

T H E

# Lover's Instructor ;

OR, THE WHOLE

## ART of COURTSHIP.

C O N T A I N I N G

- I. The most ingenious Letters, written to, and from both Sexes, relative to Love and Courtship.
- II. Love-Epistles in Verse, written in an elegant Stile.
- III. The politest Personal Conversation between Lovers, &c. &c.

To which is prefix'd,

A PREFACE, directing each Sex how to make a prudent Choice in a Partner for Life ; and several other curious Particulars.

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*Love's the most generous Passion of the Mind,  
The softest Refuge Innocence can find ;  
The cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,  
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down.*

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L O N D O N :

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## An Introductory P R E F A C E, concerning the Choice of a Wife.

**I**N choos'ing a Wife, no wise Man will be encouraged by the hope of future Gain, to stake his Happiness upon a contingent Event, as no good Man will deliberately involve another in his own Distress. Let not your principal Concern be the Lady's Portion, but her Family and Alliances; I do not mean with respect to Magnificence and Splendor, but an extensive Trade and Correspondence, from which greater Advantages may be derived to a Man of Business, than from a very considerable Fortune, which, if put into Trade without such Advantages, will gradually diminish; and with this Aggravation, that after sudden Affluence has introduced Luxury, and render'd expensive living habitual, Mediocrity will be deem'd Indigence, and Indigence will become an insupportable Calamity. Neither suffer great Expectations to betray you into a State of servile Dependence, you will then become a Slave to the Humour of the Person whose Fortune you hope to inherit: A Wretch perhaps whose Heart is render'd callous by Avarice, and whose Temper is soured by old Age or Disease; and if you should be the Survivor, you will probably have the Mortification to find, that, for some causeless and capricious Disgust, the Wealth which you expected to possess, is bequeath'd to a Stranger.

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Let your Wife be Religious, but not a Bigot ; otherwise her Time and her Thoughts will be wholly employ'd in devotional Exercises, and her Family Affairs totally neglected : Besides, if her Opinion be different from yours, she will accuse you of Superstition or Infidelity, and harass you with Controversy, till you will fly from Home, as an Office of Inquisition, in which your Wife is not only Judge, but Executioner.

Avoid her in whom the Love of Pleasure appears to be a predominant Passion, however enticing her Wit, or however alluring her Beauty. Domestick Affairs will be deem'd unworthy of her Notice, and the Expences which attend the Indulgence of such a Disposition will never affect her, till the Fund be exhausted ; nor will she be convinced that her Desires are unreasonable, till the Gratification of them is become impossible ; for the Love of Pleasure acquired in Youth, is so deeply rooted, and the Opportunities of gratifying it so many, that a Reformation cannot be hoped even from a Conviction of the Necessity of attempting it, and an earnest Desire to effect it, if there is not a Degree of Fortitude and Resolution, which has been seldom found in the strongest Minds, with all the Advantage of habitual Virtue.

Plain natural Good-sense is an essential Qualification, and is,

‘ Altho’ no Science, fairly worth the Seven’.

This, join'd with that Oeconomy which it naturally produces, is the very Basis of matrimonial Felicity ; without these, all other Accomplishment

plishments would be either useless or hurtful, as these are the Principles which direct every Quality to its proper Use, and make all conducive to the general Good : and if you should suffer by inevitable Losses, and the Hopes that were founded on Honesty and Diligence disappointed, the Woman who is possess'd of these Virtues will still reduce your Expences within the Bounds of your Income, and you may with her, live in a Manner intrench'd, and almost bid Defiance to every Assault of Fortune.

But there is no single Quality of so much Importance as Sweetness of Temper, to be easy and chearful, to meet you with Smiles, when the Business of the Day is over ; to sooth the Anguish and Anxiety that are produced by Hurry and Disappointments ; to be so perfectly yours, as to enter into your different Passions and Affections so deeply, as to feel them with you and for you, as to elevate every Sorrow, and double all the Felicities of Life.

But this is a Disposition which is so exactly imitated by Complaisance and Good-breeding (which an elegant Writer aptly terms an artificial good Nature) that you find all your Sagacity necessary to discover the Difference.

With regard to Person, rather chuse one in whom there is nothing that disgusts you, than a celebrated Beauty ; for Time and Fruition will certainly make you indifferent. But the Beauty of your Wife will attract the Eyes of others, and will perhaps produce an Attempt upon her Chastity ; if she resists, she will not fail to make



a Merit of her Resistance, and having her Vanity constantly flattered by the Praise of others, she will expect a Degree of Respect, little short of Adoration from you ; a Respect, which Familiarity with the Object is known to have no Tendency to increase.

Notwithstanding common Prudence seems to countenance, and the baseness and Villainy of some, seem to justify the Practice of making Settlements, yet I disapprove of it upon the whole ; and tho' in some Cases it may have answered good Purposes, yet I doubt not but it has greatly contributed to render those very Persons unhappy, for whose Advantage it was intended, as it unavoidably occasions a Difference of Interests, and naturally tends to destroy that Union, without which no matrimonial Happiness can subsist.

However, if the Parents of the Lady whom you shall chuse by the foregoing Rules, think a Settlement necessary, I would not have you forego her upon that Account ; but do not suffer her to part with the Power of disposing of her Money without the Consent of Trustees ; for if any Opening for the Increase of your Trade, the Purchase of any extraordinary Bargain, or the Pursuit of any rational Scheme should offer, you will find to your Mortification that in every Trustee you have got a Master. Neither grant a Settlement large enough to make her independent, lest you put into her Hand a Rod, which it will be well for you, if you are not frequently obliged to kiss.

## P R E F A C E.

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I cannot quit this Subject without adding one Maxim, which, tho' generally neglected, is of very great Service ; be constantly diligent to keep alive Desire, and preserve that Delicacy of Affection which is so justly celebrated, and so seldom felt.

Most People, after they are married, imagine their Point is gained, and lay aside all those little Arts, that, by hiding the natural Infirmities, and avoiding disgusting Indecencies, raised Expectations which should not be disappointed. It should be remembered, that the same Means which were used to gain Affection, are absolutely necessary to preserve it: And I think an indelicate Behaviour, and gross Familiarity, if they do not alienate Affection, never fail to quench Desire. Observe, then, a scrupulous Regard to Decorum, nor indulge yourself in Familiarities that violate Decency ; steadily preserve in your Conduct a proper Degree of Complaisance ; for it is a kind of Barrier, which if once broken down, Rudeness and Incivility will rush in upon you, and bring along with them Neglect and contempt, which may possibly grow into a fixed Aversion.

After all, you are not to expect Perfection, and must be satisfied, if the good Qualities are sufficiently predominant in the Person to stamp the Character ; and when you are possessed of this amiable, this truly desirable Object, treat her with all that Regard and Tenderneſs ſhe ſo well deſerves ; for tho' with a Perſon of a contrary Caſt you muſt be inevitably unhappy, yet your Felicity, even with one of this Turn, muſt

in a great Measure depend upon your own Conduct: In one Word, endeavour to make her happy, and you will find your own Happiness will follow, as a necessary Consequence.

It may perhaps be expected that I should advance some Rules for the Ladies, concerning the Choice of a Husband; but as I am afraid of swelling my Preface to an immoderate Length, I hope the following Verses will suffice.

*The Maidens Choice*

If ever oh Hymen I add to thy Tribe,  
Let such be my Partner my Muse shall Describe;  
Not in Party too high nor in Stature too low,  
Not the least of a Clown nor too much of a Beau.

Be his Person genteel and engaging his Air,  
His Temper still yielding his Soul too sincere,  
Not a Dupe to his Passion 'gainst Reason to move,  
But kind to the sweetest in the Passion of Love.

Let Honour, commendable Pride in the Sex,  
His Actions direct and his Principles fix,  
No Groundless suspicion must he ever surmise,  
Nor jealously Read ev'ry look in my Eyes.

If such a blest Youth should approve of my Charms  
And no thought of Interest his bosom Alarms,  
Then in Wedlock I'll join with a mutual Desire,  
And Prudence shall Cherish the wavering Fire.

Thus Time shall glide on unperceiv'd in Decay,  
Each Night shall be blissful and happy each Day,  
Such a Partner grant Heaven with my Prayer O  
comply,

Or a Maid let me live and a Maid let me Die.

L E T-





# Letters of Courtship.

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## LETTER I.

*An Assurance of Love.*

MADAM,

HERE is now no Minute of  
T my Life that does not afford me  
some new Argument how much  
I love you. The little Joy I  
take in every Thing wherein you  
are not concerned ; the pleasing Perplexity of  
endless Thought which I fall into, wherever  
you are brought to my Remembrance ; and  
lastly, the continual Disquiet I am in, during  
your Absence, convince me sufficiently, that  
I do you Justice in loving you, so as Woman  
was never loved before.

*I am, &c.*

LETTER

## L E T T E R II.

*From a Lover to a young Lady, expressing his Uneasiness at being obliged to behave to her with Indifference.*

*Dearest Belvidera,*

I Hurried away from you, in order to be more with you than I could be where I then was; for your Uncle observed me in such a particular Manner, that I durst not so much as look at you: Nay, as he has a great deal of Discernment, I was afraid that very Affectation would betray me; for to be with you, and not to gaze on you, is so known an Impossibility, that a contrary Behaviour might well be suspected of Design. Consider how much a Person must endure, who, being almost famished with Thirst, beholds a clear delicious Stream, but dares not touch it, and you will be able to form some Idea of the Tortures I was in this Afternoon, when I was obliged to behave with Indifference to my dearest *Belvidera*. They say it is a great Addition to the Torments of Hell, that the Inhabitants there are able to behold the Felicities of Heaven, and cannot enjoy them; and that was just my Case To-day; for my dearest *Belvidera* is my Heaven of Heavens. However, though I am absent from you, I have at least no Witness of my Passion, and the Pleasure of telling it to you only. How happy should I be, could I persuade you of its real Violence, and that you are certainly the most unjust Person in the World, if its Sincerity goes unrewarded!

*I am your faithful Polydore.*

L E T-

## L E T T E R III.

*From Belvidera to Polydore, acquainting him that she is going into the Country.*

*My Polydore,*

**T**O-morrow I set out for the Country, and with no Regret I assure you, but that of leaving you. The Person I am going to, will be no Consolation to me ; and therefore if I receive any Satisfaction in my Journey, it will be entirely owing to your Fidelity. Adieu, think of me, or for ever forget what I promised you.  
*Belvidera.*

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## L E T T E R IV.

*From Polydore to Belvidera, on being informed she was so ill as to be attended by a Physician.*

*My dearest dearest Belvidera,*

**C**ONSIDER the Excess of my Passion, and you will be able to guess how much I was shocked on being informed of your Illness. I am extremely impatient to know what Effect the Doctor's Medicines have had upon my dear Patient. Heaven grant he may restore you speedily ! I wish it were in the Power of the Physician to give you a Medicine that would convey you into my Arms as often as I wish it ; and yet my Affection is of so pure a Nature, that I could patiently

iently endure even the Pain of your Absence, if I thought the Country would be of Service to you ; but I am inclinable to think the Town would agree with you full as well, in this inclement Season : But of this you are better able to judge. But give me leave to make one Request, which is, that you will take care of yourself, for the Sake of one whose Happiness is centered in you alone.

*I am, my dearest Belvidera, ever thine.*

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## LETTER V.

*BELVIDERA'S Answer.*

*My dearest Polydore.*

I AM so well convinced of your Sincerity, that my Bosom shall be no longer a Stranger to you : Know then that you are the Physician of my Soul, and it is in thy Power alone to cure all the Maladies of

BELVIDERA.

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## LETTER VI.

*POLYDORE to BELVIDERA.*

*My dearest dearest Belvidera !*

I HAVE provided a Licence and a Ring, to which if you have any Objection, I beg you will let me know it by the Return of the Post.  
But,

But, if you approve of my Proceeding, your Silence will be a sufficient Testimony ; and I will immediately repair to my dearest *Belvidera*, to take Possession of my only Treasure.

*I am thy anxious Polydore.*

*Belvidera* not answering his Letter, he went, as he proposed, to celebrate the Nuptials ; and they are now extremely happy in the Possession of each other.

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*In order to guard the Ladies against the Wiles of perfidious Men, I shall relate the following short History.*

**S***YLVIA* was a beautiful young Lady ; but the Misfortunes of her Family prevented the Gentlemen from making their Addresses on an honourable Score, as did the Modesty of her Behaviour from approaching her on any other ; and she lived till the Age of Eighteen, without being able to say, she had any one Man who had declared himself her Lover.

But among the Number of those who had long in Secret admired her, there was one whom, I shall call *Lothario*, who, presuming on his great Estate, fine Person, and former Successes with the fair Sex, at last ventured to tell her what none before him had ever done.

In short, her young heart was insensibly caught with the fine Things he said to her, and she could not help feeling that Pleasure, which none but those who love are capable of, when-



ever she either saw or heard him. Great was the Progress he had made in her Affection, before she suspected he had any other Design upon her than such as her Prudence, as well as Inclination, would permit her to encourage; but happening to be alone with him one Evening, he began to take some Liberties with her which very much alarmed her Modesty. And notwithstanding he endeavoured to excuse the Boldness he had been guilty of, by pleading the Excess of his Passion, she resolved to sound the Bottom of his Design, which if she perceived was not conformable to those Rules she wished it might be, she would tear herself from his Conversation, dear as it was to her, and never see him more.

She was, however, in some Debate within herself in what Manner she should break the Matter to him. To write her Mind to him on this Affair seemed rather too bold, but she found an absolute Necessity of knowing what she had to expect from him; and this was the Method she at last made choice of, which was in the following Words :

*S I R,*

**T**HE little Experience I have in writing Letters, especially to your Sex, renders this a Presumption, which can be excused by nothing but the Cause that enforces me to it. You know, Sir, the Misfortunes of my Family, and that I have nothing but my Virtue and Reputation that I can call my own :—The first will doubtless call in question the two others  
should

I continue to listen to the Addresses of a Gentleman of your Fortune :—Permit me, therefore, for the future, to deny my self the Honour of your Visits; the Disparity between us will not allow me to think you condescend to make them for any other End than your Amusement; and, how low soever I am reduced, have too much Pride to be the Property of it.

Were it possible, which I am far from the Vanity of imagining, that you really found any Thing in me worthy of a serious Attachment, you are very sensible I am under the care of an Uncle, who ought to be made acquainted with it; and whom you cannot suppose will make any Objections to what he finds is for the true Interest of one who shares so much of his own Blood.

In consulting him on the Affair. you will give the best Proof of your Sincerity, and is the only Means to satisfy the Scruples of

*S Y L V I A.*

*Sylvia* certainly took a very proper Method to discharge what her Virtue and her Prudence demanded from her, and to prove whether his Affection was sterling or base; but his desisting to visit her afterwards, and not answering her Epistle, has proved it to be the latter.

## L E T T E R VII.

*A true History, very proper to be read by all Degrees of the fair Sex.*

S I R,

**I**N Obedience to your Desire, I have sent you a true History of *Aspirus*, that Composition of Perjury, Deceit, Hypocrisy, and Ingratitude ; in short, he is Master of every Qualification to make him compleat in Villainy.

Some Time ago, when he was ingrtiating himself into the Favour of Men in Power, and whom he has since plotted to destroy, having Occasion for a small Sum of Money to maintain a Post suitable to the Expectations which were then beginning to ripen in his Breast, and which was necessary to create an Esteem in some Inferiors, whom he designed for the Tools of his Ambition ; he borrowed five hundred Pounds of a Citizen, with Abundance of Promises, that as soon as it was in his Power, he would not only return the Money, but also raise the Lender to great Preferment.

But, alas ! how were his Expectations disappointed ! When afterwards happennig to be reduced by Misfortunes, and *Aspirus* to be raised to the utmost Height, to which his Ambition could soar, the unfortunate Citizen applied to *Asprius* for a small Post, which he knew was wholly in his Disposal. *Asprius*, without making any Answer, asked him, if he had a hundred Pounds to bestow ?

The unfortunate Citizen, shocked as he was at the ungrateful Demand, had Courage enough  
to

to tell him, that he had Reason enough to be sensible he had once more than twice that Sum to lend or give.

These words were so far from making *Aspirus* ashamed of what he had said, that he coolly answered him, that nothing of the Nature he required could be granted without Money, and that he did not ask a Farthing more of him than he would have done of another Person.

The unhappy Petitioner, finding that there was no Good to be expected from him, and, notwithstanding his Misfortunes, was of too great a Spirit to make many Submissions to a Person who had been obliged to him, he made his *Congée* and departed the Room with this Reflection, That he perceived none would be preferred by him, but such as by Perjury, or a known Contempt of Honour and common Honesty, were qualified for his Service.

