**ady, The niceness of your Neckcloaths which I do now and then send for by my Foot-Boy, hath brought me to visit the Maker of those comely Ornaments of my Neck.

Sir Were it not for speaking against my Trade and Profit, I would say that your good Face needs no Help.

*Then the Gentleman lolling over the Counter thus proceeds.*

Truly Mistress, I do not wonder that your pretty Fingers do kitch up so many neat Ornaments, seeing that you are that very Picture of Ornament it self, and doubtless your Trade must be very innocent, for you deal all in white.

Sir, Your good Opinion doth much oblige me; yet I entreat the Favour of you to believe, that there is as much deceit in our Trade, as in any Occupation about London.

Lady, You may perceive by my Behaviour and Garb, that I am a Person wholly made up of Complements, so that the greatest Complement that I can give you, is my self. And as a Testimony of this, I should be glad to give you a Treatment at the Spring-Garden, not daring to doubt, but that you are, as Fame speaketh of most of your Calling, of a courteous and yielding Nature.

Sir, Your great Estate would argue me of Folly, should I deny you any Thing that may obtain your Custom.

*Between the Country-Bumpkin and his Mistress going to a Fair.*

Well overtaken my dear *Katey*, I no sooner  
beard that you were gone to the Fair, but  
I came a swinging Pace after thee; for in troth  
*Kate* I love thee above all Things, as a Man may  
say, in the versal World. Alas, *Kate*, thy Love  
hath gor'd me to the very Heart, so that I shall  
be always as sick as a Horse till thou haft cur'd  
me with the Plaister of thy Love.

Nay *Richard*, As bad as I love thee; I do not  
love thee so ill, but that I'll kiss my Lips into a  
Consumption to save thy Life.

Hey day, say'st thou me so *Kate*? God a mercy  
for that Girl, by the mass, and that word shall  
cost me the best Fairing in the Pedlers-Pack.  
Come hold by my Skirts, and let's make all the  
haste we can *Kate*.

O Dear, *Richard*, how you sweat! here take  
my Handkercher to wipe your Face. But, *Ri-  
chard* must not I wear a good Ring like my  
Dame, when I am married.

Aye *Kate*, and a Posie in it too, which shall  
be this, *Richard and Kate shall live without Hate*.  
Twas my own Invention, and judge you now  
*Kate*, if I be not a brave Blade to lead a Hen to  
water.

Truly *Richard* did I not take you for a very  
pretty Fellow, you should not be so much in my  
Books as you are; I know more than one or two  
that would kiss my Back-side to have half those  
Favours from me that you have received. Bless  
us! how the Fair's crowded already.

*In the Fair.*

Come *Kate*, follow close, unhook my Doublet,  
take fast hold on my Wasteband, Shoulders make  
room for your Mistress. Come, dost do, Come  
*Kate* where are ye? what do ye like at that Stall?

Oh *Richard*, I'll tell thee what thou shalt give  
me; a Silver Bodkin to scratch my Head at  
Church withal, and a Silver Thimble to make  
thy Wedding-Shirt.

What thou wilt *Kate*, my Fob Buttons, and un-  
buttons at thy Command. Uds boars' *Kate*, why  
dost think I won't please my Sweet-heart, Yes  
'fath, and I'll give thee a Bottle of White-wine  
and Sugar too at the *George*, before we go home.

*At the Inn.*

Come *Kate*, give me thy Sugar-candy Fist.  
Here's to thee with Heart and good Will. And  
now caper *Dick* for joy; *Kate's thine, Kate's thine*,  
Boy. I have purchased her with a Silver Bodkin  
and a Thimble, and she's now my Tenant in  
Tail: Come Girl, give me thy Hand once more,  
and strike me good Luck.

Here *Richard*, here's to thee. I'll warrant thee  
a merry Grig how e'er the World go.

Come say away Girl;

*Hey down a down a derry down,*  
*Hey down a down a derry down;*  
*My Love she is as brown as a Net,*  
*My Love's a very pretty little Slut;*  
*She bath a dimple in her Chin,*  
*And I am he that did her win.*

A Col-

A  
COLLECTION  
OF THE  
Choicest and Newest  
SONGS.

SONG L.

The Sun was just setting, the reaping was  
And over the Common I tript it alone,(done,  
When whom should I meet but young Dick of our  
(Town,  
Who swore e'er I went I should have a-green  
(Gown,  
He prest me I stumbl'd, he push't me I tumbl'd,  
He kist me I grumbl'd, but still he kist on,  
Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.  
If he be not hamper'd for serving me so  
May I be worse rumpled, worse tumbled and jumbled,  
Where-ever, where-ever I go.

Before an old Counsel I summon'd the Spark,  
And how do you think I was serv'd by his Clark,  
He pull'd out his Ink-horn and ask'd me his Fee,  
You now shall relate the whole BusinesS quoth he,  
He prest me, &c.

The Lawyer then came, and tho' grave was his  
 (Look,  
 Seem'd to wish I would kiss him instead of the  
 (Book,  
 He whisper'd his Clerk then, and leaving the  
 (Place,  
 I was had to his Chamber to open my Case;  
*He prest me, &c.*

## SONG II.

**T**Hus *Damon* knock'd at *Celia's* Door,  
 Thus *Damon* knock'd at *Celia's* Door;  
 He sigh'd and begg'd, and wept and swore,  
 The sign was so, she answer'd No,  
 The sign was so, she answer'd No,  
 No, no, no, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,  
 No *Damon*, no, no, no, no, no,  
 I am afraid,  
 Consider *Damon*, I'm a Maid,  
 Consider *Damon*, no, no, no, no, no, no,  
 I'm a Maid.

At last his sighs and tears made way,  
 She rose and softly turn'd the Key,  
 Come in said she, but do not, do not stay,  
 I may conclude you will be rude,  
 But if you are you may:  
 I may conclude you will be rude; &c.

## SONG III.

**N**O, no, poor suffering Heart, no change En-  
 (deavour,  
 Chuse to sustain the smart, rather than leave her;  
 My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charms about her,  
 I can dye with her, but not live without her:

One

One tender sigh from her; to see me languish,  
Will more than pay the price of my past Anguish.  
Beware, oh cruel fair ! how you smile on me,  
'Twas a kind Look of thine that has undone me.

SONG IV.

**D**E'el take the War that hurry'd Willy from  
    who to love me ~~je~~st had sworn, (me,  
They made him Captain sure to undoe me,  
    waa is me he' l ne'er return ;  
A thoufand Loons abroad will fight him,  
    he from thoufands ne'er would run,  
Day and Night did I invite him  
    to stay safe from Sword or Gun :  
    I us'd alluring Graces,  
    with muckle kind Embraces,  
Now sighing, then crying, Tears dropping fall,  
    and had he my soft Arms,  
    preferr'd to Wars Alarms,  
My Love grows mad, without the Man of gad,  
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I washt and patcht to make me look provoking,  
Snares that they told me would catch the Men,  
And on my Head, a huge Commode sat cocking,  
which made me shew a tall agen:

For a new Gown too I paid muckle Money,  
 which with golden Flowers did shine ;  
 My Love well might think me gay and bonny,  
 no Scotch Lass was e'er so fine :

My Petticoat I spotted,  
 Fringe too with Thred I knotted,  
 Lace Shooes, silken Hose garter'd over Knee,  
 but oh ! the fatal Thought,  
 to *Willy* these are nougat,  
 Who rid to Towns, and rifled with Dragoons,  
 When he silly Loon might have plunder'd me,

## SONG V.

If Love's a sweet Passion, why do's it torment?  
 If a bitter, O tell me, whence comes my Con-  
 tent?

Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I com-  
 plain?

Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain;  
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,  
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my  
 Heart.

I grasp her Hand gently, look languishing down,  
 And by passionate silence I make my love known;  
 But oh ! how I'm blest when so kind she do's

prove,  
 By some willing mistake to discover her Love ;  
 When in striving to hide it, she reveals all her  
 flame,

And our Eyes tell each other what neither can  
 name.

