



A New ACADEMY of
COMPLEMENTS;

OR,

The Lover's Secratary.

Being ~~Mit~~ and Mirth improv'd, by the
most elegant Expressions us'd in the

Art of Courtship,

Indivers Examples of Writing or Inditing
LETTERS, relating either to
LOVE or BUSINESS.

Also *The Silent Language*; or, A Compleat
Rule for discoursing by Motion of the Hand, without
being understood by the Company. Together with
Instructions for writing *Figure-Hard*, *Bills of Exchange*,
Receipts, casting *Accompts*, &c. The Signification
of MOLES, and Interpretation of DREAMS.
A never-failing Method for Women to get good
Husbands

Likewise a pleasant Dialogue between six merry
Gossips, paying a Visit to a Lying-in Woman.

To which is added,

A Choice Collections of above 120 Love-Songs,
Merry Catches, and Jovial Healths; being the newest
now extant. With plain Instructions for Dancing.

The fourth Edition, with Additions.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

London, Printed for C. Bates, in Giltspur-street, and
A. Bettesworth on London-bridge, 1715.

Price One Shilling.

The P R E F A C E.

Courteous Reader,

Without Dispute, *Eloquence* is a Qualification highly necessary to adorn both Sexes, more especially the Female, whose *Tongues* often prove as attractive as their *Beauty*; for to see a quick and active Wit foil'd for Want of *Words*, makes a Man or Woman seem a Statue, as one dumb. Besides, for want of *Assistance* in *writing*, *spelling*, and *pointing* true *English*, and putting it in a Stile adapt to the Purpose of either *Love* or *Business*, to Parents or Sweet-hearts, many Persons have been oblig'd to abandon even the very *Thought* of *Writing*; and by this Means they have incur'd the Displeasure of their Friends, often to their irretrievable Detriment. In order therefore to prevent this Inconvenience for the future, a great Part of this *short* (but *sweet*) *Academy* was compos'd; which will, I hope, be found very useful not only to young Persons, but those of riper Years, who have labour'd under the Misfortune of a *slender Education*. And whereas *Letters* may be subject to *Miscarriage* or *Interception*, and by that Means secret *Business* or *Love-Intrigues* are discover'd to those who should be kept wholly ignorant of 'em, I have here set down a Method of signifying one's Mind by *Figures*,

The P R E F A C E.

as also how to talk in Company without any Body understanding but the Party to whom you direct your Discourse, which I call *The Silent Language*. In the rest you'll find the Signification of *Moles* and *Dreams*, as also Directions for casting up *Accompts*, together with all Sorts of *Weights*, *Measures*, and *Abrévation of Words*; likewise above 100 *Love-Songs*, *merry Catches*, and *jovial Healths*; which will not only be a Remedy against Melancholy, but likewise divert evil Thoughts, that would otherwise seize the Spirits, and prove injurious to many. And for those whose merry Dispositions may incline 'em to *Dancing*, I have prefix'd a short Scheme of the best modern *Country Dances* us'd in either Play-house or School, which (by observing the Directions here set down) the meanest Capacity may very easily attain to.

'Tis true, there has been divers Treatises publish'd of this Kind, but I can assure the courteous Reader, few or none have arriv'd to the Perfection of this, for good *Language* and *Diversion*; and, without Dispute, he'll find gréat Satisfaction in the Perusal of it. However, this I dare affirm, that if he finds but as much in the *Reading*, as I have done in *Writing* it, he'll have no Manner of Reason to repent the laying out his Money in purchasing this beautiful Structure, so very beneficial to all in general;

Farewell,



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THE
ART OF
COMPLIMENT,
OR,
THE
ACADEMY
OF
COMPLEMENTS.

W I T ' S Improvement : Or, a New Academy of Complements.

Instructions how to become acquainted upon accidentally meeting any Person.

R. Sir, I esteem it a singular Happiness, to have mee with such good Company, seeing I have by this Means obtain'd the Favour to be acquainted with you.

B. Sir, if the same Chance which brought us together in this Place, did likewise render me capable of making my Friendship as useful to you; as your Goodness is pleas'd to esteem it acceptable, I should think my self double happy: But 'till Opportunity presents it self, I shall pray you to accept of the Good-will.

R. Sir, your Merits oblige me highly to esteem your Acquaintance, and desire your Love. And mine Intent, was, to make tender of my Service to you. But now I am doubly indebted to you, for preventing my Purpose, by proffering your Affection. I humbly thank you for it, and desire you reciprocally to accept of mine.

A. G. R.

B. G.

2 **Merit and Merit impieg'd;** or,

B. I kindly accept of your Proffer, conditionally
that my respective Services may make you part of
amends.

R. Sir, you will oblige me beyond the Power of
my Acknowledgment. Your Love will be Honour
sufficient for me, with Leave to come and visit you
sometimes, to receive your Commands.

B. Sir, I will not say what my Duty binds me to ;
but I will pray you to believe, that my Desire of re-
stifing it by Effects, is sincere, and shall appear up-
on the first Occasion as shall present it self. In the
mean Time, I shall be glad, for the enjoying of your
good Company, to see you at your own Home.

R. Sir, you shall be always heartily welcome to
me.

When one makes a Visit.

A. SIR, when I first had the Honour to be acquain-
ted with you, your Courtesie did so far en-
gage me, that I am not able sufficiently to acknow-
ledge it. I have made bold to come to visit you, and
give you Thanks for it, and assure you of the conti-
nuing ever devoted to your Service.

B. Sir, I do not think my self able to give suffici-
ent Respects to so high a Merit, but assure your self,
my Good-will shall never be wanting. You oblige-
ane infinitely in coming to see me, and are extraordi-
nary welcome.

A. Sir, you will overcome me with your Courte-
sies, and much engage me every Time you come to vi-
sit me; I fear you will at last force me to remain in-
grateful, having not where-withal to requite your Fa-
vour. But tell me, I pray, how have you done ever
since our last Interview?

B. Very well, Sir, at your Service. And how has
it been with you?

As Truly

A. Truly, Sir, I have not been very well; but that shall not hinder me however from serving such as have esteem'd me worthy of their Love.

To invite a Friend to Dinner.

A. Seeing, Sir, you have so long honour'd me with your good Company, I shall intreat you, Sir, to stay and take Part of a Dinner.

B. Sir, I most humbly thank you; I am fully satisfy'd by finding you in good Health.

A. I pray, Sir, let me stay you a little longer; we may talk a little farther at Dinner, if you please to have Patience to stay so long.

B. Sir, If in so doing I might do you any Service; or if my Presence were capable of yielding you any Content, I should easily condescend to it; but I doubt I should rather be troublesome to you.

A. Pardon me, Sir, your Company is so acceptable, I pray do me that Courtesie.

B. Sir, I have Business which requires a present Dispatch, and therefore I shall intreat you to excuse me.

A. Sir, I would be loath to be your Hindrance, and am sorry I cannot have the Happiness to enjoy your good Company any longer.

B. And I am sorry I cannot at this Time accept of your kind Proffer, for which notwithstanding I remain thankful to you.

A. It shall then be at another Time, when you are more at Leisure.

B. Sir, I shall be at any Time ready to obey your Commands.

Wit and Mirth improv'd; or,

Another from where the Invitation is accepted,

A. SIR, since it hath been my good Happ' to meet you at this present, let me desire you to come and take Part of a Dinner with me.

B. Sir, If I could do you any Service therein, I would willingly bear you Company, but my Presence will be both unuseful and troublesome to you.

A. I pray, Sir, use no such Excuses, your Company is most pleasing, but you fear your Chair will be but bad.

B. Pardon me, Sir, - I know your House affords no better good Entertainment; and because you shall not think I have any such Thought, I will do as you please.

A. You shall be exceeding welcome; do me that extraordinary Favour, and we will relate the News of these Times 'till Dinner is ready.

B. Sir, I have a little Business to dispatch, which I would willingly make an End of this Morning; I pray give me Leave to give Order for doing it, and I will return immediately.

A. I pray do not fail, for I will expect you.

B. I will return without Delay.

At his Return.

B. SIR, I crave Pardon for having caus'd you to stay so long.

A. Sir, you come is very good Time, and now I see you are a Man of your Word.

B. I wish I could as well perform all Things else whereunto your Quality and my Duty oblige me.

A. Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to seat your self.

B. After you, Sir, is Manners.

A. No,

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A. No, Sir, I pray sit there; that Place is reserv'd for you.

B. I must obey you, Sir; I had rather be uncivil than troublesome.

At the End of Dinner.

A. **S**IR, I pray excuse your bad Entertainment at this present, and at another Time we shall endeavour to make you Amends.

B. Truly, Sir; it hath been very Good, without any Defect, and therefore needs no Excuse.

A. However, your Welcome was hearty; and I shall desire to testify my cordial Affection some other way more worthy your self.

B. Sir, I have so many Testimonies of your good Will, that I am ashame'd it lies not in my Power to requite the least of them. I will expect when your Commands shall give me Opportunity to do it, and so I thank you for my good Chear, and humbly take my Leave of you.

A. Farewel, Sir:

*And if he chance to stay after Dinner, he
that invited him, may say,*

A. **S**IR, will it please you to pass the Time at some Recreation, least it seem tedious to you after your indifferant Entertainment.

B. Sir, It cannot seem long in your good Company.

A. Your good Nature makes you take all Things patiently, and in good Part; but how shall we pass away the Afternoon? Do you delight so Pastime, Sir?

B. Sir, I will agree to any good Motion.

A. Had you nor rather, Sir, take a Walk?

B. Your

6. Wit and Whirth improb'd; or,
B. Your good Company is more than sufficient for
me.

A. Sir, I know where very pleasant Walks are,
and there will be choice of young Gentlemen and
Gentlewomen; if you please, we will walk thither.

B. Sir, I am bound to obey you, and you will do
me a great Favour, in the Enjoyment of your good
Conversation.

*To court a Gentlewoman upon honourable
Terms.*

Madam, I account this to be the happiest Day I
ever had in all the Course of my Life, wherein
I have the Honour of being acquainted with you.

Sir, if I knew any Thing in me worthy your Me-
rits, I should think my self oblig'd to employ it in
honouring of you. But finding nothing but Imper-
fection and Weakness, I believe the Knowledge of
me will hardly yield you any Content, much less Hap-
piness.

Madam, I find so many Perfections in your Lady-
ship, that I am oblig'd to honour them with all my
Power, and offer you my most humble Service.

Sir, it is your Courtesy and fair Language that
would willingly excuse my Defects, to make your Suf-
ficiency appear so much the more.

Pardon me, Madam; it is the charming Power of
your Virtues and Merits, which oblige me not only
to honour and serve you, but also to desire some Share
and Interest in your Affections.

Sir, whatsoever a Maid with Honour may do, you
may request of me, I respect your Quality, admire
your Virtues, and wish you a Happiness befitting
your magnanimous Designs.

Madam, I assure you my Desires and Affections are
good; and if your Wishes proceed from as sincere a
will,

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Will, as it hath Power to be favourable to me, I shall think my self the happiest Man in the World.

Sir, I shall desire your Pardon, my Understanding is not so acute as to penetrate your Intentions; that which I speak, is in Simplicity, having no other Design, but to yield you such Respect as I know you deserve.

Madam, I do indeed wrong you in perswading you to that which I have not yet made appear by any true Proof. But notwithstanding, I must tell you, that your Perfections have so amaz'd my Senses and Affections, that I resolv'd never to love nor serve any but you. I only intreat you to accept my Service and Affection, and give an Effect to your own Desire.

Sir, as I cannot be perswaded you would fix your Thoughts, much less your Designs, upon one so little deserving, so need you not trouble your self to testify your good Will by any Effects. I am content with the Honour of knowing you, and wish with all my Heart your good Fortune may guide you to meet a Match becoming your Worth.

Madam, I have not so far forgotten my self, as to misconstrue your Merits and Perfections. I have propos'd unto my self an unfeign'd Resolution to Honour and serve you with mine uttermost Endeavours, and your Refusal cannot lessen my Affections. Suffer me then to stile my self your Servant.

Sir, I am not at mine owz disposing, therefore can not accept your noble Proffer; but if you can perswade my Parents to like of the Affection you say you bear me, I shall esteem my self much honour'd by your Love, and shall be ready to yield to aby Thing that shall agree with my Honour, to render full Assurance of my Love.

Madam, you oblige me infinitely, and I thank you as heartily. I shall take an Occasion to acquaint your Friends with my sincere Intentions. Honour me in the

8. Wit and Whirth improv'd; or,
the mean Time with your Commands, and give me
leave to kiss your fair Hand.

Sir, I am your most humble Servant.

To accost a Lady, and enter into Discourse
with her.

I Believe Nature brought you forth to be a Scourge
to Lovers, for she hath been so prodigal of
her Favours towards you, that it renders you as ad-
mirable as you are amiable.

Or, I wonder at so many Perfections as you are en-
dow'd with; for I do not believe the World affords
one more accomplish'd.

Or, I find my self happy in being honour'd with
your Presence, for my Desires aspir'd only to this Fa-
vour.

Or, I pray, let it not seem strange unto you, that
I make bold to come to entertain you.

Or, The Desire I have to testify the Fidelity of my
Service, causeth me to aspire to the Happiness of en-
joying your sweet Company.

Or, Your Presence is so dear unto me, your Con-
versation so honest, your Humour so pleasing, that I
could desire to be with you perpetually.

[Thus you may see how to speak to her: But here
you must note, that if it be a Lady to whom you had
never spoke before, and with whom you are fallen
passionately in Love, and towards whom you were
resolv'd to continue your Love, you should proceed
in this Manner.]

Pardon my Rashness, if I presume so far as to offer
my Service unto you, your Beauty hath so far prevail'd
over me, that I have long desir'd to attain to the
Honour of speaking to you.

Or, Though I have not been so happy to be
known to you by any Service, yet the Zeal I bear to
your

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your Obedience, hath oblig'd me to come and salute
you.

Or, I believe you will not take my Boldness in e-
vil Part, for presuming to come and see you; for it
is with a full Intent to serve you.

Or, Your Merits have so much Power over me, that
they oblige me to offer up my Heart wholly to you.

Or, If you accuse me of Temerity, you must lay
your own Beauty in Fault, with which I am so ta-
ken, that my Heart is ravish'd from me, and wholly
subjected to you.

[You may make Use of such Language, and pur-
sing your Intents, reflect always upon your Constancy;
shewing by your Discourses, that you are truly in
Love, and so discreet and faithfully, that none can
be comparable to you.]

To entertain a Lady amongst Company.

LET us leave these Gentlemen to court their Ladies,
and we will take our Quarters apart, in the End
we will not be any Thing behind hand with them.

Or, I am happier than those Gentlemen, who have
but each one Lady to court, I have two (or more.)

Or, One can impute no Defect unto us, for our
Number is perfect (being three.)

Or, I can assure you I am very glad I am honour'd
with your good Company, and esteem it is a great
Happiness.

Or, I could not have made a better Choice than
you, Ladies, if I may have the Honour to entertain
you 'till the Company breaks up.

Or, I would willingly have a second; for I feel my
self too weak alone, against you all.

Or, I had need to have Tully's Eloquence, to enter-
tain you according to your Merits.

Witty.

10 **Wit and Gravity improv'd**; or,
*Witty and ingenious Sentences, to introduce
and grace the Art of Well speaking.*

SIR, the Ocean's not so boundless as the Obligations
you daily heap on me.

I'll lodge 'em in my Bosom, and always keep 'em
in my Heart.

Other seem glimmering Stars, when compar'd with
you, who out-shine 'em like bright Luna.

Sir, I must entroul you in the Catalogue of my dear-
est Friends.

You over-charge me with too great a Favour, in your
condescension to pay me this Visit.

Such Endearments will too much impoverish my
Gratitude.

I shall do an Injury to your Merit, not to honour
you.

You have the Power to steer me as you please.

You walk in artificial Clouds, and bathe your wan-
ton Lips in sweet Dalliances.

Your Language is more dubious than an Oracle.

The Musick of the Spheres is not so ravishing as
your Voice.

You are the Glory of your Sex, and bear the Palm
of Beauty from them all.

Report could never have gotten a sweeter Air to
fly in, than your Breath.

You are Fortune's Darling, and you sleep in her
Bosom.

Not the Mountain Ice congeal'd to Crystal, is
more bright than you.

Farewel, fair Regent of my Soul, you still oblige
my Gratitude.

I'll rather doubt an Oracle, than question what you
deliver.

It is my Duty to obey all your Commands.

The

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The unblown Rose, the Crystal, nor Diamond, are
not more pure than you.

My Entertainment hath confirm'd my Welcome.

As a kind Sun to a New-born Spring, so are your
gracious Favours to my new-born Soul.

Sure Winter dwells upon your coy Lips, the Snow
is not more cold.

You have the Power to sway me as you please.

The Sun never met the Summer with more Joy.

I prize your chaste Love above all the Wealth of
India.

Your Tongue is as smooth as OIl with courtly Flat-
teries.

You have inflam'd me with the Ardeney of your
Deserts.

Sir, you cast your Eyes too much upon the Flame
of Beauty, which moves to your Ruin.

I totally submit my self to your Directions, govern
me as it pleases you.

The Virtues of your Mind would compel a Stone
to become a Lover, and devote himself your humble
Servant.

Sir, your noble Deeds transcend all Precedents.

Further Improvements of the Art of well- speaking.

THE Dignity of Truth is lost in much protesting.

No Hell so low which Lust and Women cannot
lead unto,

Time wears out what Art and Nature cannot bring
about.

When a Woman hath lost her Chastity, she hath
no more to lose.

When

12. **Wit and Wealth improv'd;** or,
When stormy Clouds appear, wise Men put on their
Cloaks to save them from a Shower.

The worst Deeds are often made good with Success.
Blind is the Censure of Uncertainties.
Reason is the Mistress of Experience.

A Politician must, like Lightning, melt the Mar-
row, but not pierce the Skin.

Envy stands on Tiptoe to pull down Innocency.
Too much Indulgence is not Love, but Hate.

Time wears out what Art and Nature cannot re-
pair.

Women are like Venice Glasses, one Crack spoils
them.

Libels are stifled by taking no Notice of them.

He is next in Right that hath the strongest Power.

Where Distaste begins, Friendship ends.

Discretion is the better Part of Valour.

Good Wits are the greatest in Extremity.

True Love is a Servant, brutish Lust a Tyrant.

Hope is a Bait that covers the Hook of Affliction.

Great Sorrow struggles inward, and is always
dumb.

Duty must not assume the Name of Merit.

Love is the sovereign Virtue of the Soul.

The Sun that sets, doth rise again; so a clouded
Fortune may again shine bright.

A Feast of Marriage, is not Lust, but Love.

Love is ever a Slave to Hope.

The wise Man foresees Dangers, which the Fool
rushes into.

A Description of Eloquence, and the Advantages of speaking well.

Eloquence is by the Ancients call'd *Nature's Garment*, as it covers the Soldier with Arms for Defence, the Senator with a Gown for Profit, and is a curious Garment for the Courier and Statesman; it likewise covers the Citizen with Pleasure and Profit; it associateth the remotest Regions of Men's Hearts, by the Participation of one another's Thoughts; and we can call Discourse by no apter Title, than the Vehicle of the Thoughts.

These were the ancient Decrees of Truth; they thought it a Happiness to have their Understandings enlightn'd with a Weight of Labour to search it, but the Glory of human Nature to speak it; Thoughts are but the Children of the Heart, as Speech is of the Thoughts; the Prudence of worse Doctrine is of excellent Use to all who view it, either in Case of Divinity or Policy, or even in the building up of the Fabrick of Mens own Fortunes.

The Perfection of the Art of speaking to others, consists in a Volubility of Application; and if a Person can come up to the Excellence of it, he may speak to a hundred Persons, and yet vary his Stile to each. Thus Alexander the Great did, when he encouraged his Soldiers to give Battel to the Persians; he represented to 'em avaricious Hopes of Treasure, and enriching themselves by Plunder; the Ambitious he incens'd with aspiring to Honour, and the Malicious he provok'd with the Remembrance of the former Grudges and Hatred between the two Nations. And Seneca approves not Speech to be at all excellent when Words are not quicken'd with the Life of Reason, but are only utter'd with the Plausibility of the Speaker, which sets an Edge or Point on Speech to enter much sooner

14 Wit and Mirth improv'd; or,
sooner the Affections, than dull or slow Expressions:
nor would it be unnecessary to have the several Forms
of Speech, of sudden Questions, of suspended An-
swers, and a great Variety of others, of which there
are not wanting in this Book, and in which it may
be thought no small Policy consists, together with the
Apprehensions of the Colours of Praise, Vice, and Ver-
tue; but in the Use of these, you may rather crave a
Lateness of Understanding to turn your self in with
Dexterity, than to be ty'd to the Streightness of a few
Rules of Remembrance; to have Wisdom grounded
in the Heart, rather than too much in the Tongue, is
the more advantageous for a Politician.

VVords on all Occasions ought to become the Per-
son that uses them; as, If you speak before those that
are nobler or learned, you must make an Oration
worthy of their hearing: If to one of lower Degree,
and meaneer Capacity, your Stile must be adapted to
his Understanding. And so of other Matters.

Witty Questions and Answers for the Im- provement of Conversation.

Quest. **W**HY is a Tooth drawer reckon'd an un-
reasonable Calling?

Answ. Because he takes away that from People that
they should feed themselves withal.

Q. VVhy is Cupid painted bare-headed?

A. To shew that between true Lovers there should be
nothing cover'd or conceal'd.

Q. VVhat said the Squire, when he found his Man
Roger a bed with his Wife?

A. Well done, Roger, after me is Manners.

Q. VVhat is a Chamber-inald like?

A. A Lottery, for you may draw a great many Blanks
before ye get a Prize.

Q. VVhy

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Q. Why should a Man chuse a little Wife?

A. Always of two Evils, chuse the least.

Q. When may a Lover safely fall out with his Mistress?

A. When he has so far got the Ascendant, that he is sure he can fall in with her again.

Q. What may be said of a Man who is in love with a lascivious Woman?

A. That he is nodding in a Chimney-corner, and ready to fall in the Fire.

Q. What said Rac to her Husband, that undertook to name many Persons whom he affirm'd to be Cuckolds?

A. Why truly, Husband, you are just such another Man.

Q. What Creature is that which bites with his Tongue?

A. The Flatterer and Parasite; for when the Emperor Otto was flattered by one of his Courtiers, he ask'd him, why he beat him?

Q. Why is a Whore's Trade opposite to all others?

A. Because she sets up without Credit, and to much Custom breaks her.

Q. What is a mere Scholar?

A. An intelligible Ass.

Q. Why is the Language of a Scold most moving?

A. Because no Man in his Wits will stay to hear her rattle.

Q. What is the suddenest and most successful Way of addressing a Widow?

A. Briskly to tell her you come to plough her up, and she must lie fallow no longer?

Q. If a Man calls his Wife Whore, what follows by Consequence?

A. That he is a Cuckold.

Q. Why are some People jealous?

A. Because such Persons as are jealous, are often wrought themselves, and measure their Husband's Corn by their own Bushels.

Q. What

16. Wit and Mirth improv'd ; or,

Q. What said the Tyler to his Man, when he fell through the Rafters of the House to the Bottom.

A. Well done, I fauh, I like such a Servant as thou art, who can go through his Work so nimbly.

Q. What said the distracted Fellow in Bedlam, when he was ask'd if he was marry'd?

A. He laugh'd, saying, he wonder'd they should ask him such a silly Question, for he thank'd God he was notスマd yet.

Q. What is the profitable Sign which one that has a handsom Wife, can hang at his Door?

A. His own Picture with a Pair of Horns on, and then he need not want Customers.

Q. What is an Ale-house-keeper?

A. He is none of his own; for he neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps, but at other Mens Charges; and grows fat by their Leans.

Q. What said the Fellow that had lost one of his Ears for his former Fact, and was about to lose t'other.

A. Why, what unconscionable Fellows are you, must I find you with Ears for every Sessions, when there are so many present that can spare an Ear better than I?

Q. What said the Taylor's Boy, who giving a Bill to a Gentleman, he desir'd the Money, and was told by him, he was not running away?

A. Why truly, Sir, said he, If you are not running away, I can assure you my Master is.

Q. What Trick did a Spendthrift Scholar use to get Money from his Father, who had before refus'd to send him any?

A. He writ a melancholly Letter, assuring him he was dead, and intreated him to send ten Pounds to defray his Funeral Charges.

Q. What said the Gentleman to the Thief, when he heard him breaking into his House in the Night time?

A. Stay, Friend, but one Hour longer, and then I shall be asleep.

Q. What

17

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Q. What Answer did the Poet give the Beggar, who told him he had a License to beg?

A. *Lice, faith he, thou may'st in all Likelihood have, but for Sense I am sure thou hast none, to beg Money of a Poet.*

Q. What is a Bawd most like to?

A. A Medlar; for she is never ripe 'till she is rotten.

Q. Why are short and dim-sighted People more given to love Women than those that can see well?

A. Because they cannot discern the unhandsome Features and Imperfections in a Woman so well us others.

Q. What is the meaning of that Word Marriage?

A. Marry at Age; not as Boys and Girls do in our Time, to the Shame of their Parents or Relations who suffer it, or rather properly clap them together like a Smithfield Bargain, for Advantage, though in Time it may prove ruinous to their Peace, Health, and Estate.

Q. What said the Cuckold to the Boy that star'd him in the Face when he ask'd him why he did so?

A. Why, Gaffer, quoth the Boy, for no Hurt, but because every Body said you had Horns on your Forehead. I look'd, and indeed, Gaffer, I could see none.

Q. How should a Man behave himself to a coy Lady?

A. Like a Soldier in the Field, bear up briskly, and charge her home.

Q. Why is a Soldier said to be of such Antiquity?

A. Because he keeps up the old Fashion when the first Bed was on the bare Ground.

Q. What said the Fellow, when a Nobleman bid him hold his Horse, and he ask'd if one alone could do it, and was answer'd yes?

A. Why then, if it be but one Bodys Work, you may e'en do it your self.

Q. What said one to a Lady that had a great many Patches on?

A. He bid her beware of laughing, lest she shew'd two Faces.

B

Q. Why

18 Wit and Mirth improv'd; or,

Q. Why is Marriage compar'd to a Sea-Voyage?

A. Because if Men have not good Fortune in it, they are very likely to be cast away or ruin'd.

Q. What may be said of a covetous rich Miser?

A. That he starves in Plenty, and freezes before the Fire, he makes such a little one.

Q. A cowardly Captain ask'd a Soldier, if he knew him or not?

A. Not your Face, Sir, that I have seldom seen; but your Back I do know, which I have often seen.

Q. What said the Country Fellow, when he was ask'd to go to Bed with his Bride on the Wedding-Night?

A. Not I, by my Troth, said he, I will not lye with a strange Woman, I will go to my Mother.

Q. Why is Wealth look'd on to be better than Wit?

A. Because few Poets are chosen Alderman, or put into great Places.

Q. Why are Taylors so much in Esteem?

A. Because they are Men of great Reckoning.

Q. A certain Person ask'd his Comrade, why he had such a mighty Aversion to Eggs?

A. Because, said he, my Father had the unhappy Misfortune to stand in the Pillory for a very trifling Matter.

Q. A City-Dame ask'd her Husband, Why may not I go as fine, and janker as well as my Neighbours?

A. Indeed, says he, if they affe~~ct~~ beastly Heads, I don't.

I N.