Though *Aspirus* could not avoid hearing these Words, yet he seemed as if he did not ; and knowing it was not in the Power of the injured Man to revenge himself, was very little concerned at what his Thoughts were of him.

There are a thousand Stories of this Kind with great Truth related of him ; but this one is sufficient to let you into the Ingratitude of his Temper.

But the worst of all his Crimes is yet to come.—Not all the Business which Ambition brings.—Not all the Schemes which his indefatigable Brain has still been forming, for added Greatness and Increase of Wealth.—Not all the Uncertainties, Fears, and racking Doubts, which



plague the Soul involved in dark Designs, could so much take up his Thoughts as to leave no Room for amorous Desires.

Whole Years did he languish for a lovely Maid ; with all the Rhetoric which fierce Desire inspires, he sought her Favour, and implored her Pity.

He promised, vowed, and swore ; but all in vain. All the Artifices, which he practised with so much Success in other Affairs, were fruitless here.

The amiable and truly virtuous Fair disdain-  
ed his Suit, nor would she consent to make him  
happy but on such Terms as were consistent  
with her Honour.

At last, being convinced by repeated Repulses,  
that all his Persuasions served but to make her  
more resolute in denying, he attempted to obtain  
by Force what Insinuation could not engage.

This Method proved also ineffectual ; but  
the raging Passion he was inflamed with, ren-  
dering it impossible for him to be easy without  
her, he pretended to become a Convert to her  
Virtue ; and satisfied her Scruples by marrying  
her in as solemn a Manner as she should wish,  
except its being done in private, and that, he  
said, his Affairs rendered absolutely necessary.

She was extremely well satisfied with the  
Reasons he gave her, and contented herself with  
the Knowledge that she was his Wife ; though  
his frequent Visits to her, and the little Belief  
any Body had of what had passed between them,  
made all her Friends extremely uneasy, and  
not able to refrain from persecuting her both  
with Advice and Reproaches.



But she regarded not the present Stain her Reputation was clouded with, not doubting but a Time would come, when Convenience would permit *Asprius* to clear it in such a Manner, as would greatly add to the Brightness of it, by joining to her other Virtues, that of Patience, in so long enduring those Censures which she did not deserve, and which was in her Power to silence whenever she thought proper.

She had indeed sufficient to compensate for her lost Character, while the Desire of *Aspirus* remained unsatiated; but, when his Ardors cooled, and he visited her with an Air which had more the Appearance of a *forced* than *real* Tenderneſs, ſhe then proved how well ſhe knew the Duty of a Wife, and how much ſhe prized the Interest of him ſhe had made her Huſband.

She had ſtill Prudence enough to conceal the weighty Secret, and uttered her Complainingſ to none but Heaven and *Asprius*.

She had had two Children by him, before ſhe entertained the leaſt Thought of obliging him to do her that public Juſtice, which her Merits, and his Honour, required him to pay her; and doubtleſs had much longer have borne in Silence the oppreſſive Weight with which ſhe was loaded by the Censure of the World, had ſhe not been informed that he was making his Addreſſes to a Lady, and that Things were drawing ſo near to a Concluſion, that the Writings for the Marriage-Settlement were actually drawing up by a Lawyer.

This was ſo ſhocking a Blow, that ſcarce all her Courage could enable her to ſuſtain it; but having a little given way to the firſt Emotions

of her Rage, Recollection reassumed its Place: That Prudence which had so long advised her to bear, without endeavouring to redress the Grievances she laboured under, now bid her exert her utmost Faculties, to prevent the irreparable Mischief which threatened her.

Her neglected Love, her wounded Fame, and the Contumely which those sweet Innocents, who called her Mother, must hereafter endure in the Partnership of her Disgrace, told her, she must now, or never, retrieve herself and them; from the innumerable Miseries which foul-mouthed Detraction brings.

Resolving, however, if possible, to reclaim her Wanderer by gentle Means, she wrote to him the tenderest Letter which long-suffering Love and Virtue could inspire.

She entreated and conjured him to have some Regard to his own Honour, to his Vows, and the solemn Contract he had made before the Altar; to consider how much she had endured, and how little she had complain'd; and that he would, in Mercy and in Justice to herself and Children, avoid an Act, which must not only render them miserable, but also accursed himself, when cool Reflection got the better of Desire.

Abundance of such like tender Remonstrances she made him, but concluded with an Assurance, that however inclinable she might be to pardon all Injuries done to herself, she could not, without becoming equally guilty of their Wrongs, consent to make them wretched, whom she had brought into the World, and who had no other friend to take their Part; and that, if milder,

Means should fail; he must expect to hear, before a Court of Justice, the whole History of his Baseness, Perjury, and Ingratitude explain'd.

Receiving no Answer to this, she sent a second Epistle, the Contents of which were to much the same Purpose, as was also the Effect it had upon *Aspirus*.

She also sent a third and a fourth, which had equal Success; at length, she was confirmed, by repeated intelligences, that he was so far from breaking off his intended Match, that every Thing was preparing for it with the greatest Expedition.

She, therefore, resolved to throw off all Remains of Tenderness for a Man so utterly unworthy of it, and at once expose him to the World. The first Step she took was, to send a Person, with an Account of the whole Affair to the Lady who was his intended Bride: But that Lady, who was induced by other Motives, than that of Love, to marry with *Aspirus*, and believing, that if he really were the Husband of another, he would not dare to have proceeded so far with her, had very little Regard to whom his Inclinations were effected, or how miserable the Woman who took this Method to secure him must be, and returned her a very scornful Answer.

The abandoned Fair, struck to the heart at so much inhuman Treatment on all Sides, vowed that she would no longer delay the Persecution of her just Revenge; and immediately sent for an ingenious Doctor in the Law, to whom she related the Whole of her unhappy Case. But, oh! how much more wretched than she imagined did she find herself, when taking from her Cabinet the Dispensation for her Marriage with



*Aspirus*, with Intent to shew it to the Lawyer, she perceived that both his and her own Name had been written with something which would not retain its Blackness, and that there now remained not the least Tincture or Appearance on the Parchment that any Thing had ever been written there.

The Detection of so scandalous and monstrous a Piece of Villainy, made her, for some Moments, appear like one who had lost her Reason; and, to add to her Distraction, the Doctor of Law, who did not chuse to be employed against a Man of so much Power as *Aspirus* was then become, told her, That she only imagined such a Contract had been made between them, and that he would advise her to let the Prosecution drop.

It was in vain she protested, that she was, in reality, his lawful Wife. She had no Evidences to testify the Truth of her Assertions. She knew not the Clergyman who married them; and he had taken care never to subscribe himself her Husband in any of the Letters he had sent to her, always affecting to write in a Stile of Gallantry, which she, poor credulous Lady, had believed to have sprung from the Excess of his Affection for her, but which she now found a very different Reason for.

But, to whom now could she complain? From whom could she hope or expect Redress? None of those, to whom she directed her melancholy Story, had the Power to alleviate her Griefs.

There were but very few who pitied her Misfortunes, and hardly any who gave Credit to her Relation of her Wrongs.

*Aspirus* had, at that Time, so much wound himself into the good Opinion of Mankind, that

nothing but himself, and the bare-faced Injuries he has since offered to a Multitude of Evidences, could have had the power to have erased it.

In a melancholy Condition, little inferior to Madness, did this wretched undone Lady languish out her Days, till her Eyes were Witnesses of her then irretrievable Misfortune in the Marriage of *Aspirus*, which was celebrated with the greatest Magnificence imaginable.

Being unable to endure the Contempt, which those who hated her threw upon her on this Occasion, and undone in every Circumstance that can make life pleasing, she was about to put an End to her Miseries, by ridding herself of a hated Life ; but, happening into the Company of a reverend Minister, she was by him diverted from those dreadful Thoughts, and taken to reside with him.

She there passes her Time with a Tranquillity which she could not have enjoyed, even in the utmost Gratifications of her Wishes ; and now looks down with Pity on the incessant Turmoils which haunt those People who are subject to the Changes of a busy and inconstant World.

Her beautiful Offspring, the two little Sons, are bred up under the Care of the same holy Man, to whom their own miserable Mother owes this happy Alteration in her State and Mind, and seem ordained by Fate for Blessings more sublime than their unnatural Father, great as he is, has the Power of bestowing, or than he himself is now capable of receiving ; for dearly has he paid for his base Ingratitude and Breach of Vows to her, who was by Honour and Religion his only lawful Wife.



The Woman, whom he is now married to, proves to be a Punishment for the Wrongs he did the other. He loves her even to a Degree of Dotage, while she, disdainful of his Ardours, and a Libertine in Pleasure, profusely showers her Favours on as many as seem desirous of them; and as regardless of her own, or her Husband's Dishonour, as she is of his Tenderness, confesses to know no Joy in Love without Variety.

Thus he, who keeps many Thousands in awe, is, by a worthless Woman governed, yet scorned; made the Tool of her Ambition, while he knows himself the Object of her Hate; and has it not in his Power either to throw off the slavish Chain, or gain the least Return for all his Kindness.

What Streams of Tears does he in private shed, to find himself the only one of all his Sex whose Vows of Passion are unwelcome to her!

Oh! thou who delightest in Justice, suffer the perjured false *Aspirus* to linger out his Days in Diseases and Remorse; and full of Regret, but incapable of Penitence, grow hateful to the Gods, and avoided by all good Men.

May all perfidious Wretches, like himself, never meet a better Fate, that unthinking Mortals may be compelled to acknowledge the Folly of wicked Actions, and that there dwells a Power above the Clouds, who will reward the Virtuous, and inflict severe punishments on the Wicked.

Always consider, that every Step in the Paths of Vice is followed with imminent Danger, however inviting they may seem to a purblind Sensuality, which is delighted with the beauteous Appearance, but discovers not the devouring Bogs, and prickly Thorns, that lie hid under

the verdant Surface, and is too near sighted to behold the frightful Prospect of those Chambers of Death, to which they lead.

*I am, &c.*

## L E T T E R VIII.

*From a young Person in Business, to a Gentleman, desiring Leave to wait on his Daughter.*

S I R,

I Doubt not, but the Justness of my Intentions will excuse the Freedom of this Letter whereby I am to acquaint you of the Affection and Esteem I have for your Daughter. I would not, Sir, offer at any indirect Address, that should have the least Appearance of inconsistency with her Duty to you, and my honourable Views to her; choosing, by your Influence, if I may approve myself to you worthy of that Honour, to commend myself to her Approbation. You are not insensible, Sir, by the Credit I have hitherto preserved in the World, of my Ability, by God's Blessing, to make her happy: And this the rather emboldens me to request the Favour of an Evening's Conversation with you, at your first Convenience, when I will more fully explain myself, as I earnestly hope, to your Satisfaction, and take my Encouragement, or Discouragement, from your own Mouth. I am, Sir, in the mean Time, with great Respect,

*Your most obedient humble Servant.*

THOMAS LOVEWELL.

## L E T T E R IX.

*From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with a Proposal of Marriage made to her.*

*Honoured Sir,*

Y O U N G Mr. Lovewell, whose Father, I am sensible, is one of your intimate Acquaintance, having, during your Absence in the Country, made an open Declaration of his Passion for me, and prest me closely to comply with his Overtures of Marriage, I thought it my Duty to decline all Offers of that Nature, however advantageous they might seem to be, till I had your Thoughts on so important an Affair; and I am absolutely determin'd either to discourage his Addresses, or keep him at least in Suspense till your Return, as I shall be directed by your superior Judgment. I beg leave, however, with due Submission, to acquaint you of the Idea I have entertained of him, and hope I am not too blind, or partial in his Favour. He seems to me to be perfectly honourable in his Intentions, and to be no ways inferior to any Gentleman of my Acquaintance hitherto, in regard to good Sense, or good Manners.— I frankly own, Sir, I could admit of his Addresses with Pleasure, were they attended with your Consent and Approbation: Be assur'd, however, that I am not so far engag'd, as to act with Precipitation, or comply with any Motions inconsistent with that filial Duty, which, in Gratitude to your paternal Indulgence, I shall ever owe you. Your speedy Instruction therefore

in

in so momentous an Article, will prove the greatest Satisfaction imaginable to,

*Honoured S I R,*

*Your most dutiful Daughter,*

LYDIA DUTIFUL.

## L E T T E R X.

*From a Daughter to a Mother upon the same Occasion.*

*Honour'd Madam,*

**N**OT long after I left you and my Friends in the Country, I happily engaged with Mrs. *Prudence*, a Governess of a noted young Ladies Boarding-School at the Court End of the Town, to act as her *Assistant*. She has treated me, ever since I have been with her, with the utmost good Nature and Condescension, and has all along endeavour'd to make my Service more easy and advantageous to me than I could reasonably expect. On the other Hand, as a grateful Acknowledgment of her Favours, I have made her Interest my whole Study and Delight. My courteous Deportment towards the young Ladies, and my constant Care to oblige my Governess, have not only gain'd me the Love and Respect of the whole House, but young Mr. *Byron*, the Dancing-Master who attends our School weekly, has cast a favourable Eye on me for some Time, and has lately made me such Overtures of Marriage, as are in my own Opinion, worthy of my Attention. However, notwithstanding he is a great Favourite



with Mrs. *Prudence*, a Man of unblemish'd Character, and very extensive Business, I thought it would be an Act of the highest Ingratitude to so indulgent a Parent as you have been to me, to conceal from you an Affair, wherein my future Happiness, or Misfortune, must so greatly depend. As to his Person, Age, and Temper, I must own, Madam, with a Blush, that they are all perfectly agreeable; and I should think myself very happy, should you countenance his Addresses. I flatter myself, however, that I have so much command of my own passions, as with Duty to be directed in so momentous an Affair by your superior Judgment. Your speedy Answer therefore will be look'd upon as an additional Act of Indulgence shewn to,

*Your most dutiful Daughter,*

CHARLOTTA SHAKELEY.

## L E T T E R XI.

*The Mother's Answer to the foregoing.*

*Dear Daughter,*

I Recciv'd your Letter, concerning the Overtures of Marriage made you by Mr. *Byron*; and as that is a very weighty Affair, I shall return to *London* as soon as possible, in order to make all due Enquiries: And in Case I find no just Grounds for Exception to the Man, I have none to his Occupation; since 'tis suitable enough to that State of Life for which you seem to have a peculiar Taste. However, tho' I should rejoice to see you settled to your Satisfaction and Advantage, and tho' you seem to entertain a very favourable



yourable Opinion of his Honour, and Abilities to maintain you in a very decent Manner ; yet I would have you weigh well the momentous Matter in Debate : Don't be too hasty, my Dear ; consider, all is not Gold that glitters : Men are too often false and perfidious ; promise fair, and yet, at the same Time, aim at nothing more than the Gratification of their unruly Desires. I don't say that Mr. *Byron* has any such dishonourable Intentions, and I hope he has not ; for which Reason I would only have you act with Discretion and Reserve ; give him neither too great Hopes of Success, not an absolute Denial to put him in Despair. All that you have to say till you see me is this, that you have no Aversion to his Person ; but that you are determin'd to be wholly directed by your Mother in an Affair of so serious a Concern. This will naturally induce him to make his Applications to me on my first Arrival ; and you may depend upon it, no Care shall be wanting on my Side to promote your future Happiness and Advantage. I am,

*Dear Daughter,*

*Your truly affectionate Mother,*

M. N.

## L E T T E R XII.

*A young Lady's Answer to a Gentleman's Letter, who professes an Aversion to the tedious Forms of Courtship.*

*S I R,*

I Confess I am no more fond of the fashionable Modes of Courtship than yourself. Plain

Dealing I own is best ; but methinks common Decency should always be preserv'd.

There is something so peculiar and whimsical in your Manner of Expression, that I am absolutely at a Loss to determine whether you are really serious, or only write for your own Amusement. When you explain yourself in more intelligible Terms, I shall be better able to form a Judgment of your Passion, and more capable of returning you a proper Answer. What Influences your future Addresses may have over me I cannot say ; but to be free with you, your first Attempt has made no Impression on the Heart of

*Your humble Servant,*

ANN BLUNT.

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### L E T T E R XIII.

*The Lady's Reply to another Letter from the same Gentleman, wherein he more explicitly avows his Passion.*

S I R,

S I N C E neither of us, I perceive, is overfond of squandering our Time away in idle, unmeaning Compliments, I think proper to inform you, in direct Terms, that the Disposal of my Person is not altogether in my own Power ; and that notwithstanding my Father and Mother are both deceas'd, yet I transact no single Affair of any Moment, without consulting Sir Orlando Wiseman of Lincoln's Inn, who is my Counsel upon all Occasions, who is a Gentleman, as I conceive, of the strictest Honour and Honesty, and one on whose Judgment I can safely

safely rely. I'll be so fair and just to you, as freely to acknowledge, that I have no Objection to your Person : If therefore you think proper to wait on him with your Proposals, and I find that he approves them, I shall act without any mental Reservations, and be very apt to encourage a Passion, that I imagine to be both honourable and sincere. I am.