How pleasant is Beauty ? how sweet are the  
 Charms ?

How delightful Embraces ? how peaceful her  
 Arms ?

Sure

Sure there's nothing so easie, as learning to love,  
It's taught us on Earth, and by all Things above;  
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Hero's must

(yield)

For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair  
(Field.)

## SONG VI.

**H**ow lovely's a Woman before she's enjoy'd,  
When the Spirits are strong, and the Fancy

(not cloy'd,

We admire e'ry part, tho' never so plain, (dain.  
Which when thoroughly possess'd we quickly dis-

Each Lady we court, and beg they'd be kind,  
And when they consent for to be of our mind,  
We kiss and embrace, and do what's to be done,  
When their Bellies are full, we leave them forlorn.

All Women we see, we hope to enjoy,  
We think our selves happy, if they prove not coy,  
Each Feature we praise, and admire their Parts,  
Tho' to the next Face, we do proffer our Hearts.

So drinking we love too, just at the same rate,  
For when we are at it we foolish'y prate,  
What A&ts we have done, and set up for wit,  
But next Morning's Pains, our Pleasures do quit.

We drink all the Morning both Coffee and Tea,  
And think th're is none live more sober than we  
Till to dinner we move, then the Glass must go  
(round  
Full Bumpers of Wine, till our Senses are drown'd.

## SONG VII.

WHere got'st thou the Haver-Mill Bonack,  
 blind Booby can't thou not see,  
 Ise got it out of the Scotchman's Wallet,  
 as he lig lousing him under the Tree ;  
*Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,*  
*Come saddle my Horse and call up my Man,*  
*Come open the Gates and let me go free,*  
*And shew me the Way unto bonny Dundee.*

For I have neither robbed nor stole,  
 nor have I done any Injury ;  
 But I have gotten a fair Maid with Child,  
 the Minister's Daughter of bonny Dundee,  
*Come fill up my Cup, &c.*

A'ltho' Ise gotten her Maiden-head,  
 geud faith ife have given mine own in lieu,  
 For when at her Daddy's ife gan to Bed,  
 ife mow'd her without any more to do,  
 Ise cuddle her close and gave her a kiss,  
 Pray tell me now where is the harm of this :  
*Then open the Gates and let me go free,*  
*For Ise gan no more to bonny Dundee.*

All Scotland ne'er afforded a Lass.  
 so bonny and blith as Jenny my dear,  
 Ise gave her a Gown of Green on the Grass,  
 but now Ise no longer must tarry here ;  
 Then saddle my Nag that's bonny and gay,  
 For now it is time to gan hence away :  
*Then open the Gates, &c.*

## SONG VIII.

YOUNG I am and yet unskill'd,  
 How to make a Lover yield,  
 How to keep, or how to gain,  
 When to love, and when to feign, Take

Take me, take me, some of you,  
 While I yet am young and true,  
 E'er I can my Soul disguise,      (Eyes.  
 Heave my Breast, heave my Breast, and roll my  
 Stay not till I learn that way,  
 How to lie and to betray,  
 He that has me first is best,  
 For I may deceive the rest ;  
 Could I find a blooming Youth,  
 Full of Love, and full of Truth,  
 Brisk and of a ganty Mear,  
 I should long, I should long to be Fifteen.

O how sweet's a married Life ?  
 Methinks I fain would be a Wife,  
 Besides I hear some People tell,  
 That Maidens do lead Apes in Hell,  
 And tho' I be but young in Years,  
 Yet am possest with many Fears,  
 Lest your Love you should deny,  
 And I must, and I must a Maiden dye.

Come then come some pretty Man,  
 And I'll please you if I can,  
 If you fear I am too young,  
 I shall be older e'er its long ;  
 Take me, take me, then make hast ;  
 Whilst my Love is pure and chaste,  
 For I do declare to you,  
 That I will, that I will be ever true,

## SONG IX.

S Strike up drousie Gut-scrappers  
 S Gallants be ready, each with his Lady ;  
 Foot it about, till the Night be run out,  
 let no one's Humour pall.

Brisk Lads now cut your Capers,  
 Put your Legs to't, and shew you can do't ;  
 Frisk, frisk it away, till break of Day,  
 and hey for *Richmond Ball*.

Fortune-biters, Hags, Bum-fighters,  
 Nymphs of the Woods, and stale City Goods ;  
 Ye Cherubins and Seraphins,  
 Ye Caravans and Haradans,

in Order all advance :

*Twittenham Loobies, Thistleworth Poobies,*  
 Wits of the Town, and Beaus that have none ;  
 Ye Jacobites as sharp as Pins,  
 Ye Monsieurs, and ye Sooterkins,  
 I'll teach you all the Dance.

Come fair Ladies, whose Beauty  
 Is so admir'd, you are requir'd [Voice  
 To make your Choice. Oh ! how sweet is the  
 that sings so high and low ?

Then come here all together,  
 The black and brown, from every Town ;  
 Then, then you will find, Love will be kind,  
 and Joys will higher grow.

Mind your dancing, still advancing,  
 Now with a Grace, in each proper Place,  
 Move soft and sweet, advance, retreat,  
 And never fear, the Musick here.

mind still your own Affairs :  
*Battersey* Misses with your soft Kisses  
*Clapham* likewise with languishing Eyes,  
 With us be free to bear a part,  
 'Twill please young Ladies to the Heart ;  
 no Dance with this compares.

## SONG X.

Harming Jenny is fair and gay,  
 And blith as Nightingales in May,  
 And round her Eye-lids young Cupids play ;  
 in her Face the Spring is seen,  
 The Violet, Rose, and Lily,  
 And the Daffadilly ;  
 these are like young Billy's Queen :  
 And all the Swains do admire, and desire,  
 And lay Garlands by her,  
 and each burns with a pleasing Flame.

Balmy Kisses each Night.  
 Young Jenny gives me with delight,  
 And is a Lass most bonny, a Beauty bright :  
 she has Eyes that are black and fine,  
 Black as any Berry,  
 With a Hey-down derry,  
 brisk as any sparkling Wine ; (sure,  
 And without measure, to toy and take our Plea-  
 And I search her Treasure,  
 and I find her all o'er Divine.

He that sees a sweet Beauty in her Bed,  
 With Cheeks like Crimson red,  
 When on soft Pillows she lays her Head ;  
 straight must think on Ten thousand Joys,  
 Of sweet Maiden-kisses,  
 And of Virgin-blisses,  
 and of little bantling-Boys ;  
 'Tis so, for no Man, but loves a pretty Woman  
 (If she be not common)  
 thus 'tis Beauty that all decoys.

## SONG XI.

**D**raw Cupid draw, support thy Law,  
and let fair *Silvia* know  
What mighty Pain, her servile Swain,  
do's for her undergo;  
Convey a Dart into her Heart,  
and set her Eyes on Fire,  
And then return, and let her burn,  
like me in chaste Desire.

To *Silvia* steal and let her feel  
a bleeding Lover's Grief,  
Who through her Pride has been deny'd  
of Succour and Relief:  
For untill then, the best of Men  
she'll scornfully despise,  
But let her know, thy golden Bow  
can conquer her likewise.

## SONG XII.

**S**ound a Trumpet, sound a Trumpet,  
Dub a dub, let the Drum beat,  
march on brave Granadiers,  
and do not fear,  
The Train of Artillery is marching in the Rear,  
With little Boys to attend them.  
Advance your Horse, Boys, advance your Horse,  
Dub a dub, let the Foot march on, Boys, (Boys,  
the Duke and all his Train  
is marching along  
With Brandenburgers, Danes,  
Brave Boys the Town's our own,  
Dub a dub, Boys, they're overthrown.  
Rally again, Boys, rally amain, Boys,  
Face to the Right, and front as you were,  
present and give Fire,  
you stout Musketeers,  
Dub a dub, Boys, do not fear,  
The Town's our own.