INSTRUCTIONS

For Writing of

LETTERS.

NOthing is so common as writing of Letters; but to set them forth well, is a very difficult Task. The Necessity of conversing one with another so long as we live, causes every one to meddle with it. For ignorant Men, as well as literate, have frequent Occasion to communicate by Letters with their absent Friends; but, for the most Part, learned Men only can perform it handfomly. To learn it, one ought to have fair Examples to imitate, and good Precepts to guide him. Wherefore I have here set down a short Instruction, containing the principal Rules of this Art. He that will indite Letters well, ought to take care of two Things; namely, the Matter, and the Form.

The Matter of Letters.

THE Matter of Letters is any Thing that may be discours'd of, without any Exception. For any Thing as may be spoken to a Friend, by Word of Mouth, when he is present, may, in his Absence, be written to him; I mean, if Wisdom will suffer it. For every Body knows that it is not always fitting to

22 Wit and Mirth improv'd; or,
Trust a Secret to a Paper, which may be lost, and fall
into a Stranger's Hands.

This Matter varieth according to the Letters whch
one useth to write, be it concerning Busines, or Com-
plement.

Letters of Business, are of several Sorts.

Letters of Business, are those that treat of Things
that concern us; and they are of several Kinds,
as Letters of Advice, Counsel, Command, Intreaty,
Recommendacion, offering of Assittance, Complaint,
and the like.

Letters of Advice.

Letters of Advice, are those which give our Friend
to understand how Businesses go, either theirs, or
ours, or other Folks. And as this is the common
Kind of Letters, so it is the plainest, for it carrieth
Matter along with it, so that one need not trouble
his Brains to invent it. You need only relate how
Businesses go, even in the same Manner as you would
do it by Word of Mouth; yet with this Reserve, that
you write not rashly any Thing that may do you or
your Friends wrong, if it should be disclos'd; which
you must take Care of, especially when you speak of
great Men, State-business, &c.

Letters of Counsel.

Letters of Counsel are of two Kinds; for they are
written either to those as desire your Counsel, or
to such as do not expect it.

The first requires not much Skill. You may begin
with some small Complement, excusing your In suffi-
ciency, saying, That some who are endow'd with
better Understanding, could advise him better; yet
since

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since he doth so much respect you, as to ask your
Counsel, you will not refuse to give it him. Then
you may declare what you think fitting for him to do;
and confirm your Saying with Reasons drawn from
what is fitting, profitable, or delightful, taking Care
that your Reasons be fitted to the State and Condition
of him whom in concerns; concluding with a VVife,
that the Resolution he takes, may prove for his Good
and Content.

In the second, you may follow some such-like Me-
thod. First, You may excuse your self for intruding
to give Counsel, before you be requir'd so to do, say-
ing, you are bound unto it by the Bonds of Friendship:
Not that you any way mistrust his own Sufficiency;
but knowing how much the Business is Hand concerne's
him, you believe he will not take it ill, if you tell him
what you think of the Business, which you would for-
bear to do to another, whora you lov'd not to intelli-
ly: but that you are confident he will take your Free-
ness here in good Part, as proceeding from a Heart
full fraught with most tender Affection towards him.
VVhich done, you may fall upon the Matter: and after
you have set down your Adyice, confirm it with good
Reasons, shewing that which you advise him to be
both honest, profitable, and pleasant, banding your
Reasons according to the Person you deal with; for
virtuous Men, and People of Quality, will be most
mov'd by what concern's their Reputation, when Men
of mean Condition will have more Respect to their Pro-
fit. Young Folks will be carry'd away with Pleasure,
whereas old Men look most after Gain. Then you
may add (especially if you write to a better Man than
yourself, or to one whom you respect) that you refer
it to his Discretion, to do as he shall think fitting; and
that you have not declar'd your own Thoughts, (meani-
ng that they should be no Rule to him) but that he con-
ferring them with his own Discretion, should suggest
or with what some other of his Friends should advise

22 **W**it and Shirth impow'd ; or, him, might more easily resolve what to do. Ending with a Prayer and hearty Ejaculation to God to bless his Resolution, giving it an Issue according to his own Desire and Content. But if you write to your Inferior, or to some one whom you are very intimate and familiar with, you may exhort him to follow the Advice you give him, shewing him, that if he continue it, it is to be fear'd some Evil may beset him.

The Form of Writing Letters.

BY Form, I mean all that is requir'd in Letters (beside the Matter) to frame them well.

Parts.

Herein I place in the first Rank the Parts of Letters, which are either common & particular.

Common Parts of Letters are these, which are alike in all Letters ; as Superscription, and Subscription.

Superscription.

The Superscription of Letters is twofold, the one external, the other intercal. The outward Superscription is that which is on the Out-side of Letters when they are folded up, and containeth the Name and Titles of him to whom we write, and his Place of Abode. But the chief Things we must take Care of herein, are his Titles, to give every one such as befit him, or he desires to have ; otherwise, his Letters are not well accepted of, and breed Distaste.

When we give a Title to a Prince, write, *To his Highness Prince——*. When to an Ambassador, *To his Excellency, &c.* When to a Lord, *To the Honourable, &c.* When to an Arch-Bishop, *To the most Reverend Father in God, &c.* When to a Bishop, *To the Right Reverend, &c.* When to the inferior Clergy, *To the Reverend,*

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Reverend, &c. When to a Mayor or Alderman, To the Worshipful, &c.

To other Persons we write, To Mr. N. together with their Titles, Office, or Profession, at Paris, Rome, York, Holland, or London.

When we write to our Inferiors, and such as are of mean Quality, we use Abbreviates in the Superscription, in this Manner : To Master N. or, To Mr. N.

We must observe the like Difference in writing to Women.

For to a Princess, or great Lady, we must write, To the Lady N. with her other Titles and Qualities, leaving some Distance between the first and second Line. Where to note, that we give the Title of *Lady*, not only to those whose Husbands are *Lords*, but also to others of meaner Rank, *Madam N.*

The inward Superscription is that which is set within-side of Letters, using Titles of Lord or Master, Lady or Mistres, at the Beginning in a Line a-part, with a great Distance between that and the second Line ; as, Sir,

I have receiv'd your Letters, &c.

But those whom we will not shew so much Respect unto, we joyn it with the Body of the Letter in this Manner, Sir, I have understood, &c.

Those who are of Kin, add, after the Title of *Master* or *Mistress*, their Degree of Kindred; as *Sir* and most loving Uncle; or, *Mistress*, and most loving Cousin. But we must not use this in external or outward Superscriptions; for sometimes it is not fitting that those who carry the Letters, should know there is an Alliance between the Parties which write to one another. We do not set down his Name whom we write to in the inward Superscription, unless it be to one of mean Condition, as if one should write to some Tradesman. in this Kind, — Mr. Ormond, I would desire you, &c. or Mrs. Chopin, as soon as you shall receive

24. Wit and Whirth i'nty'd ; or,
receive the Letter, &c, or Master, Partner, or Mrs. Ann.

In the Body of the Letters, we use to give great ones the Titles of Highness or Excellency, according to the Custom ; and we also reiterate the Name of Lord or Master, when we will shew him Respect, though he be not of any high Condition.

Subscription.

Thy Subscription is plac'd at the lower End of the Letter ; and, in writing to great ones, must be fram'd in this Kind : - Your most humble and most obedient Servant, N. or, Your most obedient and most obliged Servant, N. To those of lesser Degree, Your most humble, and most affectionate Servant ; or, Your humble and affectionate Servant. And to those of yet meanner Condition, Your affectionate, to do you any Courtesy. If it be a Woman that writes, she shall say, Your Servant, &c.

When we write to Persons of Quality, we must leave a great Distance between the Body of the Letter and the Subscription, the Body of the Letter always ending with, My Lord, Sir, or Madam, or Mistress, in a Line apart, distant a mean Space from that which precedes. Otherwise we leave not so much neither in one nor the other.

When those who are akin, write to one another, the greater doth well express the Degree of Kindred in the Beginning of his Letters ; but he that is of the meanner Quality, must be content to specify it in the Subscription.

Beside the Subscription, we use to set down the Date, as also the Place from whence you write. But it is not always convenient to mention the Place, and then you may omit it. Some use to set down the Date above their Letters, before the Titles of Sir, or Madam.

The particular Parts of Letters, are those which vary in

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In all Letters, as the Exordium, Discourse, and Conclusion.

Exordium.

An ordinary Exordium contains some small Complement to insinuate your self into his or her Favour to whom you write, and a short Proposal of what you intend to say. But we do not use any such Thing but only in long Letters, which speak of Affairs of Concernment; for otherwise we presently fall upon the Matter.

Conclusion.

In the Conclusion, we use to testify our Affection, and set down our hearty Wishes or Prayers for his Prosperity to whom we write,

Discourse.

The Discourse of Letters is various, according to the Matter therein contain'd. We commonly observe no Order therein, but speak of Things as they chance to fall under our Pen, not caring much, or standing upon any Connexion; unless sometimes in Letters of Answer, we follow the Order of Letters which we write an Answer to, using some small Transition when we come to some Matter which differs from the former. And so much concerning the Parts of a Letter.

Stile.

In the second Place, the Stile and Phrase of Letters is to be consider'd; it ought to favour of Carelessness, not much differing from our ordinary Manner of speaking. Rhetorical Figures, especially Exclamations, Apostrophes, Prosopopeia's, and the like, are no waye failing in them no more than long Periods. But in Letters of Complement, we may supply

26. Wit and Mirth improv'd; or,
the Barrenness of Matter by Smoothness of Words.
And in all Letters there must be some Elegance and
Grace, which may invite him to read them with some
Consideration, flying Affectation only so far as you may,
avoid Rusticity, or barbarous and improper Words or
Phrases;

Sealing.

In the last Place, they must be neatly seal'd with
either Wax or Wafer, and the Colour of 'em as best
suits the Circumstance of the Writer; bat black if the
Subject be melancholy. And if you put up many Let-
ters together, you must press them hard, that they may
lie in a very little Room.

I. Letters of Complement,

SIR,

I Desire you to accuse me of Neglect in the Perfor-
mance of my Duty; the Passion which I have to
your Service, being so violent, that it nourisheth in me
a continual Care of seeking Opportunities to make it
known. To the Furtherance of which, this Letter of-
fers it self most happily, having Charge to assure you
on my Part, that of all the Servants your Merits have
acquir'd, I am,

SIR,

Your most humble One,

T. S.

Another.

SIR,

I Am by so many Obligations yours, that the only
Want of Occasions to give Testimony of it, breeds
all my Discontents; esteeming my self unfortunate in
nothing so much, as that the Passion which carries
me to Service, proves as unprofitable as extreme:

Which

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Which forceth me to have Recourse to Intreaties, beseeching you to honour me with your Commands, that (other Means failing) my Obedience may oblige you to believe that I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

I must discharge my Heart, admiring you more than all the World. 'Tis true, your Desert imposed the Necessity upon me, but it did not give me the Inclination; tho' I beseech you to believe that I was very willing in the Constraint, having suffer'd no other Violence than what my Reason and Judgment offer'd me. You shall have daily new Proofs by the Continuation of my Duty, and by the Quality which I bear,

SIR,

Of your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

Ho' you expect nothing but Complements from me, you shall never receive any; I am a sworn Enemy of Courtship and Civility towards Persons whom I honour exurcantly, as I do you; it sufficing me, that I perform my Duty in their Behalf, and that I take Care to do it with a good Grace. This is the Study in which I practise my self; and I beseech you think that I will not lose the least Occasion to witness it to you, because I find thy self interested in the Resolution which I have taken to be all my Life,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

H. Answere

II. *Answers to Letters of Complement.*

SIR,

Making no Doubt of your Civility and Courteſy, but of my own good Fortune, in meeting with the Meaſns to requite them, I intreat you to believe, that hereafter I will employ all my Cares to witness unto you my good Affection; and if ill Meaſns render them unprofitable, I will die for my own Satisfaction,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

I ſelicem too much the Honour of your Remembrance to desire the Continuation, and withal to beſeech you for ſome Employment, wherein I may witness the Paſſion which I have to your Service. For which I will importune you hereafter, defiſing by Deeds, rather than Words, to let you ſee that I am ex-tremely,

SIR,

Of your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

Though this is to requite the Favour of your Remembrance, yet I cannot ceafe to be indebted to you, when I conſider, that your Courteſy prevented my Reſpeſts; but I beſeech you imagine that, for the Time to come, I will be ſo careful to discharge my ſelf, that you ſhall have greater Caufe to complain of Importunity, than my Silence, which I have reſolv'd never to keep, when your Interests oblige me to the contrary, as making publick Profefſion to appear in all Places,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

Another.

S I R,

I will be so presumptuous (since you do it) as to believe you love; but upon Condition, that you will likewise acknowledge the Passion which I have to serve you. For as it only makes me merit the Honour of your Friendship, so I shall be very glad, that you would everlastingly conserve the Remembrance of it. Continue then in loving me as much as you please, and likewise esteem infallibly that I am, more than all the World besides,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

III. Letters of Complaint.

S I R,

The Friendship and Service which heretofore I vow'd you; force me at this present to demand the Reason of your Silence. I do not doubt but you allow a sufficient Excuse to authorize it; yet, I beseech you, think that, how lawful so ever it be, I shall never leave off complaining. You may pretend the want of Occasions, or the sudden Accident of some Sickness, (which never molested you, except in Thought) whereby to justify your self against my Reproaches. But all this is not able to satisfy me; confess your Fault, ask Forgiveness, and you go a nearer Way to work; that's the only way to conserve eternally,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant.

Another upon the same.

S I R,

I shall break with you at last, if you break not Silence, imagining that you love me but a little, since

you

30 *Wit and Whitch improv'd*; or,
you have forgot me altogether. I beseech you deal
more familiarly with me, if my Friendship be any
way considerable, or you esteem me worthy of yoars.
In the Humour I am now, I think you can no sooner
blot me our of your Memory, than I can raze you out
of my Heart, without retralring any Thing (by my
good Will) but the Quality only,

SIR,

Of your most humble Servant,

Another.

SIR,

If you have taken an Oath to write no more to me,
at least send me the Letters back again which I ad-
dress'd to you, that I may still have the Honour to re-
ceive something from your Part. Silence is a sworn
Enemy of Friendship, which is the Reason that mine
reproaches you at this present, being not able to en-
dure, that after so many Proclamations never to forget
me, you shall lose even the Memory of having made
them. You may change your Humour when you
please, if you desire to renew the Obligations,

SIR,

Of your most humble Servant,

Another.

SIR,

If I did not honour you extremely, I could easily re-
venge my self of your Forgetfulness, by my Silence;
but the Esteem which I make of your Deserts, together
with an Inclination which carries me to your Service,
oblige me to assure you still, that though you should
forget me, even to my Name, I would never change
the Resolution which I have taken, so to all my Life,

SIR,

Your most humble Servt,

IV. *Answers*

IV. Answers to Letters of Complaint.

SIR,

You oblige me with such a good Grace, in complaining of me, that I am constrain'd to give you Thanks, instead of Reproaches. 'Tis not because I want Lawful Excuses to authorize my Silence, but the Interest which you take in it, that hereafter you shall accuse me of Imporunity, rather than Neglect. 'Tis the Protestation,

SIR,

Of your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR;

IT is needful to excuse my Silence, since I still endure the Pain of it, by Reason of a Sickness which molests me continually. But though your Reproaches proceed from your Affection, yet I assure you they interest mine extreamly. Since you doubt of the Countenance of it, I beseech you think me not of a Humour to forget those I honour, as I do you; and that, except I am reduc'd to the Extremity I was in before, I shall always acquit myself that which I owe you, in Quality of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servt.

Another.

SIR,

IF our reciprocal Friendship could not be convey'd but by Letters, my Hand should be always upon the Paper, to give you continually some new Assurance, or others; but knowing that she subsists of her self, through her own Solidity, I contemn all the Paintings of Civility and Complements. How little Knowledge, sover-

32 Wit and Witch impzob'd; or,
soever you have of your own Desert, you may easily
know, without being a Prophet, thee dear Esteem I
make of you; and seeing Knowledge has Truth for
her Object, you are forc'd to believe that I am really,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

Were I left-handed, I might acquit my self of the
Service I owe you, being unfortunately lame
of the right Hand; which has oblig'd me to make use
of a strange Pen, to excuse my Silence, and to assure
you, that though I serve my self with another Man's
Endeavour in writing this Letter, yet 'tis my Soul
that conciev'd it, and my Heart that dictated, being
very glad to witness unto you the Truth of my
Thoughts, touching the Resolution which I have ta-
ken, to make my self remark'd in all Places,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

V. Letters of Thanks.

SIR,

Since it is your Pleasure to add daily Obligations
to those who are most intirely yours, I am resolv'd
to let you take your Course, and busy my Thoughts
only in seeking Occasions to revenge my self. And if
my Misfortune in this Pursuit, comineally render my
Cares unprofitable, yet, for your Satisfaction, I shall
always have a good Will and Passion to do you Ser-
vice, which I shall heartily offer you up, being,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Another,

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Another.

S I R,

Not intending that these Thanks which I give you for the Favour wherewith you were pleas'd to honour me, should pass, in your Opinion, for an Acknowledg'ment; I revenge my self only of your Civility, expecting to meet with an Occasion, wherein I may witness with Services, rather than Words, that I am unfeignedly, in Heart and Soul,

S I R.

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

Confessing you have oblig'd me with a very good Grace, and so perfectly, that I shall remain indebted to you all my Life, I would to GOD some Occasion would offer it self, which I might employ in your Service, thereby to witness, that as your Favours have been extream, I will attempt all Extremities to revenge my self. These are no Discourses of Complement, my Heart Dictates to my Pen all that my Pen writes to you, with Assurance that I will not long unprofitably bear the Quality of,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

I know not in what Terms to give you Thank for the Favours which your generous Dispositions has been pleas'd to bestow upon me. I am so unfortunate an Orator, that I am out of all Hope to acquit my self that way. It suffieth me, to put you in Mind of the Passion which I have to your Services, persuading my self,

34 Wit and Mirth imp'g'd ; or, self; that the Remembrance it will excite in you, shall supplicate for the Fault of my Capacity ; and that, considering the Ardor of my Zeal, rather than the Beauty of my Discourse, you will content your self with my Disability, and that I assure you once again, how perfectly I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

If I had been more happy, or more powerful, I had already requited your Favours, instead of giving you Thanks ; but being unfortunate as I am, and in such a Degree of Impotency, I have nothing left but Words to send you, as an Acknowledgment of your Deeds. 'Tis true, they are Words most infallibly true, assuring you from my Heart, rather than my Mouth, that I will carry to my Grave the Quality of,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

VI. Answers to Letters of Thanks.

S I R,

Your Thanks have bought my Service at so dear a Rate, that the Satisfaction which before I received, is utterly now taken from me. Keep your Complements then for some other, and remember to use more familiarly,

S I R,

The most humble of all your Servants.

Another.

S I R,

There is far more Honour than Contempt in serving you, since by such ready Acknowledgments

you

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you hasten the Satisfaction. The Excess of your Nobleness undoes me, not being able to endure Thanks for the Performance of my Duty ; and therefore, since my Endeavours in your Behalf can be stil'd no other, I beseech you to vary your Terms, and to consider me always in the Quality I am of,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

I complain much of the Excess of your Civility and Courtship, since our reciprocal Friendship is therein greatly interest'd. You give Thanks for the Service which you desir'd of me, as though I were not oblig'd to it of Necessity. Leave off that ill Custom, if you please, and know that the Language of Complement is unknown to true Friends, whereof I am one, and which is more,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

Your Complements have put me into a very ill Humor; I cannot write to you, but in Choler, since you use me as a Stranger, as appears by the Superfluity of your Ceremonies and unprofitable Thanks. It seems you have wholly forgot the absolute Power that your Merit has obtain'd over me, which causes me once again to put you in Mind, that you will be sooner weary in commanding, than I in executing, as being unreservedly.

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

VII. Letters of Entreaty.

SIR,

THE Report of your generous Disposition, gives me the boldness to implore your Favour in the Dispatch of Business, whose Success depends absolutely on your Authority. 'Tis true, I have not the Honour to be known by you; but that being a particular Misfortune of mine, I desire it may not serve as a Pretence to the Refusal of my Demand; assuring you that I shall endeavour to make known, by real Service, rather than Name,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant:

Another.

SIR,

MY avow'd Service and Friendship gives me the Freedom to implore your Favour in Behalf of the Power you have given me, to employ your Endeavours in all Sorts of Encounters, but upon Occasions that may offer themselves, wherein I may witness how much I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

SIR,

SEEING you make as great Account of my Entreaty, as I do of your Commands, you will easily accord unto me this, which is, to sustain with your Authority a Business of mine now in Agitation, that it may be determin'd to my Advantage. I do not doubt of your Power, and less of your Nobleness, which forces me to believe

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believe that you will comply with this Occasion offer'd you, to oblige extremely.

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

Siace you complain of my Importunity, accuse your own Frendes; for if you had been less generous, I had been less bold; but seeing I know by Experience in what a high Degree Civility and Courtesy predominate in you, I am constrain'd to think, that my Entreaty will not be unacceptable, which is, that you would be pleas'd to mollify with your Eloquence, that harsh Concet that Master N. has of me. In this Encounter you will oblige us both together, siace giving him to understand my Innocence, he will easily give place to Reason. This Favour, in particular, I hope from your Goodness, as you on the contrary way expect all Sorts of Service from my Duty, in Quality of,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

VIII. Answers to Letters of Entreaty.

S I R,

Having done all you desir'd of me, with great Satisfaction and little Paine, I desire you'd prepare some new Commands, whereby the Passion I have to serve you, may not be left unprofitable, and you shall see by my Observance, that I have no greater Pleasure in the World, than to make my self remark'd in all Places,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

38 **Wit and Mirth improu'd;** or,

Another.

S I R,

A After many Thanks return'd you for the happy Im-
ployment you gave me in your Service, I think
all Things fell out according to your Desire, which gave
me ample Occasion to rejoice, as participating in all
Things that concern you in particular. I beseech you to
do me the Favour, that I may never have Occasion to
doubt it, since I profess my self as much as any Man in
the World,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

S I R,

I Could wish you had every Day Occasion to com-
mand my Service, that I might continually have
the good Fortune to produce new Proofs of my Obedi-
ence. I perform'd happily the last Commands where-
with you were pleas'd to honour me, which gives me
cause to believe that you will not long let me rest un-
profitable, without giving me some other Sort of Em-
ployment, wherein I may find more Satisfaction, as
proving it more painful. This I beseech you to do, in
Quality of.

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

S I R,

Finding so much Felicity in executing the Com-
manding which you impos'd upon me, I am ashamed
to reckon'd it in the Number of the Services which I de-
sire to render you, it being an Encounter of so little Im-
portance, for my Satisfaction and your Interest, that I
beseech you give some other Employment, wherein

I

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I may witness according to your Merit and my Affection, how unfeignedly I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, M.

IX. An Answer of Excuse to a Letter of Entreaty.

S I R,

More sorry am I than your self, that I am not able to effect your Commands. The Duty which you expect, does not absolutely depend on me, so that to render it worthily, I am to implore the Favour of another Man, who professeth to incline to tally to the adverse Party. Do not think that I make these Excuses to avoid the Occasion which presented it self for your Service; but believe, I beseech you, that in other Encounters, I will comport my self with so much Passion, that you shall be forc'd to confess I am unfeignedly,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another of Excuse.

S I R,

Did you know in what Disorder my Misfortune causes me to write, (since I am not able to satisfy your Desire) you would have Pity on my Affliction, being it wholly proceeds from my Grief, that the Power to do you Service, is taken from me. I speak this from my Heart and Soul; and being the Friendship I promis'd you, taught me the Language, I will constrain my self to believe, that it is eloquent enough to perswade you, that only the Want of Ability deprives me, at this present, of the Honour and Contentment to acquaint you how much I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, M.

X. Congratulatory Letters on some good Fortune happening to a Friend.

S I R,

Did you but know how excessive joyful I was at the News of your good Fortune, you would make a Doubt whether your own Resentment might be equal'd to mine or no : Truly, Sir, there could nothing be added to it; and besides, it proceeds wholly from the Friendship that long ago I vow'd to your good Nature, which is not vulgar, since it has your Desert for the Object. I could say more, if the Excess of my Gladness would give me the Freedom; wherefore, for the present, I must suffice my self, that you remain assur'd, how the Contentment which I take, can be equall'd by nothing but the Passion which I have to your Service, as being,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

The News of your Promotion into that Charge which you wish'd for so long, hath added such Contentment and Satisfaction to my Thoughts, that I am able to express but one Part of the Joy which reigns in me. I trouble not my self to perswade you to it by a long Discourse; your own Merit and our reciprocal Friendship (supplying the Defect of my Elocquence) will give a far better Testimony, than my Pen is able, which has in Charge at this present only to put you in Mind, that I am always, according to Capacity,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant.

Another.

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Another.

SIR,

The Part which I always took in Interests shall witness unto you, at this present, the Excess of my Joy which I conceiv'd at the News of your good Fortune ; and though I be not one of the first to congratulate it with you, yet I am one of the most sensible in the Common Contentment which possesseth the World. The Diligence or Delay of a Post, can advance or diminish no Man's Duty in this Kind of Encounter, since nothing but Zeal and Affection are considerable ; which gives me great Confidence at this present, as being more than any Man in the World,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

Do not admise that I am one of the last who congratulate with you your good Fortune ; the Joy which I conceiv'd, was so extream, that it coul: afford me no sooner the Liberty to acquit my self. I know the most of your Friends have prevented me ; but being their Satisfaction is small, I do not wonder if their Diligence be the greater. As for my Part, my Idleness increaseth my Merit, since the Way and Protraction proceedeth only from the Excess of the Gladness of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

XI. Answers to Letters of Congratulation.

SIR,

Always believing you were so gracious as to take Part in whatsoever should concern me, having

C

begin

42 Wit and Mirth improv'd; or,
begun so strict a Commerce of reciprocal Friendship, I
perswade my self likewise, that you make no doubt of
the Passion which I have to do you Service (by which
Means only I am able to merit the Effects of your No-
bleness) whereof you may be as confident, as of the
most assur'd Thing in the World; since I am in Heart
and Soul,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

SIR,

Since you take Part in the good Fortune which has
befallen me, you must also participate in the Advan-
tage of the new Credit which it has brought me into.
This I advertise you of, to the End that you let not
any Occasion slip, wherein you may procure new
Proofs of my Passion, nor forget this Advice which I
give you; since I shall die of Impatience, if I expect
long the Opportunity to witness unto you, how deep-
ly I am,

SIR,

Your Servant and Friend, M.