*Sir, your humble Servant.*

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## L E T T E R XIV.

*From an Aunt to her Nephew, who had complained of his ill Success in his Address.*

*Dear Nephew,*

I Received your melancholy Tale, in regard to your ill Success in your late Love Adventure with Mrs. Frost. No marble Monument was ever half so cold, or Vestal Virgin half so coy ! She turns a deaf Ear, it seems, to your most ardent Vows ! And what of all that ? By your own Account it appears, she has given you no flat Denial ; neither has she peremptorily forbid your Visits. Really Nephew, I thought a young Gentleman of your good Sense and Penetration should be better vers'd in the Arts of Love, than to be cast down all at once, and quit the Field upon the first Repulse. You should consider, that she's not only a Beauty, but a very accomplish'd Lady. You must sure be very vain, to imagine, that one of her Education, good Sense, and real Merit, should fall an easy Victim into your Arms. Her Affections must be gradually engaged ; she looks  
upon

upon Matrimony as a very serious Affair, and will never give Way, I am fully persuaded, to the Violence of an ill-grounded Passion. For Shame, Nephew, shake of that unbecoming Bashfulness, and shew yourself a Man. Lovers, like Soldiers, should endure Fatigues. Be advis'd: Renew the Attack with double Vigour; for she's a Lady worth your Conquest. The Revolution of a Day (as the ingenious Mr. *Rowe* has it) may bring such Turns as Heav'n itself could scarce have promis'd. Cheer up, dear Nephew, under that Thought. When I hear from you again, a few Weeks hence, I am not without Hopes, if you will but follow my Advice, of your carrying the Siege, and making her comply with your own Terms of Accommodation. In the mean Time, depend upon't, no Stone shall be left unturn'd on my Part, that may any Ways contribute towards your good Success; as I cannot, without Injustice, to the Lady, but approve your Choice. I am;

*Your affectionate Aunt.*

M. L.

## L E T T E R XV:

*From a Daughter to her Father. wherein she dutifully expostulates against a Match he had propos'd to her, with a Gentleman much older than herself.*

*Honoured Sir,*

**N**otwithstanding your Injunctions should prove diametrically opposite to my own  
secret



secret Inclinations, yet I am not insensible, that the Duty which I owe you, binds me to comply with them. Besides, I should be very ungrateful, should I presume, in any Point whatever, considering your numberless Acts of parental Indulgencies towards me, to contest your Will and Pleasure. Tho' the Consequence, therefore, should prove never so fatal, I am determin'd to be all Obedience, in case what I have to offer in my own Defence should have no Influence over you, or be thought an insufficient Plea for my Aversion to a Match, which, unhappily for me, you seem to approve of. 'Tis very possible, Sir, the Gentleman you recommend to my Choice, may be possessed of all that Substance, and all those good Qualities, that bias you so strongly in his Favour; but be not angry, dear Sir, when I remind you, that there is a vast Disproportion in our Years. A Lady of more Experience, and of a more advanc'd Age, should, in my humble Opinion, be a much fitter *Help-mate* for him. To be ingenuous, (permit me, good Sir, to speak the Sentiments of my Heart without Reserve for once) a Man, almost in his grand Climacterick, can never be an agreeable Companion for *me*; nor can the natural Gaity of my Temper, which has hitherto been indulg'd by yourself in every innocent Amusement, be over-agreeable to *him*. Tho' his Fondness at first may connive at the little Freedoms I shall be apt to take; yet as soon as the Edge of his Appetite shall be abated, he'll grow jealous, and for ever torment me without a Cause. I shall be debarred of every Diversion, suitable to my Years, tho' never so harm-



less and inoffensive ; permitted to see no Company ; hurried down perhaps to some melancholy rural Recess ; and there, like my Lady Grace in the *Play*, sit pensive and alone, under a *green Tree*. Your long experienc'd Goodness, and that tender Regard, which you have always express'd for my Ease and Satisfaction, encourage me thus freely to expostulate with you on an Affair of so great Importance. If, however, after all, you shall judge the Inequality of our Age an insufficient Pica in my Favour, and that Want of Affection for a Husband is but a Trifle ; where there is a large Fortune and a Coach and Six to throw into the Scale ; if, in short, you shall lay your peremptory Commands upon me to resign up all my real Happiness and Peace of Mind for the Vanity of living in Pomp and Grandeur, I am ready to submit to your superior Judgment. Give me leave, however, to observe, that 'tis impossible for me ever to love the Man into whose Arms I am to be thrown ; and that my Compliance with so detested a Proposition, is nothing more than the Result of the most inviolable Duty to a Father, who never made the least Attempt before to thwart the Inclinations of

*His ever obedient Daughter.*

SARAH PRUDENCE.

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### L E T T E R XVI.

*From a young Lady to a Gentleman that courted her, whom she could not like, but was forced by her Parents to receive his Visits, and thing on none else for her Husband.*

S I R,

**I**T is an exceeding ill Return which I make the Respects you have for me, when I ac-

ledge to you, that, tho' the Day for our Marriage is appointed, I am incapable of loving you : You may have observed, in the long Conversation we have had at those Times that we were left together, that some Secret hung upon my Mind. I was obliged to an ambiguous Behaviour, and durst not reveal myself further, because my Mother, from a Closet near the Place where we sat, could both hear and see our Conversation. I have strict Commands from both my Parents to receive you, and am undone for ever, except you will be so kind and generous as to refuse me. Consider, Sir, the Misery of bestowing yourself upon one who can have no Prospect of Happiness but from your Death. This is a Confession made perhaps with an offensive Sincerity ; but that Conduct is much to be preferred to a covert Dislike, which could not but pall all the Sweets of Life, by imposing on you a Companion that doats and languishes for another. I will not go so far as to say, my Passion for the Gentleman, whose Wife I am by Promise, would lead me to any Thing criminal against your Honour. I know it is dreadful enough to a Man of your Sense to expect nothing but forced Civilities in Return for the tender Endearments, and cold Esteem for undeserved Love. If you will on this Occasion let Reason take Place of Passion, I doubt not but Fate has in store for you some worthier Object of your Affection, in recompence of your Goodness to the only Woman that could be insensible of your Merit. I am,

*S I R, Your most humble Servant,*  
T. C.

L E T T E R XVII.

*From a young Lady to a Gentleman who courts her, and whom she suspects of Infidelity.*

S I R,

**T**H E Sincerity and Freedom with which I have at all Times laid open my Heart to you, ought to have some Weight in my Claim, to a Return of the same Confidence. But I have Reason to fear, that the best Men do not always act as they ought, I write to you what it would be impossible to speak ; but, before I see you, I desire you will either explain your Conduct last Night, or confess that you have used me not as I have deserved of you.

It is in vain to deny that you took Pains to recommend yourself to Miss *Peacock* ; your Earnestness of Discourse also shewed me that you were no Stranger. I desire to know, Sir, what sort of Acquaintance you can wish to have with another Person of Character, who made me believe that you wish to be married to me. I write very plainly to you because I expect a plain Answer. I am not apt to be suspicious, but this was too particular ; and I must be either blind or indifferent to overlook it. Sir, I am neither ; though perhaps it would be better for me if I were one or the other. I am, *Yours, &c.*

ISABELLA DOUBTIT.

L E T T E R XVIII.

*From a Gentleman engaged to a Lady, who had been seen talking to another : In Answer to the foregoing.*

*My dearest NANNY,*

**I** Cannot conceive, what can have put it into your Thoughts to be suspicious of me, whose

Heart and Soul you know are truly yours, and whose whole Thoughts and Wishes are but on you. Sweet Quarreller, you know this : What Afternoon have I spent from you ? Or who did you ever see me speak to without Distaste, when it prevented my talking with you.

You know how often you have cautioned me not to speak to you before your Uncle : And you know he was there. But you do well to abuse me for being too obedient to your Commands ; for I promise you, you shall never get any other Cause. I thought it most prudent to be seen talking with another, when it was my Business not so much as to look at you. Miss *Peacock* is a very old Acquaintance. She knows my perfect Devotion to you, and she very well knew all that Civility and Earnestness of Discourse about nothing, was pretended. I write to you before I come, because you commanded me ; but I will make you ask my Pardon in a few Minutes for robbing me, but of those few which might have been passed with you, and which it has taken to write this Letter. My Sweetest, I am coming to you. After this never doubt that am,

*Yours most truly,*  
L. S.

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## LETTER XIX.

*From a Gentleman to a Lady, whom he accuses of Inconstancy.*

*Madam,*

YOU will not, I presume, be surpris'd at a Letter in the Place of a Visit, from one  
D who



who cannot but have Reason to believe it may easily be as welcome as his Company.

You should not suppose, if Lovers have lost their Sight, that their Senses are all banished : And if I refuse to believe my Eyes when they shew me your Inconstancy, you must not wonder that I cannot stop my Ears against the Accounts of it. Pray let us understand one another properly ; for I am afraid we are deceiving ourselves all this While : Am I a Person whom you esteem, whose Fortune you do not despise, and whose Pretensions you encourage ; or am I a troublesome Coxcomb, who fancy myself particularly received by a Woman who only laughs at me ; If I am the latter, you treat me as I deserve ; and I ought to join with you in saying I deserve it. But if it be otherwise, and you receive me as I think you do, as a Person you intend to marry, for it is best to be plain on these Occasions ; for Heaven's Sake, what is the Meaning of that universal Coquetry in publick, where every Fool flatters you, and you are pleased with the meanest of them ; and what can be the Meaning that I am told, you last-Night was in particular an Hour with Mr. *Marlow* ; and are so wherever you meet him, if I am not in Company. Both of us, Madam, you cannot think of ? and I should be sorry to imagine, that when I had given you *my* Heart so entirely, I shared *yours* with any Body.

I have said a great deal too much to you, and yet I am tempted to say more ; but I shall be silent. I beg you will answer this, and I think

I have a Right to expect that you do it generously and fairly. Do not mistake what is the Effect of the Distraction of my Heart, for want of Respect to you. While I write thus, I do at upon you, but I cannot bear to be deceived where all my Happiness is centered,

*Your most unhappy,*  
L. C.

## L E T T E R XX.

*From a Lady to her Lover, who suspects her of receiving the Addresses of another. In answer.*

S I R,

**D**ID I not make all the Allowances you desire in the End of your Letter, I should not answer you at all. But although I am really unhappy to find you are so, and the more to find myself to be the Occasion, I can hardly impute the Unkindness and Incivility of your Letter, to the single Cause you would have me. However, as I would not be suspected of any Thing that should justify such Treatment from you, I think it necessary to inform you, that what you have heard has no more Foundation than what you have seen: However, I wonder that others Eyes should not be as easily alarmed as yours; for instead of being blind, believe me, Sir, you see more than there is. Perhaps, however, their Sight may be as much sharpened by unprovoked Malice, as yours by undeserved Suspicion.

Whatever may be the End of this Dispute, for I do not think so lightly of Lovers Quarrels as  
many

many do, I think it proper to inform you, that I never have thought favourably of any one but yourself: and I shall add, that if the Faults of your Temper, which I once little suspected, should make me fear you too much to marry, you will not see me in that State with any other, nor courted by any Man in all the World.

I did not know that the Gaiety of my Temper gave you Uneasiness; and you ought to have told me of it with less Severity. If I am particular in it I am afraid it is a Fault in my natural Disposition: but I would have taken some Pains to get the better of that, if I had known it was disagreeable to you. I ought to resent this Treatment more than I do, but do not insult my Weakness on that Head; for a Fault of that Kind would want the Excuse this has for my Pardon; and might not be so easily overlooked, tho' I could wish to do it. I should say, I will not see you To-day, but you have an Advocate that pleads for you much better than you do for yourself. I desire you will first look carefully over this Letter, for my whole Heart is in it, and then come to me.

*Yours, &c.*

T. B.

## L E T T E R XXI.

*From a young Tradesman to a Lady he had seen  
in Publick.*

**P**Erhaps you will not be surprised to receive a Letter from a Person who is unknown to  
you

you, when you reflect how likely so charming a Face may be to create Impertinence; and I persuade myself, that when you remember where you sat last Night at the Play-house, you will not need to be told this comes from the Person who was just before you.

In the first Place, Madam, I ask Pardon for the Liberty I then took of looking at you, and for the greater Liberty I now take in writing this Letter: But after this I beg Leave to tell, that my Thoughts are honourable, and to inform you who I am: I shall not pretend to be any better, I keep a Shop, Madam, in *Henrietta-street*, and tho' but two Years in Trade, I have tolerable Custom. I do not doubt but it will increase, and I shall be able to do something for a Family. If your Inclinations are not engaged, I should be very proud of the Honour of waiting on you; and in the mean Time, if you please to desire any Friend to ask my Character in the Neighbourhood, I believe it will not prejudice you against,

*Madam,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

L. LOVESICK.

## LETTER XXII.

*From a Relation of the Lady.  
the last.*

*In answer to.*

*S I R,*

A Letter which you wrote to Miss *Maria Stebbing*, has come into my Hands; she is



a Relation of mine, and is a very good Girl ; and I dare say you will not think the worse of her for consulting her Friends in such an Affair as that you wrote about : besides a Woman could not well answer such a Letter herself, unless it was with a full Refusal, and that she would have been wrong to have done, until she knew something of the Person that wrote it ; and as wrong to have encouraged him.

You seem very sincere and open in your Designs ; and as you gave Permission to enquire about you among your Neighbours, I being her nearest Friend, did that for her ; I have heard a very good Account of you ; and from all that I see, you maybe very suitable for one another. She has some Fortune ; and I shall tell you farther, that she took Notice of you at the Play, and does not seem at all disinclined to think favourably of you.

*I am with Respect,*

*S I R,*

*Your Friend and Servant,*

*T L.*

## LETTER XXIII.

*From a Lover who had Cause of Displeasure, and determines never to see the Lady again.*

*Madam,*

**I** HAVE known the Time when if any one should have told me that I should ever have written to you such a Letter as I am now writing

ing, I would as soon have believed that the Earth would have burst asunder, or that I should see Stars falling to the Ground, or Trees and Mountains rising to the Heavens. But there is nothing too strange to happen. One Thing would have appeared yet more impossible than my writing it, which is, that you should have given me Cause to have written it, and yet that has happened.

The Purpose of this is to tell you, Madam, that I shall never wait on you again. You will truly know what I make myself suffer when I impose this Command upon my own Heart. But I would not tell you of it, if it were not too much determined for me to have a Possibility of changing my Resolution.

It gives me some Pleasure, that you will feel no Uneasiness from this ; though I should also have been very averse some Time ago to have imagined that ; but you known where to employ that Attention, of which I am not worthy the whole, and with a Part I shall not be contented. I was a Witness, Madam, Yesterday, to your Behaviour to Mr. *Henly*. I had often been told of this, but I have refused to listen to it. I supposed your Heart no more capable of Deceit than my own : But I cannot disbelieve what I have been told on such Authority, when my own Eyes confirm it. Madam, I take my Leave of you, and beg you will forget there ever was such Man as,

*Your humble Servant,*

A. T.

## L E T T E R XXIV.

*From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with the Addressee of a young Tradesman.*

*Honoured Sir,*

**M**Y Duty obliges me to acquaint you, that a Gentleman of this Town by Name *Wills*, and by Business a Linnen-draper, has made some Overtures to my Cousin *Harcourt*, in the Way of Courtship to me. My Cousin has brought him once or twice into my Company, which he could not well decline doing, because he has Dealings with him, and has a high Opinion of him and his Circumstances. He has been set up three Years, and has very good Business, and lives in Credit and Fashion. He is about twenty-seven Years old, and a likely Man enough : He seems not to want Sense or Manners ; and is come of a good Family. He has broken his Mind to me, and boasts how well he can maintain me : But, I assure you, Sir, I have given him no Encouragement ; and told him that I had no Thoughts of changing my Condition yet a while ; and should never think of it but in Obedience to my Parents ; and I desired him to talk no more on that Subject to me. Yet he resolves to persevere, and pretends extraordinary Affection and Esteem. I would not, Sir, by any Means, omit to acquaint you with the Beginnings of an Affair that would be Want of Duty in me to conceal from you, and shew a Guilt and Disobedience unworthy of the kind Indulgence and Affection you have always shewn to, Sir,

*Your most dutiful Daughter,*  
S. D.