## SONG

## SONG XIII.

*Liberia's* all my Thought and Dream,  
she's all, all, all, she's all, all, all,  
my Pleasure and my Pain.

*Liberia's* all that I esteem,  
and all I fear is her Disdain.

Her Wit, her Humour, and her Face,  
please beyond all I felt before ;  
Oh ! why can't I admire her less,  
or dear *Liberia*, or dear *Liberia* love me more ?

Like Stars all other Female Charms,  
ne'er touch my Heart, but feast my Eyes,  
For she's the only Sun that warms,  
with her alone I'd live and die.

## SONG XIV.

At Noon one sweltry Summer's day,  
The brightest Lady of the May,  
Young *Gloris* beautiful and gay,  
fat knotting in a shade.

Her pretty Fingers plaid their part,  
With such Activity of Art,  
Which would have gain'd a Lovers Heart,  
and warmed the most decay'd.

At length her favour'd *Swain* caine by,  
She had him quickly in her Eye,  
She started up and thus did cry,  
sweet Youth be not afraid.

## SONG XV.

*Ockey* was the blitheſt Lad in all our Town,  
To please weel my Fancy he best knew how,  
Oftentimes on Oaten Pipe he'd sport and play,  
And sit and sing me Love-Songs all the long Day ;  
But

But some prying Loon,  
 Inform'd my Mother soon,  
 That Jockey had been teaching me  
 Some other kind of Tune,  
 Which griev'd my Heart full sore ;  
 She bid me sing no more, (of Door.  
 But when he next a wooing came to turn him out

## SONG XVI.

Pon my Way from Fife to Aberdeen,  
 I met the bonniest Lad that e'er was seen,  
 Black Eyes, and ruby Lips, and on each Brow,  
 Such Charms as made me love I se know not how ;  
 With muckle Joys, and Raptures he me embrac'd,  
 And clasp'd his folded Arms about my Waist,  
 He was so lovely Blithe, that soon poor I  
 To Jockey's Love was forc'd for to comply.

## SONG XVII.

Ise bonny Kate the Sun's got up high, (tune,  
 the Fidlers have play'd their last merry  
 Let's give 'em a George and bid 'em good b'w'y  
 and gang to the Wells before 'tis Noon.

There to thy Health ize Drink my Three quarts,  
 then raffle among the Beauties divine, (hearts,  
 Where tho' some young Fops may chance to lose  
 assure thy self Jockey's shall still be thine.

When we come home we'll kiss and we'll bill,  
 and feast on each other as well as our Meat ;  
 Then saddle our Nags and away to Box-Hill,  
 and there, there, there consummate the Treat.

And when at Bowls I chance to be broak,  
 smile thou, and for Losses I care not a pin,  
 I'll push on my Fortune at Night at the Oak,  
 and quickly, quickly, quickly recover all agen. For

For thy Diversion could'st thou but think,  
 why here all Degrees cold Bumpers take off,  
 Or why all this Croud come hither to drink,  
 in spight of the Spleen 'twould make thee to  
 (laugh.

Courtiers and Plough-men, Statesmen and Cites,  
 the Men of the Sword, and Men of the Laws,  
 The Virgin, the Punk, the Fools, and the Wits,  
 all tope off their Cups for a different Cause.

New marry'd strives their Spouses to please,  
 each Morning quaff largely in hopes to con-  
 The Bully too drinks to wash off his Disease, (ceive;  
 still fearing the Fall of the Leaf.

Old musty Wives take Nine in a Hand,  
 the Maiden takes Five too, that are vext with  
 (her Green;

In hopes they'll have power to prepage her for  
 whenever she comes to her Teens. (Man,

### S O N G XVIII.

*Sabina* in the dead of Night,  
 in restless Slumbers wilting lay ;  
*Cynthia* was by, and her clear Light,  
 to loose Desires soon led the Way :  
 I stept to her Bed-side with bended Knee,

I am sure *Sabina* saw,  
 I am sure *Sabina* saw,  
 I am sure *Sabina* saw ;  
 Nay, I am sure *Sabina* saw,  
 but would not see.

I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,  
 which did her whiter Body keep,  
 But still the closer I was drawn,  
 methought the faster she did sleep ;  
 I call'd *Sabina* softly in her Ear ;

I am

I am sure *Sabina* heard,  
 I am sure *Sabina* heard,  
 I am sure *Sabina* heard ;  
 Nay, I am sure *Sabina* heard,  
 but would not hear.

But as some midnight Thief, when all  
 are wrapt up in a Lethargy,  
 Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,  
 to find out hidden Treasury,  
 So went my busie Hand from Head to Heel ;

I am sure *Sabina* felt,  
 I am sure *Sabina* felt,  
 I am sure *Sabina* felt ;  
 Nay, I am sure *Sabina* felt,  
 but wou'd not feel.

But wandring back again, I found  
 the Sweat-meat-Cabinet of Love,  
 Where all the Cupids danc'd around,  
 as I approach'd the silent Grove :  
 From whence I stol'e a precious Gem or two,  
 A l which *Sabina* knew,  
 I'm sure *Sabina* knew,  
 I'm sure *Sabina* knew,  
 Nay, I'm sure *Sabina* knew ;  
 but yet she would not know.

### SONG XIX.

**W**Hilst wretched Fools sneak up and down,  
 Play hide and seek about the Town,  
 Dispers'd by Debts and Fortunes frown,  
 by Duns to keep in awe ;  
 When ever my Occasions call,  
 Among my Creditors I fall,  
 I have one fine Song shall please them all,  
 With a Fal la la.

Good

Good Mornew, Sir, I'm glad to see,  
 Your Humour is so brisk and free,  
 I hope the better it is for me,  
 that you your Purse do draw;  
 You have been Two Years at Bed and Board,  
 And Lord he'p me I took your word,  
 And now must have what here is scor'd,  
*With a Fal la la.*

My purse sweet Hostess is but scant,  
 But I have something else in bank,  
 And you at home I'll change a frank,  
 with a charming sweet set;  
 We'll sit and count from morn till noon,  
 No Nightingale in May or June,  
 Did ever sing so sweet a Tune,  
*As fa la la.*

## SONG XX.

**VVV** Hen my bonny Joc--key left me,  
 sighing for him we'll weight Man,  
 And that sur-ly Mars be-reft me  
 of my sprightly Companion:  
 Oh! how muck'e were my Sorrows,  
 none e'er be-fore knew my Grief;  
 O'er my Cheek the Tears made Furrows,  
 yet coudn't give my Heart Re--lief.

Waa is me, since cruel Fortune,  
 has bereav'd me of my Dear,  
 I shall never have Joy for certain,  
 since to me they're so severe;  
 Jockey has my Heart in keeping,  
 let him go by Land or Sea:  
 For his Absence I lie weeping,  
 yet can never happy be.

When first bonny *Jockey* view'd me  
 he did strive my Heart to gain,  
 Muckle times he still pursu'd me,  
 begging Love for to obtain ;  
*Jockey* seem'd so charming to me,  
 that I could not him deny,  
 But, alas, it do's undo me,  
 that so soon I did comply.

For as soon as I consented,  
*Jockey* he was forc'd away,  
 I in sorrow am tormented,  
 cause he could no longer stay ;  
 Oh the Grief that I lie under,  
 in this World can find no ease,  
 After *Jockey* I will wander,  
 seek him out by Land or Seas.

Blithly I rose when the Cock crew,  
 putting on my Hose and Shooa,  
 And trudg'd along the way I knew,  
 was the Path Dear *Jockey* run,  
 When I saw the foaming Billows,  
 of enrag'd Neptune's Wave,  
 To my Head the Sands made Pillows.  
 for I knew there was my Grave.

## S O N G XXI.

**N**O more cruel Nymph, my Passion despise,  
 Nor slight a poor Lover that languishing lies ;  
 Tho' Fortune, my Nymph with no Title endows,  
 It pleases my Passion, and warmeth my Blood :  
 The Love of an Empire no Creature can see,  
 How delightsome are the same in e'ry degree.