Another.

SIR,

Thanks being needless for these new Proofs of your
Nobleness which you have shewn in my Behalf,
(because they are Actions so proper to your Nature,
that without them you could not possibly live) I must
give you Praises then, and account my self happy, that
I serve as an Obj^t to your various Inclinations;
whereof I should become envious, but that they do
not admit any Hopes of Incitation; and therefore I
reserve Admiration only to contemplate them in Qua-
lity of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

Another.

SIR,

The new Assurances which you have given me of your Friendship, in bearing Part of my good Fortune, have yielded me much more Satisfaction, than my Advancement it self, as preferring the Happiness of your Affection, before my own particular; you have touch'd me so sensibly, in mingling my Interests with your own, that I shall never lose the Remembrance of so great a Favour, wishing that some Occasion would offer it self, whereby I might in some Part merit it by the Reality of my Service, since I am, and will be, all my Life,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M:

XII. A Letter to a Person of Quality, acknowledging some Favours receiv'd.

My Lord,

Not rendering you so much as Thanks for the Favours which your Goodness has been pleas'd to heap upon me, since their Excess force me to a Silence, as taking from me all Meane to revenge my self; - it sufficeth me you believe, that I will sooner lose my self, than the Remembrance of your Bounty. I know your Lordship satisfy'd your self first, every Time you oblig'd me; but being I cannot do so, what Advantage soever I take, without rendering you some Service of Consideration, I humbly beseech your Lordship to grant me the Liberty to importune you at all Times to honour me with your Commands, to the End that by the Innocency of my Observance, you may be constrain'd to know, that if you be extreamly generous, I am so lesse sensib'e, not so lesse,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble and obedient Servant, &c,

44 Wit and Mirth improv'd; or,

Another.

My Lord,

Since you expect Thanks worthy of the Favours wherewith you have been pleas'd to honour me, I humbly beseech your Lordship to afford me the Terms, that I may repeat them after you for your Satisfaction. I confess boldly my Incapacity to express unto your Lordship the Resentment which your Obligations cause in me, as well as my Disability in meeting with Occasions to acquit my self. But as generous Actions carry their own Recompence along with them, all that I can do, is, to put your Lordship continually in mind of your Nobleness, and to publish it in all Corners of the World, together with the Quality of,

My Lord,

Your most humble and most obedient Servant.

XIII. Letters to complain of Backbiting.

SIR,

Tis told me, that you maintain'd a certain Dis-course to my Detravage; I beseech you, out of Charity, repent your self in Time, if you would not have me constrain you to a more rigorous Penance; I understand not jesting, if I begin it not my self; wherefore correct your Pleadings, or I will cause you to lose both your Suit and Charge. I give you this fair Warning, that you may have less Cause to complain hereafter; and when I shall receive you in as humble a Submission as I expect, I'll then take it into my Consideration, whether I ought to be, for the Time to come, as hitherto I have been,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

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Another.

S I R,

Understanding that when you have nothing else to do, you take upon you to backbite a Person very near ally'd unto me; 'tis the worst Trade, and most dangerous, that you can employ your self in. But if your Wine be the Cause of these Extravagancies, I advise you to mingle it with Water as soon as you can; otherwise I shall be constrain'd to force you to such a long Silence, that no Man shall ever hear you speak hereafter. 'Tis the charitable Advice, if you follow it, of,

S I R,

Your Servant, M.

XIV. Answers to Letters of Complaint.

S I R,

Not writing this Letter to give you Satisfaction, but to comply with my own Humour, in the Innocence I have always liv'd, you are to blame to make those false Reporters my Judges, from whose Sentence I appeal, as from an Abuse; yet you may believe what you please, being you are willing to explicate your self any farther. And if you be not satisfy'd with the Assurance I give, (that I never dream'd of offending you, I leave you to fair Paper and Ink, whereby you may signify unto me your Mind and Intention; whether good or bad, I care not. It sufficeth me, that you call to Remembrance the Name and Quality which I once bore,

S I R,

Of your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

SIR,

THose that told you I abus'd your Klawsonia, abuse me. I know (without any Man's Intimation) the Respect I owe to thit Sex: For what she had given me, my Reason shou'd always have forc'd me to hold my Peace. As for the rest, knew that Wives never made me speak; and if you be so foolish as to believe it, I know a Way to punish your Folly. I tell you what I mean to do, that you may have no Pretence to say I surprize you unawares, at our next meeting, where I have good Hope to make you feel how worthily I can chaffise those that will not be contented with Reason. 'Tis the Resolution of,

SIR,

Your Servant as much as you please; M.

XV. Congratulatory Letters to a new-marry'd Man.

SIR,

JOy being the Consequence of your happy Choice, I now seeke bold to congratulate you, being glad that you have now divid'd the Power which you had acqui'd over ray Afflictions, as honouring at this present your dear self, with the Respects that hētētōfore I render'd to you only. I will periwade my self, you will make no doubt of it, no more than of the Passion I have to your Service, in Quality of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

Another.

SIR,

DO not expect that I should formally congratulate you with you the good Fortune of your Marriage, since I interest my self in all your Contentments. It sufficeth me to put you in mind, that your good and ill Fortune shall be the sole Cause of all my Joy's and Discontents, as fully resolv'd to follow your Resentments, in Quality of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

XVI. Answers to Letters of Congratulation.

SIR,

ALways believing that you lov'd me so much as to participate in my Contentments, they are Effects of your good Nature and Nobleness, to which I am extreamly oblig'd. But I can assure you, that in the Election I have made of a Wife, you have obtain'd a new Servant, since she partakes already in the Passion which I have to serve you, being,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

SIR,

Knowing you so generous, that you interest your self in all Things which concern me, I am as know'n of receiving daily new Proofs, since I cannot encounter with a fit Occasion to revenge my self. All that I can say then, is, that I shall have the same Resemblance in all Affairs, which shall touch you in particular, as being by Inclination, as well as Reason,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

XVII. *Letters protesting Friendship.*

SIR,

Since I have made a Vow to be your most perfect Honourer all my Life, and not to remit one Point of the Passion which I have to do you Service, I shall never content my self, except sonic Occasion be offer'd very suddenly, whereby these Words may be chang'd into Effect; 'Tis the only good Fortune which I expect with Impatience, being not a little griev'd that I bear in vaine the Quality of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Another.

SIR,

DO not wonder if I importune you so often with my Letters; I have no greater Pleasure in the World, than to assite you of the Esteem I make of your Friendship, and Eternity of Mind. 'Tis true, these are but Words; but being they are dictated by my Heart, I am satisfy'd in acquitting my self of that which I owe you. If Occasions to do you Service w^{ould} offer themselves, as often as they do to write to you, I would give Testimony by my Actions, rather than my Discourse, that I was never in Complement.

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Another.

SIR,

SInce my Ill Fortune deprives me of Occasions to serve you, I must, for my own Satisfaction, witness unto you the Passion which predominates in me. I know

your

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your Deserts and Conditions have acquir'd you Services without Number; but I can assure you, with as much Ostentation as Reason, that join them all together, I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

SIR,

The Inclination which I have to esteem you more than all the World, will not suffer me to let any Opportunity slip, without giving you new Assurances of this Truth. Not that I craze to be in a continual Impatience of expecting Occasions to give you more effectual Proofs, but because they being not dependant of my Will, I satisfy my self, in letting you know, that she shall never force me to any other Thing, than to make open Profession of the Quality of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

XVII. Answers to letters protesting friendship.

SIR,

BE as frequent as you please in giving me new Assurances of your Friendship, all the Proofs that you can have of mine, cannot render it more perfect than it is. But I can assure you, that if my Endeavour could take Effect, or my Vows Accomplishment, you should not long account me in the Number of your unprofitable Servants, though of,

SIR,

Your most obedient and most faithful Friend

C. 3.

Another.

50 Wit and Mirth improv'd ; or,

Another.

S I R,

I will never refuse the Honour which you do me in professing to love me extreamly : But since I have no Merit to oblige you thereunto, I dare not publish my good Fortune, justly fearing to be depriv'd of it every Moment : Not because I believe you will prove fickle, but realorable ; and that therefore your Reason may oblige you to make me lose this good Fortune, which mine only and your Courtesy acquir'd me. But whatsoever happens, I shall never be other than,

S I R,

Your most humble and most obedient Servant.

Another.

S I R,

MY Pride will become insufferable, if you interest your self often in the Delay of my Return. I wonder you can find me wanting at the Court, where you have Admirers without Number ; but if I could be perswaded that my Absence did occasion your Disquiet, or that my Presence could be necessary for your Service you should not be able to detain me from the Town, whither your Commands shall soon call me, when you are pfas'd to expect Proofs of my Obedience, as being,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

XIX. Letters to clear oneself of a false report.

S I R,

NEeding not much Eloquence to persuade my Innocency touching the Report which was made to you

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you of late, I will oblige my self to make them confess the Truth publickly, that have been too shameless to maintain the contrary in private. 'Tis a Malice so ill contriv'd, (though black as Hell) that I am persuad'd it will deceive it self. For what Appearance is there, that having receiv'd an Infidelity of Favour from your Goodness, I should so irreverently contemn a thousand other noble Qualities that elevate your Esteem above the common? I beseech you believe that I shall be their Admirer all my Life, and a continual Flail to the Broachers of this Imposture. I have no Respect of Persons when my Honour is question'd; I bear a Sword to defend it with the Hazard of my Life, which I esteem far less. But if this cannot give you Satisfaction, let me know the Name of the Reporter, and I will make you Sport, in laying open the Particulars of his Knavery, and the Sincerity of my Innocency, which shall give you sufficient Cause never to make Doubt of the Passion I have to serve you, as being,

SIR,
Your most humble and most obedient Servant.

Another.

SIR,

IT is an easy Matter for any Man to accuse me; but I defy all the World together, to convince me in the least Resp't. 'Tis true, I could not speak in that Company, but some must hear me; but be pleas'd to shew me my Adversary, and I'll engage my self to make him sign me an Acquittance of my Innocence with his own Blood. I boast of nothing that I will not do; for let me but know the Broachers of that Imposture, and I will easily let you know their Malice, which shall force you to believe (as I most humbly intreat you) that I will sooner lose my Life, than the Honour and Scile of being,

SIR,
Your most humble and obedient Servant, M.
Anthon.

52 Wit and Witry improv'd; or,

Another.

S I R,

I will not justify my self with Words, of the Asper-
sion laid upon me, desiring by Effects to let you see
my Innocence as clear, as the Malice of those that
would have blemish'd it black and pernicious. I be-
seech you think that I shall never be able to forget the
Respect I owe you ; and if any have the Boldness to
accuse me of it, my Sword shall impose them a most
elgorous Pennance, since I proffer to be always what I
always was,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, M.

XX. Answers to Letters of Justification.

S I R,

THIS day I was told you abus'd me behind my
Back ; but since I never gave you Cause, and on
the other Side, your Reputation be sufficiently known
to me, I was not so much as tempted to give Credit
to it ; you needed not then to have justify'd your self
of a Fault, - whereof I sleem'd you always innocent.
The Reputation you bear in all Places of the World,
may teach as judge to condempn your Accusers ; where-
fore you may sleep in Quiet, since I account my self
disinterested, and places me in the Number of,

S I R,

Your most humble and most affectionate Servt.

Another.

S I R,

BEFORE I can declare you guilty, you must confess
your self faulty with your own Mouth ; for the
Telliogitics of all the World cannot convince the good
Opinion

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Opinion I have of your Integrity. Men may calum-
niate your Reputation as much as they please ; but I
shall always hold your Accusers to be in Fault, since
it is impossible I should lose the Esteem which I con-
ceive of your Desert, being,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

XXI. A Letter from a Youth to his Parents.

Ever-honour'd Father and Mither,

MY Absence from you has not been a little tedious
to me; yet in Consideration my being separated
thus from you, is entirely design'd for my Good and
future Welfare, I bear it with as much Calmness and
Discretion as can reasonably be expected from one of
my tender Years, and whose Affection is so great to-
wards you ; nor shall I in the least neglect to improve
my self all that my Capacity will enable me, in the
Study and Affairs you desire I should be perfect in, be-
ing not without a reasonable Hope that I shall acquit
my self to your Satisfaction, and my own Advantage.
I am constrain'd, in the mean Time, to let you know
I stand in need of those Necessaries I told you of in my
last, and in part, when you gave me the last Visit,
and Credit and Improvement in Learning. I should
have much longer forbear'd to have urg'd it to you so
pressingly as now I must, and am constrain'd to do,
hoping I may live, in some Measure, to requite the
Trouble and Charge I put you to, and ever shew a due
and Respect that may be pleasing to, and render a
Part of Satisfaction for your tender Love and careful
Regard : - In the mean Time I must beg your Pardon
for my thus presuming, entreating you to excuse it ;
and so, with my hearty Prayers and good Wishes for
your Health and Prosperity, I remain

Your ever dutiful and obliging, T. B.

A

A Letter of Promise to delay Time; &c.

SIR,

I Am not forgetful, neither does my Memory fail continually to mind me of the Promise I made you; nor can I be so disingenuous to my self or you, as not to conclude you punctually expected it shou'd be fulfill'd; however, I must beg your Pardon if I cannot do it so soon as I expected, though I am not in the least neglectful to procure what I promis'd you; nor do I ever intend to be so, till I have given you that full Satisfaction which I doubt not but will be answerable to your Desires; and resolving to spare no Opportunity in using my utmost Diligence to give you Contentment with all convenient Speed, in making my Promise good to you, I subscribe my self,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

B. C.

A Letter from a Husband to his Wife and Children.

Dear Wife,

Since I departed from you and my Children, my Mind has not been absent from you, nor my tender Love and Affection is the least stray'd from you; I have us'd all possible Diligence to dispatch my ingressing Business, that I might be again where my choice & Treasure is, and have in this sent you a Token of a loving Remembrance, requiring you not to fail in letting

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letting me know how you and my Family does, as to your Estate, Condition, Health, and Liking, which is the great Concern of my Thoughts, and which I ever tender equal, if not superior, to my own ; and so with all the Love and tender Regard of a Husband and Father, with my Love to you, our Children, and all our Friends and Relations, I ever remain,

Kind-Wise,

Your most loving Husband, P. G.

A Letter from one Gentlewoman to another, to desire her Company and Conversation.

Madam,

Embolden'd by Impatience for your Absence, after long struggling with my self, as well knowing how happy you are in your Retirement, I have presum'd to make this Letter an important Messenger of my earnest Desires to see you return'd again ; and for this, it carries a very lawful Excuse with it, bearing upon your Promise when we last parted, which you made of a speedy Return ; and though I cannot forbear to tax you of passing the Time appointed, however, I will make the most candid Interpretation of your good Intentions, and generously pardon you the Time elaps'd, if with a free Compliance to this my Request, you bring me back your self with all convenient Speed, that I may again enjoy the Company of her who is as dear to me as any in the World ; so expecting your ready Compliance with my reasonable Demands, I say no more, till I see you, but remain

Your ever-loving Friend to oblige you in all I pray,

M. G.
A

A Letter of Advice from a Father to his Son.

Dear Son,

I cannot but always bear you in my Mind, though you are absent from me, and with a fatherly Tenderness am ever studying your Welfare, and therefore relying upon it, not without some Confidence, that you will be advis'd by the sae Thinge for your Good, I have undertaken to give you some Cautions and Instructions, together with the Money I have sent you to maintain your Part in the Affair you have undertaken. And the first is, that you are not engag'd and drawn away to listen to the pernicious Smoothings and Soothings of Flatteries and Parasites, or such crafty Persons, whose Design it is to prey upon, and insensibly, if not timely avoided, draw you into Mischief, if not into utter Ruin. Fly the Company of prophanes and debauch'd Persons, as from a Habitation infected with the Pestilence; and if you keep Company, be sure let it be with sober, modest, and discreet Persons, and those that are your Superiors, rather than your Inferiors, if such may be compass'd; be humble, modest, and courteous in your Conversation. In the next Place, be diligent in the Management of your Affairs; mind your Employment, and deal justly with all Men, whereby you will not only gain an honest Repute, but a Blessing wch doubtless follow your Endeavours. But above all, be ever thankful to Almighty G O D for the Mercies and Favours he has been pleas'd to bestow upon you; pray to him for the Continuance of his Assistance and Support; and in so doing, you may expect a Happiness that will truly give you the Sweets of Life, and in this, very highly oblige him whose Joy it will be to see or hear of your Welfare, and remain:

Yours ever loving and affectionate Father, L. G.

A Letter of Thanks to a Father and Mother.

Ever loving Parents,

After my humble Duty and good Wishes presented to you, I return you both my kindest and hearty Thanks for the tender Care and paternal Love you have extended towards me; and particularly for this last Obligation you have laid on your obedient Daughter, in sending me those Nec^{ess}aries I entreated at your Hands, with Tokens I had not the presumption to desire at your Hands. This is the first in my Memory, and therefore I have, for Brevity's Sake, omitted to enumerate many others of the like Nature; all the Recompence I am at present able to return in Part of a Retaliation, is, my Prayers for you, my Duty and Obedience towards you, and whatsoever else my tender Years are capable of transmitting; and so, 'till I have the Happiness of paying you a Visit, and express by Word of Mouth, by my Actions and Behaviour, and all other Things that can shew a grateful Mind, I rest, humbly begging leave, as in Duty bound, to subscribe my self

Your ever obedient Daughter, A. P.

*A Letter from a Maid Servant in London,
to one in the Country.*

Dear Dolly,

Now, according to my Wish, being at London, which is the Glory of England, and for a Time settled in a good Service, your Request (when we parted, and that not without Tears, as you well remember) coming fresh into my Memory, I have taken up on me to write unto you; and, to satisfy your Longings, let you know that this London is a very fine and gallant City;

58 Wit and Whitch imp'g'd; or,
City; but it is not as we Maids in the Country were
told or saw, y'ki, pay'd with Gold and Silver, but most-
ly with Stones, such as we mend our Highways with-
al; and yet may well be said to be pay'd with Gold and
Silver too, for that pays for the Stones and Paving at
a very dear Rate; but to let that pass, I was no sooner
arriv'd, but I was settled in a Place, and not long after
discover'd that those pretended Dangers and pretended
Inconveniences, which we Country Lasses were fre-
quently discourag'd withal, prov'd ouly *Chimera's* to
trifighten us from the Pursuit of our better Fortunes
and Advantage, that we might become perpetual
Drudges in the Rural Smock-loft, and that others
might have the Marrow of our Bones with little or no
Profit to our selves. This Artifice they use, to keep us
in Ignorance of those Preferments Maids may here
rise to by their Industry, modest Carriage, and civil
Behaviour; therefore, dear *Dolly*, be not discutag'd,
but make it your Concernment to leave the Milk-pail,
and serving of Swine, and to come to *London* with the
first Opportunity, where, if you are tolerably cut-
ting, can discern Coyness, and wheedle a Little, In a
short Time, it is ten to one, but you may light of a
good Husband, and so from a Servant, be translated
to a Mistress; for here it appears are a power of amo-
rrous Fellows, that will soon be nibbling at the Bait
of your Maidenhead; and if you can but carry your Bu-
siness closely and demurely, you need not fear to catch a
Gudgeon. As for my self, I have three or four Sweet-
hearts already, among the rest, our Journey-man and
eldest Prentice; the latter I like best, but he is not
out of his Time; yet in a little while he will, and in
the mean while I will lye upon the Catch to sweep him
up, if this be Encouragement, make haste to *London*,
and the Carrier will direct you where to find me, who
will most willingly assist you in all I can; and so in
Expectation very shortly to see you, I remain

Your old Companion and loving Friend, K. D.

A

*A Letter from an apprentice in London, to
his Master in the Country.*

Worthy Sir,

Finding your Stay beyond my Expectation, I have taken the Boldness to write unto you, and by this silent Messenger send you my hearty Wishes for your Health and happy Journey, and wishal let you know that at Home we are in good Health, and all Things go forward successfully, my Care being no less in your Absence than if you were present; so wishing earnestly your Return when your Affairs will permit, or your Pleasure shall dispose you to it, I humbly crave leave to subscribe my self

Your most faithful and obedient Servant, G. C.

A Letter from a Nephew to his Uncle.

Honour'd Sir,

I Have made bold to address you with a few Lines, to let you know not only that I am in Health, but also to present my humble Respects and Duty to you, ever wishing you abundance of Felicity in Health & Wealth, and many prosperous Days, with the like Duty and Respect, and the same good Wishes to my dear Aunt, and my cordial Love to my Cousins, and all the rest of my Relations near you, hoping in a short time in Person to tender you more effectually my dutifull Acknowledgement for all the Favours and Kindnesse I have receiv'd at your Hands, promising my self a Continuall shew, who am

Your loving Kinsman and oblig'd Servant, A. P.

A plain downright Country Love-Letter from Roger to his Sweet heart Joan.

Sweet Honey Joan,

I have sent thee a Thing, such a one as the Gentle-folks call a Love-Letter; it was indited by my self after I had drāak two or three Pots of Ale; but 'twas written in a Roman joining Hand by the School-Master, who is Clerk of the Parish, to whom I gave six Pence for his Pains. Truly, Joan, and marry, Joan, thou know'st many a time and oft have I fetch'd home thy Cows when no Body knew who did it. Marry, Joan, thou know'st I always play'd on thy Side at Stool-ball; and when thou did'st turn the Ga-laud in the Whitsom. Holy days, marry, Joan, I was sure to be drusk that Night for joy. Marry, Joan, c̄y I still, but when wilt thou marry me, Joan? I know thou dost love Will the Taylor, who, 'tis true, is a very quiver Man, and foots it most fercously; but I can tell thee, Joan, I think I shall be a better Man than he very shortly, for I am learning of a Fidler to play on the Kit, so that if thou wilt not yield the sooner, I will ravish thee e're long with my Musick: 'Tis true, I never yet gave thee a Toko, but I have here sent thee one; I bought it in the Exchange, where all the Folks houted at me; but thought I, heut and be hang'd and you will, for I wil buy a Top-knot for Joan; and I can assure thee, Joan, 'twill make a bette Shew in the Church, than a gilt Fay-leaff by thy Side. But what wilt thou give me for that, Joan? Alas, I ask nothing but thy self; come, Joan, thou shalt give me thy self; come, I pitchee, Joan, give me thy self: Law ye, what a happy Day would that be to see thee with thy best Clothes on at Church, and the Parson saying, I Hodge take thee, Joan; and, by the Mſ, I would take thee, and hug thee, and hug thee, and kiss thee; and then lay away

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to the Ale-house, and hey for the Musicians, and the
Canaries, and the Syllabubs, and the Shoulder of Mutton
and Gravy; and so having no more to say, I rest
assur'd of good Will,

*Thy own dear Sweet-heart,
Trusty Hodge the Plow-man.*

A Letter from a Wife to her Husband.

Living Husband,

Your Absence being more tedious to me than you may imagine, I cannot but in a kind and gentle Manner chide you for so long detaining your self from the Company of her who so entirely and so affectionately loves you, whose Sleeps are chang'd into unquiet Slumbers, and whose Dreams are troublesome to her, because many Times I dream of Dangers; and fancy you be fallen into them; and then waking in a Fright, calling by my Side and missing you, my troubled Spirit fall into much Disorder; wherefore, for the Repose of her you profess you so much love, bring me your self again with all convenient Speed, who am

Your most affectionate Wife 'till Death, A. C.

A Letter from a Lover to her Love.

If your Heart be your own, I demand it for a New-Year's Gift, and from you no other Present will be acceptable. If it be at your Disposal, oblige me in sending it me, or bringing it me; and be you sure that I have nothing, I say, nothing which I ought to refuse as a Recompence for a Present which will be so dear to me.

Directions

Directions for Pointing, or the Use of Stops
in writing or reading true English.

Since Points, or Stops, are absolutely necessary in writing or reading good Sense, I think it a Duty incumbent on me to give a brief Account of them; which take as follow:

A Comma	(,)	An Interrogation	(?)
A Semicolon	(;)	A Parenthesis	()
A Colon	(:)	An Obelisk	(†)
A Full-point	(.)	A Hyphen or Division	(—)
Asterism	(*)	An Index	(Index)
An Admiration	(!)		

1. A Comma is a Note of convenient Silence, or rather a Breathing-time to that which succeeds, mark'd thus —— ,

As for Example, Love's Companions be unquiet Longings, fond Comforts, faint Discomforts, Hopes, Jealousie, Carefulness.

2. A Semicolon is a Pause somewhat longer than a Comma, and thus noted — ;

Example, Her witty Persuasions ha' nise Answ'rs; her Eloquence reamper'd with Sweetness; her Threatnings repell'd with Disdain.

3. A Colon is a middle Distinction between a Comma and a Full-stop in the Middle of a Sentence, mark'd thus — :

Examp'; If I speak nothing, I choke my-self, and am in no Way of Relief: If simply, negl.cted: If confus'd, nor understand'd: If I express any Thing very lively of what I truly feel, this is a Token, forsw'rh, my Thoughts are too much at Leisure.

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4. A Period is a perfect or full Point, to put at the End of a compleat Sentence, mark'd thus — .

Example, *Lies cannot blush, so as Modesty admits a Freedom to my Pen. It would be tax'd Immodesty, being deliver'd by the Tongue.*

5. A Note of Exclamation or Admiration, is thus noted — !

Example, *Oh endless Endeavours! O vain glorious Ignorance!*

6. A Note of Interrogation thus — ?

Example, *What shall I do? Whither shall I fly? Whom shall I blame? What shall I pretend?*

7. A Parenthesis is shutting a Sentence between two half Moons, which notwithstanding, the Discourse remains entire, noted thus — () .

Example, *Tell me ingenuously (if there be any Ingenuity in you) whether you did not know it.*

8. Index thus ⌈, is to note from the Margin what is remarkable.

9. Obelisk, noted thus †, always refers from the Matter to the Margin.

10. Asterisk thus mark'd, * when any Part of a Sentence is lost or wanting.

11. Hyphen, or a Division, mark'd thus (-), is a Note of Connexion, as sometimes, House-keeping.

The true Method of writing Bills of Exchange, Receipts, &c.

The first Bill.

On 1st July

Alicant, the 25th of July 1715.