My humble Duty to my honour'd Mother ;  
to my Brother and Sister ; and Respects,  
to all Friends. Cousin *Harcourt*, and his  
Wife and Sister, desire their kind Respects.  
I cannot speak enough of their Civility to  
me.

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## L E T T E R XXV.

*Her Father's Answer, on a Supposition that he ap-  
proves not of the young Man's Addresses.*

Dear POLLY,

Y O U R Letter dated the 4th instant, I have  
received, wherein you acquaint me of the  
Proposals made to you, thro' your Cousin *Harcourt's*  
Recommendation, by one Mr. *Wills* : I  
hope, as you assure me, that you have given no  
Encouragement to him : For I by no Means ap-  
prove of him for your Husband. I have inquired  
of one of his Townsmen, who knows him and  
his Circumstances very well ; and I am neither  
pleased with them, nor with his Character ; and  
wonder my Cousin would so inconsiderately re-  
commend him to you. Indeed, I doubt not Mr.  
*Harcourt's* good Intentions ; but I insist upon it,  
that you think nothing of the Matter, if you  
would oblige

*Your indulgent Father,*

T I M. C A R E F U L.

Your Mother gives her Blessing to you, and  
joins with me in the above Advice. Your  
Brother and Sister, and all Friends, send  
their Love and Respects to you.



## L E T T E R XXVI.

*The Lady's Answer to her Lover, encouraging  
a farther Declaration.*

S I R,

I AM far from being in Love with the fashionable Methods of Courtship : Sincerity with me is preferable to Compliments ; yet I see no Reason why common Decency should be discarded. There is something so odd in your Stile, that 'till I know whether you are in Jest or Earnest, I shall be less at a loss to answer you. Mean Time, as there is abundant room for rising, rather than sinking, in your Complaisance, you may possibly have chosen wisely to begin first at the lowest End. If this be the Case, I know not what your succeeding Addresses may produce But I tell you fairly, that your present make no great Impression, yet perhaps as much as you intended, to

*Your humble Servant,*

M. G.

## L E T T E R XXVII.

*The Gentleman's Reply, more openly declaring  
Passion.*

*Dearest Madam,*

I HAVE now the Hope of being not more despised for my acknowledged Affection, I declare to you with all the Sincerity of a Man of Honour, that I have long had a most sincere  
Passion

Passion for you ; but I have seen Gentlemen led  
 such Dances, when they have given up their  
 Affections to the lovely Tyrants of their Hearts,  
 and could not help themselves, that I had no  
 Courage to begin an Address in the usual Forms,  
 even to you, of whose good Sense and Gene-  
 rosity I had nevertheless a great Opinion. You  
 have favoured me with a few Lines, which I  
 most humbly thank you for. And I do assure  
 you, Madam, if you will be pleas'd to en-  
 courage my humble Suit, you shall have so  
 just an Account of my Circumstances and  
 Pretensions, as I hope will intitle me to your  
 Favour in the honourable Light, in which I  
 profess myself, dear Madam,

*Your most obliged,*

*And faithful Admirer,*

T. L.

Be so good as to favour me with one Line more  
 to encourage my personal Attendance, if not  
 disagreeable.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*The Lady's Answer to his Reply, putting the  
 Matter on a sudden Issue.*

*S I R,*

SINCE we are both so well inclined to avoid  
 unnecessary Trouble, as well as unnecessary  
 Compliments, I think proper to acquaint you,  
 That

That Mr. *Richardson* of *Winchester*, has the Management of all my Affairs ; and is a Man of such Probity and Honour, that I do nothing in any Matters without him. I have no Dislike to your Person ; and if you approve of what Mr. *Richardson* can acquaint you with, in relation to me, and I approve of his Report in your Favour, I shall be far from shewing any Gentleman, that I have either an insolent or a sordid Spirit, especially to such as do me the Honour of their good Opinion. I am,

S I R.

*Your humble Servant,*

M. G.

## LETTER XXIX.

*A facetious young Lady to her Aunt, ridiculing her serious Lover.*

*Dear Aunt,*

I AM extremely obliged to you for the Kindness you intended me, in recommending Mr. *Underhand* to me for a Husband : But I must be so free as to tell you, he is a Man no Way suited to my Inclination. I despise, 'tis true, the idle Rants of Romance ; but am inclinable to think there may be an Extreme on the other Side of the Question.

The

The first Time the *honest Man* came to see me, in the Way you were pleas'd to put into his Head, was one *Sunday* after Sermon-time. He began with telling me, what I found at *my* Fingers ends, that it was very cold ; and politely blow'd upon *his*. I immediately perceived, that his Passion for me could not keep him warm ; and, in Complaisance to your Recommendation, conducted him to the Fire Side. After he had pretty well rubbed Heat into his Hands, he stood up with his Back to the Fire, and with his Hand behind him, held up his Coat, that he might be warm all over ; and, looking about him, asked with the Tranquillity of a Man a Twelve-month married, and just come off a Journey, How all Friends did in the Country ? I said, I hoped very well ; but would be glad to warm my Fingers. Cry Mercy, Madam !—And then he shuffled a little farther from the Fire ; and after two or three Hems, and a long Pause——

I have heard, said he, a most excellent Sermon just now : Dr. *Thomas* is a fine Man truly : Did you ever hear him, Madam ? No, Sir, I generally go to my own Parish-church. That's right, Madam, to be sure ; What was your Subject To-day ? The *Pharisee* and the *Publican*, Sir. A very good one truly : Dr. *Thomas* would have made fine Work upon that Subject. His Text To-day was, *Evil Communications corrupt good Manners*. A good Subject, Sir ; I doubt not the Doctor made a fine Discourse upon it. O, ay, Madam, he can't make a bad one upon any Subject. I rung for the Tea-kettle ; for thought I, we shall have all the Heads of the Sermon immediately.



At Tea he gave me an Account of all the religious Societies, unask'd ; and how many Boys they had put out Prentices, and Girls they had taught to knit, and sing Psalms. To all which I gave a Nod of Approbation, and was just able to say (for I began to be horribly in the Vapours) it was a very excellent Charity. O, ay, Madam, said he again (for that's his Word, I find,) a very excellent one truly ; it is snatching so many Brands out of the Fire. You are a Contributor, Sir, I doubt not. O, ay, Madam to be sure ; every good Man would contribute to such a worthy Charity, to be sure. No doubt, Sir, a Blessing attends upon all who promote so worthy a Design. O ay, Madam, no doubt, as you say : I am sure I have found it ; blessed be God ! And then he twang'd his Nose, and lifted up his Eyes, as if in an Ejaculation.

O, my good Aunt, what a Man is here for an Husband ? At last came the happy Moment of his taking Leave ; for I would not ask him to stay Supper : And moreover, he talk'd of going to a Lecture at *St. Helen's*. And then (tho' I had an Opportunity of saying little more than Yes, and No, all the Time ; for he took the Vapours he had put me into, for Devotion, or Gravity, at least, I believe so) he press'd my Hand, look'd *frightfully* kind, and gave me to understand as a Mark of his Favour, that if, upon further Conversation, and Inquiry into my Character, he should happen to like me as well as he did from my Behaviour  
and

and Person; why, truly, I need not fear in Time, being blessed with him for my Husband!

This, my good Aunt, may be a mighty safe Way of travelling towards the *Land of Matrimony*, as far as I know; but I cannot help wishing for a little more *Enterainment* on our *Journey*. I am willing to believe Mr. Slyboots, an honest Man, but am, at the same Time afraid his religious Turn of Temper, however in itself commendable, would better suit with a Woman who centers all Desert in a *solemn Appearance*, than with, dear Aunt,

*Your greatly obliged Kinswoman,*

M. S.

### L E T T E R   X X X.

*Her Aunt's Answer, rebuking her ludicrous Turn of Mind.*

*Cousin D E B B Y,*

I AM very sorry you think Mr. Underband so unsuitable a Lover. He is a serious, sober, good Man: And surely when Seriousness and Sobriety make a necessary Part of the Duty of a good Husband, a good Father, and a good Master of a Family; those Characters should not be the Subjects of Ridicule, in Persons of *our Sex* especially, who would reap the greatest Advantage from them. But he talks of the *Weather* when he first sees you, it seems; and wou'd you have him directly fall upon the Subject of *Love*, the Moment he beheld you.

He

He visited you just after Sermon, on a *Sunday*: And was it so unfuitable for him to let you see, that the Duty of the Day had made proper Impressions upon him.

His Turn for promoting the religious Societies which you speak so slightly of, deserves more Regard from every good Person; for that same Turn is a kind of *Security* to a Woman, that he who had a benevolent and religious Heart, could not make *a bad Man*, or *a bad Husband*. To put out poor Boys to 'Prentice, to teach Girls to sing *Psalms*, would be with very few a Subject for Ridicule; for he that was so willing to provide for the Children of *others*, would take still greater Care of *his own*.

He gave you to understand, that if he liked your Character on Inquiry, as well as your Person and Behaviour, he should think himself very happy in such a Wife; for that, I dare say, was more like his Language, than what you put in his Mouth: And let me tell you, it would have been a much stranger Speech, had so cautious and serious a Man said, without a thorough Knowledge of your Character, that at the first Sight he was over Head and Ears in Love with you.

I think, allowing for the ridiculous Turn your airy Wit gives to this his first Visit, that, by your own Account, he acted like a prudent, a serious, and a worthy Man, as he is, and like one that thought flashy Compliments beneath him, in so serious an Affair as this.

I think, Cousin *Debby*, this is not only a mighty safe Way, as you call it, of travelling toward the *Land of Matrimony*, but to the *Land of Happiness*, with respect as well to the *next World*

*as this.* And it is to be hoped, that the *better Entertainment*, you so much wish for on your *Journey*, may not lead you too much out of your *Way*, and divert your Mind from the principal View which you ought to have to your *Journey's End*.

In short, I could rather have wish'd, that you could bring your Mind nearer to *his* Standard, than that he should bring down his to your *Level*. And you'd have found more Satisfaction in it than you imagine, could you have brought yourself to a little more of that *solemn Appearance*, which you treat so lightly, and which, I think, in *him*, is much more than *mere Appearance*.

Upon the Whole, Cousin *Debby*, I am sorry, that a Woman of Virtue and Morals, as you are, should treat so ludicrously a serious and pious Frame of Mind, in an Age, wherein good Examples are so rare, and so much wanted ; tho' at the same Time I am far from offering to prescribe to you in so arduous an Affair as a Husband ; and wish you and Mr. *Slyboots* too, since you are so *differently* disposed, matched more suitably to each other's Mind, than you are likely to be together : For I am

*Your truly affectionate Aunt,*

A. P.

## L E T T E R XXXI.

*A Sailor to his Sweet-heart.*

*My dear PEGGY,*

I F you think of me half so often as I do of you, it will be ten Times every Hour ; for you are never out of my Thoughts ; and, when I am



asleep, I constantly dream of my dear *Peggy*. I wear my Half-bit of Gold always at my Heart, ty'd to a blue Ribband round my Neck ; for *True Blue*, my dearest Love, is the Colour of Colours to me. Where, my Dearest, do *you* put *yours* ? I hope you are careful of it : For it would be a bad Omen to lose it.

I hope you hold in the same Mind still, my dearest Dear ; for God will never bless you, if you break the Vows you have made to me. As to your ever faithful *William*, I would sooner have my Heart torn from my Breast, than it should harbour a Wish for any other Woman besides my *Peggy*. O my dearest Love ! You are the Joy of my Life ! My *Thoughts* are all of *you* ; you are *with me* in all I *do* ; and my *Hope* and my *Wish* are only to be *yours*. God send it may be so !

Our Captain talks of sailing soon for *England* ; and then, and then my dearest *Peggy* !—O how I rejoice, how my Heart beats with Delight, that makes me I cannot *tell how*, when I think of arriving in *England*, and joining *Hands* with my *Peggy*, as we have *Hearts* before, I hope ! I am sure I speak *for one*.

*John Arthur*, in the good Ship *Elizabeth*, Captain *Winterton*, which is returning to *England* (as I hope *we* shall soon) promises to deliver this into your own dear Hand ; and he will bring you, too, six Bottles of Citron-water, as a Token of my Love. It is fit for the finest Ladies Taste ; it is so good ; and it is what, they say, Ladies drink, when they can get it.

*John*

*John* says, he will have one sweet Kiss of my dearest *Peggy*, for his Care and Pains. So let him, my best Love; for I am not of a jealous Temper. I have a better Opinion of my *Dearest*, than so.—But, oh! that I was in *his* Place! —One Kiss should not serve *my* Turn, tho' I hope it *may his*! —Yet, if he takes *two*, I'll forgive him; one for *me*, and one for *himself*. For I love *John* dearly; and so you may well think. Well, what shall I say *more*! —Or, rather, what shall I say *next*! For I have an hundred Things crouding in upon me, when I to write my *Dearest*; and, alas! One has so few Opportunities! But yet I must leave off: for I have written to the Bottom of my Paper. Love then to all Friends, and Duty to both our Mothers, concludes me,

*Your faithful Lover till Death,*  
JACK TAR.

## L E T T E R XXXII.

*Her Answer.*

Dear JACK,

THIS is to let you know, that nothing shall prevail on me to alter my Promise made to you, when we parted: With heavy Hearts enough, that's true: and yet I had a little Inkling given me, that Mr. *Alford's* Son the Carpenter, would be glad to make Love to me: But, do you think I would suffer it? No indeed! For I doubt not your *Loyalty* to me; and do you think I will not be as *loyal* to you? — To be sure I will. *These Sailors run such bad Chances*, said one that you and I both known. *They may return, and*

*they may not*, Well, I will trust in God for that ; who has return'd safe to his Friends, their dear *Billy* so many a Time, and often. *They will have a Mistress in every Land they come to*, said they. All are not such naughty Men, said I ; and I'll trust *Billy Oliver* all the World over. For why cannot *Men* be as faithful as *Woman*, tro' ? And for *me*, I am sure no Love shall ever touch my Heart but *yours*.

God send us a happy Meeting ! Let. who will speak against *Sailors* ; they are the Glory and the Safeguard of the Land. And what would become of *Old England* long ago but for *them* ; I am sure the lazy good for nothing *Land lubbers* would never have protected us from our cruel Foes. So *Sailors* are, and ever shall be, esteemed by me ; and of *all* *Sailors*, my dear *Billy Oliver*. Believe this Truth from

*Your faithful, &c.*

A. L.

*P. S.* I had this Letter writ in Readiness to send you, as I had Opportunity. And the Captain's Lady undertakes to send it with her's. That is very kind and condescending : Is it not ?