Then vigorous and young, I will flee to thy Arms,  
 Infusing my Soul with a legion of Charms ;  
 A Monarch I'll be, whilst I lie by thy side,  
 And thy pretty Hand my Scepter shall guide :

Still

No longer deny me, no longer say nay,  
Thou Goddess of Beauty, thou Queen of the Day;  
The sweetest of Pleasure, now let us enjoy.  
Kind Ladies they count it a Crime to be Coy;  
Thy Heart and Affection be free to resign  
To me, thy true Lover, and thou shalt have mine.

SONG XXII.

*C*elia, that I once was bleſt,  
is now the Torment of my Breast;  
Since to cure me, you bereave me  
of the Pleaſure I poſſeſt:  
Cruel Creature to deceiver me  
First to love, and then to leave me;  
Cruel Creature, &c.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,  
I then had never known the want;  
But possessing once the Blessing,  
is the Cause of my Complaint :  
Once possessing is but tasting,  
'Tis not Bliss that is not lasting,  
*Once possessing, &c.*

*Celia* now is mine no more,  
But I'm hers, and must adore:

Nor

Not to leave her will endeavour,  
 Charms that Captiv'd me before :  
 No Unkindness can dispever,  
 Love that's True, is Love for ever :  
*No Unkindness, &c.*

Such is mine, I do declare,  
 Who doats upon the charming Fair ;  
 To requite me, she will slight me,  
 "Love I find a fatal Snare :"  
 Why was Celia made a Beauty,  
 That can thus forget her Duty ?  
*Why was Celia, &c.*

## SONG XXIII.

**N**O, no, ev'ry Morning my Beauties renew,  
 Where-ever I go, I have Lovers enough,  
 I dress, and I dance, and I laugh, and I sing,  
 Am lovely, and lively, and gay as the Spring ;  
 I visit, I game, and I cast away Care,  
*Mind Lovers no more than the Birds of the Air.*  
*Mind Lovers no more than the Birds of the Air.*

*Lover.*

Dear Madam, behold how my Heart it doth bleed,  
 Consider and ease my great torment with speed,  
 Tho' Lovers you have Day and Night at Com-  
 (mand,

And come far and near from all Parts of the Land,  
 Yet none has a Heart like to mine in the Nation,  
*Oh ! lend but your Hand you may feel Love's great*  
*Oh ! lend but your Hand, &c.* (Passion,

## SONG XXIV.

**V**V Hen Sawney first did wooe me,  
 he did at distance stand ;  
 Advancing to undo me,  
 he gently took my Hand ; He

He gently rais'd it higher,  
with pish and much ado,  
His Lips still creeping nigher,  
at last he kist it too.

Advancing more to try me,  
with Love's enchanting Grace :  
He drew himself more nigh me,  
and gently touch'd my Face ;  
He set it all on Fire,  
with pish and much ado ;  
His Lips approaching nigher,  
at last he kist me too.

Compleatly to undo me,  
he claspt me in his Arms ;  
As tho' he wou'd go through me,  
and search out all my Charms ;  
As tho' he wou'd go through me,  
with oh and much ado ;  
As sure as e'er he knew me,  
at last he did it too.

He prest me out of measure,  
as on my Breast he lay,  
The Pain was mixt with Pleasure,  
I knew not what to say :  
At first I seem'd offended,  
with pish and much ado,  
But soon my Frowns was end'd,  
he hug'd and kist me too.

## SONG XXV.

B *Elinda's* pretty, pretty, pleasing Form,  
B Do's my happy, happy, happy, happy Fancy  
Her prittle-prattle, tittle-tattle's (charm ;  
All engaging, most obliging,  
Whilst I'm pressing, clasping, kissing,  
Oh ! how she do's my Soul alarm. There

There is such Magick in her Eyes,  
 Such Magick in her Eyes, in her Eyes,  
 Do's my wandring Heart surprize;  
 Her prinking, mimping, twinking, pinking,  
 Whil'st I'm courting for transporting,  
 How like an Angel she panting lies, lies.

Her charming Beauty, Beauty, kindles Love,  
 Which I ever, ever, ever, ever prize above  
 The richest Treasure, Joy and Pleasure,  
 She is bringing, dancing, singing,  
 Sweet Desires, Love inspires,  
 In all her Charms I see her move.

She moves so like an Angel bright,  
 So like an Angel bright, Angel bright,  
 That e'ry Glance do's me invite,  
 To taste those Blisses, melting Kisses,  
 which I ever vow to give her;  
 For sure I cannot *Belinda* slight, slight.

### SONG XXVI.

I Love you more and more each day,  
 fairest of earthly Creatures ;  
 In Temples I forget to pray,  
 by gazing on your Features :  
 When thy fair Face I did behold,  
 I stand in Admiration ;  
 Oh ! pity then, I you implore,  
 I you implore,  
 or you have no Compassion.

Heaven gave to Man in Paradise,  
 Blessings that were not common ;  
 But all were Trifles to that Bliss  
 of Soul-delighting Woman :  
 I love, what e'er must be my Doom,  
 'tis thee I'm still pursuing ;

Then

Then love me, or I am undone,  
 I am undone,  
 oh! love or else I'm ruin'd.

My fair *Rosilia* be so kind,  
 to ease me of this Passion;  
 You never one more true shall find  
 in all this glorious Nation :  
 For you alone I will adore,  
 oh! be not then so cruel,  
 But kind to me, I beg once more,  
 I beg once more,  
 my fair and lovely Jewel.

## SONG XXVII.

**L**ord what's come to my Mother,  
**L** That every Day more than other,  
 My true Age she wou'd smother,  
 and says I'm not in my Teens ?

Tho' my Sampler I've sown too,  
 My Bib and my Apron outgrown too,  
 Baby quite away thrown too,

I wonder what 'tis she means :  
 When our *John* do's squeeze my Hand,  
 and calls me Sugar sweet,  
 My Breath almost fails me,  
 I know not what ails me,  
 my Breath do's so heave and so beat.

I have heard of Desires  
 From Girls that have been just of my Years ;  
 Love compar'd to sweet Bryers,  
 that hurts, and yet do's please :

Is Love finer than Money,  
 Or can it be sweeter than Honey ?  
 I'm poor Girl such a Toney,  
 evads that I cannot gues,

But

But I'm sure I'll watch more near,  
 there's something that Truth will shew :  
 For if Love be a Blessing,  
 To please beyond kissing,  
 our Jane and our Butler do's know.

## SONG XXVIII.

**A**s Cupid roguishly one day,  
 Had all a'one stole out to play,  
 The Muses caught the little, little, little Knave,  
 And Captive Love to Beauty gave,  
 The Muses caught the little, littul , little Knave,  
 And Captive Love to Beauty gave :  
 The laughing Dame soon mist her Son,  
 And here and there, and h're and there, (run,  
 and here and there, and here and there distracted  
 Distracted run, and here and there, (run :  
 and here and there, and here and there distracted  
 And still his Liberty to gain,  
 And still his Liberty to gain,  
 offers his Ransom :  
 But in vain, in vain, in vain  
 The willing,wil ing Pris'ner still hugs his Chain,  
 And vows he'll ne'er be free,  
 And vowsh'e'll ne'er be free,  
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,  
 No, no, no, no, he'll ne'er be free again.  
 No, no, &c.  
 No, no, &c.

## SONG XXIX.

**L**ong cold Nights when Winter's frozen,  
 Jockey's Head lay on my Posom ;  
 Now each wanton Lad pursues me,  
 Ah-wa's me, gan I must lose ye :

Sawy and Johnny comes often to try me,  
 Philly and Willy wou'd fain lig by me ;  
 But alas ! they do but tease me,  
 Jockey alone knows how to please me.

When he writes his loving Meeter,  
 When he sings to make it sweeter,  
 To the Clouds my Soul I'm giving,  
 Ah ! then I think my self in Heaven ;  
 Father and Mother that knew mickle of it,  
 Woo'd me, and su'd me, to wed for profit ;  
 But had Fate been kind or luckey,  
 Ife cou'd ne'er forsake poor Jockey.