260 l. S. 1.

At three Months after Date of this my first Bill of Exchange, in second or third not being paid, pray pay unto Mr. Thomas Woodward, or Order, the Sum of two hundred Pounds Sterling. Value receiv'd of Sir. Edward Symonds, at four Shillings three Pence per Piece of Eight:

At

64 Wit and Witch improv'd; or,
As Time pray make good Payment, allowing it to the Ac-
compt of (as per Advice)

200 l. Sterl. to Mr. Samuel Your loving Friend.
Stephens, Merchant. Edward Webb.

Alicant, the 25th of July 1712. 200 l. Sterl.

At three Months after Date of this my second Bill of Exchange, my first or third not being paid, pray pay unto Mr. Thomas Woodward, or Order, the sum of two hundred Pounds Sterling, Value receiv'd of Mr. Edward Symmonds, at four Shillings three Pence per Piece of Eight: At Time pray make good Payment, allowing it to the Accomp't of (as per Advice)

200 l. Sterl. to Mr. Samuel Your loving Friend,
Stephens, Merch. Lond. Edward Webb.

Alicant the 25th of July 1712. 200 l. Sterl.

At three Months after Date of this my thrid Bill of Exchange, my first and second not being paid, pray pay unto Mr. Thomas Woodward, or Order, the sum of two hundred Pounds Sterling, Value receiv'd of Mr. Edward Symmonds, at four Shillings three Pence per Piece of Eight: At Time pray make good Payment, allowing it to the Accomp't of (as per Advice)

200 l. Sterl. to Mr. Samuel Your loving Friend,
Stephens, Merchant in
London. Edward Webb.

A Receipt (in Part) for Rent.

October the 4th 1715.

Receiv'd of Mr. Thomas S. a/c, the sum
of five Pounds ten Shillings, being in **{** l. s. d. **}**
Part for half a Year's Rent due at Michael- **{** 5 10. 0. **}**
mas last past. I say, receiv'd per me,

John Low.

A

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A Receipt (in full) for Rent.

April the 6th 1712.

Receiv'd of Edward Spawring the Sum
of six Pounds, being in full for half a Year's Rent due at Lady-day last past. I say, £ 6 0 0
receiv'd per me,

Allow'd the 3^d and 4th
Quarters Tax.

John Day.

A Receipt (in part) in Trade.

August 4, 1712.

Receiv'd of Mr. Isaac How the Sum of ten Pounds
ten Shillings, being in part for Goods bought. I say,
receiv'd by me,

Richard Slater.

A Receipt (in full) in Trade.

Sept. 3, 1712.

Receiv'd of Mr. John Swift six Pounds four Shillings
in Money and Goods, which is in full of all Acc-
counts whatsoever from the said John Swift to this Day.
I say, receiv'd in full by me,

George Hunt.

A Note of one's Hand for Money due.

August the 7th, 1713.

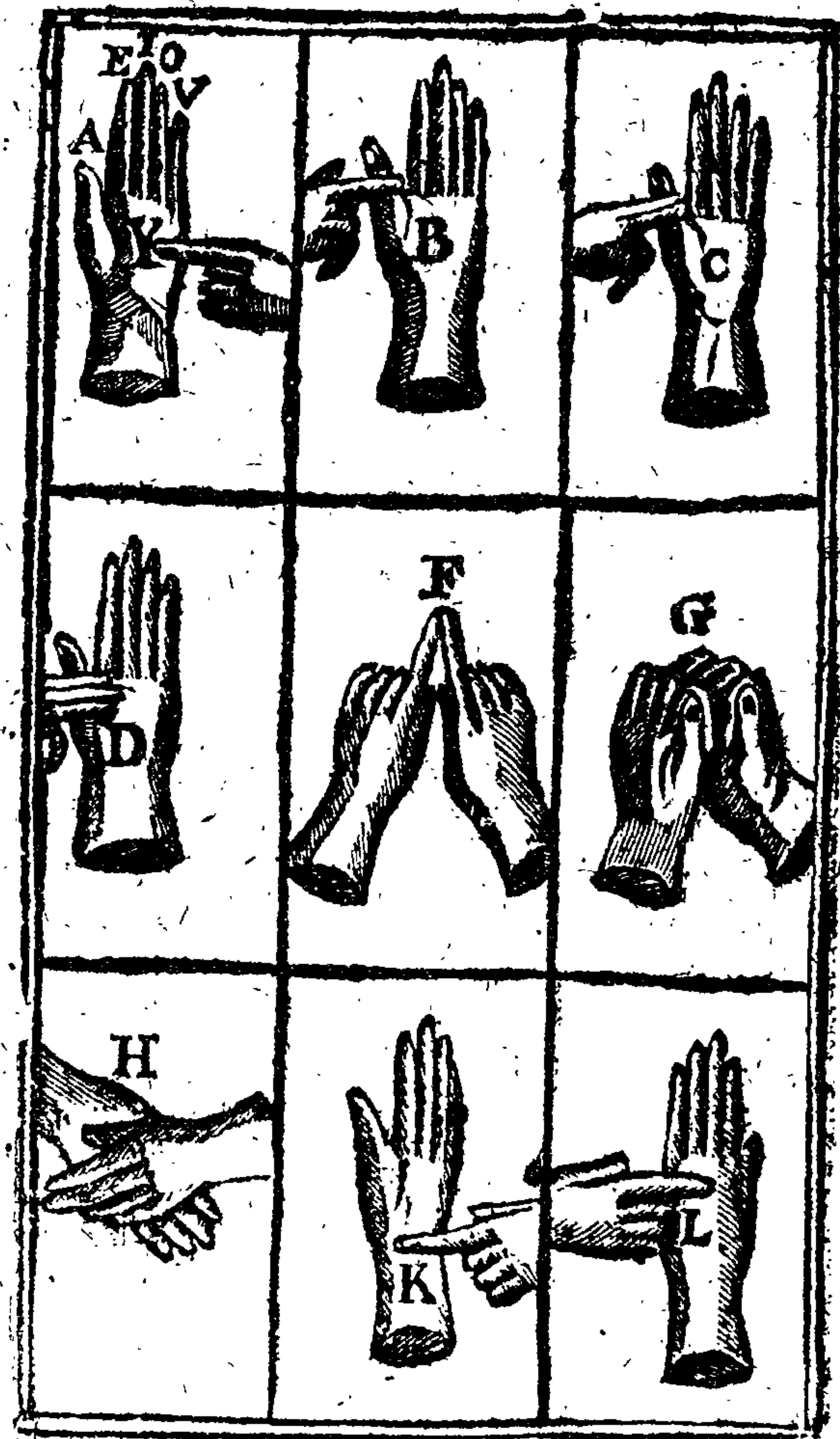
I Promise to pay Mr. John Newbolt (or Bearer) The
Sum of ten Pounds six Shillings, on Demand, for Fa-
tue receiv'd. Witness my Hand,

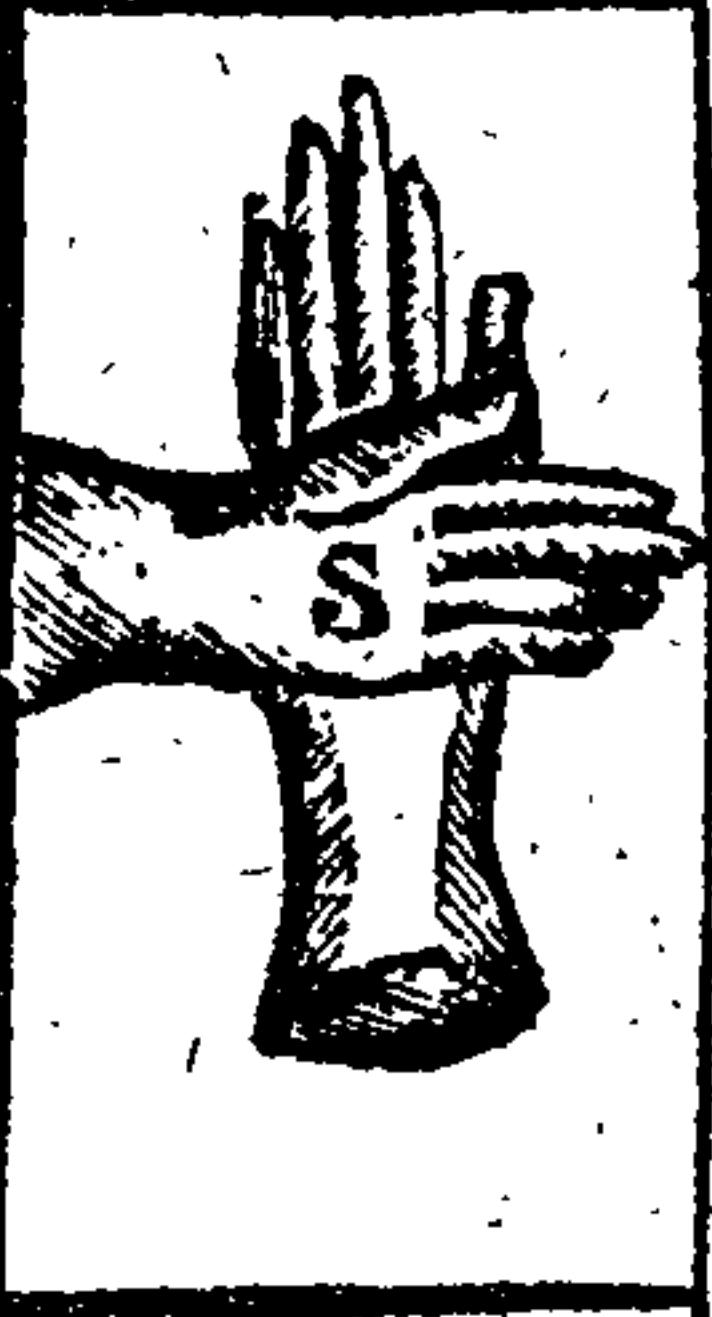
Joshua Emery.

The Silent Language, by Motion of Hand.

THIS Art is perform'd by the 24 Letters upon your Hand and Figures, which you must learn, and then you must spell the Words you intend your Friend shall know; the Letters are very easily learn'd, and as easily remember'd. I have learn'd several Persons in less than half an Hour. You must understand that most of the Letters are upon the left Hand, and made with the Figures of your right Hand upon your left Hand; the fore Finger of your right Hand you point to every Letter; but sometimes that and the two next Fingers make several Letters, as you will see. The Vowels are very easie to remember, they being the Tops or Ends of your five Fingers upon your left Hand, and the Y is the Table or Palm of that Hand, as thus:

The End or Top of the Thumb, is	A
The End of the fore Finger, is	E
The End of the middle Finger	I
The End of the Ring Finger	O
The End of the little Finger	U
The Table or Palm of left Hand	Y
One Finger upon the left Thumb, is	B
Two Fingers upon the left Thumb, is	C
Three Fingers upon the left Thumb, is	D
Your two fore Fingers laid together, is	F
Thrust your Fists together, is	G
Stroke the Palms of both your Hands together	H
Your fore Finger upon the left Wrist	K
One Finger upon the Back of your left Hand	L
Three Fingers upon the Back of your left Hand	M
Two Fingers upon the Back of your left Hand	N
Clench your left Hand or Fist, is	P
Clench your right Hand	Q





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Link your little Fingers together ————— R

The Back of your Hands together ————— S

The End of your fore Finger to the middle Joint of
the other fore Finger. ————— T

Two Fingers upon the little Finger of the left
Hand ————— W

Two fore Fingers across, is ————— X

Give two Snaps with your Fingers, is ————— Z

Practise it but a few Times over, and you will soon
be perfect; several of the Motions represent the Like-
ness of the Letter, as one Finger upon the Back of
your Hand is like L, two Fingers is like N, three is
like M, the fore Finger to the middle Joint of the o-
ther fore Finger is like T, two Fingers across is like X.
Likewise B C D, are very easily remember'd, one Fin-
ger upon the left Thumb is B, two Fingers C, three
Fingers D. So the rest are soon learn'd, and as easie
to remember. But you must always remember to give
a Snap with your Fingers between every VVord, - that
your Friend may distinguish one VVord from another.
If you are in Company, and think some in the Com-
pany understand you, that you would not have, 'tis
for you to change the Vowels to some other Place of
Hand, and then none but your Friend that knows it,
can understand you. Suppose you would say to your
Mistress, when she is in a great Company, *Madam, I
am your humble Servant:*

You lay three Fingers upon the Back of your
Hand ————— M

Put your Fingers to the End of your left Thumb A

Three Fingers upon your left Thumb ————— D

Your Finger again to your Thumb ————— A

Three Fingers again on the Back of your Hand M

And then give a Snap with the Fingers, for the Sign
that that VVord is spelt.

Then point to the End of your middle Finger — I
Snap your Fingers.

68 Wit and Whist improu'd; or,
Then point to the End of your Thumb ————— A
Then three Fingers on the Back of your Hand ————— M
Then snap your Fingers.
Then point to the Palm of your left Hand ————— Y
Then point to the End of your Ring Finger ————— O
Then to the End of the little Finger ————— U
Then link your little Fingers together ————— R
Then snap your Fingers.
Then stroke the Palms of your Hands together ————— H
Then to the End of the little Finger ————— U
Then three Fingers on the Back of your Hand ————— M
Then one Finger upon the Thumb ————— B
Then one Finger upon the Back of your Hand ————— L
Then point to the End of the fore Finger ————— E
Then snap your Fingers.
Then the Back of your Hands together ————— S
Then point to the End of your fore Finger ————— E
Then link your little Finger ————— R
Then point to the End of the little Finger ————— V
Then to the End of the Thumb ————— A
Then two Fingers on the Back of your Hand ————— N
Then point the fore Finger to the middle Joint of the
other fore Finger ————— T
Then snap your Fingers.

Add so you discourse upon any Matter, if you pra-
eise it often, you will soon learn to do it very quick,
faster than you can write; if you learn too many, you
spoil your Trick; neither let any know that it is done
by Letters. I believe it may be near 20 Years sence I
learn'd it of a Gentleman in Worcestershire; and while
I kept him Company (before his Death) I never learn'd
any, which was near 7 Years.

Figure-Hand.

You must make an Exchange of these Letters, and
use these Figures in their Place.

a e i o u y t n f r
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

And

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And then your Alphabet will be thus:

a b c d e f g h i l m n o p q r s t u w x y z.
Gai Blagg R38g G24ogz, 18d, k22p, 59 so4n
P4P39h 915206.

Here you write thus: *God bless King George, and
keep us from Papish Slavery* You will find in a great
many Words nothing but Figures, and there is scarce
one Word, great or small, but hath the greatest Part
Figures; 'tis so plain to be learn'd, that I need not give
you any further Instructions, but only to practise them
ten Figures instead of the Letters. The other Hand is
perform'd by exchanging of some Letters, one for the
other, as thus:

a	e	i	o	u
y	t	b	f	r

When you are to write A, you must write Y; and
when you are to write Y, you must write A, and so
all the rest.

As for Example, suppose you would say, Sir, *I am
your humble Servant,* it is thus:

Oa b ym aſru hrmblt Oruryie.—

This doth appear like another Language, and will
puzzle the greatest Wit, and with a little Practice, is
soon learn'd; by Reason there is but ten Letters, you
are to learn one for the other. Your Alphabet will
be thus:

A b c d e f g h i k l m n o p q r s t u w x y z.
Y b c d t f g h n k l m i s p q u o e r w x a z.

I shall not proceed any farther, because this is suf-
ficient; but let the Reader practise what I have here
shewn him, and he may soon learn the whole Art.

A never failing Method for Women to get good Husbands.

Ladies,

I presume you will confess, that I have undertaken a very great Task, it being an Age that the Men set a very high Value on themselves; infatuating with all the Assurance imaginable, that a Husband is the *Summum Bonum* of all sublunary Blessings; and the want of an Husband, the greatest Affliction. They would make you believe, that a noble Fortune, with all its agreeable Accommodations, such as a charming Dwelling, a pompous Equipage, a rich furnish'd Table, fine Dress, a sincere, ingenuous She-friend, with whom you may divide your Sorrows, and double your Joys, and in whose Breast, as a sacred Repository you may communicate the very Secrets of your Soul over a Pot of Milk or Tea.

This, and more than all this, viz. Dominion over your selves, happy Freedom, and dear-lov'd Liberty, is all nothing, it signifies nothing without a Husband.

This is the Theme our Sex have so well-improv'd, and so cunningly manage'd, that you, Ladies, verily believe it your selves, as you do your Creed; and so 'would be an *Herculean Labour* to go about rectifying your Notions; tho' (by the Way) if I had any Hopes of doing something to the Purpose in this Matter, I would, in Charity to the fair Sex, spend the same Time that I intend in instructing you to get Husbands, in advising you to shun Mankind, as you value your Repose, at least 'till they make fairer Propositions.

Well then, Ladies, to come to the Business. If you design to marry, you must banish from your Countenance and Favour, for ever, four Sorts of Men, viz. a Bear,

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a Beau, a Rattle, a Self-opiniated Fool, and one subject to the Happy.

For the admitting Addresses from any of these, will only protract Time, and come to nothing; for they not knowing their own Minds one Hour, will eternally tease you: One while they'll be in all the Transports and Raptures of a passionate Lover; the next Day forget they ever saw your Face.

And should, you by a wonderful Chance, catch Lysander in the Noose of Matrimony, - you're not then withinia the Reach of the Church's Prayer: *For out of Hell is no Redemption.*

First then as to the Beau, that excrementitious Part of Conversation: He, *Narcissus* like, will be ever ogling himself in a Looking-glass, and daily falling in Love with his own Phiz, tho' perhaps all the while but one Remove from a Monkey; whilst neglected Clelia mobs up her once charming Face, pretends poor Creature, to hate Jewels and Drefs, because Fop must have a fifty Guinea Wig, &c. and whilst he is strutting in the Park or at a Play, the only Felicity left her, is a Pot of Coffee, and perhaps some generous She-friend, that comes to mix Tears with her, and condole her worse than *Ægyptian Slavery*:

In the second Place, I would have you shun a Rattle, a Flutter, a boify Nothing, as the Pest of a Family; and miserable that Body that has such a giddy Head; the prudent Wife having Penelope's Task, that is, to weave a Web that Monsieur Shatter ever unravels. Thus her Wisdom having got an Antagonist for Life, she must e'en fight her Way through to the Regions of Rest, and never finish her Combat 'till in her peaceful Grave.

Beware, thirdly, of a Self-opiniated, grave, documenting Thing; the very *Grand Seignior* for Tyranny, that nods at his Wife at Table, and speaks more by Winks and Sighs, than Words. The Conversation of Mutes must certainly be very agreeable; and

72 Wit and Mirth impow'd; or,
in a little Time, without the Trouble of speaking to,
You'll know when to hold up your Head, Miss; when
to stand and kneel at Church: And being a Man of
Literature, he'll commend Quaker's Emblems to your
Study; and the more you get by Rote, the better he'll
esteem you; his grave Reprimands will often remind
you of your School-Mistresses; and this Confine-
ment make you envy the Virginia-Drudges, who are
freed in seven Years. In short, you have no Equal, but
a Galley-Slave; but if you are of a Spaniel-like Dis-
position, you may then hug your Shackles, and kiss
your Chains.

Lastly, The Hypochondraical. Tho' they are Persons
who design not much Harm, yet the unhappy She that
promises to obey, has a devilish hard Task on't. With
these you will lead such a Sort of Life as those in Bed-
lam; that is to say, quite renounce your own Reason,
and be oblig'd to call black white, or the contrary, ac-
cording to his Humour: For when Deary is dull, tho'
you're ne'er so gay, you must look pensive and melan-
choly, or else you're quite undone; for innocent Mirth
will be taken for foolish Talking and Jesting. Again,
when the Tide turns, and Deary's Spirits frisks in his
Veins, tho' you may be of an even Temper, and know
nothing what the *Flatus* means, he'll think you d.sob-
lling, unless you skip and play like a Morris-Dancer.

So, between serious and gay;
You'll divide all your Life;
Too chearfull, or dull,
For such a Man's Wife.

There's another Sort of Wretch call'd a *Miser*, and
Money is the *only* Idol he adore; and if *Clelia*, through
the Benefit of generous Education, should have a
just Estimate of Things, and hate *Mammon*; yet in
this Case also she must vere about, East, South-East,
as the Wind turns, for Advantage, or else be in Dan-
ger

ger of a hotter fiery Furnace than Nebuchadnezzar's; there's no Help for it, you must fall down and worship the golden Image he has set up.

In short, the Follies of young Men are out of the Reach of Expressions; the Morosity of old Men not to be cur'd; the Clergy are haughty, the Laity vicious.

Notwithstanding this, as in all general Rules; there are some good Men, which one would even dare to marry, and such a Man is to be won with Airs, and lang'ring Looks, fine Dress, and twirling the Fan; now, this only engages the Fop and the Fool. The Person what I would recommend to your Choice, is a Man of Principles as to Honour and Honesty, Humanity and Integrity of a calm Temper, and ingenuous Education; wise, without the Character of being a Wit; religious, without being superstitious; a Lover of his Country; not stiff to a Party; beneficent and candid, without Partiality or Hypocrisy.

This is the good Husband I propose to you, Ladies; but the Difficulty will be how to get him. Now, the Method I would have ye pursue, is, to imitate the Character of Solomon's wife Woman, whose Price is far above Rubies; the Heart of whose Husband may safely trust in her. For this Man, as every Creature, loves his like; and the only Way to obtain him, is to resemble his Virtues.

Thus having perform'd the Task I undertook, I beg leave to subscribe my self,

Your very humble Servt.

*A Treatise of Moles in all Parts of the Body,
and what their Signification, with Relation
to good or bad Fortune.*

AMole in the Middle of the Fore-head, denotes Riches and Advancement, by the Favour of Friends.

A Mole in the right Part of the Fore-head signifies a Fatherly person, and successful in Riches and Leyden Affairs.

74 Wit and Mirth improu'd; or,
Affairs ; in the left, that you shall meet with many
Crosses and Disappointments.

A Mole between the Eyes, inclining on the Nose,
denotes the Party to grow rich by Marriage.

A Mole on the Nose, signifies speedy and often
Marriages, and the Party to be fruitful in Children.

A Mole on the right Cheek, shews the Party to be
prosperous in worldly Affairs ; but covetous and desi-
rous to circumvent other People.

A Mole on the left Cheek, shews (to a Man) Gross-
es in His Affairs ; to a Woman, Loss of Honour, and
Danger of Life in Child-birth.

A Mole on the Chin, demonstrates the Person wise,
but promises no great Riches.

A Mole on the left Arm, promises much Labour ;
but on the right, Riches gain'd by Industry.

A Mole on the Breast, promises the Party Advance-
ment by the Favour of great Ones.

A Mole on the Belly, demonstrates the Party to be
belov'd, and to gain Riches and Advantage by it.

A Mole on, or near the Privities, promises Ability
in Duties, vigorous in Love, and successful in many
Children.

A Mole on the Back demonstrates much Labour and
Sorrow.

A Mole on the right Lip, denotes the Person great-
ly to be belov'd, and fortunate in Love-Affairs.

A Mole on the left Lip, signifies the Party shall be
rich by the Death of Relations.

A Mole on the right Knee, promises Success in
Love and several Marriages.

A Mole on the left Knee, Crosses and Disappoint-
ments.

A Mole on the right Leg, promises Plenty, and an
easie Life ; but on the left, Travel and Poverty ; and
the like on the right or left Foot, or any Part of the
Heels.

Of Dreams, and their Interpretations.

To dream of Fire, denotes Anger,

To dream you fly, signifies hasty News of strange Things.

To dream you fight and overcome, signifies Victory, or successful over your Adversaries.

To dream one puts a gold Ring on your Finger, signifies speedy Marriage; but if it seems to break, or falls off, there will be a Disappointment in it.

To dream you see a Flock of Birds that sing or chirp merrily, portends you good News; and that you shall soon grow rich.

To dream you swim in a tempestuous Water, denotes you will have much Trouble.

To dream you see the Sun and Moon broad, and very shining, signifies Honour and Riches: but if eclipsed, Crosses and Disappointment.

To dream of finding small Peices of silver denotes Disappointment in Trade or Business.

To dream you see a Purse hang by your Bed-side, with Gold in it, signifies you shall find hidden Treasure.

For a Woman to dream another kisses her, signifies Barrenness, or Disappointment in Love.

To dream you see, and are kindly conversing with your Sweet-heart, promises sudden Marriage.

To dream you are pursu'd, and strive to escape, but cannot, signifies you will fall into some sudden Danger.

To dream ones Teeth or Eyes fall out, signifies the Loss of some dear Friend.

To dream a Horse, or any other Creature you ride on, runs swiftly, and you cannot stop it, denotes Capricious, and unexpected Losses.

To dream you put on new Apparel, signifies a Change of your Condition.

To dream of one or more Suns or Moons, signifies the Party to have so many Husbands or Wives.

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76 Wit and Witch improv'd ; or,

To dream you are discoursing with Spirits, signifies you shall discover secret Things.

To dream a bold Woman is courting you, signifies Preferment by Marriage, but not without Crosses and Trouble.

To dream you are in a spacious Chamber richly furnish'd signifies Advancement by the Means of great Ones.

To dream you hear Mufick, signifies Mirth and Jollity.

To dream of dancing, betokens a happy Life.

To dream you carry Books, signifies you shall have Preferment by Learning.

To dream of the cackling of Geese, signifies troublome Visitors.

To dream you embrace, signifies Love and Marriage.

To dream you are at a Feast, and eat greedily, denotes Sickness,

To dream of much Gold, denotes Riches.

To dream you are fighting, and overcome, betokens you Success over your Adversaries, or escaping by Strength and Resolution in some Danger laid for you.

To dream you climb a Hill with Pain, betokens Difficulty in obtaining your Desire.

To dream Bees fly about you, light on you, and do you no Harm, betokens many Friends, and Success in Love.

To dream you sing melodiously, betokens a joyful Life in Marriage.

To dream you see Ants busie at their Work, denotes Riches to come by Industry.

To dream you are sliding and fall upon the Ice, betokens Loss of Preferment.

To dream Hawks, Vultures, and other Birds of prey, fly about you, betokens you have powerful Enemies, that seek to disturb your Peace.

To dream you are call'd, and see no Body, betokens you shall be marry'd to one as you yet know not.

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To dream you are fishing, and have good Success, [by taking great Fishes] promises you good Fortune.

To dream you see Gold strew'd in your Way, betokens Advancement by Gifts or Legacies, of some Estate falling to you by Death of Relations.

To dream of Flocks of Water-fowl flying to the Sea or Rivers, making a merry Noise, betokens the Storm that threatn'd you is over, and a happy Time coming.

To dream you see a Man or Woman go to be hang'd, denotes you'll be importun'd by some Friend for your Assistance.