### L E T T E R. XXXIII.

**T** H S blessed Morning I discover'd the *happy* Signal at your Window, which was as welcome to me as a Cordial to fainting Spirits : Heavens grant the Design be real, *Love* is never free from *Fears* : and my presaging Mind bids me not be too confident. If there be any Sympathy  
in

in our Souls, as there is in our Manners and Humours, I am sure you must be very much indispos'd ; for, all Night long, dreadful Fancies haunted me, and drove all soft and pleasing Ideas from me : The same Rest which guilty despairing Wretches and feverish Souls find in the Midst of their Agonies, was my Lot all Night long : I could not, durst not slumber ; and, as my Love grew more outrageous, my Apprehensions about you were more distracting. I cannot be well till I see you, which, if it be with your usual charming Gaiety, I shall be the most bless'd of Mortals. But if pale Sicknefs sits upon your Lips, Heavens grant it may also freeze the Blood of

*Yours,*

T. L.

## L E T T E R XXXIV.

*Dear Polly,*

**I**F *Distraction* be an Argument of *Love*, I need no other to convince you of my *Passion* : All my past Actions have discover'd it, since I had the Honour to know you ; tho' not any so sensibly as my Behaviour on *Sunday Night*. My Reflection on it, gives me more Pain than I can express, or you imagine ; tho' in my Mind those Actions may be forgiven, that proceed from the *Excess of Love*. My Letter will discover the Loss of my Senses, which I never had so much Occasion for as now, especially when I presume to write to one of so much *Judgment* as yourself ; but you, my *dearest Creature*, must look upon the Infirmities and Distress of a *love sick Wretch*, with the same *Candour* and *Mildness* that



that Heaven does upon you; and let *all* my Faults be forgiven by your tender Heart, that is design'd for nothing but *Compassion*, and all the *gentle Actions of softest Love*. Whilst I am preaching up Pity, I must remember to practise it myself, and not to persecute you with more Words, than to tell you, that I love you to Death; and, when I cease to do it, may Heaven justly punish my broken Vows, and may I be as *miserable* as now I think myself *happy*. But as the greatest Passions are discover'd by Silence, so that must direct me to conclude

*Yours.*

N. T.

## LETTER XXXV.

*Dear Polly,*

I AM grieved at the Soul, to find you express yourself with so much Concern: I am sure till *Death* makes me *cold*, I shall *never* be so to one whose I *entirely* am, not so much by *Vows* as by the *sincere*st *Passion* and *Inclination*. No, my *kind dear engaging* Creature, sooner than utter *one* Sigh which is not for you, I would chuse to be the Contempt of *Mankind*, and an Abhorrer of my own *loathed Being*. Your Person is *too charming* ever to let a Heart escape that you have *once* made entirely you own; and, when mine is not so, may it fester in the Breast of

*Yours,*

T. L.

LET-

## L E T T E R XXXVI.

*Dear Sylvia,*

TO express the grateful Sense of the Obligation I have to you, cannot be effectually done, unless I had your Pen. If you observe my Stile, you will have Reason to conclude, I have not received your ingenious Letter of Yesterday, which should have been a Precedent to me, and a Rule to write by; I assure you I am as well satisfied of the Reality of the Contents of it, as I am of its Ingenuity. Your Sense is clear, like your Actions; and that Spirit that glows in your Eyes, shines in your Lines. I may venture to say, that Writing is not the least of your Excellencies, and if any Thing could persuade me to stay longer than *Friday* or *Saturday* here, it would be in Expectation of a second Letter from you. 'Tis my grearest Pleasure to hear you are well, and to have the Happiness of possessing in Thought, what is denied to my Eyes; desiring the Continuance of them for no other End than to gaze upon my dear Conqueress, who, after a most engaging Manner, has the Way of kindly killing

*Her humble and eternally obliged Servant,*

M. S.

## L E T T E R XXXVII.

MY dearest Life I hope will excuse this Impertinence, tho' I received her Commands not to write; but when I tell her, that the Tumult of my Mind was so extream, upon the Reflection

Reflection of my late Folly, that I could not rest, till I had acknowledged my Rashness ; I hope she'll continue her usual Goodness of forgiving one, that cannot forgive himself. When I think of my Unworthiness, I rave. I have been treated by the dearest and best of Creatures, with all the Honour and Sincerity imaginable, and my Return has been Brutality and ill Manners. 'Tis you alone Madam that have sweet engaging ways peculiar to yourself ; you are easy without Levity, courteous and affable without Flattery ; you have Wit without Ill-nature, and Charms without being vain. I cannot think of all your heavenly Qualifications, without upbraiding myself for making such barbarous and unjust Returns. I cannot think of what I have done, without a just Abhorrence ; I loath and detest myself, and must needs own, I ought not to subscribe myself by any other Title, than,

*Madam,*  
*Your Ungrateful,*  
T. B.

## L E T T E R XXXVIII.

*Madam,*

I F it be a Crime in me to love, 'tis your fair Self that's the Occasion of it ; and if it be a Crime in me to *tell* you I do, 'tis myself only that's faulty. I confess, 'twas in my Power to have forborn writing, but I am satisfy I could never have seen you, but the Language of my Looks would have *disclosed the Secret* ; and to what Purpose is it to pretend to conceal a Flame *that will discover itself by its own Light* ? In my Mind there's more Confession in disordered Actions,

tions, frequent Sighs, or a complaining Countenance, than in all the artful Expressions the Tongue can utter ; I have been struggling with myself these three Months to discover a Thing which I now must do in three Words, and that is, that *I adore you* ; and I am sure, if you'll be just to yourself, you cannot be so unjust to me, as to question the Reality of this Discovery, for 'tis impossible for you to be ignorant of the Charms you possess ; no Body can be rich, and yet *unacquainted with their Stores*. And therefore, since is certain, you have every Thing wonderfully engaging, you must not take it ill that my Taste is as curious as another's : I should do an Injury to my own Judgment if it were not ; I am not Madam, so vain as to believe, that any Thing I can act or utter should ever persuade you to retain the least kind Regard, in Recompence for the Pain I suffer ; I only beg Leave and Liberty to complain : They that are hurt in Service, are permitted to show their Wounds : and the more gallant the Conqueror, *the more generous is his Compassion*. I ventur'd last Night to falter out my Misfortune, 'was almost dark, and I attempted it with greater Boldness, nay, you yourself (cruel and charming as you are) must needs take Notice of my Disorder ; your Sentences were short and reproving ; your Answers cold ; and your Manner (contrary to your usual Sweetness) was *severe and forbidding*, yet in spite of all the Awe and chill Aspect you put on, you must always appear more adorable to

*Madam, Your most lost,  
And unfortunate humble Servant,*  
F L. S.



## L E T T E R XXXIX.

*To Miss——**Madam,*

I N short I must acquaint you, that you must either *pull* out your *Eyes*, or I must *pull* out mine ; either you must not be *handsome*, or I must be *blind*. Yet though my *Passion* is as *violent* perhaps as any Man's, you must not expect I should either *hang* or *drown*. I should betray great Want of *Sense*, and little Knowledge of your *Merit*, to be willing to leave the World while you are in it. To deal sincerely with you, *Madam*, I choose infinitely the Happiness of *living* with you, before the Glory of *dying* for you. Besides, I have that good Opinion of your *Sense*, to believe you prefer the *living* Lover to the *dead*; the Lips that are *warm*, to those that are *cold*; the Limbs which have *Motion*, to those which have *none*. If I must *die*, *Madam*, kill me with your *Kindness*, but not with your *Cruelty* : Let me *expire* rather upon your *Bosom*, than at your Feet. If you shall be *tenderly* inclined to give me a *Death* of this kind, I am prepared to receive it on any Ground in the three Kingdoms. Appoint but your *Place*, and I shall not fail to meet my fair *Murderer*.

B. T.

L E T-

## L E T T E R XL.

*To Madam——.**My charming Tyrant,:*

**T**H O' you exprefsly forbid me to repeat Suns,  
 Rocks, Mountains, Earthquakes, which are  
 as effential to a Letter of this kind, as Gilt-paper;  
 yet you forgot to except againſt Sighs, Prayers,  
 Vows, Tears, and the many other little Reliefs  
 the unhappy fly to; however, I'll now conceal  
 the Trouble of my own Breaf, rather than dif-  
 turb your Patience. I have found, by Experi-  
 ence, that neither Deſpair, nor any other Pertur-  
 bation of Mind, can kill me, ſince I have borne  
 a Fortnight's Abſence from you, and am yet  
 alive; 'Tis true, Life is more ſupportable this  
 Morning than Yeſterday; for, if *Hamlet* had  
 not been murdered at the Play-houſe, laſt  
 Night, I had been worſe than dead To-day.  
 Tell me, dear Madam, how long muſt I live on  
 the Plenty of my laſt Night's Feaſt? Muſt I  
 quickly again be happy, or linger out a tedious  
 Life under your Diſpleaſure? Let me know my  
 Sentence in one Line; ſpeak Truth, and ſay,  
 You hate me, becauſe I love you. 'Tis  
 a Pleaſure to be out of Pain, and when One's  
 going to be executed, the greteſt Cruelty  
 is the greateſt Mercy. Once more let me beg  
 a ſhort Letter from you, though it be to chide  
 me, for troubling you with ſo long a one as this:  
 I ſwear, to hear only you were well, I'd give  
 my Eyes, nor would the Loſs be conſiderable,  
 becauſe they are of no Manner of Uſe to me  
 in your Abſence, unleſs to read thoſe Letters,  
which

which, I hope, Heaven will dispose you to write to

*Yours,*  
L. T.

## L E T T E R XLI.

*From Mr. George Farquhar to——.*

*Madam,*

**I**F I han't begun thrice to write, and as often thrown away my Pen, may I never take it up again; my Head and my Heart have been at Cuffs about you these two long Hours.—Says my Head, You're a Coxcomb for troubling your Noddle with a Lady, whose Beauty is as much above your Pretensions, as your Merit is below her Love. Then answers my Heart, good Mr. Head; you're a Blockhead; I know Mr. F—r's Merit better than you; as for your Part, I know you to be as whimsical as the Devil, and changing with every new Notion that offers: But for my Share, I am fixt, and can stick to my Opinion of a Lady's Merit for ever; and if the Fair She can secure an Interest in me, Monsieur Head you may go whistle. Come, come, (answer'd my Head) you Mr. Heart, are always leading this Gentleman into some Inconvenience or other; was it not you that first entic'd him to talk to this Lady, and your busy Importunence has made him write to her, and your leaping and skipping disturbs his Sleep by Night, and his good Humour by Day: In short, Sir, I will hear no more on't: I am Head, and I will be obey'd,——You lie,  
Sir,

Sir, reply'd my Heart, (being very angry) I am Head in Matters of Love, and if you don't give your Consent, you shall be forc'd; for I am sure that in this Case all the Members will be on my Side. What say you, Gentlemen Hands? Oh (say the Hands) we would not forego the tickling Pleasure of a delicious white, soft Skin for the World.—Well, what say you, Mr. Tongue? Zounds, says the Linguist, there is more Extasy in speaking these soft Words of Mr. Heart's suggesting than whole Orations of Signior Head's; so I am for the Lady, and here's my honest Neighbour Lips will stick to't. By the sweet Power of Kisses that we will (reply'd the Lips) and presently some other worthy Members standing up for the Heart, they laid violent Hands (*nemine contradicente*) upon poor Head, and knocked out his Brains. So now, Madam, behold me as perfect a Lover as any in *Christendom*, my Heart purely dictating every Word I say; the little Rebel throws itself into your Power, and if you don't support it in the Cause it has taken up for your Sake, think what will be the Condition of the Headless and Heartless

FARQUHAR.

## L E T T E R XLII.

*From the same to——.*

IF you find no more Rest from your Thoughts in Bed than I do, I cou'd wish you, Madam, to be always there, for there I am most in Love. I went to the Play this Evening, and the Musick rais'd my Soul to such a Pitch of Passion that I



was almost mad with melancholy: I flew thence to *Spring-Garden*, where with envious Eyes I saw every Man pick up his Mate, whilst I alone walked like solitary *Adam* before the Creation of his *Eve*; but the Place was no Paradise to me; nothing I found entertaining but the Nightingal, which methought in sweet Notes like your own, pronounced the Name of my dear *Penelope*——  
*As the Fool thinketh, the Bell clinketh.* From hence I retir'd to the Tavern, where methought the shining glass represented your fair person, and the sparkling Wine within it, look'd like your lively Wit and Spirit: I met my dear Mistress in every Thing, and I propose presently to see her in a lively Dream, since the last Thing I do is to kiss her dear Letter, clasp her charming Idea in my Arms, and so fall fast asleep.

*My Morning Songs, my Evening Prayers,  
 My Daily Musings, Nightly Cares.* Adieu.

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## L E T T E R XLIII.

*From the same to ———.*

**H**ERE am I drinking, Madam, at the Sign of the Globe; and it shall go hard but I make the Voyage of old Sir *Drake* by To-morrow Morning: We have a fresh Gale, and a round Sea; for here is very good Company and excellent Wine: From the Orb in the Sign, I will step to the Globe of the Moon, thence make the Tour of all the Planets, and fix in the Constellation of *Venus*. You see, Madam, I am elevated already. Here's a Gentleman tho', who swears  
 he

he loves his Mistress better than I do mine, but if I don't make him so drunk that he shall disgorge his Opinion, may I never drink your Health again ; the generous Wine scorns to lie upon a Traitor's Stomach, 'tis Poison to him that profanes Society by being a Rogue in his Cups. I wish, dear Madam, with all my Heart that you saw me in my present Circumstances, you would certainly fall in love with me, for I am not myself ; I am now the pleasantest foolish Fellow that ever gain'd a Lady's Heart, and a Glass or two more will fill me with such Variety of Impertinence, that I cannot fail to pass for agreeable. You, Drawer, bring me a Plate of Ice—Ha ! How the Wine whizzes upon my Heart ; *Cupid* is forging his Love-Darts in my Belly—Ice, you Dog, Ice——The Son of a Whore has brought me Anchovies. Well ! This is a vexatious World. I wish I were fairly out of it, and happy in Heaven, I mean your dear Arms ; which is the constant Prayer of your Humble Servant, drunk or sober.

*I design To-morrow in the Afternoon to beg your Pardon for all the ill Manners of my Debauch ; and make myself as great as an Emperor, by inviting your Ladyship to the Entertainment of Dioclesian.*

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## L E T T E R XLVI.

*From the same to——.*

W H Y should I write to my dearest *Penelope*, when I only trouble her with reading what she won't believe ? I have told my Passion, my  
Eyes

Eyes have spoke it, my Tongue pronounc'd it, and my Pen declared it; I have sigh'd it, swore it, and subscrib'd it; now my Heart is full of you, my Head raves of you, and my Hand writes to you, but all in vain. If you think me a dissembler, use me generously like a Villain, and discard me for ever; but if you will be so just to my Passion, as to believe it sincere, tell me so, and make me happy; 'tis but Justice, Madam, to do one or t'other.

Your Indisposition last Night, when I left you put me into such a Disorder, that not finding a Coach, I missed my Way, and never minded whither I wander'd, till I found myself close by *Tyburn*. When blind Love guides, who can forbear going astray? Instead of laughing at myself, I fell to pitying poor Mr. *F——r*, who, whilst he ro'v'd abroad among your whole Sex, was never out of his Way; and now by a single She, was led to the Gallows. From the Thoughts of Hanging, I naturally enter'd upon those of Matrimony. I consider'd how many Gentlemen have taken a handsome Swing, to avoid some inward Disquiets; then why shou'd not I hazard the Noose, to ease me of my Torment? Then I consider'd, whether I shou'd send for the Ordinary of *Newgate*, or the Parion of St *Anne's*; but considering myself better prepar'd for dying in a fair Lady's Arms than on a three-legg'd tree, I was the most inclinable to the Parish-Priest: Besides, if I dy'd in a fair Lady's Arms, I shou'd be sure of Christian Burial at least, and should have the most beautiful Tomb in the Universe. You may imagine, Madam, that these Thoughts of Mortality were very melancholy; but who could avoid the Thoughts of Death  
when

when you were sick? And if your Health be not dearer to me than my own, may the next News I hear be your Death, which wou'd be as great a Hell as your Life and Welfare is a Heaven to the most amorous of his Sex.

*Pray let me know in a Line, whether you are better or worse, whether I am Honest or a Knave, and whither I shall live or die.*

## L E T T E R XLV.

*From the same to ———.*

I Can no more let a Day pass without seeing or writing to my dear *Penelope*, than I can slip a Minute without thinking of her. I know no Body can lay a juster Claim to the Account of my Hours, than she who has so indisputable a Title to my Service; and I can no more keep the Discovery of my Faults from you, than from my own Conscience, because you compose so great a Part of my Devotion. Let me therefore confess to my dearest Angel, how last Night I saunter'd to the *Fountain*, where some Friends waited for me; and one of them was a Parson, who preaches over any Thing but his Glafs: Had not his Company and *Sunday* Night sanctified the Debauch, I should be very fit for Repentance this Morning; the searching Wine has sprung the Rheumatism in my Right Hand, my Head akes, my Stomach, pukes, I dream'd all this Morning of Fire, and wak'd in a Flame: To compleat my Misery, I must let you know all this, and make you angry with me. I design tho' this Afternoon to repair to St. *Anne's* Prayers, to beg Absolution of my Crea-



Creator and my Mistress ; if both prove merciful. I'll put on the Resolution of amending my Life, to fit me for the Joys of Heaven and you.

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L E T T E R XLVI.