## SONG XXX.

**N**ow Mopfa now we are alone,  
 I prithee be not coy,  
 But kind unto your Corydon,  
 that he may you enjoy :  
 I'll hug ye, kiss ye, love ye too,  
 more than all the World beside,  
 And if I find ye to be true,  
 you soon shall be my Bride ;  
 Then prithee pull off this fine Geer,  
 That we may go to Bed my Dear.

Do not rumple my Top-knot,  
 I'll not be kil'd to day,  
 I'll not be pul'd nor haul'd about,  
 thus on a Holy-day ;  
 But if your Rudenes you won't leave  
 no more Words to be said,  
 See this long Pin upon my Sleeve, -  
 I'll stick it to the head ;  
 And if you rumple my Head-Geer,  
 I'll give you a good ferret of the Ear.

## SONG

## SONG XXXI.

Come sweet Lass,  
This bonny Weather,  
Let's together,  
come sweet Lass  
let's trip it o'er the Grass,  
E'ry where,  
Poor Jockey seeks his dear,  
Unless she appear,  
He sees no Beauty there.

On our Green,  
The Loons are sporting,  
Piping, Courting,  
on our Green,  
the blitheſt Lads are ſeen,  
E'ry Day,  
The Lasses ſport and play;  
E'ry one is Gay,  
But I, when you're away.

Waa is me,  
My Moggy's staying,  
Long delaying,  
(waa is me)  
breeds in me Jealousie;

For Iſe fear,  
Her Beauty was ſo c'ear,  
Leaſt ſome Scottish Peer,  
Hath ſtole away my Dear.

She Iſe prize  
Above all others,  
Sisters, Brothers,  
she Iſe prize;  
tho' Moggy me denies,  
Long Iſe stay'd:  
Without her ſpeedy Aid,  
My Life it will fade,  
Ah! Cruel, cruel, Maid!

SONG

## SONG XXXII.

W Aa's me ! what mun I do ?  
 Drinking Water I may rue,  
 Since my Heart so muckle Harm befel  
 Wounded by a bonny Lass at Epsom-Well :  
 Ise have been at Dalking-Fair,  
 Seen'ng the charming Faces there :  
 But aw *Scotland* now geud faith defie  
 Sike a lip to she, and a lovely rowling Eye ;  
 Jenny's Skin was white, her Fingers small,  
 Moggie she was slender, strait and tall,  
 But my Love here bears away the Bell from all :  
 For her I sigh, for her I die in despair,  
 Never Man in Woman took such Joy,  
 Never Woman was to Man so coy :  
 She'll not be my Honey,  
 For my Love nor Money,  
 well a-day ! what Torment mun I bear ?  
 When Ise came to *Epsom-Wells*,  
 Where this charming Beauty dwells,  
 Ise began to cast my Eyes around,  
 Then Ise quickly did receive this fatal wound ;  
 From her straight there flew a Dart,  
 Which did pierce me to the Heart,  
 Then to her Ise made my humble suit,  
 With a most graceful Carriage and sweet Salute ;  
 Then Ise whisper'd in my Lady's Ear,  
 Ise had House and Land with muckle Geer,  
 But away she flew, and would not me come near :  
 Ise follow'd her with Cap in Hand, to obtain  
 Favour, if so kind a Thing might be,  
 But she flew the swifter still from me ;  
 Yet at length Ise seiz'd her,  
 Thinking to have pleas'd her,  
 she turn'd a Frown of high disdain.

## SONG XXXIII.

**T**Was in the Month of May, Jo,  
 when Jockey first I spy'd;  
 He look'd as fair as Day too,  
 gu'd gin I'd bin his Bride :  
 With Cole-black Eyne, and Milk-white Hand,  
 Ise ne'er saw the like ;  
 I wish I had gin aw my Land,  
 Ise ne'er had seen the Tike.

He fixt his Eyne upon me,  
 with aw the Signs of Love ;  
 Ise thought they wou'd gan through me,  
 so fiercely they did move,  
 He took me in his eager Arms,  
 Ise made but faint Denials,  
 Ise then, alas, found aw his Charms,  
 woe worth such fatal Trials.

## SONG XXXIV.

*Friend.*

**W**Hat ungrateful Devil moves you ?  
 come, come, my Friend, the Truth de-  
 You love *Silvia* *Silvia* loves you, (clare,  
 why, why, then will you wed the fair :  
 Marriage Joining do's disever,  
 but Love freeing joins for Life,  
 Would you, would you, would you love the  
 (Nymph for ever ?  
 Never, never, never, never, never let her  
 (be your Wife.  
*Lover.*

If to me you can discover  
 what, what causes my Despair,  
 Why I still must be a Lover,  
 yet, yet I must not wed the Fair ;

*Silvia.*

*Silvia* has my Heart so wounded,  
that from her I cannot part, (ded ?  
Can you, can you, can you see me thus confoun-  
Pity, pity, pity, pity, pity, pity my tormented heart.

SONG XXXV.

What sha'll I do to shew how much I love her?  
How many Millions of Sighs can suffice?  
That which wins other Hearts, never can move  
(her,  
those common Methods of Love she'll despise:  
I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,  
gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night,  
Till for her own sake, at last she'll implore me  
to love her less, to preserve our Delight.

While her fair Lily-white Arms she incloses,  
and in the Circuit of them I shall lie,  
Which is more sweet than a Bed of soft Rosés,  
to this alone I cou'd freely comply ;  
That on her Breast I might languish at leasure,  
being a Death which is free from all pain ;  
Likewise the Charms of her Beauty are Pleasure,  
will be sufficient to raise me again.

## SONG XXXVI.

The Danger is over, is over, is over, the dan-  
 ger is over,  
 The Battel, the Battel, the Battel, the Battel is past;  
 The Nymph had her Fears, the Nymph had her  
 (Fears,  
 But she ventur'd, she ventur'd, she ventur'd, she  
 (ventur'd at last:  
 She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done.  
 She smil'd, she smil'd at her Folly, and own'd she  
 (had won:  
 By her Eyes we discover, the Bride has been pleas'd,  
 (been pleas'd,  
 Her Blushes become her, her Passion is eas'd,  
 She dissembles her Joy, and affects to look down,  
 (down, down, down,  
 If she sighs 'tis for sorrow, for sorrow,  
 For sorrow, for sorrow, 'tis ended so soon.  
 All Joy to the Bridegroom, the Bridegroom, the  
 (Bridegroom,  
 All Joy to the Bridegroom, and the lovely, the  
 (lovely, the lovely, the lovely Bride,  
 And may they have pleasure, and may they have  
 (pleasure,  
 And plenty, and plenty, and plenty, and plenty be-  
 (side,  
 May she ne'er repent, for the Conquest he won,  
 Nor he, nor he e'er repine for her yielding so soon;  
 But love and embrace, and for ever be kind, be  
 (kind,  
 And every Moment be both of one mind,  
 And still live from Envy and Jealousie free, free,  
 (free, free,  
 Then happy for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever,  
 (for ever they'll be.

SONG

## SONG XXXVII.

How vile are the Fordid Intreagues of the Town,  
cheating and lying perpetually fway,  
From the blue Cap to the politick Gown,  
a plotting and sotting they wast the Day ;  
All their Discourse is of Foreign Affairs,  
the French and the Wars  
is always their Cry ;  
Marriage alas ! is declining,  
And I a poor Virgin lye pining,  
a Curse of their Jarring, what Luck have I.

I thought a young Trader by ogling Charms,  
into my Conjugal Fetters to bring,  
I planted my snare too, for one that lov'd Arms,  
but found his Design was another Thing.  
From the Court Province down to the dull Cits,  
both Cullies and Wits,  
of Marriage are shie ;  
Great are the Sins of the Nation,  
A Shame of the wretched Occasion,  
a curse of the Monsieurs, what Luck have I.