To dream one has their Sweet-heart in their Arms, denotes speedy Marriage, and a great deal of Happiness in the Enjoyment.

To dream of many Suns and Moons, signifies you will be happy in Childrean, that will rise to great Promotions.

To dream that you see aged People lively and nimble, jocund and merry, betokens long Life, with a heathful Constitution.

To dream you repose on Beds of Flowers with much Pleasure, betokens much Pleasure of Life, in marrying into a rich Family.

To express Numbers, as well by Letters as Figures.

1 one I.

2 two II.

3 three III. -

4 four IIII, or IV.

5 five V.

6 six VI.

7 seven VII.

8 eight VIII.

9 nine IX.

10 ten X.

11 eleven XI. -

12 twelve XII.

13 thirteen XIII.

14 fourteen XIV.

15 fifteen XV.

16 sixteen XVI.

17 seventeen XVII.

18 eighteen XVIII.

19 nineteen XIX.

20 twenty XX.

30 thirty XXX.

40 forty XL.

58 Wit and Mirth improb'd; or,

50 fifty L,	100 hundred C.
60 sixty LX.	1000 a thousand M.
70 seventy LXX.	1709 one thousand seven
80 eighty LXXX.	hundred and nine
90 ninety XC.	C DCC IX.

Note, That the lesser Number set before, takes away so much as it self is, from the greater; but being set after, add so much to it, as IV makes four, but VI six; IX nine, but X is clever.

If you would express one and a half, two and a half, it must be thus;

$$1\frac{1}{2} \text{ --- } 2\frac{1}{2}$$

Two and three Quarters thus:

$$2\frac{3}{4} \text{ --- } 3\frac{3}{4}$$

Having learn'd to know the Figures and Marks whereby Numbers are express'd, the next Thing that is necessary, is, how to make Use of them in the VVay of Trade, or Business, to which End we must know all Numbers are express'd by these Characters, I, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 &c. VVhich last Cypher signifies nothing of it self, but serves to fill up the Number of Places; and therefore every Figure hath a double Value, one single and certain, the other uncertain, according as 'tis plac'd.

Now, because 'tis not intended to give you a Body of *Arithmetick*, I shall only shew how to cast up a small Sum, as suppose you have receiv'd.

l.	s.	d.
Of one M. n —— 0 —— 1 —— 5		
Of another —— 0 —— 2 —— 3		
Of another —— 1 —— 3 —— 2		
Of another —— 0 —— 9 —— 3		
Of another —— 3 —— 7 —— 11		
Of another —— 2 —— 4 —— 2		

If you would know what all these Sums amount to, you must do thus: Go the outmost Row of Figures on the right H. n't, and say,

2 and 11 is 13; then make a Point ag'inst XI, and carry 1 to the 8 XI, and say, 1 I carry and 8 is 9, and

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 and 2 is 11, and 3 is 14 ; then make another Point at
 3, and carry, and say, 2 and 6 is 8 ; which 8 set down
 at the Bottom under the said Figures, and say, 2 I
 carry from the Peace, and 4 is 6, and 7 is 13, and 9
 is 22 ; put a Point at 2, and carry 2, and say, 2 and
 3 is 5, and 2 is 7, and 1 is 8, which 8 put under this
 Row ; then go to the next Row, and say, 1 Pound I
 carry, and 2 is 3, and 3 is 6, and 1 is 7 ; which put
 underneath, and then the Sum appears thus :

<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
0	1	6
0	2	3
- 1	3	2
0	9	8
3	7	11
2	4	2
<hr/>		
7	8	8
<hr/>		

And so 'tis in laying out of Money, of which there
 needs no more Examples. - But I shall only give an
 Account of English Money, Weights, and Measures,
 in some plain and easie Tables ; and Money being a
 principal Thing, first of that.

Of Coins.

1 Farthing	7	1 Farthing
2 Farthings		1 Half-penny
4 Farthings		1 Penny
4 Pence		1 Great
12 Pence		1 Shilling
2 Shillings six Pence		1 Half-Crown
5 Shillings		1 Crown
6 Shillings eight Pence		1 Noble
3 Nobles		1 Twenty Shillings
13 Shillings four Pence		1 Mark
20 Shillings		1 Pound

Of Troy Weight.

The least VVeight us'd in *England*, is a Grain of VVheat gather'd out of the Middle of the Ear, and well dry'd.

24 Grains	{ make	1 Penny weight
20 Penny weight		1 Ounce
12 Ounces		1 Pound Troy weight

VVith these VVights are weigh'd Bread, Gold, Silver, and Electuari.s.

Avoir-du-pois Weight.

4 Quarters of a Dram	{ make	1 Dram
16 Drans		1 Gunce
16 Ounces		1 Pound
28 Pounds		1 Quarter of a Hundred
4 Quarters		1 hundred VVight, or 112 Pounds
20 Hundred	{	1 Tun

By this VVight is weigh'd all Grocery VVares, Butter, Cheese, Flesh, VVax, Lead, Pitch, Rosin, Tallow, Hemp, Iron, Copper, Tin, and other such Things.

Apothecary's VVights.

The VVights us'd by Apothecaries, are Grains, Scruples, Drams, and Ounces, of which

20 Grains	{ make	1 Scruple	{ thus mark'd	2
3 Scruples		1 Dram		3
8 Drans		1 Ounce		3
12 Ounces		1 Pound		1lb. of

Of Measures.

And first of liquid Measure, by which is sold Beer, Ale, and other Liquors, whereof the least common Measure is a Pint, which is a Pound Troy Weight.

2 Pints	make	1 Quart
2 Quarts		1 Pottle
2 Pottles		1 Gallon
8 Gallons		1 Firkin of Ale or Soap
9 Gallons		1 Firkin of Beer
10 Gallons and an half		1 Firkin of Salmon, &c.
2 Firkins		1 Kilderkin
2 Kilderkins		1 Barrel
42 Gallons		1 Tierce of Wine
63 Gallons		1 Hogshead
2 Hogsheads		1 Pipe or Butt
2 Pipes or Butt		1 Tun of Wine

Of dry Measures.

Wheat, Barley, Oats, Salt, Coals, Sand, and other dry Goods, are measured by dry Measures, of which a Pint is usually the least.

2 Pints	make	1 Quart
2 Quarts		1 Pottle
2 Pottles		1 Gallon
2 Gallons		1 Peck
4 Pecks		1 Bushel Land measure
5 Pecks		1 Bush. Water measure
8 Bushels		1 Quarter
4 Quarters		1 Chaldron
5 Quarters		1 VVey

Of long Measure.

Cloth, Tapestry, Board, Glass, Pavement, Land, &c.
are measur'd by long Measure, of which a Barley-corn
is the least.

3 Barley-corns	}	1 Inch
12 Inches		1 Foot
3 Foot		1 Yard
3 Foot 9 Inches		1 Ell
6 Foot		1 Fathom
5 Yards and an half, or 16 Foot and an half		1 Pole or Pearch
40 Poles or Perches		1 Furlong, or Acre in length
8 Furlongs		1 English Mile
40 Square Poles or Perches		1 Rod, or a Quarter of an Acre
4 Rods		1 Acre

Of Time.

Time consists of Years, Months, Weeks, Days, Hour, and Minutes, which last is the least Part of Time, and therefore,

60 Minutes	3	1 Hour
24 Hours		1 Day natural
7 Days		1 Week
4 Weeks		1 Months of 28 Days
13 Months, 1 Day 6 H		1 Year

The Year is commonly divided into twelve unequal Kalender-Months, whose Names, and the Number of Days they contain, as follow.

January

	Days		Days
January	31	July	31
February	28	August	31
March	31	September	30
April	30	October	31
May	31	November	30
June	30	December	31

VVhich are briefly summ'd up in these four Verses;

*Thirty Days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February hath twenty eight alone;
All the rest, thirty and one.*

So that the Year contains 365 Day and six Hours; but the six Hours are not reckon'd, but only every fourth Year, and then a Day is added to February, which then contains 29 Days, and that Year is call'd Leap-Year, and contains 366 Days.

The four Quarter-days in the Year, are March 25, call'd *Lady-day*; June 24, call'd *Midsummer-day*, September 29, call'd *Michaelmas-day*; December 25, call'd *Christmas*.

The Country-men do also sometimes divide the Year into four other Quarters; that is, February 2, call'd *Cand'mas-day*; May 1, call'd *May-day*; August 1, call'd *Lammas*; November 1, call'd *All Saints-day*.

The Characters of the seven Planets.

Astronomers and Astrologers express the seven Planets and Signs, by the following Marks or Characters.

The seven Planets are these.

♄ Saturn, ♃ Jupiter, ♂ Mars, \odot Sol, ♀ Venus,
 ☿ Mercurius, ☽ Luna.

The

The twelve Signs are these.

♈ Aries, ♉ Taurus, ♊ Gemini, ♋ Cancer, ♌ Leo,
♏ Virgo, ♎ Libra, ♏ Scorpio, ♐ Sagittarius, ♑ Capricornus, ♓ Aquarius, ♔ Pisces.

The Sextile, * Quardile □, Trine △, Opposition ♃,
Conjunction ⚶.

In our English Writing, there are many Abbreviations that we make Use of, which we borrow from the Latin, as e. gr. (*exempli gratia*) for Example; and over our Accompts we commonly write,

l.	s.	d.	q.
2.	4.	6.	2.

Which is as much as (*libri, solidi denarii, quadrantes*) Pounds, Shillings, Pence, Farthings; so that the Sum is two Pounds, four Shillings, six Pence, two Farthings; or Ha'penny, so also we write viz. : (*videlicet*) to wit, or that is to say: p. *Pagina*, a Pag; § (*Sectio*) Section; v. (*vide*) see; i. e. (*id est*) t' at it; sc. (*scilicet*) that is to say; M. S. Manuscript, or a written Book or Copy; R. S. S. (*Regis Societatis Socius*) Fellow of the Royal Society; N. B. (*notandum*) note well, at mark well; M. A. (*Magister Artium*) Master of Arts; B. D. (*Baccalaureus Divinitatis*) Bachelor of Divinity; L. D. (*Legis Doctor*) Doctor of the Civil Law; D. D. or S. Th. D. (*Sacrosancta Theologia Doctor*) Doctor of Divinity; Q. (*Questio*) Question; Ob. (*Obiectio*) Objection; Sol. (*Solutio*) Solution or Answer.

There are also other Contractions of English Words, which we often meet with, as Admrs Administrators, agt against, Bp Bishop, Comrs Commissioners, Dr Doctor, Esq; Esquire, Hble Honourable, Rd Honour'd, Ld Lord, Lps Lordships, Lr Letter, Md Memorandum, Mr Master, Mrs Mistress, Mtie Missty, pd paid, qr quarter, Sr Sir, St Saut, yn then, yt that,

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that, ye the, wⁿ when, W^d Worship, w^{ll} worshipful,
yr your, y^r Septemb^r, 8^r October, 9^r November,
10^r December, Jan January, Feb. February, Apr.
April, Aug. August, Q. Quæstion, A. Answer, R. Rea-
son, U Use, Doct. Doctrinae, Xpian Christiⁿ, & and,
&c. and so forth, Col. Colonel, Capt. Captains, Lieut.
Lieutenant. We also oftentimes contract two VVords
into one, as I'll for I will, I'm for I am, t'other for
the other, let's for let us, and many other.

We also contract the Names of Places; as Cant.
Canterbury, Oxon Oxford, Exon Exeter, Bucks Buck-
inghamshire, Salop Shropshire, C. C. Corpus Christi
College, Q. C. Queen's College, D. C. Dean of Christ-
Church: As also in the Names of Books, as Mat. Mat-
thew, Cor. Corinthians, Col. Colossians, Rom. Romans,
Rev. Revelations, Gen. Genesis, Chron. Chronicles, Ec-
cles. Ecclesiastes, Eccles. Ecclesiasticus.

The Names of Men and VVomen we do also contract
into one or two Syllables, at the most, very many of
our common Christian Names, as

Alexander, Sandy	Edmund, Mun
Abraham, Abram	Francis, Frank
Anthony, Tony	Gregory, Greg
Augustine, Austin	Henry, Harry, Hal
Aen, Nan or Nancy	Humphry, Nump
Batholomew, But	Joseph, Jo
Elijah, Ben	Joshua, Jos
Clement, Clem	Jane, Fenny
Christopher, Kit	James, Jimmy
Catherine, Kate	Joan, Jig
Daniel, Dan	Leonard, Len
Dorothy, Doll	Martha, Pat
Deborah, Deb	Matthew, Mat
Eleanor, Nell	Mary, Moll
Edward, Ned	Margaret, Peg
Elizabeth, Betty	Margeret, Madg

86 **Wit and Witch improv'd ; or,**

Nicholas, Nick	Simon, Sim
Nathaniel, Nat	Susanna, Sue
Oliver, Noll	Thomas, Tom
Priscilla, Pris	Theophilus, The
Philip, Phil	Timothy, Tim
Robert, Robin	Valentine, Vol
Richard, Dick	Walter, Wat
Roger, Hodge	William, Will
Samuel, Sam	Zachary, Zach.

Tittle - Tattle ;
OR, THE
GOSSIP'S FEAST.

*Being a pleasant Dialogue between six merry
Gossips.*

WHEN London Gossips they shall meet
in Council, to prepare a Treat
Against a VVoman's Sitting-up,
There auist not ouly be a Cup
Of humming Tipple, but beside
They are in Care what to provide,
One saith, perhaps, good Veal and Bacon ;
The next, to Scorn, cries, You're mistaken,
Faith, that will not my Pallate fit,
Abroad I love a dainty Bit,
Geese, Capons, or a good fat Pig ;
In short, I do not care a Fig
For Butchers Meat. No, saith the next,
Let you and I stand to the Texr,
VVe'll manage all Things for the best,
And have what's good, and as well drest.

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So thus they hold a long Debate,
Before they can their Matters state ;
Yet, in the End, they do conclude
Upon some nice and dainty Food,
Serv'd up with Sauce and hamming Tipple,
You'd make a Captain of a Cripple.
And so we find, that Women-kind
In Cups are taught to speak their Mind.
First, what they hate, and do admire,
Whether Sweet-meats, or rich Attire,
It must be had, nothing delay'd,
Commanding Wives must be obey'd,
Or they will strange Destructions breed.
Now, to our Gossips we'll proceed.

1 Gof] Why, Gossip, Gossip, whither now so fast ?
Could I believe you ever would have past
Thus by my Door, and not have called in ;
I know full well, Gossip, the Time has been
That I was worthy of your Company,
Though now you can so scornfully pass by.
2 Gof] Pardon me, Gossip, do not take Dintastic ;
For, in a word, I was in so much haste,
That I ne'er thought upon you in the least.
1 Gof. Pray, what's in Hada? [2 Gf.] A splendid noble
Feast
Will be prepar'd by a true Friend of mine,
With whom I at a Tavern am to dine ;
There will be dainty Fare, and curious Wine.
You know the Man, [1 Gof] Who is he? what's his
Name?

2 Gof] 'Tis 'Squire Lovewell, that good Man of Fame,
I am sure you know him. [1 Gof.] That I do, in Truth,
He had a Kindness for me in my Youth.
When I was marry'd first, he us'd to be,
In all Respects, a faithful Friend to me.
My eldest Son dōth his true Picture bear,
His Eyes, his Nose, the Colour of his Hair,

88 Wit and Mirth imp̄sib'd ; or,

The Dimples in his Chin, and lively Looks ;

But I have been some Years out of his Books.

2 Gof.] Inform me, Gossip, how it came about
That he should with his darling Love fall out.

I Gof.] He's courteous, noble, kind, and active too,

He's not th Fault; my Husband jealous grew,

Because he saw him kiss me on the Bed,

And strok my Cheeks; this much Distraction bred;

He curs'd, he swore, and did with Fury brawl,

2 Gof.] fie for Shame! base Man! the Fault was small,

I Gof.] He thinks he is a Cuckold, that is all.

You know he's foward, peevish, and the like,

Now 'Squire Lovewell, griev'd to see him strike,

Did ever since my Company refrain,

2 Gof.] Well, thou shalt go with me, he'll entertain

Us both; for he's a jolly Woman's Man,

And I will do you all the Good I can

To bring you into Favour now once more.

Hush, Gossip, hush! my Husband's at the Door;

I wou'd not have him hear what you do say,

For all the Kisses I shall have to say.

But here he is, [2 Gof] How d'ye, Neighbour Num?

In Troth, it was my lucky Chance to come

Along this Way, and, as I vow and swear,

Indeed, indeed I could no more forbear

The calling in to see your Wife, than I

Could eat or drink when hungry or a dry.

Here's little Billy grows a curious Boy,

And needs must he his Father's darling Joy.

Num.] But Neighbour, who is that? A wiser Head

Than yours or mine, knows not; but I have said.

2 Gof.] You're waggish still; I find you ha'nt forgot

Your former Jokes; but I will tell you what,

I'd have you let your Wife walk forth with me.

Num.] Walk forth with you? Hum! let me, let me

see:

In Troth, I had a seury Dream last Night,

- Methought I had two Horses stood both upright

Oves.

Over my Brows, and two behind my Head,
And they are Things that I abhor and dread.

2 Gof.] Tush let her go, dear Neighbour, ne'ertheless;
Who dreams that this or that they do possess,
It is a certain Sign they never shall

The same enjoy; so let those Fancies fall.

And tell me, tell me, Neighbour, shall she go?
Our precious Minutes slide away, you know.

Nam.] I give her Leave; but, Neighbour, pray beware
Of Cuckold-makers; let them not insare
My Wife. [2 Gof.] No, no, Neighbour, I'll give my Oath
She shall return as chaste as she goes forth.

Num.] Enough, enough, dear Neighbour, say no more.

Wife.] Dear Love, I thank thee; farewell, shut the door,
And there keep House 'till we return again.

Gossip, we shall be in a merry Vein

Before we part; how far have we to go?

2 Gof.] To the Horn-Tavern, which is just below.

1 Gof.] I bless my Stars that sent you unto me
This Day, for to procure some Liberty
For one that is a close-confined Wife;
He makes me almost weary of my Life.

2 Gof.] Dear Gossip, cease that Talk, and say no more;
See, there's the Horns, and here's the Tavern-door.
Hark, Drawer, pray is Squire Lovewell here?

Drawer.] No, Madam, wou'd he was; he's sick: We fear
That he will never go abroad again.

1 G.] Bless me! how long am I? [Dr.] Last Night a Pain
Took him a-cross the Heart, and now he lies
Panting for Life, with Groans and weeping Eyes.

2 Gof.] I'm sorry for him, Friend, with all my Heart;
We know full well the dearest Friends must part.
What shall we say? All must submit to Fate;

This is a Disappointment, Gossip Kate,
But ne'ertheless, since we are both come out,

We'll not return without a merry Bout.

A sudden Thought is just come in my Head;

'Tis full three Weeks since Joan was brought to Bed;

90. *Wilt and Wirth improb'd ; or,*
I think it is high Time that we had been
To visit her ; let's go a Gossiping.
1. *Gos.]* Gossip, in Troth, I like the Motion well,
We'll summon *Bridget, Nancy, Sue, and Nell* ;
The more the merrier, we'll go together,
And make our Hearts as light as Cork or Feather.
2. *Gos.]* Step on before, stay with my Gossip Sue,
And I'll go call the rest, and follow you.
3. *Gos.]* Bless me, my Stars ! it is a lucky Hit,
In Troth, it does my pleasant Fancy fit ;
To eat, drink, laugh, be merry, fits my Tooth,
I lov'd it all along down from my Youth :
But here she comes. Gossip, you have been quick.
2. *Gos.]* 'Tis true, I came just in the very Nick
Of Time, when they were dress'd and coming forth ;
My Gossip *Nancy, nay, and Bridget* both,
They have been sending home to see for us.
1. *Gos.]* Bless me ! could any thing have happen'd thus ?
Sure, not, if we had study'd seven Years.
2. *Gos.]* Nay, here's another sort of Joy appears ;
It seems that they have bought the best of Meat,
As good as honest Women need to eat ;
One Goose, two Capons, Chickens of the best,
A fine fat sucking Pig, all ready drest ;
And, though I say it, by as fine a Cook,
If you will credit me, as ever took
Sharp Knife in Hand ; withal the best of Drink,
The which will make us speak whate'er we think :
Six Quarts of Sack, and two of Rhenish Wine,
Of which we'll take a Glafs before we dine ;
'Twill chear our Hearts, likewise our Stomachs whet.
The Cook is coming, Nurse, the Table set :
Be quick and nimble, lend the Cook a Hand
To easē the Dishes down. Let us not stand
On Ceremonies ; bring the Forks and Knives,
That we, like Gossips, may enjoy our Lives.
3. *Gos.]* I hope, young Man, the Sauces are well made ;
So you may go, we have your Master paid.

Now,

Now, let us all in Order take our Places,
And I'll rehearse one of our Gossip's Graces.

*Good Viſtuals does ſhe best of Drink deferve ;
We having both, now let us cut and carve.*

4 Gof.] I will not stand to make the leaſt Excufe ;
Lend me that Knife, and I'll cut up the Goose.
I am not right, let me turn Edge and Point ;
Who muſt I think upon to hit the Joint ?

My own good Man ; I think there's none more fit :
He's in my Thoughts, and now the Joint I hit.
Now I have done it, make no more Delay ;
But let each Gossip please her ſelf, I pray.

It is a curious Goose, and dress'd as well.
I think you love a Wing, my Gossip Nell.
I do indeed. Then take that on your Plate.

Where are you, Nurse ? It is your Place to wait
With Diligence upon us while we dine ;
Be brisk and active ; fill a Glafs of Wine.

'Tis very well : Here's Gossip Joan's good Health,
And to her going ſafe abroad, that Wealth
And Pleasure may her lasting Portion be,
With all the Marks of Love's Felicity.

5 Gof.] I'll pledge that loving Health with all my Heart ;
From any thing that's Good I never ſtarſt.

'Tis charming Wine ; ſtill paſſ the Health about.

Nurse.] I'll fetch another Bottle, this is out.

6 Gof.] Nurse, fill my ſmiling Glafs up to the Top,
I'll pledge the Health, and leave not one ſmall Drop ;
I never love to sham or balk my Glafs.

The Health's gone round : Now Gossips, let us paſſ
From Drinking, to our Pig and other Food ;
E'er long we ſhall be in a merry Mood.

4 Gof.] Nurse, warm a Plate, I would make bold to ſend
Some Pig to a poor Neighbour, and a Friend,
Who for this Month, or more, has been amiss,
And ſhe, perhaps, may pick a Bit of this. [Wife.

5 Gof.] Pray, who is it ? [4 Gof.] E'en Doll, the Taylor's
Poor Heart ! with him ſhe leads a wretched Life :

He drinks abroad, and has his dainty Bits,
While she at home, poor Creature ! starving sits.

6 Gos.] Nurse, take with you a Cup of Sack likewise,
To comfort her : Oh, how my Flesh does rise
Against such Villains, that can be so base !

3 Gos.] Why don't she serve him as did Gossip Grace
Her Husband, who was cruel, cross, and grim ?
She made no more to do, but Cuckold him ;
And while a Spark did cuddle, kiss, and dandle,
Her Husband was oblig'd to hold the Candle.

6 Gos.] In Troth, I think she serv'd him in his kind ;
For why should any Woman be confin'd
To any crabbed Knav, when I can prove,
Wives are not made for Slavery, but Love ?

5 Gos.] This very Story, Gossip, now has brought
Another pleasant Fancy to my Thought :
You know old Bunney has a youthful Wife,
And they, by Chance, one Night did gender Strife ;
So thereupon he sets himself to Meat,
And never ask'd his loving Wife to eat :
His Guts he cramm'd, and after he had done,
Sends a bare Bone by his little Son
To his poor Wife, saying, Go tell her, Dick,
That I have sent her now that Bone to pick.
Go tell, quoth she, thy Father now from me,
Since matry'd, I have had young Children three,
Of which he got but one : I tell no Lies ;
And that's a Bone for him to pick likewise.

6 Gos.] She hit him home a full Box on the Ear ;
Now let us drink, and wash down our good Cheer ;
Then when my Thirst is quench'd, Gossips, I'll tell
You how I was bilk'd by my Servant Nell.
Late in the Night, a very loving Neighbour
Did send for to invite me to her Labour ;
I call'd my Servant up to let me out,
In Troth, her Honesty I did not doubt ;
Yet ne'ertheless, when she had bar'd the Door,
And I was safe, this Baggage made no more.

To do, but strait goes to her Master's Bed,
And gave him for a Crown her Maidenhead :
It seems he pleas'd her well ; for there she lay
From Twelve a Clock 'till almost Break of Day.

4 Gof.] But, Gossip, pray, how came you to know
And understand, that she had serv'd you so ?

6 Gof.] My Daughter, who lay with her, did awake,
And missing her, the Girl no Rest could take,
But musing lay, 'till Four or Five a Clock ;
At length, she heard her Father's Door unlock,
From whence this Slut came naked in her Smock.

4 Gof.] The Case is plain, that you have been abus'd ;
Have you that Crime quite pardon'd and excus'd ?

6 Gof.] No by my Troth, I turn'd away my Maid,
And there is something more still to be said ;
I'll fit my Husband likewise to a Hair,
He shall have what he does deserve to wear :
As I'm an honest Woman, you another,
I have been often courted by his Brother,
Yet loth I was to yield ; but now, I think,
I may take Liberty. Come, let us drink ;
Where stands the Sack ? [5 Gof.] I have it in my
Hand.

6 Gof.] Push it about, and do not let it stand.
Palling about, but drink the Bottles dry ;
And when 'tis gone, we'll have a fresh Supply.

5 Gof.] I wish the good Man of the House was here,
To drink and taste some of our Gossips Chear.

Wife.] I think he's gone to treat with Justice Crak,
About a Weaver's Wife, an idle Drab,
Who did her Husband's Marriage-Bed abuse
With Crispin, for a Pair of fine lac'd Shooes ;
And as they both were taken in the Fact,
Poor Crispin he was to the Savoy pack'd,
And she to Bridewell, where she does remain.
My Husband's gone to get her out again ;
And that is all. [2 Gof.] Methinks, I smell a Rat ;
Why should your Man concern himself with that ?