*From the same to ———.*

*Hague, October 23, New-Style.*

**T**HIS is the second Post, dear Madam, since I have heard from you, which makes me apprehensive that you are not well, or that you have forgot the Person whose Health and Welfare so entirely depends upon yours. I am proud to say, that all my Words, my Letters, and Endeavours, have unfeignedly run upon the Strain of the most real Passion that ever possess the Breast of Man ; and if, after all this, they should all prove vain, I leave you to judge how poor an Opinion I should have of my Understanding, which must be a very mortifying Thought for a Person who is very unwilling to pass for a Fool. 'Tis true, I have laid out all the little Sense I had in your Service, and if it should be cast away, I should turn Bankrupt in my Understanding, and run stark mad upon the Loss. For God's Sake, Madam, let me know what I have to trust to, that I may once more set up for a Man of some parts, or else run away from my Senses as fast as I can ; my Thoughts begin to be very severe Creditors, and I am perfectly tired of their Company. The King came hither last Night about Eleven from *Loc* ; and if the Weather prove fair, designs for *England* next *Wednesday*. Providence has design'd my staying so long, out of its great Mercy to secure me from the Violence of a different Storm, which has lasted here this Fortnight

past, to that Degree, that *Holland* is no more at present than a great leaky Man of War, tossing on the Ocean, and Mariners are forced to pump Night and Day to keep the Vessel above Water. I can assure you, without a Jest, that the Cellars and Canals have frequent Communication, and happy is he that can lodge in a Garret: There are Fellows planted on all the Steeples, with a considerable Reward to him that can make the first Land, tho' they had more need to look out for a Rainbow; for without that I shall believe that God Almighty, in his Articles with *Noah* after the Flood, has excluded the *Dutch* out of the Treaty: I have transcrib'd your Letter to my Lord *A—le*, and will consult with Captain *L—oe* about your Affairs, whether it be proper to mention Matters now, or defer it till we come over: My Lord *West—nd* treated us Yesterday with a Pot of *English* Venison sent him by his Mother. But never was poor Buck so devoured by hungry Hounds; we hunted him down with excellent Burgundy——Could this Place afford as good Toasts as it does Wine, 'twere a Paradise. But we made shift to call you all over, every Beauty in *London*, from the Du——s of *G——n* to Mrs. *B——le*; and when we got drunk we toasted the *Dutch* Ladies; and by the Time we got thro' the whole Assembly, we were grown as dull and sottish as if we had lain with them. You must pardon my Breeding, Madam, and consider where I am; but I do blush a little, and can't say a Word more, but that I am,

*Madam,*

*Your faithful and humble Servant,*

G 4

L E T-

## L E T T E R XLVII.

*From the same to ———.**Madam,*

'T IS a sad Misfortune to begin a Letter with an *Adieu*; but when my Love is cross'd, 'tis no Wonder that my Writing should be revers'd. I would beg your Pardon for the other Offences of this Nature which I have committed, but that I have little Reason to judge favourably of your Mercy; tho' I can assure you, Madam, that I shall never excuse myself my own Share of the Trouble, no more than I can pardon myself the Vanity of attempting your Charms, so much above the Reach of my Pretensions, and which are reserv'd for some more worthy Admirer. If there be that Man upon Earth that can merit your Esteem, I pity him; -for an Obligation too great for a Return, must to any generous Soul be very uneasy, tho' still I envy his Misery.

May you be as happy, Madam, in the Enjoyment of your Desires, as I am miserable in the Disappointment of mine; and as the greatest Blessing of your Life, may the Person you admire, love you as sincerely and as passionately, as he whom you scorn, for none can boast a more vigorous Flame, than

*Your humble Servant,*

T. O.

L E T-

## L E T T E R XLVIII.

*A Comical Letter, out of the famous Monsieur de Colletier, to Mademoiselle de Choux.*

*Madam,*

**D**ID you ever see an Almanack in your Life? You'll say this is an odd Question. I'll give the Reason then, why I ask it: There's an odd sort of a Fellow usually pictur'd in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him? Cry you. Why, Madam, he's only a Type of your humble Servant, for that Son of a Whore *Cupid* has pink'd me all over with his confounded Arrows, that, by my Troth, I look like—let me think, like what;—like your Ladyship's Pincushion. But this is not all: Your Eyes had like to have proved more fatal to me than *Cupid* and all his Roguery: For, Madam, while I was a Star-gazing t'other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame (as we Lovers use to be) I dropt plumb into your Fish-pond, by the same Token, that I hiss'd like a red-hot Horse-shoe flung into a Smith's Trough. 'Twas a hundred Pound to a Penny, but I had been drown'd, for those that came to my Assistance, left me to shift for myself, while they scrambled for boiled Fish that were as plenty as *Herrings* at *Rotterdam*. Some of my Fellow-sufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladyship, as well as of,

*Madam,*

*Your most devoted Slave,*

COLLETIER.



## L E T T E R XLIX.

*Mr. T—— to Mr. L——.*

Y O U are very desirous to know what Progress our Friend *Damon* has made in the Affections of his Mistress, whom he hath so long besieged, and I am sorry I cannot send you so good News as I could wish: He threw himself down at her Feet, and in the common Strain of Lovers; will you not, says he, take Compassion on my Youth? Will you not pity one that dies every Moment for you? Show at least some Tenderness to the Man, who never was conquer'd by any Beauty but yours? But she return'd him a Compliment, as cold as if he had come out of the Midst of *Tartary*: Leave persecuting me, says she, with idle Stories of your Passion, with your pretended Darts, and your romantick Flames, for you do but lose your Time and Labour. The Youth was reduced to the last Despair, when he found himself thus slighted, and as Anger on these Occasions generally succeeds to Love, he said the most reproachful bitter Things against her, that his Indignation could inspire him with. When his Fury had spent itself, looking upon him with a scornful Air, I know, says she, how to punish the Insolencies of your Tongue: All your Sex are perfidious and false: You devour us, nay, you devour one another. The savage Beasts in the Woods, unless compell'd by Hunger, seldom attack the Travellers, but when they are taken by you, and have been debauch'd with a domestic Education, they prove arranter Brutes than any in the Forest: to be short with you, your Pejury  
and

and Inconstance teach us to lay aside all Pity, and treat you as you deserve : For in the first Ardors of your Love, you can lie all Night at our Thresholds on the bare Ground ; you can say the most submissive Things in the World ; you can whine and cry, make Goddeses of us ; you have Oaths perpetually at Command, and with those Counters you deceive us ; but no sooner have we granted the last Favours to you, but you grow insolent and haughty ; you make us the Subject of your ill-manner'd Mirth, and you disdainfully reject her, whom the Hour before you adored like a Divinity. You are all Atheists as to Love, and pretend that *Jupiter* has other Business on his Hands, than to trouble himself with the Oaths of Lovers. .

Thus the Lady discarded the unfortunate *Damon* ; and, as partial as I am to my Friend, I cannot but own there is a great deal of Truth in her Invective.

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## L E T T E R L.

*The following Letter is from an unknown Lady, to a young Gentleman, on whom she had unfortunately fix'd her Affections ; but as she never had it in her Power to make her Inclinations signified to him, she wrote as follows.*

S I R,

**I** Rely on your Goodness to redress and conceal the Misfortunes I now labour under ; but oh ! with what Words shall I declare a Passion which I blush to own ; it is now a Year and a half since I first saw, and (must I say) loved you, and  
so

so long I have strove to forget you ; but frequent Sights of what I could not but admire, have made my Endeavours prove vain. I dare not subscribe to this Letter, lest it should fall into Hands that may possibly expose it ; but if you, Sir, have any Curiosity or Desire to know who I am, I shall be in the Park To-morrow exactly at Two o' Clock. I cannot but be under Apprehensions, lest you should come more out of Curiosity than Compassion ; but, however, that you may have some Notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a short Description of my Person, which is tall and slender, my Eyes and Hair dark ; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that my Person altogether is what the flattering World calls handsome ; and as to my Fortune, I believe you will have no Reason to find Fault with it. I doubt you will think such a Declaration as this from a Woman, ridiculous, but, if you will consider, 'tis Custom, not Nature, that makes it so : My Hand trembles so while I write, that I believe you can hardly read it.

---

## L E T T E R   L I.

*The Gentleman did not give himself the Trouble to meet the Lady, but took great Pains to expose and ridicule her Letter, which coming to the Lady's Knowledge, she sent him the following :*

*S I R,*

**Y**OU will the more easily pardon this second Trouble from a slighted Correspondent, when I assure you it shall be the last.

A Passion

A Passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary Decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once, but I hope I shall undergo no severer Trials, or Censures, than what I have done by taking this Opportunity of discharging the Remains of a Tenderneſs, which I have ſo unfortunately and imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your Unkindneſs and want of Generoſity in expoſing my Letter, becauſe the Man, that is ſo unworthy of a Woman's Love, is too inconfiderable for her Reſentment ; but I can't forbear aſking you, what could induce you to publiſh my Letter, and ſo cruelly to ſport with the Miſery of a Perſon, whom you know nothing worſe of, than that ſhe had entertained too good, too fond an Opinion of you ?

For your own Sake, I am loth to ſpeak it, but ſuch Conduct cannot be accounted for, but from Cruelty of Mind, a Vanity of Temper, and an incurable Defect of Underſtanding ; but whatſoever be the Reaſon, amidſt all my Diſappointments, I cannot but think myſelf happy in not ſubſcribing my Name ; for you might perhaps have thought my Name a fine Trophy to grace your Triumph after the Conqueſt, and how great my Confuſion muſt have been, to be expoſed to the Scorn, or at leaſt to the Pity of the World, I may gueſs from the Mortifications I now feel from ſeeing my Declarations and Profeſſions return'd with Succeſs, and in being convinc'd by the raſh Experiment I have made, that my Affections have been placed without Diſcretion. How ungenerous your



Behaviour hath been, I had rather you were told by the Gentlemen (who I hear universally condemn it) than force myself to say any Thing severe ; but although their kind Sense of the Affair must yield me some Satisfaction under my present Uneasiness, yet it furnishes me with a fresh Evidence of my own Weakness, in lavishing my Esteem upon the Person that least deserv'd it.

I hope the Event will give me Reason, not only to forgive, but to thank you for this ill Usage. That pretty Face, which I have so often view'd with a mistaken Admiration, I believe I shall be able to look on with an absolute Indifference, and Time I am sensible will abundantly convince me, that your Features are all the poor Amends which Nature hath made you for your Want of Understanding ; and teach me to consider them only as a decent Cover for the Emptiness and Deformity within. To cut off all Hopes of your Discovery who I am, if you do not yet know, I have taken Care to convey this by a different Hand from the former Letter, for which I am obliged to a Friend on whose Goodness and Fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last Request that you would make this Letter as public as you have done the former ; if you don't, there are other Copies ready to be dispersed, for though I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am very sure of making it plain to every one else, that you are a Coxcomb, and ought to be despised by all my Sex ; for you are almost a Scandal to human Nature. *Adieu.*

L O V E-



# LOVE-EPISTLES,

IN VERSE.

*The Necessity of Courage in a Lover.*

**A**T *Cynthia's* Feet I sigh'd, I pray'd,  
 And wept; yet all the while  
 The cruel unrelenting Maid  
 Scarce paid me with a Smile.  
 Such foolish tim'rous Arts as these  
 Wanted the Power to Charm;  
 They were too innocent to please,  
 They were too cold to warm.  
 Resolv'd, I 'rose, and softly prest  
 The Lillies of her Neck;  
 With longing eager Lips I kist  
 The Roses of her Cheek.  
 Charm'd with this Boldness, she relents,  
 And burns with equal Fire;  
 To all my Wishes she consents,  
 And crowns my fierce Desire.  
 With Heat like this *Pigmalion* mov'd  
 His Statue's icy Charms:  
 Thus warm'd, the marble Virgin lov'd,  
 And melted in his Arms.

*A Cordial for a despairing Lover.*

**Y**Oung *Damon*, once the happiest Swain,  
 The Pride and Glory of the Plain,

Yet

Yet see th' Effects of Love !  
 Depriv'd of all his former Rest,  
 Shun'd Company, with Grief oppress'd,  
 And sought the thickest Grove.  
 The Nymphs and Swains all strove to find  
 What 'twas disturb'd the Shepherd's Mind,

But when they beg'd to know,  
 He only shook his drooping Head,  
 And sighing, mournfully he said,  
 My Fate will have it so.

*Myrtilla* hearing of his Woes,  
 Came too, and kindly ask'd the Cause

Of all his mighty Pain ;  
 The Youth, transported and amaz'd  
 To hear her Charming Voice, soon rais'd :  
 His Head, and thus began :

I love, but 'tis a Nymph so fair,  
 That I of all Success despair,

And nought expect but Scorn : :  
 But, oh ! forgive, since ask'd by you,  
 If farther I my Tale pursue,

And say for you I burn.  
 The Nymph then blush'd, and smiling said,  
 And is it thus you Court a Maid,

With sighing and with pining ?  
 In Love, the want of Confidence  
 Is worse by half than want of Sence,  
 Rise Man, and leave your Whining.

*To Cælia.*

**T**HOU' I a thousand Resolutions frame  
 To quench my raging and successless Flame,  
 Tho' to myself I frequently have sworn,  
 That I wou'd be a whining Fool no more ;

Nay,

Nay, I thought too that I shou'd keep my Vow ;  
 But who can keep it, if he looks on you ?  
 One Sight, one single Glance of you alone  
 Made me forget, what I before had done,

O *Cælia* ! sure there's Magick in thy Face,  
 For I upon it cou'd for ever gaze ;  
 My Eyes still find fresh Beauties to admire,  
 Still meet fresh Charms, to raise my Passion high'r :  
 And tho' a thousand Times your Form I view,  
 Yet ev'ry Time I find out something new.

Thou Heavenly Maid ! for my Misfortunes born,  
 On whom I doat, tho' you my Passion scorn,  
 Say, why am I condemn'd to bear your Hate ?  
 Why must I perish by so hard a Fate ?

*Leander*, from his Love by Storms restrain'd,  
 Raving from off the Shore, aloud complain'd ;  
 Curst his hard Fate upon the Sandy Beach,  
 And thought himself the most unhappy Wretch.  
 But then he knew not what it was to bear,  
 The Storms and Tempests of an angry Fair ;  
 For his dear *Hero* was all kind and sweet,  
 And did his Flame with equal Raptures meet.

Her Form was lovely, tender was her Mind ;  
 For him she languish'd, and for him she pin'd.  
 Had she but frown'd, had she but been severe,  
 He wou'd have own'd, the Tempests of the Air  
 Less to be fear'd, than is an Angry Fair. }

Oh ! cou'd I but express how well I love,  
 It must, it cou'd not but, your Pity move !  
 In Thoughts of you I pass each tedious Day, }  
 And when soft Sleep has chas'd my Cares away, }  
 Still to my Eyes your Form my Dreams convey. }  
 Both Night and Day you rule with equal Pow'r,  
 Awake I languish, and asleep adore :  
 Your Name for ever dwells upon my Tongue ;  
 You are the constant Subject of my Song.

No.



No other Muse do I invoke but you ;  
 You make the Lover and the Poet too ;  
 And did my Flame the least Acceptance meet ;  
 Did you my boundless Passion kindly treat,  
 Thy Beauties I'd thro' ev'ry Grove proclaim,  
 And ev'ry Swain shou'd learn thy charming Name ;  
 Each Youth, each Nymph shou'd sing of *Cælia's*  
 Praise,

*Cælia* shou'd live for ever in my Lays ;  
 With careful Art I'd polish ev'ry Line,  
 In ev'ry Word my *Cælia's* Charms shou'd shine, }  
 And so, like Thee, my Verse shou'd be Divine. }

---

*To Miranda, who scorn'd him.*

**A**S Shipwreck'd Men, upon the angry Seas,  
 With Fear behold their Death before their  
 Eyes,

Cloath'd with Despair, void of all Hope they strive  
 To save their Bark, and keep themselves alive ;  
 Ev'n so, fair Maid, I wreckt on Seas of Love,  
 To thy divine enthralling Arms wou'd move.  
 Thy Eye's the Star by which my Course I steer,  
 Which if absconded, drive me on Despair.  
 Thy Smiles are Charms. which quell the furious  
 Tide ;

Love is the Pilot, Love the only Guide ;  
 Thy Frowns are Blasts that overturn my Bark,  
 And quite confound the Pilot and his Mark.

Forbear, Cœlestial Nymph ! forbear to frown ;  
 Blast not my Hopes, nor plunge me headlong down ;  
 With Smiles conduct me to the distant Shore,  
 And beat me back with furious Frowns no more :  
 Free from the Storms of the tempestuous Tide,  
 At Anchor in your Arms securely let me ride.

*Writ*

*Writ in a young Lady's Prayer Book.*

**T**HIS Book to you will useles be,  
 Till you learn how to Love like me.  
*Cloe*, if you e'er Hope to move  
 The Sacred Pow'rs that dwell above,  
 Then pity me, who am in Love :  
 For Heaven will no Mercy show,  
 To those who Tyrannize below :  
 Your Prayers will never reach the Skies  
 If you still Murther with your Eyes.

*Advice to Miranda.*

MADAM,

**Y**Our beaut'ous Charms are to Perfection grown,  
 And Nature seems to boast of you alone ;  
 Sh' has shown the utmost that her Art can do,  
 Admires her Skill t'have from'd a Work so true ;  
 The just Proportion that your Features join,  
 Show they were fashion'd by a Hand Divine.

*Miranda*, since the Gods have took such Care  
 To make you, as their own lov'd Angels, fair,  
 You ought, while Young, t'increase the beaut'ous  
 Store,

That future Ages may your Charms adore.  
 All Flesh is frail, and subject to decay ;  
 And fairest Lillies soonest fade away :  
 Youth hath it's Springs, and when the Season's o'er  
 It fades and falls, and never rises more.  
 The Gods design'd, that our Posterity,  
 Shou'd share the Happiness as well as we :  
 You ought to act what Nature's Laws require,  
 And not with you to let your Charms expire,

When

When cruel Death the fatal Blow shall give,  
 In spite of him, your Charms will then survive,  
 Your Beaut'ous Form in future Ages shine,  
 And be as Lasting as it is Divine.