A Counsellor promis'd to give me a Fee,  
and swore he would make me a Lady of Sport,  
But I was resolv'd not a Harlot to be,  
if he could have made me Lass of the Court.  
When that he saw how I was inclin'd,  
and what I design'd,  
he made me Reply,  
Virgins alas ! are too cruel,  
Oh ! be kind to me, my dear Jewel,  
a curse of your whining I then did cry.

## SONG XXXVIII.

T'Here's ne'er a Swain on the Plain  
 Would be blest like me,  
 Cou'd you but, could you but, could you but  
 On me smile ;  
 But you appear so severe,  
 I tremble with fear,  
 That my heart go's a pit a pat, a pit a pat,  
 Pit a pat all the while.  
 If I cry, Must I dye ?  
 You make no Reply,  
 But with a frowning Eye kills me :  
 How can you be, can you be, can you be,  
 Can you, can you, can you be so hard to me ?

## SONG XXXIX.

*Boy.*

Celemene, pray tell me,  
 Pray, pray tell me Celemene,  
 When those pretty, pretty, pretty Eyes I see,  
 Why my Heart beats, beats, beats,  
 Beats in my Breast.

why, why it will not, it will not;  
 why, why it will not let me rest :  
 why this trembling,  
 Why this trembling too all o'er,  
 Pains I never, pains I never,  
 Never, never felt before :

And when thus I touch,  
 When thus I touch your Hand,  
 Why I wish, I wish, I wish I was a Man.

*Girl.*

How should I know more than you,  
 Yet wou'd be a Woman too.

When you wash your self and p'ay,  
 I methinks could look all Day :

Nay just now, nay just now,  
am pleased so well,  
shou'd, shou'd you kiss me I won't tell,  
shou'd you, shou'd you kiss me I won't tell,  
No, no, I won't tell, No, no, I won't tell,  
    No, no, I won't tell,  
Shou'd you kiss me I won't tell.

*Boy.*

Tho' I cou'd do that all Day,  
and desire no better play ;  
Sure, sure in Love there's something more,  
Which makes *Mamma* so big, so big before.

*Girl.*

Once by chance I heard it nam'd,  
Don't ask what, don't ask what, for I'm ashamed ;  
Stay but till you're past Fifteen,  
    then you'll know,  
Then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean.  
    then you'll know,  
Then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean.

*Boy.*

However lose not present Bliss,  
But now we're alone let's kiss,  
    but now we're alone let's kiss, let's kiss.

*Girl.*

My Breasts do's so heave, so heave, so heave,  
My Heart do's so pant, pant, pant,

*Chorus.*

*There's something, something, something more I want ,  
There's something, something, something more I want:*

### SONG XL.

Was when the Sheep was sheering,  
    and under the Barley-mow,  
Dick gave to Doll a Fairing,  
    as she had milk'd her Cow.

Quoth he, I fain would wed thee,  
 and tho' I cannot wooe;  
 I've hey pish, hey cock, hey, and hey for a Boy,  
 sing shall I come kiss thee now,  
 Sing, ah! shall I come, shall I come kiss thee now?  
 I long Sweet-heart to bed thee,  
 And merrily buckle too, (a Boy,  
 with hey pish, hey cock, hey, hey, and hey for  
 Sing, shall I come kiss thee now,  
 sing, ah! shall I come kiss thee now ?

## S O N G . XLI.

Tell me Jemmy, tell me roundly,  
 when you will your Heart surrender,  
 Faith and Troth I love you soundly,  
 it was I that was your first Pretender :  
 Ne'er say nay, nor delay,  
 here's my Heart, and here's my Hand too,  
 All that's mine; shall be thine,  
 Body and Goods at thy command too.

Ah ! how many Maids, quoth Jemmy,  
 have you promis'd to be true to ?  
 Fie, I think the Devil's in you,  
 to kiss a Body so as you do !  
 What d'ye do ! let me go,  
 I can't abide such foolish doing,  
 Get you gone, you naughty Man,  
 fie, is this your way of Wooing !

## S O N G . XLII.

I Saw the Lass whom dear I lov'd,  
 long sighing and complaining,  
 While me she slighted and disapproves,  
 another entertaining:  
 Her Hand and Lips to him was free,  
 no favour she'd refuse him,

Judge

Judge how kind she was to me,  
while she thus kindly us'd him.

His Hand her milk-white Bubbles prest,  
a Bliss worth Kings desiring ;  
A thousand times her Cheeks he kist,  
her snowy Mounts admiring ;  
Then pleas'd to be his charming Fair,  
she to such Passion moy'd him,  
She clapt his Cheeks and curl'd his Hair,  
to shew she well approv'd him.

Ah cruel Moggy then I cry'd,  
will not my Passion move thee,  
And if my Suit must be deny'd,  
still give me leave to love thee,  
And then frown on and still be coy,  
your constant Swain despising ;  
It is but just you should destroy,  
what is not worth the prizing.

### SONG XLIII.

I Am come to lock all fast,  
Love without me cannot last :  
Love like Counsels of the wise,  
Must be hid from vulgar Eyes, (ceal it,  
'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we must, we must con-  
They prophane it, they prophane it who reveal it.

What is promised in Love,  
Is recorded still above,  
And whatever Vows we make,  
Let us keep for true Loves sake, (must own it:  
'Tis binding, 'tis binding, and we still, we still  
They are perjur'd, they are perjur'd, who disown it.

Let our Love be just and true,  
For there's none I love but you,

Let whatever each impart,  
 Be lockt up in 'tothers Heart, (selves may ever  
 That no one, that no one, but our selves, our  
 Once be able, once be able, to discover, to discover.  
 Whilst we secretly do love,  
 No one can our Joys remove,  
 Nor can any one molest,  
 That which is hid in the Breast, (there can keep it,  
 'Tis Treasure, 'tis Treasure, whilst we there, we  
 From all Rivals, from all Rivals, that do seek it.  
 Take this Kiss with promis'd Vow,  
 To keep secret what we do,  
 Let our Love be private still,  
 That we may enjoy our fill, (pleasure,  
 In loving, in loving, to the height, the height of  
 Let our Love be, let our Love be, without mea-  
(sure,

## SONG XLIV.

**H**eavens first created Woman to be kind,  
 first to Love, and then to be belov'd,  
 If you contradict it Heavens has design'd,  
 you are condemn'd by all the Powers above;  
 I will no more dispute you,  
 for I am rashly bent,  
 so subject to your Duty,  
 by kind Natures Beauty,  
 let me then salute you by Consent.

Arguments and fair Entreaties  
 with Patience did I wait,  
 Yet for all I could gain no Relief,  
 none but you has my poor Heart betray'd;  
 I am possest now with Care and Grief;  
 She cry'd pish and fie sir,  
 pray my Dear be good,  
 pray sir, pish and fie sir,

Nay

Nay sir, pray sir, why sir,  
 I had rather die sir, than be rude.  
 I began to court another way,  
 modesty I melted with a Kiss,  
 Till she look unto the Rising-Sun,  
 sitting then for to obtain the Blis,  
 I gave her a Fall sir,  
 she began to tell,  
 swearing she would baul sir,  
 As loud as she could call sir,  
 but she prov'd as false as she was fair.

## SONG XLV.

**S**TILL I'M wishing, still desiring,  
 Still she's giving, I requiring,  
 yet each Gift I think too small,  
 Still the more I am presented,  
 Still the less I am contented,  
 tho' she Vows she's given me all.

Can *Drusilla* give no more,  
 Has she lavisht all her store,  
 must my hopes to nothing fall,  
 Ah! you know not half your Treasure,  
 Give me more, give over-measure,  
 yet you'll never give me all.

## SONG XLVI.

**A**S I to *Aberdeen* did take my way,  
 I heard a bonny Lad to sigh and say,  
 In Grief and Sorrow now I may lament,  
 Since my *Moggy* do's my Heart torment,  
 tho' she once comply'd,  
 she with Scorn and Pride  
 Has my Sute deny'd, a waa is me;  
 Pity, pity *Moggy*, pity, pity me,  
 Or alas! for Love of you I die.