94 Wit and Wirth simp'g'd ; or,
If he was not concern'd, he'd let her lie,
I fear he's had a Finger in that Pye.
2 Gof.] Don't judge so hard, he is an honest Man,
Willing to do the greatest Good he can,
More for her Husband's sake, than her's alone.
Don't mind her foolish Prattle, Gossip Joan.
Your Husband's Absence we'll not take amiss ;
Come, let us have his little Son to kiss :
A pretty Babe ! dear Gossips, did you ever see
In all your Days, a sweeter Child than he ?
For smiling Looks, and curious White and Red,
A sweeter Child no Woman ever bred.
Here's Mother's Chin, and Daddy's Eyes and Nose,
And I'm resolv'd to buy him the first Cloaths.
3 Gof] And I a Coral. [4 Gof.] I a Silver Spoon.
A thriving Look he has, he'll prattle soon,
Dad, Dad, Dad, Dad, which is a pleasing Sound.
Come, Gossip Susan, let the Glass go round ;
'Tis almost Night, our Husbands they will think
We shall disguise our selves by too much Drink.
But for my Part alone, I fear not mine,
I will drink what I please, Beer, Ale, or VVine ;
And if at me his frowning Darts he flings,
I'll give him soon as good as e'er he brings.
4 Gof.] If you can rule your Husband, I cannot ;
Mine is a crabbed jealous-pated Sot ;
A Man can never-kiss or look on me,
But strait he's seized with a Jealousie ;
His Gall he frets, and bites his very Thumb,
And thinks of nothing else but Cuckoldom.
A Plague I think it is, there's nothing worse.
Come, let us gather something for the Nurse ;
Here's half a Crown, and there is Shillings five ;
Here's two, here's three, here's four ; Nurse, now ye thrive ;
Much good may't do ye : Gossip Joan, good Night ;
I thank ye, Neighbours. Nurse, take Care, and light
Them down the Stairs ; farewell with all my Heart,
And as they met in Love, so now they part.

Poefct

Poesies for Rings, — or other Things.

This was not sent In Compliment:
Let us share In Joy and Care:
In thy Breast My Heart does rest.
The Love is true That i o u.
Despise not me, For I love thee.
Of all the rest, I love thee best.
The Love I owe, I fain would shew.
O that I might Have thee my Right.
VVhat I call mine, Shall all be thine.
I surely die, If you deny.
I love none, But thee alone.
I'll rather die, Than not comply.
Love is here Both plain and clear.
As I affect thee, So respect me.
No Turtle-Dove Hath firmer Love.
My Love by this Presented is.
Heart and Hand At your Command,
The Sight of thee, Is Life to me.
In Constancy, I'll live and die.
I am yours, VVhile Life endures.

GOD hath chose a Mate for me;
I'll honour Him in loving thee.

Thee did I find, Thee did I chuse;
Thee do I bind, but Death must loose.

As I expect, so let me find,
A faithful Heart and constant Mind.

GOD hath kept my Heart for thee,
Grant that our Love may faithful be.

Such Pleasure in my Choice I find,
That nought but Death shall change my Mind.

VVit, VVealth, and Beauty, all do well;
But constant Love doth these excell.

The Eye finds, the Heart chooseth,
The Hand binds, but Death looseth.

Mirth and Musick :
 OR, A
 COLLECTION
 Of the Newest and Choicest
 SONGS,
 SUNG AT
Either Play-House or Court.
 CONTAINING
 Love SONGS, Merry CATCHES, and
 Joyial HEALTHS.

The Curtain-Lecture. To a New Tune.

He. O f all Comforts I miscarry'd,
 When I play'd the Sot and marry'd ;
 'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't,
 Those that are in't, would fain get out on't.

She. Fie, my Dear, pray come to Bed,
 This Napkin take, and bind your Head ;
 Too much Drink your Brains has dos'd,
 You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. Ouns, 'tis all one, if I'm up, or lie down ;
 For as sooon as the Cock crows, I'll be gone.

She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me ;
 Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone ?

He. From your Arms my self divorcing,
 I this Morn must ride a Coursing ;

Sport

Sport that far excells a Madam;
Or all Wives have been since Adam.

She. I, when thus I have lost my Due,
Must hug my Pillow, wanting you ;
And whilst you're toping all the Day,
Regale in Cups of harmless Tea.

He. Pox, what care I, take your Slops 'till ye die,
Yond's Brandy will keep me a Month from home.

She. If thus parted, I am brcken-heited ;
When I, when I send for you, my Dear, pray come.

He. E'er I'll be from Rambling hind'red,
I'll renounce my Spouse and Kindred :
To be sober I've no Leisure ;
What's a Man without his Pleasure ?

She. To my Grief then I must see
Strong Ale and Natzz my Rivals be ;
When you're toping with your Blades,
Poor I sit stitching with my Maids.

He. Ouns, you may go to your Gossips, you know,
And there if you can meet a Friend, pray do,

She. Go, you Joker, go, Provoker ;
Never, never shall I meet a Man like you.

He. If I mayn't in Town debauch it,
Then to Tunbridge I will coach it,
And there living woundy merry,
Drinking on both Red and Sherry.

She. Ay, for Water, I dare swear,
That you never will drink there ;
But your Wife, at home with Scorn,
May drink Water Night and Morn.

He. Pox of the Trade, if that you are so mad,
You may drink on your Water 'till you're dead.

She. I believe ye, I'll deceive ye,
Can I, can I lie alone, d'ye think, in Bed ?

He. Can't you lie alone, to ease you ?
Then take who you will to please you ;
I abroad must still be gadding,
Tho' it sets my Wife a madding.

48 Wit vnt Mirth implov'd; or,

She. Well, I find you will me teeze,
And take your Pleasure and your Ease;
Since it is so, then I will do,
Something daily for to vex you.

He. Will you do so? then together let us go,
Lest a Cuckold at length I should grow.

She. Since you starve it, you deserve it;
But I, but I am an honest Wife, you know.

An Answer to the Curtain-Lecture.

To the same Tune.

WHY should Marriage be despis'd,
Since we know 'twas ever priz'd?
None but Fools did ever slight it,
But the Wife did always like it.
In Paradise, when *Adam* he
Chief of the same was plac'd to be,
E'er he awoke out of his Sleep,
Prepar'd for him was a Help-meet.
This shews that Women were ordain'd for Men,
For to be a Comfort unto them;
They are delighting and inviting;
Men are surely, surely made to love again.

Some young Men may be compar'd
To boundless VVaves, by the VWind carry'd;
By Hawks and Hounds there's many wounded,
And their Substance quite confounded.
Drunkenness is a sad Thing,
And VWhoring strange Diseases bring;
VVhat Pleasure then pray can there be,
To bring our selves to Misery?
Of Days thus spent, we ought to relent,
And take to a Wife that gives Heart-content,
She'll you nourish, love and cherish;
In such a Wife you never, never can repene.

The

The Duke of Marlborough's HEALTH,
To a Pleasant New Tune.

Marlborough's a brave Commander,
He conducts us into the Field,
As bold as Alexander !

He'll die before he'll yield.

Sound the Trumpets, sound, Boys,
Let each Man stand his Ground, Boys ;

Ne'er let us flinch, nor give back an Inch,
And so let his Health go round, Boys.

Sing mighty Marlborough's Story,

Mars of the Field, he passes the Scheld;

And, to increase his Glory,

The French all fly or yield.

Vendosme drew out to spite him,

Th' Household Troops to fright him,

Princes o'th' Blood got off as they cou'd,
But ne'er durst return to fight him.

This Year of VVonders,

The Gens d' Arms gor'd with Bullet and Sword,

Quake when the General thunders ;

Almanza was the VVord.

Sound the Trumpets, sound Boys,

This to his Health be crown'd; Boys.

Circle his Brows with fresh Oaken Boughs,

And thus let the Glass go round; Boys.

And cou'd we tote an Ocean,

His Due we hardly give :

Still there's one more must be, Boys,

Hannover makes them up Three, Boys ;

Three in a Hand ;

I'll drink to my Friend,

And so let us all agree, Boys.

100 *Wit, and Wealth impioy'd*; or,
The Virgin's Venture. To a New Tune.

From grave Lessons and Restraint,
I'm stole out to revel here;
Yet I tremble and I pant,
In the middle of the Fair;
Oh! Oh! Oh! wou'd Fortune in my way
Throw a Lover kind and gay:

Now's the Time, now's the Time,
Now's the Time he soon may move
A young Heart unus'd to Love;
Shall I venture? No, no, no;
Shall I from the Danger go?
Oh! no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no;
I must not try, I cannot fly,
I must not, darst not, cannot fly.
Help me, Nature, help me, Art,
Why should I de——ny my Heart?
Help me, Nature, help me, Art,
Why shoud I deny my Heart?
If a Lover will pursue,
Like the Wisest let me do;
I will fit him, if he's true,
If he's false, I'll fit him too.

While I am endu'd with Sense,
To distinguish what is best,
Cupid's Darts of Violence

Shall not penetrate my Breast;
No, no, no; but yet, methinks, I feel
What I cannot well conceal.

Let me strive, let me strive,
Let me strive the best I can,
To abhor the Thoughts of Man.
Shall I love them? No, no, no;
Shall I from their Kisses go?

Oh!

A New Academy of Compliments, 101

Oh ! no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no,
I must not take, I can't forsake,
I must not, darst not, can't forsake.
Help me, *Cupid*, grant me Love ;
Then by all the Powers above :
Help me, *Cupid*, grant me Love ;
Then by all the Powers above :
If young *Strephon* will pursue,
Like the Wifest let me do ;
I will fit him, if he's true ;
If he's false, I'll fit him too.

The young Maiden in Haste to be married.

To a pleasant New Tune.

There is three Days to my Wedding-day,
And that is too long for a Maiden to stay ;
Then come away, Lover, then come away, Lover,
Then come away, Lover, and make no Delay,
You have been this Six Weeks a courting of me,
And yet the blest Wedding-day I cannot see ;
Tarry no longer, tarry no longer,
Tarry no longer, my Dearest, from me.
You say, that next Thursday our Wedding shall be,
But why not on Monday, my dearest Jemmy ?
Delays very often, &c.

Delays very often breed Danger we see.

Then Jemmy to Sarah did make this Reply,
Delays do breed Danger, I cannot deny ;

But why art so hasty, &c.

But why art so hasty, my Sarah, O why?

Because many Times, my dear Jemmy, I know
Men promise, and oftentimes from their Words go :

Therefore let's on Monday, &c.

Therefore let's on Monday be marry'd, I tro.

And

102. *Wit and Mirth Improv'd*; or,
And then we will dance, and we'll merrily sing,
In all sorts of Mirth we will have our full Swing;
Let's marry'd be, *Jemmy*, &c.
Let's marry'd be, *Jemmy*, my Lord and my King.

If we, my Dear, in haste to Church go,
At Leisure we may then repent it, you know:
Then be not so hasty, &c.
Then be not so hasty our selves to undo.

I prithee now, *Jemmy*, do not with me jest,
I long to be wedded, I vow and protest;
To marry on *Monday*, &c.
To marry on *Monday* I hold it the best.

O tell me not so, then young *Jemmy* he said,
What, are you a-weary of being a Maid?
Besides, my new Cloathing, &c.
Besides, my new, new Cloathing are not all yet made.

Then will you not fail me on *Thursday*, my Dear,
My Heart it doth beat both with Trembling and Fear.
Oh, were I but marry'd, &c.
Oh, were I but marry'd, I then should not care.

On *Thursday*, my Dearest, thou shalt be my Bride,
And then for sweet Kisses and something beside:
What thou dost desire, &c.
What thou dost desire, shall not be deny'd.

I thank thee, dear *Jemmy*; but since thou wilt go,
What 'tis to be marry'd I long for to know;
I wish the Day come once, &c.
I wish the Day come once, that I might do so.

My Heart in my Belly doth now jump for Joy,
To think how my *Jemmy* and I shall then toy:
I'll warrant thee, *Sarah*, &c.
I'll warrant thee, *Sarah*, I'll get thee a Boy.

The Lover's Petition.

To an Excellent New Tune.

Cælia, my Heart has often rang'd,
Like Bees on gaudy Flowers ;
And many thousand Lovers has chang'd,
'Till twas fix'd, 'till 'twas fix'd on yours.
But, Cælia, when I saw those Eyes,
'Twas soon, 'twas soon determin'd there ;
Stars might as well forsake the Skies,
And vanish into Air.
Now if from those great Rules I err,
New Beauties, new Beauties to adore,
May I again, and again turn Wanderer,
And never, never, never settle more.
When I beheld thy charming Grace,
My Hearc was all on Fire,
And my Affections soon took place,
And never could, and never could retire ;
But like a fixed Rock remain,
So long, so long as Life shall last ;
Then do not kill me with Disdain,
Nor all my Glory blast ;
But send one sweet and pleasant Smile,
To keep me, to keep me from Despair ;
For in your Love, for in your Love I flourish, while
You give me, give me, you give me Hopes, sweet
charming Fair.
I'd rather die than live in Grief,
For then my Pains are ended :
'Tis you alone can yield Relief,
Let Blessings be, let Blessings be extended,
To save me from a ruin'd State,
Which now, which now I dread and fear :
One Word of Comfort now relate,
My Joy, my Love, my Dear,

Then

104 *Wit and Mirth improv'd*; or,
Then *Cæsus* with his golden Store,
Could never, could never me outvie;
Grant me thy Love, thy Love, I ask no more,
Then *Cælia*, *Cælia*, then *Cælia*, make a kind Reply.

The Huntsman's Song: To a New Tune.

TAN twive, twive, twive, twive, high and low,
Hark, hark how the merry, merry Horn doth blow,
Over the Bogs we'll follow the Dogs,
For Puff is gone over the Plain.

Then over the Lands and Meadows we'll rowl,
And hark for a Hollow from ev'ry kind Soul;
And at next Country Cottage turn off a brown Bowl;
No Pleasure like Hunting, to cherish the Soul.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow, brave Boys,
Keep in with the Beagles now, while the Scent lies;
The fiery Face God is ready to rise,
Which doth all the World controul.

There's *Ringwood* & *Rockwood*, there's *Fowler* & *Spring*,
There's *Thunder*, with *Wonder*, makes all the Woods ring,
With Horsemen and Footmen, hey ding a ding;
No Pleasure like Hunting, to cherish a King.

Now, over, over, over, over Hedge and Style,
Through Bushes and Briers she runs her File,
While *Rockwood* and *Ringwood* pursue her the while,
Like Lightning through the Air:

Over Hills and high Mountains away she goes,
The Huntsman the merry, merry Horn he blows;
And when we have done, we carouze at the Rose,
In Claret we drown our Care.

Now, never, never, never was there sweeter Sport,
In Country, City, in Town, or Court,
For Pleasure, according as Fame does report,

Like hunting the nimble Hare.
They see how the Beagles do swiftly run,
As if they kept Pace with the moving Sun;
The Sport being ended, the Day being done,
To Bacchus they do repair, Now

Now follow, follow, follow, follow, Boys,
To fill all the Forest and Groves with Noise ;
And as we arrive to the Height of our Joys,

With Pleasure our Sport is crown'd :
Then rouze, and away, it is Break of Day,
Ten Pounds upon Rockwood I'll fairly lay ;
He'll follow the Scent, and he'll give fair Play,
Until he has run her down.

The witty, witty, witty, witty Beaus,
They hunt after Mutton dress'd up in long Cloaths ;
But we are for hunting the Bucks and the Does,

O'er every Park and Plain.

No Pleasure more Noble I do declare,
No Pleasure can with it the least compare ;
For when we have done with the Deer and Hare,
We hunt the Fox down the Red Lane.

The Lover's Question to Cupid.

To an excellent New Play-house Tune.

If Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment ?

If a bitter, O tell me, whence comes my Content ?
Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain ?
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 Heatt.

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 does 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 there's nothing so easy as learning to love,
It's taught us on Earth, and by all Things above ;
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield,
For 'tis Beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair Field.

A Scotch

A Scotch Song.

Jockey was a dowdy Lad, —

And *Jemmy* swarth and tawny ;

They my Heart no Captive made,

For that was Prize to *Sawny*.

Jockey woes, and sighs, and fues,

And *Jemmy* offers Money ;

Weel, I see, they both love me ;

But I love only *Sawny*.

Jockey high his Voice can raise,

And *Jemmy* tunes the Viol ;

But when *Sawny* pipes sweet Lays,

My Heart kens no Denial :

One he sings, and t'other's Strings,

Tho' sweet, yet only teeze me ;

Sawny's Flute can only do't,

And pipe a Tune to please me.

The Yielding Maid.

O Fie ! what mean I, foolish Maid,

In this remote and silent Shade,

To meet with you alone ?

My Heart does 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 ! oh ! 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 inchanting Art you show,

I cannot strive, I cannot go :

Oh ! I shall be undone, &c.

Ah ! give your sweet Temptations o'er,

I'll touch those dangerous Lips no more :

What ! must we yet fool on ?

Ah !

Ah! now I yield, ah! now I fall,
 Ah! now I have no Breath at all,
 And now I'm quite undone!

A New Medley. Tune of State and Ambition.

State and Ambition, all Joy to great Cæsar,
 Sawny shall ne'er be my Cally my Cow ;
 All Hail to the Shades, all Joy to the Bridegroom,
 And call upon Dobbins with a Hi, je, ho.
 Remember, ye Whigs, what was formerly done,
 And, Jenny, come tie my bonny Cravat :
 If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
 For I cannot come every Day to woe.

Jove in his Throne was a Fumbler, Tom Farthing ;
 And Jockey and Jenny together did lye ;
 O Mother, Roger ! Boys, fill us a Bumper ;
 For why will ye die, my poor Calis ? ah ! why ?
 Hark ! how the thund'ring Cannons do roar ;
 Ladies of London, both wealthy and fair ;
 Charon, make haste, and ferry me o'er,
 Lilly burlero, buller a lah.

Chloris, awake ; Four-pence-half-penny-farthing :
 Give me the Lass that is true Country bred ;
 Like John of Gaunt, I walk in Covent-Garden,
 I am a Maid, and a very good Maid.
 Two bonny Lads were Sawny and Jockey,
 The Delights of the Bottle, & Charms of good Wine,
 Wading the Water so deep, my sweet Niggy,
 Cold and raw, let it run in the right Line.

Old Obadiab sings Ave Maria,
 Sing Lull-a-by-baby, with a Dildo ;
 The old Woman and her Cat sat by the Fire,
 Now this is my Love, d'y' like her ho ?
 Old Chiron thus preach'd to his Pupil Achilles,
 And under this Stone lies Gabriel John ;
 Happy was I at the Sight of fair Phyllis,
 What should a young Woman do with an old Man ?
 There's

103 Wit and Mirth improv'd ; or,
There's old Father Peter, with his Romish Creatures ;
There was an old Woman fold Puddings and Pies.
Cannons with Thunder shall fill them with Wonder ;
I once lov'd a Lass that had bright rowling Eyes.
There's my Maid Mary, she does mind her Dairy,
I took to my Heels, and away I did run,
And bids him prepare to be happy to Morrow,
Alas ! I don't know the right End of a Gun.
My Life and Death do lie both in your Power,
And every Man to his Mind, Shrewsbury for me ;
On a Bank of a Brook, as I sat fishing :
Shall I die a Maid now, and ne'er marry'd be ?
Gods bobs, let Oliver now be forgotten,
Joan is as good as my Lady in the Dark :
Cuckolds are Christians, Boys, all the World over,
And here's a full Bumper to Robin John Clark.

A SONG on TOBACCO.

Tobaco is but an Indian Weed,
Grows green in the Morn, cut down at Eve ;
It shews our Decay,
We are but Clay,
Think of this, and take Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so lily White,
Wherein so many take Delight ;
Is broke with a Touch,
Man's Life is such,
Think of this, and take Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how Man's Soul is stain'd with Sin ;
It does require
To be purg'd with Fire,
Think of this, and take Tobacco.

The Ashes that are left behind,
Does serve to put us all in Mind,
That into Dust
Return we must,
Think of this, and take Tobacco.

The

The Smoke that does so high ascend,
Shews you Man's Life must have an End;

The Vapour's gone,
Man's Life is done,
Think of this, and take Tobacco.

A Song on Women, Wine, and Musick.

HOW lovely's a Woman before she's enjoy'd,
When the Spirits are strong, & Fancy not cloy'd?
We admite ev'ry Part, though never so plain,
Which, when thoroughly possess'd, we quickly disdain.

So Drinking we love too, just at the same Rate;
For when we are at it, we foolishly prate
What Acts we have done, and set up for a Wit;
But next Morning's Pains our Pleasures do quit.

But Musick's a Pleasure that tires not soon,
'Tis pleasant in Morning, 'tis welcome at Noon;
'Tis charming at Night to sing Catches in Parts,
It diverts our dull Hours, and rejoices our Hearts.

But Musick alone, without Women and Wine,
Will govern but dully, though never so fine;
Therefore, by Consent, we'll enjoy them all three,
Wine and Musick for you, and the Women for me.

A Health to Bacchus.

Here's a Health to jolly Bacchus,
Here's a Health to jolly Bacchus,
Here's a Health to jolly Bacchus, I—ho, I—ho, I—ho;
For he doth ~~merry~~ make us,
For he doth ~~merry~~ make us,
For he doth merry make us, I—ho, I—ho, I—ho.

[* At this Star they all bow to each other, and sit down.]

[† At this Dagger, all the Company beckons the Drawer.]

* Come, sit ye down together,
Come, sit ye down together,
Come, sit ye down together, I—ho, I—ho, I—ho;

And

To Wist and girth improv'd, or,
And þ bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither, I—ho, I—ho, I—ho.

* At this Star, the first Man drinks his Glass, while
all the others sing and point at him.

† At this Dagger they all sit down, clapping their next
Man on the Shoulder.

It goes into the * Cranium,
It goes into the Cranium,
It goes into the Cranium, I—ho, I—ho, I—ho,
And þ thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion, I—ho, I—ho, I—ho.

* Then the 2d Man takes his Glass, all the Company sing-
ing, Here's a Health, &c. so round.

The Country 'Squire tam'd.

To a New Play-house Tune.

Serves to London, I'll deceive you,
For the Country now I leave you ;
Who can drink, and not be mad,
Wine so dear, and yet so bad ?

So much Noise, and Air so smoaky,
That to stun you, this to choak ye ;
Men so selfish, false, and rude,
Nymphs so young, and yet so lewd.

If we play, we're sure of losing ;
If we love, our Doom we're chusing ;
At the Play-house tedious Sport,
Cant i'th' City, cringe at Court.

Dirty Streets, and dirtier Bullies,
Jolting Coaches, Whores, and Cullies,
Knaves and Coxcombs ev'ry where ;
Who that's wise would tarry here ?

Quiet, harmless Country Pleasure,
Shall at home divert my Leisure.

Farewel,

A New Academy of Compliments. III

Farewel, *London*, I'll repair
To my native Country Air :
And leave all my Plagues behind me :
But at home my Wife will find me !
Oh, ye Gods ! 'tis ten times worse,
London is the milder Curse.

A New Health.

HEre's a Health to the King,
King *GEO RGE* I do mean,
The great Duke of *Marlborough*, and Prince *Eugene* ;
With your Lips to the Glass,
And your Knee to the Ground,
So merry, merry, merrily the Health goes round.

N. B. Here each Man drinks his Glass, and so the next takes it, all singing again.

A New Health to Prince Eugene.

THE valiant *Eugene*
To *Vienna* is gone ;
And since deny'd
To be supply'd,
All his Troops are undone ;
For the haughty *Vendosme*,
New Recruits being come,
So proud is grown of two to one,
Swears Revenge to push home ;
And late Losses, Disgraces,
And Crosses, will soon
Retaliate, now the General is gone.

O Leopold ! O Baden !
What Fiend has perswaden
Your Priest-ridden Clan
Simply to balk so brave a Man ?
Though *Carthage* grew proud,
Which the Story once shew'd
How well the grand
Blind *African*

O'er

112 Wit and Spirit Employ'd; or,

O'er the Alps hew'd out his Road;

All the Rocks in his way,
Were but Puff-paste and Clay,

To those were seen,

When Great *Eugene*

Made his rugged Essay,

Where no Storm, nor loud Thunder,

This Wonder

Could ever from his Purpose cause to stray,

Tho' Watches, Dispatches, and Lying, Crying

His Youth did so decay,

Sable Locks turn'd into Grey.

Then *Latium* give o'er,

Name *Cæsar* no more,

Nor the *Macedon*,

VVhose high Renown

VWas so blaz'd on before:

But let glorious *Eugene*,

That august Man of Men,

Be sounded high, as far as Sky,

Or the Globe can contain;

For a braver or bolder

Good Soldier,

Did never in the bloody Field maintain his Ground.

Hell take those remove him,

And here's to those that love him,

Drink, drink, Boys, around,

And his Foes *Pluto* confound.

Celladon's Courtship. To a new Tune.

Celladon, when Spring came on,

VVoo'd *Sylvia* in a Grove,

Both gay and young, and still he sung

The sweet Delights of Love:

VWedded Joys in Girls and Boys,

And pretty Chat of this and that,

The honey Kiss, and charming Bliss,

That crowns the Marriage-bed,

He

He snatch'd her Hand, she blush'd and fann'd,
And seem'd as if afraid ;
Forbear, she cries, your fawning Lyes,
I've vow'd to die a Maid.

Celladon at that began

To talk of Apes in Hell,
And what was worse, the odious Curse
Of growing old and stale ;
Loss of Bloom, when Wrinkles come,
And Offers kind, when none will mind ;
The rosy Joy, and sparkling Eye,
Grown faded and decay'd.

At which, when known, she chang'd her Tone,
And to the Shepherd said,
Dear Swain, give o'er, I'll think once more
Before I'll die a Maid.

The Parson among the Pease.

To a Play-house Tune.

ONE long Whitsun-holiday, holiday, holiday, 'twas
a jolly Day,
Young Ralph, buxom Phyllida, Phyllida, well-a-day !
met in the Pease :
They long had Community ; he lov'd ber, she lov'd
him ; joyful Unity !
Nought but Opportunity scanting was wanting their
Bosoms to raise :
But now Fortune's Cruelty, Cruelty, you will see ;
for as they lye
In close Hug, Sir Domini, Gemini ! Gemini ! chanc'd
to come by :
He read Pray'rs i'th' Family : No way now to
frame a Lie !
They, scar'd at old Hemily, Homily, Hornily, both
away fly.

114 *Wit and Mirth improv'd*; or,
So soon as he saw the Sighs, full of Spite, as a Kite,
 runs the Rechabite,
Like a holy Hypocrite, Hypocrite, Hypocrite; Mis-
 chief to say;
Save he would fair *Phyllida*, *Phyllida*, *Phyllida*, drest
 that Holiday;
But poor *Ralph*, ah, well-a-day! well-a-day! turn'd
 was away:
Ads Niggs, cries Sir *Domini*, *Gemini*! *Gemini*! shall
 a Rogue stay
To balk me as commonly, commonly, commonly
 has been his way?
No! — I rule the Family; they know nought to
 blame me by:
I read Prayers and *Homily*, *Homily*, *Homily*, three
 times a Day.

The Jealous Lover's deplorable Tragedy.

To an Excellent New Tune.