---

*In Praise of Cælia.*

SEE with what Majesty she goes ;  
 Her awful Front a Goddess shows,  
 And in her Looks such Graces shine,  
 As speak the Nymph to be Divine :  
 Her Charms in them wou'd raise a Fire,  
 Where Impotence had chill'd Desire.  
 Just thus appear'd the Queen of Love,  
 When *Juno* and *Minerva* strove  
 On *Ida's* Top, which of the three  
 Shou'd to the Apple Heirefs be.

When *Paris* sat to hear the Suit,  
 And to decide the grand Dispute,  
 In vain proud *Juno* promis'd Crowns,  
 Immortal Honour and Renown ;  
 In vain *Minerva* promis'd Wit,  
 And Conquest to attend on it ;  
 The Shepherd scorn'd those lofty Toys,  
 And much more priz'd his Country Joys :  
 His Soul Ambition cou'd not move ;  
 That only cou'd be done by Love.

Fair *Venus* found the Truth of this,  
 When she declar'd he shou'd possess  
 The fairest Form the Earth e'er blest.  
 The Shepherd, who was Deaf before  
 To *Juno's* Pride and *Pallas'* Pow'r,  
 No longer with himself bethought  
 Which of the three shou'd have his Vote,

But

But strait to *Venus* gave the Ball ;  
From whence her *Beauty's Queen* we call.

But shou'd fair *Venus* strive once more,  
For th' Golden Ball, as heretofore,  
And *Cælia* stand Competitor ;  
Shou'd *Paris*, with impartial Eyes,  
Then to the fairest judge the Prize ;  
*Venus* wou'd now rejected be,  
And *Cælia* own'd the Deity.

---

*On seeing Cynthia at Church.*

SURE Heav'n will be propitious to our Prayers,  
When Angels join with us, to offer theirs ;  
Almighty *Jove* will lend a list'ning Ear,  
When *Cynthia* does become Petitioner.  
The Words she utters, reach above the Skies,  
And calms the Rage of angry Deities.  
When Beaut'ous Charms are with Devotion  
join'd,  
The Gods relent, and prove no more unkind :  
They with the Offering delighted are,  
When 'tis presented by a Hand so fair :  
Nor will reject our humble Sacrifice,  
While such an Angel as the Altar lies.

---

*A Declaration of Love, to Lucy.*

MADAM,

S Hou'd I be silent, shou'd I still conceal  
My raging Passion, 'twou'd itself reveal,  
And you must have perceiv'd my wild Despair,  
Unless you're more Insensible than Fair :  
My Eyes, my Sighs, and all my Motions shew  
I Love, I Languish, and I Die for you.

H

Con'd



Cou'd you behold my Trembling and Surprise,  
 And how I've feasted on your dazzling Eyes;  
 Cou'd you behold my Soul with Rapture mov'd,  
 Cou'd you behold it, and not think I lov'd?  
 I from your Charms a thousand Ills endure,  
 Unless you've Pity to afford a Cure.

As far as you your beauteous Sex excel,  
 From common Tortures are the Pains I feel,  
 Cou'd I describe to you, but half my Pain  
 You wou'd not strive t'increase it with Disdain.

Think, O thou Charmer ! think what 'tis  
 to bear

The Wracks and Tortures of a wild Despair:  
 Think what it is to spend whole Nights and Days  
 Without the Respite of a Moment's Ease :  
 Think what it is, to have before my Eyes  
 A View of Heaven, and ne'er must taste its Joys :  
 Then think what 'tis, to have your lovely Charms  
 Within my Sight, yet absent from my Arms.—

Let not my Love offend, nor let it meet,  
 Instead of thine, with Anger, Scorn, or Hate :  
 Permit me, if my Flame deserves no more,  
 To tell how much I languish and adore ;  
 To shew the Torture that my Soul endures,  
 That's form'd for you, and can be only

*Yours.*

*A Declaration, to Lucinda.*

Permit a Youth, your Charms did first subdue,  
 To tell you how he is undone by you ;  
 Permit him at your Feet to lay his Heart,  
 Which, from your Eyes receiv'd the fatal Dart ;  
 Allow him that small Ease to all his Pain,  
 To hear his Passion, free from cold Disdain.

O !

O ! that I cou'd in such soft Numbers write,  
 As might some Pity in your Soul excite :  
 I Love ; but, ah ! that Word is too too faint,  
 To show how I adore my charming Saint,  
 I burn, I dye, and all those Pains endure,  
 Which a despairing Passion can procure,  
 And you alone, are capable to cure.

I stood amaz'd, when first your Charms I saw,  
 Charms that an Anch'rite from his Vows wou'd  
 draw.

I look'd, and in your Face such Beauties shone,  
 That I no sooner view'd, but was undone,  
 And thro' my Blood new Flames, like Light-  
 ning run.

Fair *Helen* never ravsh'd *Paris* more,  
 When first he saw her on the *Grecian* Shore ;  
 Nor was the Shepherd with those Flames posselt  
 Which you, fair Nymph, have kindled in my  
 Breast.

In vain I strive t'expel the Tyrant God,  
 And from my Breast remove th' uneasy Load ;  
 Love is a Pow'r that rules with Sov'reign sway :  
 And forces all Mankind his Laws t' obey.  
 Oh ! that he may have touch'd your tender Heart,  
 And made you feel the same almighty Dart !  
 That you, convinc'd of what I undergo,  
 Some Pity to your dying Swain may show.  
 'Tis you alone, that caus'd, can heal my Pain,  
 And, as you wounded, make me whole again.

What Pleasure can it be, for one so Fair,  
 To drive the Youth that loves her to Despair ?  
 What Glory will on such an Action wait ?  
 And who will think 'twas not too hard a Fate ?  
 Ev'n you yourself, shou'd you inflict it now,  
 When I am gone, wou'd think 'twas Cruel too :

Let Pity rather to your Form be join'd,  
 And as your Beauty's matchless, let your Mind }  
 Alike excel the rest of Woman kind.

---

To Phillis.

W Hene'er I ask your Love, I'am sure  
 To meet this Answer ; Why you're poor.  
 Faith, Madam, 'tis too true, that I  
 Am dealt with somewhat scurvily,  
 By Madam *Chance* : But why shou'd you,  
 Because she flights me, slight me too ?  
 Beauty's a Thing, not to be Sold ;  
 Or, if it were, —————  
 'Tis Love shou'd buy it, and not Gold.  
 Besides you've got sufficient Store,  
 And can't in Conscience ask for more.  
 You only therefore shou'd prefer  
 That am'rous You that's constant and sincere.

---

To Chloe.

C Hloe is handsome, brisk, and gay,  
 And gets new Lovers ev'ry Day ;  
 For in her Eyes doth dwell  
 A Secret and a Pow'rful Charm,  
 That would the coldest Hermit warm,  
 And draw him from his Cell.  
 When first I saw her, I believ'd  
 An Angel's Form my Sight deceiv'd,  
 So graceful was her Mien :  
 And surely Angels cannot be  
 More bright, than is this Lovely flae,  
 Who is of Beauty Queen.

How

How happy will the Youth be then,  
 Who does with matchless Truth obtain  
 Possession of her Heart !  
 'To meet with such a Pow'rful Cure,  
 The worst of Tortures I'd endure,  
 And laugh at all the Smart.

---

*The Caution.*

**D**amon, for Love, still meets Disdain,  
 The Nymph makes no Return ;  
 All she affords, to heal his Pain,  
 Is, to reward his Scorn.  
 The more he begs she'd hear his Vows,  
 The more she still denies :  
 The faster he her Steps pursues,  
 She still the faster flies.  
 At length she leaves her hasty Flight,  
 And turns to meet the Swain.  
 Surpriz'd she's now, to find him slight  
 What he pursu'd with Pain.  
 My Crime (she cries) I see too late ;  
 I shew'd my Flames too soon :  
 If I had still repaid with Hate,  
 I'd had him still my own.  
 Ye Lovely Nymphs ! in Time beware,  
 Nor yield your Hearts too soon,  
 Lest my happy Fate you share,  
 And are, like me, undone.

---

*The Dream.*

**I**N Sleep dissolv'd, upon my Bed:  
 I lay one silent Night,  
 When a deceitful Dream convey'd  
 This Vision to my Sight.



Methought I saw my lovely Maid.  
 And free from all Disguise ;  
 A Softness in her Looks she had,  
 And Passion in her Eyes.  
 With eager Joy I quickly fled,  
 And clasp'd her in my Arms :  
 With Kisses on her Lips I fed,  
 And run o'er all her Charms,  
 When as I with too eager-haste,  
 Pursu'd my lovely Prize,  
 Waking, the Phantom vanish'd strait  
 From my deluded Eyes,  
 Thus when *Ixion* thought t' embrace  
 Great *Jove's* immortal Dame,  
 A fleeting Cloud, put in her place,  
 Dash'd his presumptuous Flame.

---

*The Resentment, to Lucinda.*

TELL me, *Lucinda*, prithee tell me how  
 I've merited this cold Disdain from you ?  
 To you my Youth and earliest Vows I gave,  
 And at first Sight confest myself your Slave :  
 My Liberty I lost, and to your Eyes  
 Resign'd my Soul a willing Sacrifice ;  
 I look'd no father, but surrender'd all,  
 And thought'twas glorious by such charms to fall.  
 My new-born Flame presented to my view  
 Vast coming Joys, and urg'd me to pursue  
 The mighty Bliss I hop'd to find in you. }  
 I felt new Pleasures and unknown Desires,  
 Strange are the Thoughts a Woman's Charms  
 inspires :  
 'Twas Angel all that first appear'd to Sight :  
 And fill'd my Soul with Rapture and Delight ;  
 But

But, oh ! I little thought that I shou'd find  
 That Angel's Form a Covert to a Fiend,  
 Oft fighting at your Feet I trembling lay,  
 And curst the Time that past so fast away,  
 For I had always something new to say. }

A generous Return for this you've made,  
 And I'm, for all my Love, by you betray'd :  
 With smiling Flattery you drew me on,  
 That I might more compleatly be undone.

But tho' o'er me you once cou'd boast Command,  
 Your Empire, Tyrant, now is at an End :  
 I neither value any Smile nor Frown,  
 This can't transport me, nor that cast me down :  
 Like you, I disavow all future Flame,  
 And from my Heart raze out your hated Name,  
 For other Cullies now your Arts prepare,  
 For I've found out, and so can shun the Snare ;  
 I'm Proof against your Charms, I'll love no more,  
 But furiously disdain what I ador'd before ;  
 I from the loathsome Banks will smoothisly steer,  
 Into the Arms of some more faithful Fair ;

*The Charmer to Miranda.*

**T**HE bright *Miranda* is the Mymph I prize,  
 The best regarded Treasure of my Eyes,  
 The grateful Theme of ev'ry Thought by Day  
 The Charm to chace intruding Cares away ;  
 By Night, the pleasing Prospect of my Dreams,  
 My Guide in Storms, and Anchor in Extreams,

As oft as to our dazl'd Sense you rise,  
 A thousand Hearts are vanquish'd by your Eyes :  
 For while on your resistless Charms we gaze,  
 Darknes appears on ev'ry other Face :  
 Your num'rous Trophies own their fatal Might,  
 And none escape unwounded from your Sight.

To *Cælia*.

HAIL, beauteous *Cælia*, whilst your Charms  
inspire,

My humble Muse shall boldly touch the Lyre ;  
To you she Sings, if you approve her Lays,  
She needs no other Help, no greater Praise.

What tho' the Malice of your Sex is shown,  
To blast those Beauties brighter than their own ;  
What tho' the guilty of both kinds combine  
To cloud their Innocence, 'twill brighter shine ;  
Tho' envious Wretches, 'cause themselves are  
base,

Strive to corrupt and viciate your Race ;  
Yet Virtue still, uprears its lovely Head,  
Perceives, and so can shun the Snares they've laid.

I, *Cælia*, who am Proud to wear you Chains,  
You Goodness own, which far 'oer-pays my  
Pains :

I own the Conquest of your potent Eyes,  
And that your Worth deserves a nobler Prize ;  
In you the Charms of all your Sex are shown,  
But I, the Worst and Meanest of my own ;  
How then, can I repay the Tribute due.  
For all the Favours I've receiv'd from you, }  
Who merit not the least you cou'd bestow, }  
But since the charming *Cælia* condescends,  
To grant my Wishes, and to crown my Ends ;  
I, in return, will dedicate my Days  
To *Cælia*'s Service, and will Sing her Praise,  
If Constancy and Truth may Merit claim,  
Then, *Cælia*, I'll deserve your best Esteem,  
As long as Beauty, Charms, or Time endures,  
My Lovely *Cælia*, I'll be only

*Yours.*

✱ ✱

## The ART of personal COURTSHIP.

*Madam,*

**T**HOU' *Cupid* has oftentimes assayed to wound my Heart, yet I have still despis'd the foolish Boy, and turn'd his Arrows back again unwounded. But at the Sight of your piercing Eyes, my Heart was quickly struck, and I presently became your Captive. For who cou'd hope to encounter with to many Charms as you are armed withal, and yet come off unvanquish'd?

I cannot but hope for a favourable Answer to my Addresses, since your Goodness is equal to your Beauty, and therefore will heal the Wounds which that has made.

Dearest Madam, let the All-healing Balms of your Compassion be poured into those Wounds which your Beauty has given me: For why, with inexorable Rigour, should you Cause me to die in Pain, when 'tis within the Compass of your Power to make me live in Pleasure?

Madam, Let me die, and yet not know for what Offence it is. I know no Crime that I am guilty of, unless it be of an Excess of Love: But who can love too much, when you are the charming Object of its Passion?

Ah! dearest Madam, the Ardour of my Passion is so great, that it will quickly hurry me into my Grave, where I shall be forever covered with the dark Mantle of Oblivion, unless, by your redeeming Favour, my Fate may be retrieved.

But say, divinest Lady, shall all my sincerest Endeavours to serve you, meet with no other Return than what your Frowns bestow? My



Shattered Bark cannot always live in Storms, and therefore, unless the beneficent Rays of your Favour dispel those Clouds your angry Looks portend, I shall either split upon the fatal Rocks of black Despair, or suffer Shipwrack on the Quick-sands of your inexorable Disdain.

Fairest of Ladies, how shall I enough admire your charming Person? How shall I sufficiently humble myself at your Feet, to let you know the Greatness of the Power you have over me!

How happy, thou Soul of Sweetness, do I think myself, whilst my glad Eyes are feasting on your Beauty?

How long, Madam, shall I feed upon the Wind, like a Camelion, and embrace a Cloud instead of *Juno*? If all my Vows to serve you are in vain, and you resolve to punish the Rashness of my Love with an unrelenting Aversion, be so kind to tell me so, that Death may put a Period to those lingering Pains that now my Heart is made the Subject of.

The Sun may as well blame the World for delighting in his All-enlivening Beams, as you can be offended for my admiring you: For the Lustre of your Virtues shine so bright, that who soever sees, must straight admire it.

O tell me, thou Epitome of Sweetness, what Services shall I perform, what Worlds subdue, to be Professor of that Bliss which lies in your Power to make me happy with.

Who can withstand the many Charms that you are armed withal, united; when every single Charm you bear about you, has Force enough to lay the stoutest Champions at your Feet: Your Golden Hair appears upon your

Head like flaming Amber : Your Forehead's  
like a Rock of Alabaster : Your sparkling  
Eyes two Quarries of bright Diamonds : Your  
Lips like Coral, and your Teeth like Pearl :  
The snowy Whiteness of your milky Breasts,  
make even purest Lillies die with Paleness ;  
and Roses blush into a deeper Red, to emulate  
the Crimson of your Cheeks :

Fairest of all thy Sex, conquered by your  
bright Eyes, I come to offer up my Captive  
Heart a Victim at your Feet, and to acquaint  
you, that the Height of my Ambition reaches  
no further than to wear the glorious Title of  
the humblest of your Vassals.

It is upon your Smiles my Life depends : And  
if you frown upon me, not Fate itself can save  
me from the Grave.

O best of Women, extend that Goodness so  
essential to you, unto a hapless Lover, who lan-  
guishes for one kind Smile from those fair Eyes,  
whose piercing Rays have wounded him so deep-  
ly, that nothing but a Passion equal to that  
which he retains for you, can work his Cure.