Did

Did my lovely charming *Moggy* know  
What I, for her sake, do undergo; :  
Did she feel a quarter of my Pain,  
Sure she'd grant me Love for Love again :

*Cupid take my part,*

Pierce her to the Heart;  
Make her to feel the Smart as well as I;  
*Cupid* pity, pity, *Cupid* pity me,  
Make her to suffer for her Cruelty.

SONG XLVII.

When Maids live to thirty, yet never repented;  
When Europe's at Peace, and all England con-  
(tented;  
When Gamesters won't swear, and no Bribery  
(thrives;  
Young Wives love old Husbands, young Husbands  
(old Wives;  
When Landlords love Taxes, and Soldiers love  
(Peace;  
And Lawyers forget a rich Client to fleece:  
*When an old Face shall please as well as a new;*  
*Wives, Husbands, and Lovers, will ever be true.*

*When an old Face shall please as well as a new;  
Wives, Husband, and Lovers, will ever be true.*

*When Taylors forget to throw Cabbage in Hell,  
And shorten their Bills, that all may be well;  
When Bullies grow honest, and live without wh-*

(ring)

*And Drunkards live sober, and Women please  
(scolding,*

*When Men, without Cloaths, go naked and bare,  
And Cuckolds forget to march to Horn-Fair;  
*When an old Face shall please as well as a new,  
Wives, Husbands, and Lovers, will ever be true.**

## SONG XLVIII.

*F*orgive me if your Looks I thought,  
did once some Change discover,  
To be too Jealous is the Fault,  
of every tender Lover;  
Might Truth those kind Reproaches show,  
which you blame so severely,  
A sign, alas! you little know,  
You little know,  
what 'tis to love sincerely.

The Torment of a long Despair,  
I did in silent smother;  
But 'tis a Pain I cannot bear,  
to think you love another,  
My Fate, alas! depends on you,  
I am but what you make me,  
Dearly blest, if you prove true,  
If you prove true,  
undone if you forsake me.

In thee I place my chiefest Joy,  
I seek no other Treasure,

Then

Then do not all my Hopes destroy,  
 who loves thee out of measure :  
 Forbear to triumph in disdain,  
 since here I lie and languish,  
 True Love is a tormenting pain,  
 tormenting pain,  
 which fills my Soul with anguish.

The silent Night I spend in Tears,  
 and melt in Lamentation,  
 And yet no glance of Love appears,  
 but utter Detestation ;  
 Regarding not my piteous Moan,  
 my Sighs and sad lamenting.  
 Your Heart like Flint or Marble-stone,  
 Or Marble-stone,  
 feels not the least relenting.

## SONG XLIX.

Jenny my blithest Maid,  
 prithee listen to my true Love,  
 Now I am a Canny Lad,  
 gang along with me to yonder Brow :  
 Au the Boughs shall shade us round,  
 while the Nightingale and Linnet,  
 Teach us how the Lad the Lass may Wough ;  
 Come and I'll shew my Jenny what to do.

I ken full many a thing,  
 I can Dance and Whistle too,  
 I many a Song can sing,  
 pitch the Bar, and I can Wrastle too :  
 The bonniest Lass of aw our Town,  
 gave me Bead-lace, and Kercheifs many,  
 Only Jenney 'twas could win,  
 Jockey from all the Lasses of the Green.

## SONG

## SONG L.

O raree Show ! O bravee Show ! O pretty  
Who see my fine a Show ? (Show !

O raree Show ! O bravee Show !

Who see my pretty Show ?

Here's de English and French to each oder most civil,  
Shake Hands and be Friends, and hug like de Devil.

O raree Show ! O bravee Show ! O pretty gallant a Show !

Here be de Savoyards a trudging thro' France,

To sweep a de Shimney, to sing, and to dance.

O raree Show, &c.

(Land,

Here be de great Turk, and de great King of No  
A galloping bravely from Hung'ry and Poland.

O raree Show, &c.

(tarries,

Here's de brave English Beau for de Packet-Boat  
To go make his Campaign vid his Taylor at Paris.

O raree Show, &c.

Here be de honest Captain a cursing de Peace,  
Here's anoder disbanding his Coach and his Miss.

O raree Show, &c.

Here be de English Ships bring Plenty and Riches,  
And dere de French Caper a mending his Breeches.

O raree Show, &c.

Here be de Jacks set out Lights and dissemble,  
And dere be de Mob make um squitter and trem-

O raree Show, &c.

(ble.

Here de be Sea-Captain a reeling a Shoar,  
Here's one spend all his Pay, and boarding a whiore.

O raree Show, &c.

Here be de brave Trainbands a drinking Carouses,  
And here be Soldiers a storming deir Spouses.

O raree Show ! brave Show ! who see my fine a Show ?

SONG

## SONG LI.

**M**ake your Honours. Miss; *Tol.*, &c.

**N**ow to me Child, *Tol.*

Airy and easie, *Tol.*

Very well done, Miss; *Tol.*

Raise up your Body; *Tol.*

Then you in time will rise, *Tol.*

Hold up your Head, Miss; *Tol.*

Wipe your Nose, Child, *Tol.*

When I press on you, *Tol.*

Fall back easie, Mifs, *Tol.*

Keep out your Toes too, *Tol.*

Then you'll learn presently, *Tol.*

Bare your Hips swimmingly, *Tol.*

Keep your Eyes languishing, *Tol.*

Zoons, where's your Ears now? *Tol.*

Leave off your Jerking, *Tol.*

Keep your Knees open, *Tol.*

Else you will never do, *Tol.*

If you will love me, Miss, *Tol.*

You shall dance rarely, Child, *Tol.*

You are a Fortune, Miss, *Tol.*

And must be married, Child, *Tol.*

Give me your Money, *Tol.*

Then I will give you my —, *Tol.*

Look upon me, Miss; *Tol.*

Hold in your Chin, Ghild; *Tol.*

Keep your Arms straight too, *Tol.*

Move along smoothly, *Tol.*

Cross over here, Mifs; *Tol.*

Where are you running now, *Tol.*

Zoons, mind the Musick, *Tol.*

Give me your Hand now, *Tol.*

Where



*Cor.* Should you give me a score,  
 'Twould not lessen the store,  
 Then bid me chearfully, chearfully kiss,  
 And take, and take my fill of your Bliss,  
*Mop.* I'll not trust you so far, I know you too well;  
 Should I give you an Inch, you'd take a whole  
 Then Lord like you rule, (Ell:  
 and laugh at the Fool.

No, no, &c.

### SONG LIII.

Why are my Eyes still flow — — ing?  
 why do's my Heart thus trembling move?  
 Why do I sigh when go — — — ing,  
 to see the Darling Saint I Love?  
 Ah! she's my Heaven, and in her Eyes,  
 the Dei — — — ty,  
 There is no Life like what she can give,  
 Nor any Death like taking my leave.  
 Tell me no more of Glo — — — ry,  
 to Courts Ambition I've resign'd,  
 But tell a long long Sto — — — ry,  
 of Celia's Shape, her Face, and Mind:  
 Speak too of Raptures that will Life destroy,  
 to En — — — joy,  
 Had I a Diadem, Scepter, and Ball,  
 For that dear minute I'd part with them all.

### SONG LIV.

Dear, dear, pretty, pretty, pretty Youth,  
 Dear, dear, pretty, pretty, pretty, Youth,  
 Unvail, unvail those Eyes, unvail, unvail those Eyes  
 How can you, can you sleep,  
 how can you, can you sleep,  
 how can you, can you sleep,  
 When I, when I am by, when I, when I am by;  
 Were

Were I with you all Night to be,  
 methinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd,  
 I cou'd from sleep be free ;  
 methinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd from sleep,  
 I cou'd from sleep be free.