W^Hilst I gaze on *Cloe* trembling,
Straight her Eyes my Fate declare;
W^Hen she smiles, I fear dissembling,
W^Hen she frowns, I then despair;
Jealous of some Rival Lover,
If a wand'ring Look she give,
Fain I would resolve to leave her;
But can sooner cease to live.

W^Hhy should I conceal my Passion,

Or the Torments I endure?

I will disclose my Inclination,

Awful Distance yields no Cure.

Sure it is not in her Nature

To be cruel to her Slave;

She is too divine a Creature,

To destroy what she can save,

Happy's

A New Academy of Compliments. v. 15

Happy's he, whose Inclination
 VVarms but with a gentle Heat,
Never flies up to a Passion ;
 Love's a Torment, if too great.
VVhen the Storm is once blown over,
 Soon the Ocean quiet grows ;
But a constant faithful Lover
 Seldom meets with true Répose.
Jealous Fears are still presenting,
 To the Faithful black Despair,
Causing Sighs and sad Lamenting.
 Pleasant Slumbers come not there :
Raptures of confused Orders,
 Glory, Ruin, Pleasure, Spleen,
Beauty, Triumph, wilful Murders,
 These sad Aspects I have seen.
VVhile I unlamented languish,
 In the Chains of Love confin'd,
VVords cannot express the Anguish
 Of a wounded Heart and Mind.
Pity, pity the Condition
 Of a bleeding Captive Slave ;
Cloe is the best Physician,
 VVho can cure the VVound she gave.

The Curtain-Lecture. Tune of Celladon.

B eing drunk last Night, I found
 my VVife was in a Pet ;
Do what I cou'd, for my Heart's blood,
 she still would scold and fret ;
And thus her Chat she did begin :
 Is this your coming in ?
The Clock strikes One, you'll be undone ;
 is this a Life to lead ?
My Dear, said I, I don't deny
 but what you say is true ;
I do intend my Life to mend,
 Lend me the Pot to spew.

116. *Wit and Witth imp̄ob'd*; or,
You filthy Beast, you have increas'd
my Sorrow, Grief, and Care.
By Drunkenness; I do profess,
I'm almost in Despair;
For you drink, and sure, I think,
you will destroy a VVoman's Joy,
VVhich I should have, you drunken Knave;
my very Heart will rue.
No, no, he cry'd, my charming Bride,
believe me, this is true,
I do intend my Life to mend,
Lend me the Pot to spew.

Take it your self, you wicked Elf,
I am not bound to wait
Upon you here; alas! I fear
you'll ruin my Estate
VVhich I brought; I little thought
that in VVine, the Land of mine,
You would have spent; I do lament,
my very Heart doth rue.
He groaning cry'd, My charming Bride,
a Love I have for you;
And I intend my Life to mend,
Lend me the Pot to spew.

How you look! I never took
you for a drunken Man;
But now I find you prove unkind,
consuming all you can:
In Taverns still, there do you swill,
destroy your Health, consume your VVealth;
O this is more than can be bore,
alas! what shall I do?
Love, do not weep, but let me sleep
another Hour or two;
For by Degrees I shall have Ease,
if you'll lend's the Pot to spew.

Britain's Resolution against the French.

To Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms,
Your Ensigns now display :

Now, now, now, now, now, now, now,

Set the Battel in Array ;

The Oracle for VVar declares, for VVar declares,
Success depends, Success depends.

Upon your Hearts and Spears.

Britons, strike home,

Revenge, revenge your Country's VVrongs ;

Fight, fight, and record,

Fight, fight, and record

Your selves in Druids Songs ;

Fight, fight, and record,

Fight, fight, and record

Your selves in Druids Songs.

Enrag'd, enrag'd, enrag'd, enrag'd,

Your Showers of Ball let fly ;

Come, come, come, come, come, come,

Let us win the Day, or die :

The Honour of the Field we have, the Field we have,

With loud Huzza's, with loud Huzza's,

Press on you bold and brave,

The Honour of the Field.

Britons, maintain your Rights, your Rights,

By conquering Blows ;

Down, down with the Pride,

Down, down with the Pride

Of your late vanquisht Foes ;

Down, down with the Pride,

Down, down with the Pride

Of your late vanquisht Foes.

Let's rouze, let's rouze, let's rouze, let's rouze

The British Lyon bold ;

See how, how, how, how, how, how

His heroick Eyes are roll'd ;

118 Wit and Mirth Improv'd; or,
While silver Trumpets sound a Charge,
Break thro' their Ranks, break thro' their Ranks,
And make 'em fly for Fear, (charge Front and Rear;
Whilst silver Trumpets sound.

Let them be drove

Before, before your conquering Arms,
And cause them to dread,
And cause them to dread
Great Britain's loud Alarms ;
And cause them to dread,
And cause them to dread
Great Britain's loud Alarms.

The Dame of Honour.

Since all the World's turn'd Upside-down,
and all Things chang'd in Nature,
As if a Doubt was newly grown
we had the same Creator ;
Of ancient Modes and former Ways
I'll teach you, Sirs, the Manner,
In good Queen Bess's golden Days,
when I was a Dame of Honour.

I had an ancient Noble Seat,
tho' now it's come to Ruin,
Where Mutton, Beef, and such good Meat,
in th' Hall was daily chewing ;
Of humming Beer my Cellar full,
I was the yearly Donor,
Where toping Knaves had many a Pull,
when I was a Dame of Honour.

My Men of home-spun honest Greys,
had Coats and comely Badges ;
They wore no dirty, ragged Lace,
nor e'er complain'd of Wages.
For gawdy Fringe, and Silks o'th' Town,
I fear'd no threatening Dunner ;
But wore a decent Grogram Gown,
when I was a Dame of Honour.

I still

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I still preserv'd my Maiden Fame,
in Spight of Oaths and Lying,
Though many a lusty Youngster came,
and fain would be enjoying ;
My Fan, to guard my Lips, I kept
from Cupid's lewd O'er-runner ;
And many a Roman Nose I rapp'd,
when I was a Dame of Honour.

With Water clean I wash'd each Morn
my Face, all Paint denying ;
Nor thought Art Nature cou'd adorn,
black Patches too defying.
The Parish ne'er could clap their Hands,
and cry out, Fie upon her !
But liv'd in chaste Marriage-Bonds,
when I was a Dame of Honour.

Of England's right Reformed Church,
I was a due Frequenter ;
Nor fear'd I to be left i'th' Lurch
by factious, fly Dissenter.
Of Pray'r's and Lessons, ev'ry Day
I was a pious Conner ;
And half my Means I gave away,
when I was a Dame of Honour.

My Neighbours still I treated round,
and Strangers that came near me,
The Poor too always Welcome found,
whose Prayers did still endear me :
Let therefore who at Court would be
no Churl, nor yet no Fawner ;
But match with Hospitality
Queen Bess's Dame of Honour.

The Sporting Hay-makers.

In the merry Month of June,
 In the prime Time of the Year,
 Down in yonder's Meadow
 there runs a River clear ;
 And many a little Fish
 doth in that River play ;
 And many a Lad, and many a Lass
 was abroad a making Hay.

In came the Scythe-men
 to mow the Meadow down,
 With Budget and with Bottle
 of Ale that is so brown :
 All labouring Men of Courage bold,
 caine there their Skill to try ;
 Lee's whet and blow, and stoutly mow,
 for the Crows cuts very dry.

There's nimble Tib and Tom,
 with Pitch-fork and with Rake ;
 There's Mally, Nell, and Susan,
 came there their Hay to make :
 Sweet Jug, Fug, Fug, Jug, sweet,
 the Nightingale doth sing,
 From the Morning until Evening,
 as they were a Hay-making,

But when bright Phebus,
 the Sun, was going down,
 A merry dispes'd Piper
 approaching from the Town,
 Pull'd out his Pipe and Tabor,
 disposing for to play,
 Which made them all lay down their Rakes,
 and to leave off making Hay.

So joyning in a Dance,
we jig it on a Green ;
Though tyred with our Labour,
no Weariness is seen :
All tripping like to Fairies,
our Dance we do pursue,
With leading up and casting off,
'till the Morning is in view.

Then each Lad he takes his Lass,
the Morning being come,
And lies down in their Hay-Coaks,
'till the Rising of the Sun ;
There sporting all the while,
while the harmless Birds do sing,
Each Lad arise, and take your Lass,
and away to Hay-making.

The Nice Lady.

Virgins so fair, at length it may prove
Your Destiny to be in Love,
Pray grant me such a Fate ;
May Prudence always be my Guide,
With a little, little Decency and Pride :
My Actions regulate.

When first in Love I do commence,
May it be with a Man of Sense,
And learned Education ;
May all his Courtship be to me
Neither too formal, nor too free,
But wisely shew his Passion.

May his Estate agree with mine,
That it may look like no Design
To bring us both to Sorrow :

Grant me this that I have said,
And willingly I'd live a Maid
No longer than to Morrow.

122 *Wit and Mirth improv'd*; or,

When we are wed, may we agree,

And neither of us angry be,

But live free from all Sorrow:

If one be cross, may the other say,

My Dear, we won't fall out to Day,

Whate'er we do to Morrow.

The Bacchanalian.

Come, fill us a Bumper of Red, my brave Boys,

Let us call for the Slaves from below;

Wine alone 'tis inspires the Mind with true Joys,

Since the Gods in their Heaven drink so.

He that troubles his Brain with dull Cares, is an Ass,

Having such brisk Liquor before him;

Let us bury the World in the Grave of the Glass,

And for the brisk God, let's adore him.

Let us laugh at the Wife, and their Morals despise,

The rich Juice 'tis affords us Delight;

Let us drink a sweet Health to our Mistress's Eyes,

'Till our own Eyes shall bid us good Night.

The Lover's Question.

WHY are my Eyes still flowing?

Why does my Heart thus trembling move?

Why do I sigh when going,

To see the darling Saint I love?

Ah! she is my Heav'n, and in her Eye,

The Deity.

There is no Life like what she can give,

Nor any Death like taking my Leave.

Tell me no more of Glory,

To court Ambition I'll resign;

But tell a long, long Story,

Of Celia's Shape, her Face, and Men.

Speak

Speak too of Raptures, that would Life destroy,

To enjoy :

Had I the Kingdom, Crown, Scepter, and Ball,
For that dear Minute, I'd part with 'em all,

Judith and Holifernes.

When Judith had laid Holifernes in Bed,

She pull'd out his Falchion, and cut off his Head ;
The Reason is plain, he'd have made her his Whore,
So she cut off his Head, as I told you before,

As I told you before,

A Catch on the London Watermen.

Will you go by Water, Sir ?

I'm the next Sculler ;

Go with my Fare up Westward, Sir,

my Boat shall be no fuller.

Next Oars, Sir, next Oars ;

whither is't you go ?

To Fox-hall, or Westminster,

or through-Bridge, ho ?

Pray, Master, trim the Boat,

and fit a little higher ;

You have a handsome Woman by you,

methinks you might sit nigher.

Come, Boy, lay the Stretcher,

and sit down to your Oar ;

You Sir ! will you change

a Rogue for a Whore ?

You, Sculler ! look before you !

with a Pox t'ye, hold Water !

Look ! look ! the Rogue runs foul of us !

remember this herea'ter !

Come, land us here at Kings-bridge ;

Ay, Sir, if you're willing,

Here, Water-man, there's Six-pence.

Good Faith, 'tis worth a Shilling.

The Czar's Health.

DRAGOONS, have a Care, here's a Health to the Czar;
 We'll all, all, we'll all do mighty Russ Reason:
 Examine your Cup, that you drink it all up,
 If you leave but one Drop, if you leave but one Drop,
 'Tis High-Treason:
 You'd ye drink, drink, drink, nay, drink like a Russ?
 While you take it off thus,
 Still with Pepper improve your weak Brandy:
 And then to be just, to give it a Gust,
 Still, still let Nitre supply, supply Sugar-candy.
 Thus arm'd, let it blow, let it hail, let it snow,
 Let it hail, let it snow,
 It will ne'er make our Hero look thin, Sir,
 Warm without with the Hair of his dear Brother Bear,
 And the Cordial, the Cordial I wot on,
 I wot on within, Sir:

Diana the Goddess.

DIANA the Goddess, as she sat in a Grove,
 She told them in short, 'Twas a Pleasure to love,
 But her Beauty excells all the rest of her Sex,
 Tho' she knows in her mind she's daily perplex'd.
 Then ever hereafter with Honour and Fame,
 We'll surrender, surrender to Diana's great Name,
 To Diana's great Name.

Diana is a Nymph that is charming and free,
 So pleasing, so delightful, so lovely is she:
 Tho' her Beauty excells all the rest of her Sex,
 Yet she knows in her mind she's daily perplex'd.
 Then ever hereafter with Honour and Fame,
 We'll surrender, surrender to Diana's great Name,
 To Diana's great Name.

A merry Catch.

There was an old Man had three Sons,
I Had three Sons, had three Sons,
There was an old Man had three Sons,
Jeffery, James, and Jack;
Jeffery was hang'd; and James was drown'd;
And Jack was lost, and could not be found;
And the old Man fell into a Swoon:
Come, fill's t'other Glass of Sack.

The Lover's Resolution.

When, lovely Pyllis, thou art kind,
Nought but Raptures fill my Mind:
'Tis then I think thee so divine;
To excel the mighty Powers of Wine:
But when thou art cruel, but when thou art cruel,
And laugh'st at my Pain,
I'll wash it away with sparkling Champaign;
So I'll bravely concern both the Boy and his Mother,
And drive out one God, and drive out one God,
By the Power, by the Power of another.
When Pity in thy Looks I see,
I freely quit my Liberty;
Persuasive Love so rules me then,
That I'd ne'er wish it once again:
But when thou art cruel, but when thou art cruel,
And laugh'st at my Care,
Then strait with a Bumper I'll banish Despair:
So I'll bravely, &c.

In Praise of a Rural Life.

Happy's the Swain whom bright Aurora
leadeth into the Field;
Where the gay Banks, adorn'd by Flora,
fragrant Odours yield:

While

126 *Wit and Witch improv'd, or,*
While his Flocks are feeding by him,
on the tender Grass he lies;
No Discontent nor Cares come nigh him,
thus wrapp'd he is in silent Joys.

Amorett's Petition.

Gentle Night, befriend a Lover,
That long hath had his Bliss delay'd;
Long he sigh'd, his Watch is over,
See him, see him now repaid.
Thirsty, eager of possessing,
Thinks his Bride too long undressing,
While the innocent Maid,
Of her Wishes afraid,
Still delays, still delays, tho' she longs for the Blessing.

The Constant Courtier.

Tis certain, dear *Sylvia*, the Times are now chang'd:
From Beauty's soft Charms,
To follow Alarms,
And leave thy dear Arms
For a Suit of hard Armour, a Robe in War, War, War,
That makes Heroes immortal, and builds up a Monarch's
Tis true, when I see thy dear Eyes, (Renown,
Ah! then I think of those Joys
That have charm'd thy Soul and mine;
Then do I curse those busy bustling Times;
Then do I wish, that Ambition were flown
From the Court to the Camp, and let Lovers alone.

Corydon's Rapture.

Lucinda's lovely charming Face,
Charming Face, charming Face,
With all her Splendor free,
Sweet was the happy Time and Place,
Time

Time and Place, Time and Place,
I had her Company,
I had her Company.

To me each Minute was an Age,
Was an Age, was an Age,
So bleſſ'd in Love was I ;
I kiss'd her Lips, and did engage,
Did engage, did engage
What Love could not deny,
What Love could not deny.

Love equally we soon express'd,
Soon express'd, soon express'd,
Claspt in each other's Arms,
My Head upon her snowy Breast,
Snowy Breast, snowy Breast
I laid, dissolv'd in Charms,
I laid, dissolv'd in Charms.

The Successful Lover.

I Saw the Lass, whom I dear I lov'd,
Long sighing and complaining ;
When me she shunn'd and disprov'd,
another entertaining :
Her Hands and Lips to him were free,
no Favour she refus'd him ;
Judge how unkind she was to me,
when she so kindly us'd him.

His Hands her Milk white Bubbles prest,
a Bliss worth Kings desiring ;
His Head he lean'd upon her Breast,
the snowy Mount admiring ;
Till pleas'd to be the charming Fair,
whenas such Passion mov'd him,
She clapt his Cheeks, and curl'd his Hair,
so well she did approve him.

123. *Wit and Witch improu'd, or,*
He kiss'd her, 'till at length he got

Admission to her Quarters ;
But what he did, I tell ye not,
for he pull'd off her Garters :
The other Thing I will not speak,
because I think 'tis evil ;
Oh ! pray, Sir, then she cry'd and squeak'd,
forbear, be not uncivil.

Bacchus's Reputation.

O Generous *Bacchus*, when by thee we are fill'd,
O generous *Bacchus*, when by thee we are fill'd,
Such active brisk Vigour in our Souls is instill'd,
As exalteth our Spirits, and makes 'em soar high,
As if they partook of thy Divinity.

For of notable *Acts* which Records do afford,
Done by Men of the Gown, and by those of the Sword,
They all are perform'd by the Help of the Bottle,
From great Alexander, to grave Aristotle.

Had the Sultan but chang'd the Danube for the Rhine,
And agreed with his Prophets for drinking of Wine,
He need not despair'd of all Hungary again,
Tho' oppos'd by *Bosaria*, or conqu'ring *Lorraine*.

For of notable *Acts*, &c.

Young Collin.

YOUNG *Collin* cleaving of a Beam,
At ev'ry thumping, thumping Blow, cry'd *Hem*,
And told his Wife, told his Wife, who the Cause wou'd
That *Hem* made the Wedge much farther go. (know,
Plump *Joan*, at Night, when to Bed they came,
And both were playing at that same,
Sry'd, *Hem*, *Hem*, prithee, prithee, *Collin*, do,
If ever thou lovest me, Dear ! *Hem* now !
He laughing, answer'd, No, no, no,
Some Work will split, will split with half a Blow ;
Besides, now I bore, now, now I bore,
I *Hem* when I cleave, but now I bore.

The Inconstant Lover.

I
Ris on the Bank of Thames,
With a Sigh and weeping Eyes,
Said to lovely Cælimane,
Let not Man your Heart surprize ;
Men are all compos'd of Lyes.

Tho' a thousand times they swear,
And as many Vows repeat,
All they swear, is common Air,
All they promise, but Deceit ;
None were ever constant yet.

Wisely then preserve your Heart,
From each Tyranny of Fate,
Which only then can act its part,
When Love has its Return of Hate,
And then Repentance comes too late.

The Jealous Lover.

Forgive me, if your Looks I thought
did once some Change discover ;
For to be jealous, is a Fault
of ev'ry tender Lover :
My Looks those kind Reproaches show,
which you blame so severely,
A Sign, alas ! you little know
what 'tis to love sincerely.

The Torments of a long Despair
I did in Silence smother,
But 'tis a Pain I cannot bear,
to think you love another.
My Fate alone depends on you,
I am but what you make me ;
Securely blest, if you prove true ;
 undone, if you forsake me.

The jovial Toaper.

Happy is the Man that takes Delight
in banqueting his Senses,
That drinks all Day, and then at Night
the Height of Joy commences :
With Bottles arm'd we stand our Ground,
full Bumpers crown our Blisses ;
Then roar and sing the Streets around,
in serenading Misses.

By Blessings free and unconfin'd,
we prove, without Reproaches,
There's no Bliss like a frolick Mind,
or Pleasures like Debauches,
Whilst rambling thus, new Joys we reap
in Charms of Love and Drinking ;
Insipid Fops lie drown'd in Sleep,
and the Cuckold he lies thinking.

A Song at the Marriage of a Lady.

JOY to the Bridegroom, fill the Sky
With pleasing Sounds of welcome Joy ;
Joy to the Bride, may Lasting Bliss,
And ev'ry Day still prove like this.
Joy to the, &c.

Never were Marriage Joys divine,
But where two constant Hearts combine,
He that proves false, himself does cheat,
Like sick Men tastes, but cannot eat.
He that, &c.

What is a Maidenhead ? ah, what ?
Of which weak Fools so often prate ?
'Tis the young Virgin's Pride and Roast ;
Yet ne'er was found, but when 'twas lost.
'Tis the, &c.

The Prodigal's Resolution.

I Am a lusty lively Lad,
now come to one and twenty,
My Father left me all he had,
both Gold and Silver plenty.

Now he's in's Grave, I will be brave,
The Ladies shall adore me ;
I'll court and kiss, what Hurt's in this?
My Dad did so before me.

My Father was a thrifty Sir,
'till Soul and Body funder'd ;
Some say, he was an Usurer
for thirty in a hundred.

He scrap'd and scratch'd, she pinch'd and patch'd,
that in her Body bore me ;
But I'll let fly, good Cause why,
My Father was born before me.

The Miller's Delight.

HOW happy's the Mortal
that lives by his Mill,
That depends on his own,
not on Fortune's Wheel ;
By Slight of his Hand,
and the Strength of his Back,
How merrily, how merrily
his Mill goes Clack, Clack, Clack.
How, &c.

If his Wife proves a Scold,
as too often 'tis seen ;
For she may be a bold,-
Sing G O D bless the Queen :
With his Hand to the Mill
and his Shoulder to the Sack,
He drowns all the Discord
In his Musical Clack, Clack, Clack,
He, &c.

O'er

132 *Wit and Mirth improv'd*; or,
O'er your Wives and your Daughters
he often prevails,
By sticking a Cog of a Foot
in their Tails;
Whilst the Hoyden so willingly
he lays on her Back,
And all the while he sticks it in,
the Stones cry *Clack, Clack, Clack,*
And all the while, &c.

The Angler's S O N G.

O F all the Recreations which
attend on Humane Nature,
There's none that is of so high a Pitch,
or is of such a Stature,
As is the subtle Angler's Life,
in all Mens Approbation;
For Anglers Tricks do daily mix
in every Corporation.

Whilst *Eve* and *Adam* liv'd in Love,
and had no Cause of Jangling,
The Devil did the Waters move,
the Serpent went to Angling:
He baits his Hook with God-like Look,
thought he, This will intangle her:
By this all ye may plainly see,
that the Devil was first an Angler.

The Virgin's Complaint.

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 me, take me; some of you,
While I yet am young and true;
E'er I can my Soul disguise,
Heave my Breast, heave my Breast, and rowl my Eyes.
Stay

Stay not till I learn the Way

How to lye and to betray:

He that loves me first, is blest,

For I may deceive the rest.

Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,

Full of Love, and full of Truth;

Brisk, and of a Jante Meen,

I shou'd long, I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

The Lover's Death.

AS gazing on *Amin'a's Eyes*,

young *Cælidon* did lie;

Strange Raptures did his Heart surprise,

and fain the Youth would die:

His Soul was eager to be gone,

and with resistless Charms;

And being loath to die alone,

caught *Phyllis* in his Arms.

The Nymph, who long had strove in vain
for Death, as well as he,

Cry'd out, My Shepherd, stay a while,
and I will die with thee.

With that, they both together dy'd,

but with such little Pain,

They both reviv'd, and instantly

prepar'd to die again.

A Maggot.

HOW long shall I be in this Mind? this Mind,

Is totally in your own Power, own Power;

I could pass all my Days with a kind, a kind—

But I'll part with a proud—in an Hour, an Hour:

So if you'll be good-natur'd and civil, and civil,

You'll find I can be so too, so too;

But if not, you may go to the Devil, the Devil,

Or the Devil may come to you, to you.

The Passionate Lover.

I Love thee more and more each Day,
fairest of earthly Creatures,
In Temples I forget to pray,
by gazing on thy Features.

Thy Face does my free Will controul;
in thee I've Preservation ;
Take Pity then, and save thy Dear ;
have Pity then, and save her from Vexation.

Heaven gave to Man in Paradise
Blessings that were uncommon ;
But all were Trifles, to the Bliss
of Soul-delighting Woman.

Love me, whate'er must be my Doom,
'Tis thee I am still pursuing ;
Love me, or else I am undone,
I am undone ; oh ! love, or else I'm ruin'd.

The Harmonious Lovers.

YOU Mortals in Love, come, all sing and dance
To Venus the Goddess, and Cupid her Boy ;
In your most sprightly brisk Measures advance,
and briskly resolve upon nothing but Joy :
For Musick and Love should both have their Parts,
Tho' Love is no more than a Consort of Hearts.
For Musick and Love should, &c.

When Hearts meet together, and Pulses all beat,
then, then our Allegiance to Cupid we prove ;
The whole vast Creation was struck at a Heat,
and form'd, and form'd into Beauty by Love.

Then whilst the World lasts, Love and Joy reigns by
(turns,

They lov'd, 'twas drown'd, and we'll kiss 'till it burns.
Then whilst the World lasts, &c.

The Lover's Protestation.

BY all the Powers, I love you so,
Nothing's so dear to me below ;
For when your Frowns I would forsake,
Some Angel comes, and calls me back.
Order my Heart not so full of Ease,
But you may break it whenever you please ;
For it is noble, and will rather dare
To die, than to languish in Despair.

For it is noble, &c.

Then do not strive thus my poor Heart for to break ;
But grant me Life, and lengthen my Days,
That I may live to set forth thy Praise.
Come, my dear Soul, come, my dear Soul,
Let thee and I, thee and I now
For ever be united, united in Love ;
For I am certain, that it will be
Pleasing unto the Powers above.

The contented Lover.

LET Monarchs fight for Power and Fame,
With Noise and Arms Mankind alarm ;
Let daily Fears their Quiet fright,
And Care disturb their Rest at Night ;
Greatness shall ne'er my Soul enthrall,
Give me Content, and I have all.

Hear, mighty Jove, to thee I call,
Give me *Astrea*, she's my all ;
That soft, that sweet, that charming Fair,
Nothing can hurt me, but Despair :
She's Wealth and Power, and only she,
Astrea's all the World to me.

Amyntor's Petition to Cupid.

Spare, mighty Love, oh ! spare a Slave,
That at your Feet for Mercy cry ;

What

136 *Wist and Witch implo'v'd*; OR,
What would the cruel Cupid have?
see how I bleed, see how I die:
Upon some nobler Conquest, go
that's for thy Glory, and thy Peace;
Oh! make the charming Cælia know
the Pain she now regardless sees.
Dip all thine Arrows in my Tears,
and surely poysone so each Dart,
That spight of all the Charms she bears,
the pointed Steel may reach her Heart.
Revenge, revenge the Wounds she gave,
and let our Fortunes so agree,
That I may have my Cure from her,
and she may need as much from me.

The Maiden's Choice.

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 buxom Joan,
Whose Name was buxom Joan.
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 a'Nights 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,
By offering her his Measure,
The Tinker too with Metal,
Said, he could mend her Kettle,

And

Id stop up e'ry Leak,
Id stop; &c.