A-las, a-las, my dear, you're cold, cold as stone,  
 You must no longer, no, no longer, no, no longer,  
 No, no longer, longer lie alone,  
 But be with me my Dear, my dear, dear ;  
 But be with me my dear,  
 And I in each Arm, and I in each Arm,  
 Will hug you, hug you close,  
 Will hug you, hug you close,  
 Hug you close and keep you warm ;  
 Will hug you, hug you close,  
 Will hug you, hug you close,  
 hug you close and keep you warm.

## Y O U T H.

What charming Voice is this I hear,  
 That prattles thus, and calls me Dear,  
 Or do I Dream that *Cinthia's* by,  
 A Dream, oh no, I'll tell you why ?  
 I heard her warbling Notes unfold,  
 And pity'd me for being cold ; (Arm,  
 Come then thou charming Saint, and I in each  
 Will hug you close, and keep you warm.

## S O N G LV.

**C**ome, come, come, come let us leave,  
 Let us, let us leave the Town, come, come,  
 (come, come,  
 Come, come, come, come let us leave,  
 Let us, let us, let us leave the Town. and in some  
 (lonely Place,  
 Where

Where Clouds and Noise, where Clouds and Noise,  
 Were never, never, never, never known,  
 Resolve to spend our Days,  
 In pleasant, pleasant Sha—des,  
 In pleasant, pleasant Shades upon the Grass,  
     at Night our selves we'll lay,  
 Our Days in harmless sports shall pass, (shall pass,  
 Our Days in harmless sports, in harmless sports  
     thus time shall fli—de away.

Come, come, come, come let us go, (come,  
 Let us, let us go with speed, come, come, come,  
 Come, come, come, come let us go, (nasty Town,  
 Let us, let us, let us go with speed, and leave this  
 For Wine and Punk, for Wine and Punk,  
 Do's ever, ever, ever, ever make  
     us Mad by being Drunk,  
 then follow, follow Boy—s,  
 then follow, follow Boys, let's go while found,  
     to Pleasure Night and Day,  
 Where fresh young Country Maids are found,  
 Where fresh young Country Maids, young coun-  
     to pass the time away. (try Maids are found.

## S O N G . LVI.

**T**Ho' Jockey su'd me long, he met disdain,  
 His tender sighs and tears were spent in  
 Give o'er said I, give o'er,                               vain,  
 Your silly fond Amour,  
 Ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er comply,  
 At last he forc'd a kiss,  
 Which I took not amiss,  
 And since I've known the Bliss,  
     I'll ne'er deny.

My Jockey he had sike a man-like Face,  
 And often did appear to me with muckle Grace,  
 Tho' I cry'd, Jockey, fie,  
 Your Suit I must deny,                                   I'll

I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er yield, not I.  
 With that he was amaz'd,  
 He kiss'd my Hand and gaz'd,  
 Which so my Passion rais'd,  
 I did comply.

When Jockey saw me yield, he me embrac'd,  
 And clasp'd his folded Arms about my Waist,

My dear, said he, to you,

I'll be ever true,

And ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er you deceive.  
 But will for ever love you,  
 And prize none above you,  
 From you I'll ne'er remove,  
 you may believe.

Then ever when you court a Lass that's coy,  
 Who hears your Love, yet seems to shun its Joy,

If you press her to do it,

Ne'er mind her no, no no,

But trust her Eyes:

For Coyness gives Denial,  
 When she wishes for Trial,  
 Tho' she swears you shan't come nigh all,  
 I am sure she lies.

### SONG LVII.

*He.* **B** lowzabella my Bouncing Doxy,  
**B** come let's Trudge it to Kirkbam Fair,  
 There's stout Liquor enough to Fox me,  
 and young Cullies to buy thy Ware.

*She.* Mind your Matters, ye Sot, without meddling  
 how I manage the Sale of my Toys:  
 Get by Piping as I do by Pedling.

you need never want me for Supplies.

*He.* God a-mercy, my Sweeting, I find thou think'st  
 to hint by this twitting, I owe thee a Crown. (fitting,

*She.*

*Ske.* I thought for that I've been staying, a greater  
(Debt's paying.

your Rate of delaying will never Compound  
He. I'll come Home when the Fouch is full,  
and soundly pay thee all old Arrears.

*Ske.* You'll forget it your Pate's so dull,  
as by late drousie Neglect appears.

*He.* May the Drone of my Bag never hum,  
if I fail to remember my Blouze.

*Ske.* May my Buttocks be ev'ry one's Drum,  
if I think thou wilt pay me a Souse. ('em

*He.* Squeakum, Squeakum Bag-pipe, will make  
whisking, frisking, Money bring in.

*Ske.* Smoaking, toping, Landlady groping,  
Whores and Scores will spend it agen.

*He.* By the best as I gues in the Town,  
I swear thou shalt have e'ry Groat.

*Ske.* By the worst that a Woman e'er found,  
if I have it will signifie nought.

*He.* If good Nature works no better,  
*Blowzabella* I'd have ye to know,  
Though you fancy my Stock is so low,  
I've more Rino than always I show,  
For some good Reasons of State that I know.

*Ske.* Since your cheating I always knew,  
For my Ware I got something too.  
I've more Sence than to tell you.

*He.* Singly then let's employ Wit,  
I'll ute Pipe as my Gain do's hit. (too.

*Ske.* And if I new Chapmen get, you'll be easie  
He. Easie as any worn-out Shoe.

Chorus of both.

*Free and Frlick we'll couple gratis;*  
*Thus we'll shew all the humane Race,*  
*That the best of the Marriage State is*  
*Blowzabella's and Collin's Case.*

## SONG LVIII.

A Soldier and a Sailor,  
A Tinker and a Taylor,  
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,  
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,  
whose Name was Buxome John,  
whose Name, &c.  
For now the Time was ended,  
When she no more intended,  
To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,  
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,  
and lie all Night alone,  
and lie, &c.  
The Soldier swore like Thunder,  
He lov'd her more than Plunder,  
And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,  
Which he had brought from far, Sir,  
with fighting for her sake,  
with fighting, &c.  
The Taylor thought to please her,  
With offering her his Measure;  
The Tinker too with Mettle.  
Said he would mend her Kettle,  
and stop up e'ry Leak,  
and stop, &c.  
But while these Three were prating,  
The Sailor slyly waiting,  
Thought if it came about, Sir,  
That they should all fall out, Sir,  
he then might play his part,  
he then, &c.  
And just e'en as he meant, Sir,  
To Logger-heads they went, Sir,  
And then he let fly at her,  
A Shot 'tween Wind and Water;  
which won this fair Maid's Heart,  
which won, &c.

SONG

## SONG LIX.

**O**H fy! what mean I foolish Nell,  
In this remote and silent shade  
to meet with you alone;  
My Heart do's with the Place combine,  
And both are more your Friends than mine,  
And both are more your Friends than mine.

Oh! oh! oh! I shall, I shall, I shall be undone,  
Oh! oh! oh! ch! I shall be undone.

A Savage Beast I would not fear,  
Or should I meet with Villains here,  
I to some Cave would run:  
But such enchanting Art you show,  
I cannot strive, I cannot go,  
I cannot strive, I cannot go,  
Oh! oh! oh! I shall, I shall, I shall be undone.  
Oh! oh! oh! ch! oh! I shall be undone.

Oh fy! leave off this foo'ish fear,  
For I am glad to meet you here,  
and I must you enjoy;  
This silent Grove and pleasant Shade,  
Were for true Lovers Pastime made,  
Were for true Lovers Pastime made,  
Then, ch then, do not, do not, do not me deny  
Oh then, oh then, do not me deny.

Your Beauty can wild Monsters tame,  
And likewise Villains Hearts inflame,  
that they will not annoy;  
Your Looks, your Eyes have charm'd me so,  
I have no Power for to go,  
I have no Power for to go, (enjoy)  
Come, come, come, I must, I must, I must thee  
Come, come, come, come, I must thee enjoy.

F I N I S.