While these three were prating,
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.

Id just e'en as he meant, Sir,
Logger-heads they went, Sir,
Id then he let fly at her
Shot 'twixt VVind and VVater,
Which won this fair Maid's Heart,
Which won, &c.

The Bonny Milk-Maid.

YE Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,
That love green Fields and Woods,
VVhen Spring newly blown,
Her self doth adorn,
VVith Flowers and blooming Buds;
Come, sing in the Praise,
VVhilst Flocks do graze
In yonder's pleasant Vale,
Of those' that chuse
Their Sleep to lose,
And in cold Dews,
VVith clouted Shooes,
Do carry the Milking-Pail.

The Goddess of the Morn
VVith Blushes they adorn;
And take the fresh Air,
VVhilst Linnets prepare
A Comfort on each green Thorn;
The Blackbird and Thrush
On every Bush,
And the charming Nightingale,

In merry Vein

Their Throats do strain,

To entertain

The jolly Train

That carry the Milking-Pail.

When cold bleak Winds do roar,

And Flowers can spring no more,

The Fields that were seen

So pleasant and green,

By Winter all candi'd o'er.

Oh ! how the Town-Lass

Looks with her white Face,

And her Lips of deadly Pale ;

But it is not so

With those that go

Through Frost and Snow,

With Cheeks that glow,

To carry the Milking-Pail.

The Charming Bride.

THE Danger is over, is over, is over, the Danger
(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 ven-

(tur'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,

Appear all ye Virgins, ye Virgins, ye Virgins, appear

(all ye Virgins,

Both

A New Academy of Compliments. 19

Both aged, both aged, both aged, both aged, and young;
And you that have carry'd, and you that have carry'd,
That Burthen, that Burthen, that Burthen, that Bur-
then too long;
Who lost precious Time, and you who are losing,
Betray'd, betray'd by your Fears, 'twixt doubting
and choosing;
Draw near, and learn what will settle your Mind,
You'll find, you'll find your selves happy, when once
you are kind.

Do but wisely resolve the sweet Venture to run, run,
run, run,
The Loss will be little, be little, be little, be little,
and much to be won.

The Indifferent Lover.

FOR Iris I sigh, and hourly die,-
But not for a Lip, nor a languishing Eye:
She's fickle and false, and there we agree;
O these are the Vertues that captivate me!

We neither believe what either can say,
And neither believing, we neither betray.
'Tis easie to swear, and say Things of Course,
We mean not the taking for better for worse.

When present, we love; when absent, agree;
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me.
The Legend of Love, no Couple can find
So easie to part, and so easily joyn'd.

Coy Cælia's Cruelty.

Cælia, 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 deceive me,
First to love, and then to leave me;
Cruel Creature, &c.

140. *Want and Mirth simp'd*; or,
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 no Bliss that is not lasting,
Once possessing, &c.

Celia now is mine no more,
But I am her's, and must adore;
Not to leave her, will endeavour,
Charms that captiv'd me before:
No Unkindness can discover,
Love that's true, is Love for ever.
No Unkindness, &c.

Cupid's Kingdom.

W^Ere I to chuse the greatest Bliss,
Were I to chuse the greatest Bliss
that e'er in Love was known,
'Twould be the highest of my Wish
to en—joy her Heart alone.
Kings might possess their Kingdoms free,
and Crowns un-envy'd wear,
They should no Rival have of me;
No, no,
They should no Rival have of me,
might I reign Monarch there;
They should no Rival have of me,
No, no,
They should no Rival,
They should no Rival have of me,
might I reign Monarch there.

Hear, *Cynthia*, hear the gentle Air,
Hear, *Cynthia*, hear the gentle Air,
but whisper out my Love,
And prove but half so kind as fair,
my Sor—rows you'll remove;
Cynthia, O let us happy be,

Unite our Hearts in Love,
I'd change not such Felicity,
No, no,
I'd change not such Felicity,
for all the Joys above ;
I'd change not such Felicity,
No, no,
I'd change not such,
I'd change not such Felicity,
for all the Joys above.

Cruel Cælia.

NO, no, poor suffering Heart, no Change endeavour;
Chuse to sustain the Smart, rather than leave her :
My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charms about her,
I can die with her, but not live without her.

One tender Sigh from her to see me languish,
Will more than pay the Price of my past Anguish.
Beware, O cruel Fair, how you smile on me ;
'Twas a kind look of thine, that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy Minute,
And she must end my Pain that did begin it :
Then so divine a Bliss, and Pleasures leaving,
Ages will slide away, without perceiving.

Cupid shall guard the Door, the more to please her,
And keep out Time & Age when they would seize her.
Time and Death shall depart, and say, when flying,
Love has found out a way to live by dying.

In Praise of a Country Life.

IN the Field in Frost and Snows,
Watching late and early,
There I kept my Father's Cows,
There I milk 'em yearly ;
Booing here, booing there,
Here a boo, there a boo, ev'ry where a boo,
We defy all Care and Strife,
In a charming Country Life.

142. *Wist and Mirth improv'd ; or,*

Then at home, amongst the Fowls,
watching late, and early.

There I tend my Father's Owls,

there I feed 'em yearly ;

whooing here, whooing there,

Here a whoo, there a whoo, ev'ry where a whoo,

we defy all Care and Strife,

in a charming Country Life.

VVhen we Summer Fleeces heap,

watching late and early,

Then I sheer my Father's Sheep,

then I keep 'em yearly ;

Baeing here, Baeing there,

Here a Bae, there a Bae, ev'ry where a Bae,

we defy all Care and Strife,

in a charming Country Life,

Lock all fast.

I Am come to lock all fast,

Love without me cannot last :

Love, like Counsels of the VVife,

Must be hid from vulgar Eyes ;

'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we must, we must conceal it,

They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.

VVhat is promised in Love,

Is recorded still above,

And whatever Vow we make,

Let us keep it for true Love's sake : (own it;

'Tis binding, 'tis binding, and we still, we still must

They are perjur'd, they are perjur'd who disown it.

The Scotch Hay-makers.

TWas within a Furlong of *Edinborough Town*,

In the rosy Time o'th' Year, when the Grass

was down,

Bonny Jockey blith and gay, said to Jenny making Hay,

Let's

Let's sit a little, Dear, and prattle, 'tis a sultry Day :
He long had courted the black-brow'd Maid;
But Jockey was a Wag, and would ne'er consent to wed ;
Which made her pish and phoo, and cry it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wounnot, wonnot buckle too.

He told her Marriage was grown a mere Joak,
And that no one wedded, but the scoundrel Folk ;
Yes, my Dear, you shall prevail, but I know not what
(I ail,

I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Dogs, with Bottles
(at their Tail;

But I'll give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,
And a pretty silly Foal to ride out and take the Air,
If thou ne'er wilt pish and phoo, and cry it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wounnot, wonnot buckle too,

The discontented Lover.

How vile are the Fordid Intrigues of the Town ?
HCheating and lying perpetually sway,
From the blue Cap, to the politick Gown,
In plotting and fottting they waste 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 lie pining.

A Curse of their Jarring what Luck have I ?
I thought a young Trader, by ogling Charms,
Intò my conjugal Fetters to bring ;
I planted my Snares too, for one that lov'd Arms,
But found his Design was another Thing.
From the Court Province, down to the dull Cts,
Both Cullies and Wits,

Of Marriage are shy :

Great are the Sins of the Nation,
A Shame of the wretched Occasion,
A Curse of the Monsieurs. what Luck haye I ?

144 *Wit and Mirth improv'd*; or,

The Lover's Complaint to Drusilla.

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,
The she vows she's given me all.
Can *Drusilla* give no more?
Has she lavish'd 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.

The Princely Courtship.

WHAT shall 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.
Since Gods themselves cannot ever be loving,
Men must have breathing Recruits for new Joys;
I wish my Love could be always improving,
Though eager Love more than Sorrow destroys.
In fair *Aurelia's* Arms, leave me expiring
To be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath,
To the last Moment, I'll still be desiring,
Never had Hero so glorious a Death.

Aurelia's Lamentation,

PITY a helpless Virgin's Tears,
Ye Powers above, and ease my Moan;
See how I sigh, see how I grieve,
Since that *Amynor's* from me gone:

Oh!

Oh cruel Fate ! to me unkind,
to take my only Joy again,
And leave *Aurelia* here behind,
to sigh and languish Life away.
How could you so ingrateful be,
to go and leave me here behind ?
You might have taken Leave of me,
when I to you have been so kind.
'Tis not as I expected, when
you told me, you lov'd none but me :
Oh ! had I not believ'd you then,
I never more had thought on thee ;

The Country Dialogue.

He. **W**Here Oxen do low,
W And Apples do grow ;
Where Corn is sown,
And Grafs is mown ;
Where Pigeons do fly,
And Rooks nestle high,
Fate, give me for Life a Place.

She. Where Hay is well cock'd,
And Udders are stroak'd ;
Where Duck and Drake
Cry, Quack, quack, quack ;
Where Turkeys lay Eggs,
And Sows suckle Pigs,
Oh ! there I will pass my Days.

He. On nought we will feed,

She. But what we do breed,
And wear on our Backs,

He. The Wooll of our Flocks ;

She. And though Linen feel
Rough spun from the Wheel,
'Tis cleanly, tho' coarse it comes.

He. Town Follies, and Cullies,

And *Mollies* and *Dollies*,
For ever adieu, and for ever ;

146 *Wit and Mirth Improv'd*; or,

She. And Beaux that in Boxes
Lie smugling their Doxies,
With Wigs that hang down to their Bums.

He. Good-by to the *Molt*,
The Park and Canal,
St. James's Square,
And Flaunters there;
The Gaming-house, too,
Where high Dice and low,
Are manag'd by all Degrees.

She. Adieu to the Knight,
That was bubbl'd last Night,
That keeps a Blouze,
And beats his Spouse,
And now in great haste
To pay what he's lost,
Sends home to cut down his Trees.

He. And well-fare the Lad,

She. Improves ev'ry Clod;

He. That ne'er sets his Hand
To Bill or to Bond;

She. Nor barters his Flocks
For Wine or the Pox,
To chouse him of half his Days.

He. But Fishing and Fowling,
And Hunting and Bowling,
His Pastime is ever and ever;

She. Whose Lips when you buss 'em,
Smell like the Bean-blossom,
Oh ! he 'tis shall have my Praise !

He. To the Tavern, where goes
Sowr Apples and Sloes,
A long Adieu;
And farewell too
The House of the Great,
Whose Cook has no Meat,
And Butler can't quench my Thirst.

She. Good-by to the 'Change,Where

Where Rantepoles range :

Farewel cold Tea,

And Ratafea ;

Hide-park too, where Pride.

In Coaches do ride;

Altho' they be choak'd with Dust.

He. Farewel the Law-Gown,

She. The Plague of the Town,

He. And Foe to the Crown,

That should be run down,

She. With City Jack-daws,

That make staple Laws,

To measure by Yards and Ells ;

He. Stock-Jobbers and Swabbers,

And Packers, and Tackers,

For ever adieu, ay, for ever.

Cho. We know what you're doing,

And Home were both going,

And so you may ring the Bells.

The Happy Pair.

I Anthe the lovely, the Joy of a Swain,

I By *Iphis* was lov'd, and lov'd *Iphis* again ;

She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair,

Their Pleasure was equal, and equal their Care ;

No Time of Enjoyment their Dotage withdrew ;

But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,

Still the fonder they grew.

A Passion so happy, alarm'd all the Plain,

Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain ;

Some swore 'twould be Pity, their Loves to invade,

That the Lovers alone for each other was made ;

But all consented, that none ever knew

A Nymph yet so kind, a Nymph yet so kind,

Or a Shepherd so true.

For in the Beginning of Love, we do find (kind.

They strove in their Love, which should proye still most

The

148. *Wit and Witch simp'ly;* or,
The Swain and the Nymph; by the Dawn of the Day;
With innocent Love, past the Minutes away
In each others Arms, give these Lovers their due,
They always were constant, they always were con-
stant, and always were true.

The Answer.

Janthe the ugly of Rosemary-Lane,
She frown'd upon Rakish, he kick'd her again ;
A sort of a strange Salutation was there,
She curs'd him, he kick'd her, she pull'd by the Hair ;
Like Furies in Wrath at each other they flew, (still)
The longer they fought, still the longer they fought,
the fiercer they grew.

They both had been toping, toping had made
Young Rakish as drunk as Janthe the Jade ;
The powerful Strength of Geneva and Ale, (Tail)
Had made Rakish strike Janthe, and Janthe scorn'd to turn
Like Furies in Wrath, at each other they flew,
The longer they fought, still, &c.

She call'd him Cuckold, he call'd her Whore ;
She seiz'd on his Throat, and her Waistcoat he tore ;
Her Toppings and Petticoats all went to rack,
He fought like a Dragon, she stood to the Tack.
Like Furies in Wrath, at each other they flew,
The longer they fought, still, &c.

The Folly Breeze.

THE jolly jolly Breeze,
That came whistling thro' the Trees,
Forth all a—all her blissful Region brings
Perfumes upon her spicy Wings,
And with her wanton, wanton, wanton,
Wanton, wanton, wanton Motion,
Curling, curling, curling, curling, the crystal Hills
That down, down, down, down, down the Hills,
Are still, still a running, still, still a running,
Still,

Still, still a running, still a running down the golden
A lovely charming Maid, (purling Streams.

Whom Cupid had betray'd,
By the pur-ling Stream late lamenting for her Dear,
A blaming cruel Fate for being so severe,
Sighing, my Strophon he has left me ;
Joy and Pleasure, Joy and Pleasure, Joy and Pleasure,
Joy and Pleasure I must bid adieu,
Since that, that, that, that, my Love has prov'd untrue,
While I by this River, I by this River, I by this River,
I by this River, still am much oppress'd with Sorrow.

The Richmond Recreation.

Strike up, drowsy Gut-scrapers,
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 Cherubims and Seraphims,
Ye Caravans and Hatadans,
In Order all advance.

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

Cast off, Tom, behind Johnny ;
Do the same Nancy, Eyes are upon ye ;
Trip in between little Dicky and Jane,
And set in the second Row ;
Then, then cast back you must too,
And in the first Row nimbly thrust through ;

Then

150 *Allit and Mirth implov'd, or,*
Then, then turn about to the Left, or ye're out,
And meet with your Love below,
Pass then a-cross; then Jockey's pretty Lass;
Then turn her about, about and about;
And Jack, if you can do so too
With Betty, whilst the Time is true,
We'll all your Ear commend;
Still there's more to lead all four,
Two by Nancy stand, and give her your Hand
Then cast her quickly down below,
And meet her in the second Row,
The Dance is at an End.

The Lover's Guide.

Would you have a young Virgin of fifteen Years,
You must tickle her Fancy with Sweets and {Dears;
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly.
Sing a Love Sonnet, and charm her Ears:
Wittily; prettily talk her down,
Chase her and praise her, if fair or brown; (her;
Sooth her and smooth her, and tease her and please
And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.
Would you have her the Lady of your Delight,
You must wait at her Lodgings both Noon and Night;
You must ogle, and bring her your Musick, Musick;
Tell her you die when she's out of Sight:
Bless her and dress her in filken Gown,
Take her and make her sit fairly down,
Squeeze her and please her, and ogle and cogle,
Then have at her Wim-wham, and all's your own.
Do you fancy a Widow well known in Man;
With a front of Assurance come boldly on;
Let her rest not an Hour, but quickly, quickly
Put her in Mind how her Time steals on:
Rattle and prattle, altho' she frown,

Rouze her, and touze her from Morn to Noon ;

Shew her some Hour you're able to grapple,
Then get out her Writings, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Punk of a Humour free,
That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality ;

You must rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her
Pleasure's best Charm is Variety :

Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
Try her and ply her, when Gully's gone ;

Dog her, and jog her, and meet her, and treat her,
And kiss with two Guineas, and all's your own.

The Bashful Lover.

YE Woods and Groves, and purling Streams,
Come help me to lament my Fate,
I love a Lad, and he loves not me,
What shall I do ? my self I hate.

Ah ! Fool as I am, for to doat on a Man
That won't love me, do what I can.

But I'll to him gang, and let him ken
The dismal State that I live in :
Perhaps it may yield me some Relief,
And ease my Pain, to tell my Grief :
But no, it must not be, it will gain unto me
The muckle Disdain of a poor Lassie.

But why should I my self condear,
Since there's not one that can with him compare ?

Had I ten thousand Hearts in one,
I'd give them all to him in share :
But ah ! how I blush when I think upon
A Woman courting of a Man !

The Sham-Doctor:

SEE, Sirs, see here, a Doctor rare,
who travels much at home !
Here take my Bills, I cure all Ills,
past, present, and to come ;
The Gramp, the Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch,
the Gout, the Stone, the Pox,
The Mulligrubs, the bonny Scrubs,
and all, all, all, all, *Pandora's Box.*

Thousands I've diffeted, thousands new erected,
and such Cures effected, as none e'er can tell.

Let the Palsie shake ye, let the Cholick rack ye,
Let the Crinkums break ye, let the Murrain take ye,
take this, take this, and you are well.

Come Wits so keen, devour'd with Spleen,
come Beaus who've sprain'd your Backs,
Great-belly'd Maids, old-founder'd Jades,
and pepper'd vizard Cracks.

I soon remove the Pains of Love,
and cure the Love-sick Maid ;

The Hot, the Cold, the Young, the Old; the Living and the Dead.

I clear the Lafs with wainscot Face,
and from Pitnginets free

Plump Ladies red, like Saracen's Head,
with toaping Ratafea.

This, with a Jirk will do your Work,
and scour you o'er and o'er,

Read, judge, and try; and if you die,
never believe me more.

The Saylor's Song.

JUST coming from Sea, our Spouses and we,
We Punch it, we Punch it, we Punch it,
We Punch it, we Punch it aboard with Courage ;
We

We sing, laugh, and cling, and in Hammocks we
swing,
And hay, hay, hay, hay, my brave Boys, Bonviagio.
We sing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks we
swing,
We sing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks we
swing;
And hay, hay, hay, hay, my brave Boys, Bonviagio.

A Scotch Song.

Farewell by bonny, bonny, witty, pretty *Moggy*,
and aw the rosy Lasses milking on the Down;
Adieu the floury Meadows, late so dear to Jockey,
the Sports and merry Glee of *Eddingborough Town*.
Since French and Spanish Loon stand at Bay,
and valiant Lads of Britain hold 'em Play,
My Reap-huke I mun throw quite away,
and fight too like a Man.

Ainong 'em for our Royal Queen *Anne*.
Each carle of Irish Metal battles like a Dragoon;
the German waddles and straddles to the Drum,
The Italian and the butter'd bowzy Hogan Mogan,
Gud feth then Scottish Jockey may not lig at Home:
For since they're ganging to hunt Renown,
and swear they'll quickly ding the Monsieur down,
I'll follow for a Pluck at his Crown,
to shew that *Scotland* can,

Execk 'em for our Royal Queen *Anne*.
Then welcome from *Vigo*,
And Cudgelling *Don Diego*,
With bouger Rascallions,
And plund'ring the Galleons;
Each brisk valiant Fellow
Fought at *Rodendallo*,
And those who did meet,
With the *Newfound-land* Fleet,

154. *Wit and Witch improb'd; or,*
Then for late Successes,
VVhich Europe confesses,
At Land, by our gallant Commanders,
The Dutch in strong Beer,
Should be drunk for one Year,
VVith their General's Health in Flanders.

The Jolly Sailors.

Blow Boreas, blow; and let the surly VVinds
make the Billows foam and roar;
Thou can't no Terror breed in valiant Minds.
But impight of thee, we'll live and find the Shoar.
Chear up, my Mates, and be not dull,
but keep the Gun-room clear;
Tho' Hell's broke loose, and the Devil roars abroad,
While we haye Sea-room here, Boys, never fear.
Hey! how she toises up afar!
Her mounting Top-mast touch'd a Star;
The Meteors blaz'd as through the Clouds we came,
And, Salamander like, we liv d in Flame:
VVhen Flashes of Lightning, and Tempests of Rain,
Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the Main;
And the Captain doth swear, instead of a Prayer,
And the Sea is all on fire by the *Dæmons* o'th' Air,
VVe'll drink and defie the mad Spirits that flie,
From the Deep to the Sky;
And we'll sing while the Thunder does bellow;
For Fate still will have a kind Chance for the Brave,
And ne'er make his Grave, in a salt-water VVave,
To drown, drown, never to drown,
No, never to drown a good Fellow.

Pretty

Pretty Poll.

Pretty Parrot say, when I was away,
And in dull Absence pass'd the Day,
What at Home was doing,
With Chat and Play,
We are gay,
Night and Day,
Good Cheer and Mirth renewing,
Singing, laughing all, singing, laughing all,
Like pretty, pretty Poll.

Was no Fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a fawcy Lover, would
Court and tease my Lady ;
A Thing, you know,
Made for Show,
Call'd a Beau,
Near her was always ready,
Ever at her Call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Tell me with what Air he approach'd the Fair,
And how she could with Patience bear
All he did and utter'd :
He still address'd,
And caress'd,
Kiss'd and press'd,
Sung, prattled; laugh'd and flutter'd,
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty Poll,

Did he go away at the Close of Day ?
Or did he ever use to stay
In a Corner dodging ?

The want of Light,
When 'twas Night,
Spoil'd my Sight :
But I believe his Lodging,
Was within her Call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

THE

The MODISH
Dancing-Master;
OR,
Brief and Plain INSTRUCTIONS
for Dancing Country-Dances.

Hedge-Lane.

First and second Couple set, first Couple lead down, the second Couple cast up, go all four abreast, the second Man lead the first Man round him, and the second Woman the same to the first, both at one time: So the first Man turn right Hand with the second Woman, and the second Man the same with the first Woman, the first Couple take Hands and turn round between the second Couple, the second Couple at the same time casting up.

The Opera.

First Couple change Sides, first Man and second Woman take Hands, turn half round; second Man and first Woman do the same, both Couples falling back, cross over, turn hands again upwards; cross over again; second Couple do the Hay, then Right and Left, and Back to Back.

The Grenadier's March.

First Couple cross over one Couple, then another lead up between two Couple, cast off one Couple, cross hands round, lead down, another Couple cast up, hands round again, lead up between the second Couple, cast off, ring hands round again, and that's done.

Excuse.

Excuse me.

First Couple cross over and ring hands round ; second Couple do the same : first Man and second Woman set and turn single ; second Man and first Woman do the same ; first Couple cross over and figure in, the second Couple do the double Figure.

Prince George. —

Change sides : First Man and first Woman set, second Couple do the same ; first Man and second Woman go right hands round ; second Man and second Woman do the same, then the first Couple cross over and meet between the second, and all four lead up a-breast ; then the first Couple casting down, all four clap hands, and a Ring round ends the Dance.

How happy's ke.

The first Man go round his Partner on the inner-side of her, second Woman at the same time go round her Partner, then hands round, and fall in their proper Places ; the second Man and first Woman do the same ; the first Man changes Place with the second Man, and first Woman with the second Man, and so round, 'till the first Man meets his Partner, then take her by the hand and fall in their proper Places ; second Couple do the like ; then the first Man take his Partner by the Hand, and lead up, then lead down, between the second Couple, and remain below them, the second Couple at the same time casting up ; then let the second Man change Places with the first Man, and go round as before, leading up, and then down between the first Couple, not remaining below them as they did below you, but cast up, and that compleats the Dance.

Barley.

First Man with his right Hand takes his Partner by the Left, and leads her round the second Couple on the out-side ; then first Man and second Woman set and turn single, and right hands round ; second Couple do the same.

The Dragoons March.

First Couple cross over two Couples, then take hands and lead up two Couple, then cast down one Couple, and taking hands, turn about, then lead between the next Couple (which is the third Couple) and cast up ; take hands again, and turn round, then lead up between the first Couple, and casting off the same, take hands and turn about : And so ends the Dance.

The Opera.

Change sides ; first Man takes the second Woman by both her hands, and turns her half round, second Man and first Woman do the like at the same time ; then both Couple fall a little back, and cross over ; do this over again till you come as you were ; then both Couples do the Hay, Right and Left, back to back, both Couples set, first Couple casting off, and the next leading up, ends the Dance.

Spanish-Jig.

First Couple set, cast off ; second Couple lead up at the same time ; set, cast off ; first Man and second Woman right hands round, second Man and first Woman do the like ; first Couple take hands and slide down between the second Couple, and back again ; cast off, and go the double Figure, and so it ends.

Excuse me.

First Couple cross over, and turn round two or three times, second Couple do the like ; first Man set to the second Woman, and turn single ; second Man and first Woman the same ; first Couple cross over, and figure in, and the second Couple go the double Figure. Thus ends the Dance.

Hey ho my Honey.

First Man cast off, and come up between the second Couple, his Partner following him : He leads up by himself, his Partner being between the second Couple, who all three hand in hand follow him ; then he turns

turns about, sets to his Partner, and goes round (between) the second Woman and his Partner, round the second Man, then set again, and cross over below the second Couple.

Valentine's Day.

Change Sides ; first Couple lead up, and the second down at the same time, when they lead back again and meet, the first Man taking the second Woman by her left hand, the second Man the first Woman, they lead from each other to the side of the Room, then leading back again, the two Women change Places, Men the like ; then both Couples falling back, immediately cross over, and Women turn Back to Back and clap Hands, Men the same ; then all four turn their Faces, clap Hands, and a Ring round ; so ends.

Lille Burles.

First Couple hand in hand, lead down between the second, casting up immediately ; the second Couple lead up between the first Couple, and cast down, first Man and second Woman change sides, second Man and first Woman the like ; then all four a Ring half round, and turn single ; two Men back to back, two Women back to back, then Right and Left, &c.

Jovial Beggar.

First Man cast off, his Partner falling, he goes on the out-side of (or round) the second Woman, his Partner between the second Couple ; then she being in her Partner's Place, casts off her Partner following, she going round the second Woman into her own Place, and he between the second Couple into his Place, the first Couple take Hands, and lead between the second, and back again, casting off, they all four fall back, meet again and turn single, go a Ring round, & ends.

Margery-Cree in three Parts.

First Part thus ; first Man sides with his Partner, then right Hands round, so to the next.

Second

Second thus; first Man takes his Partner by both her hands, turns her half-round, then they set; he turns her round again, so ends.

Third Part is, Right and Left all round.

Barley.

The first Man with his right Hand takes his Partner by her Left, and leads her round the second Man; then the first Woman sets to the second Man, and turn round single, then right Hands round; first Man and second Woman do the same.

Green Sleeves.

Change sides; first Man and second Woman side to one another, and go right Hands round, first Woman and second Man do the same; then the first Couple cross over behind the second Couple, and turn round, then they lead up, and casting off, turn round again; so it ends.

F I N I S H



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