May all my Hopes of Happiness prove vain,  
if I have any sinister Designs in my Addresses  
to you ; if all my Thoughts of you are not as  
chaste as Vows of Vestal Virgins at the Altar.

Madam, There is none of your Commands  
that I'll refuse to yield Obedience to, unless it  
be this cruel one, of not adoring : Not Fate it-  
self can impose this upon me ; for this would be  
to offer Violence to my Nature, and contradict  
my dearest Inclination.

Madam, your Favours are so many, and so  
free

free, that it must be the Business of my Life to study a Requital.

Madam, I am sure no Cruelty can dwell where so much Goodness sits enthron'd ; and therefore let not the sincerest of Lovers be abandoned to Despair ; but let one Spark of Hope give Life to his Love, as a propitious Omen, that at last it may flame out into a full Enjoyment.

It is your Beauty, Madam, that has kindled in my Heart that Flame of Love that cannot be extinguished but with my Life.

As Rivers run into the Sea, as their common Center, so all the Lines of my Affections center in your fair Self, as in their proper Object.

When I enjoy your charming Company, methinks I am in Paradise ; your Eyes then making me a Feast of Love.

It is not through any Consciousness of my own Deserts I aim'd so high, as to make your fair Self the Object of my best Affections : My Presumption hath this Excuse, it was directed by Love ; and I may well stray when my Guide is blind.

Madam, tho' my Person be removed from you, my Purpose is not ; for I still retain and will, till Death, the unalterable Resolution of being always yours.

Dear Soul of my Affections, my Heart won't suffer my Tongue to utter that cruel Word, Farewel ; since, when I leave you, I part with the sole Object of my Happiness.

Madam, if you know not how to love, I am sure I know not how to live ; for Life will be to me without your Love far worse than Death itself.

Ma-

Madam, If the very Thoughts of your Departure make me melancholy, think, if you can, how much Inquietude your real Absence will make me suffer.

Dear Abstract of my Joy, it is beyond the Epithet of Cruelty, to frown at parting thus : That Cloud seems to forebode a Storm ; and yet I fancy, that so serene a Breast as yours can never harbour Anger. You only seem so to amuse me : For under all those angry Frowns, the Deity of Love takes up his Lodging.

Madam, Farewel ; the Quintessence of all my Prayers attend you ; Altho' you may be at a Distance from me, yet we cannot properly be said to part, since the compleat Idea of your matchless Beauty, is locked up as the Jewel of my Soul, within the inmost Closet of my Heart.

Madam, The Treasure of Grace and Nature were exhausted, to make you the Quintessence of all Perfection.

Dear Madam, I am loaded with the Fruits of Love, and should be proud, if you would please but to participate.

Fair Loadstone of my Heart, the Breath of new-blown Roses falls far short of the Sweetness of your most fragrant Lips.

If I am void of Reason, fairest Creature, suffer Love to be my Advocate, and that allows no Limits.

Madam, had I an hundred Hearts, I should yet want Room to entertain your Love.

Madam, so great my Passion is, that it will admit of nothing but Enjoyment, or Death ; and if you deny the first, I am resolv'd to die Love's Martyr.

I

Ma-



Madam, Let me intreat you not to suspect my Constancy : I'll be as steadfast as unviolated Faith, immoveable as a Rock, and, till Death, will glory in my Constancy, as the chief Jewel of my Life.

Dear Madam, you are all Virtue ; from your sweet Lips the Morning gathers Blushes.

Madam, to dwell with you, is to inhabit with the Graces ; since Nature hath design'd you for the Store-house of all her most excellent Rarities.

Madam, the Magnetick-stone observes not the North Star with more Alacrity than I do your Commands.

Madam, It is the Glory of great Minds to forgive the greatest Faults, where they find Penitence ; and since I am always ready to acknowledge my Errors, you cannot find a more deserving Object of your Compassion.

Madam, It was the Spring of your Beauty that first raised in me those noble Desires, that have since streamed forth in my sincere Affections.

Dear Madam, Let me hear you speak that happy Word once more ; for Angels sure will listen to the Musick of your Voice.

Madam, May I become the Scorn of Time, when I shall give you the least Occasion to repent your Love.

Why, Madam, should you think my Language feign'd ? The Sun shall sooner cease to run its Race, than I shall cease to love you.

Sweet Lady, I cannot but be wholly yours ; because your Beauty hath robb'd me of myself.

Madam, Be not inexorable to the Sighs of  
one

one that must be miserable, if you be not merciful. Your Eyes are the Ambassadors of Life and Death, and bring me Woe or Bliss.

Madam, if I am witty, it is your Beauty makes me so ; for that's the sole Commandress of my Thoughts.

Madam, my Language is as my Intention, plain and real. He that makes Use of golden Words, does it only to gild over the Rottenness of a deceitful Soul.

Madam, to tell you the plain Truth on't, I love you, but want Utterance to express it.

Madam, 'tis true, you are handsome ; but remember, Faces are like Books, and they that study them know them best : And the Truth is, they are liked only as they please the courteous Reader.

Mistress Coy, I do confess, that once I loved you ; but Experience has now taught me more Wit than to follow such a blind Guide as *Cupid*.

Faith, Widow, I am in Love, and 'tis with you : That busy little Rogue *Cupid* has wounded me ; 'tis such a base Urchin, that no Man can be quiet for him. He glides through the *Isle of Man* in a Minute, gets into *Middlesex*, and keeps his *Christmas* there, till he is fir'd out with Heat and Flames.

Pray Madam, be not angry if I tell you that I am none of those tame Fools, that can bear all your Affronts without a just Resentment : But when I find my Love abus'd, I soon turn it into Fury.

Madam, the Praises I have given you were  
ill

ill bestowed, since they have caused you to forget yourself.

Madam, However your Flatterers may go about to deify you, and persuade you that you are a Goddess, I know you to be a Mortal, and that you carry Flesh and Blood about you; nor can you, I am sure, so far forget yourself, as not to know that what I tell you is true.

Dear Madam, give me leave to tell you, 'tis not your Beauty makes me to admire you; tho' few can boast a fairer Face than yours. But 'tis the Knowledge that I have of your unblemish'd Virtue and good Humour, that give you the Preference in my Heart.

Faith, Madam, I can't compliment, but I can love you as well as them that do, and perhaps better; for fine Words are very often a Cover for deceitful Actions: And therefore, if an honest down-right Lover will satisfy you, say but the Word, and I am yours.

*Compliment for Ladies, to be used to Men.*

**M**Y Wishes, Sir, keep Pace with your Endeavours, and may all your Desires meet with a happy Issue.

Sir, I never had those ambitious Thoughts to think you could desire so imperfect a Creature as myself.

Sir, Whatever your Designs are, let your Reputation always be un sullied.

Sir, Sleep cannot be more welcome to the weary Traveller, than you shall ever be to me.

Sir,

Sir, Such is my Interest in your Prosperity, that I will never condemn Fortune, so long as she makes you her Darling.

Sir, it is beyond the Power of Envy to cast a Blemish on your spotless Fame.

Sir, I should sin, should I suspect your Virtues whose Glory it is to vanquish all Deceits.

Sir, Your Desires are so honourable, I cannot stoop too low in my Observance of them.

Sir, 'Tis your Presence that compleats my Joy.

Sir, I am ready to obey; for none can be more proud of your Commands than I am.

Sir, Heaven, which lends an Ear to all good Prayers, give a Blessing to all your virtuous Desires.

Sir, You understand your Authority over me: I dare not deny my Endeavours to perform, whatsoever you shall please to command me.

Sir, I shall not arrogate so much to myself, as to think you are not guilty of gross Flattery, in those Praises you have been so lavish of.

Sir, Your Adulation is too great not to be perceived by me, who am better acquainted with myself, than to lay Claim to any Thing of that which you have attributed to me.

Sir, I should be counted very credulous, should I believe what every one that pretends Love will undertake to tell me. You yourself know your Words to be but Air; and why should I esteem them otherwise?

Sir, 'Tis not your Oaths can make me believe you: For nothing is more common, than for Lovers to break their Oaths upon the Sight of a new Face.



Sir, Your Bounty far exceeds the small Stock of my Merits, that never durst aspire so high, as to think myself worthy of those Favours you have bestowed upon me.

Sir, I have already told you, that I could not love, therefore your further Suit is all impertinent; for it is as possible the fixed Stars should leave their Stations, as that I should love you.

Sir, The Candour of your Conversation, and the Reality of your Affection, command my just Acknowledgment.

Sir, Tho' Sin be such a charming Orator, and gives to Lust the golden Titles of Delight and Pleasure, yet let me beg you to consider what fatal Consequences will attend it: And how delicious ever those stolen Pleasures seem, their latter End must needs be Bitterness.

Sir, I must let you know, I hate your base Desires, and you, whilst you pursue them. My Honour's dearer to me than my Life. Should greatest Kings court me in all their Pride, and in their Laps bring me the Wealth of Worlds, they never should entice my better Will to leave the Paths of Virtue.

Sir, Use not your Eloquence to conquer Virtue: Nor by your gilded Bait endeavour to corrupt my Innocence, and violate my Chastity: For though my present Station be but mean, my Soul's too great to prostitute my Honour, tho' 'twere to gain a Kingdom.

Your Favours, Sir, have rais'd me to that height, I seem to stand upon a Precipice, and thence discern the Greatness of my Fall, unless your Goodness do secure me there.

Sir, It is no Wonder there is so little Good-

ness in the World since the rich Stock of Virtue you possess, makes others become Bankrupts.

Sir, You are so lavish of your Praises, and fetch your Parallels so far, that they transcend the Subject you bestow them on.

Sir, the Favours you bestow upon me, are so great, and do so far exceed all the Returns that I can make, that I must needs turn Bankrupt.

Sir, Your Quality obliges me to think you don't design me for your Wife, and my Honesty bids me tell you, that I will never be your Whore; and therefore, Sir, you may desist from further Courting, for it will be but lost Labour.

Sir, You have heaped so many Favours on me that I must own myself insolvent, unless a free Surrender of myself to you will quit the Score : But if that will be accepted, I do here make a willing Tender to you.

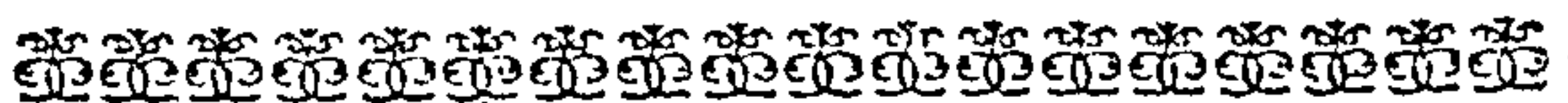
Sir, I must own I love you, and shall be willing to be at your Disposal, when *Hymen* shall have tied the Nuptial Knot : No other Charms but yours could have extorted from me this Acknowledgment.

Sir, Your constant Virtues have deserved a greater Recompence than I can make you. Yet if a Heart, that never entertained a Thought of any other but yourself, be worthy your accepting, I here present in freely.

Sir, the Knowledge I have of your Integrity and Virtues, leaves me no Room to doubt of your Constancy.

Sir, Your constant Affiduity has convinced me of your Sincerity, and therefore it were needless to conceal my Sentiments any longer ; believe me, Sir, you meet with mutual Love.

Sir, you have given me such convincing Proofs of your disinterested Tendernefs, that you have captivated my whole Heart.



## D I A L O G U E . I.

OF LOVE. Between *Philogenes* and *Clinias*.

*Clin.* W H E N C E comes it dear *Philogenes*, that you are not so jovial and merry as you us'd to be? You look pensive and melancholy; what has the fair *Celia* made you feel the Power of her Charms, and taken away your good Humour?

*Philog.* I cannot but own what my Face betrays; and if that be Love, to feel a Pleasure at the Sight of a fine Person, and a Pain when she is absent, I confess I am in Love.

*Clin.* Never doubt it, *Philogenes*, these are the two infallible Signs of new-born Love.

*Philog.* As far as I see, this Evil is not yet desperate since it does but begin.

*Clin.* Do you call that an Evil which is the most noble of all Passions: The Passion of great Souls, and which all accomplished young Men value themselves upon?

*Philog.* I confess, that having never loved before, I know not whether I must call it an Evil or a Good. But I find you are so learned upon this Matter, that you will extremely oblige me in imparting to me your Instructions, and telling me first what Love is.

*Clin.* This general Passion may be referred to three Motions, viz. *To Love, To Burn, To Lan-*

*guish.* *To Love* simply is the first State of the Soul, moved by the Impression of some pleasing Object ; there arises a secret Sentiment of Complacency in him that loves, which becomes afterwards a Passion towards the Object beloved. *To Burn* is a violent Condition liable to Disquiets, Troubles, Torments, sometimes to passionate Sallies, and Despair. *To Languish* is the finest of Love's Motions ; it is the Effects of a pure and clear Flame, which consumes us insensibly. 'Tis a tender Disease which makes us hate the very Thoughts of being cured ; one keeps it secretly in the Bottom of the Heart ; and if it comes to be discovered, the Eyes, Silence, a neglected Sigh, an unwilling Tear, express it better than all the Eloquence of Discourse could do.

*Philog.* By the Description you make of Love, who can doubt but that it is a great Evil ?

*Clin.* And yet I do assure you 'tis quite contrary : The Torments of a true Passion are Pleasures ; one that loves well is never miserable whilst he loves ; he only thinks he has been so, when he ceases to love.

*Philog.* But, pray, what means may a Man use with the Fair, to gain a Return to his Love ?

*Clin.* The Precepts one might give upon this Matter are infinite : But after all, they signify but little ; and he that loves truly, practises them without being acquainted with them. However, one may say, that 'tis no small Merit with the Ladies, the bare loving of them. Next to that, a Lover must screw himself into the Secrecy of their Inclinations, flatter all their  
little



little capricious Humours, make them jealous to discover what Progress his Love has made. Be, or feign to be jealous himself, to shew his Love. If nothing of this can lead him to the Intimacy of their Heart, he must win their Mind by Praises and Courtship, and ingeniously improve all that's lovely in them : For that Man seldom fails pleasing to the Fair, who gives them an Occasion of being better pleased with themselves.

## DIALOGUE II.

*Between a Lover and his Mistress.*

SO Fortune be praised for the Blessing I have to find you at Home.

'Tis no great Miracle, I think.

It is not, I confess, very extraordinary to find you at home; but hitherto, Madam, I never had the Happiness to see you alone.

Sir, you puzzle me, I cannot imagine what you have to say to me.

Many Things, my dear Angel ! wrapped up in one Word, I love.

You love!

Yes, I love—

That's not impossible ; but I think you would do much better to entertain with your Love, the Person who raised it ; for besides that she might give you some Relief, you would ease me of the Trouble which we feel at the Recital of other People's Misfortunes, when we are not in a Capacity to help them.

Oh ! how artful you are in dissembling ! Is it possible ; that my Looks and Actions have not convinced

vinced you a thousand Times over and over, that your bright Eyes cause the Torments I endure ?

The amorous Looks and Civilities of Men are too uncertain Proofs of a true Passion; and they seldom make use of them with any other Design than to try our Sex's Weakness, and laugh at our Credulity.

Ah? Do not wrong me so much as to judge of me by others : I never was a Lover by Profession (or a general Lover) I never knew the Power of Love before the first Moment I saw you. Suspect any Thing in me but Dissimulation: Yes, my dear *Celia*, I love you more than myself, and my Love will be as lasting as my Life.

Every Body says the same; all Men are alike in Words; and 'tis their Actions only that make them appear different.

Since nothing but Actions can shew what we are, the only Favour I beg of you, is to judge my Heart by them, and to give me an Occasion to convince you of the Sincerity and Pureness of my Flames.

Alas ! How easily we are persuaded to what we wish for ! Yes, *Lisidor*, I believe your Love to me is true; and I have no other Concern upon me but the Fear of incurring Blame for encouraging it.

Oh ! my dearest *Celia*, you so transport me out of myself, that I don't know where to find Words to express my Gratitude: But pray, what do you ground your Fears upon ?

I cannot tell it you now? 'tis Time for us to part ; my Mother will be here presently, and I would not have her find us in private Discourse.

Alas! What a Blow you strike in my Heart, when you speak of parting, and with how much Grief I am forced from you!

We will find a Way to meet again, meanwhile be faithful, and I'll not be ungrateful.

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### D I A L O G U E III.

*Of MATRIMONY, Betwixt a Father and his Daughter.*

Daughter, your good Nature and sweet Temper have not a little contributed to increase the Love I ever had for you; and seeing you are of an Age fit to be married, I have cast my Eyes upon Sir N—to be your Husband.

How! Father, a Maid of my Age marry Sir *Nicholas Wrinkle*.

Why not? he is a sober, staid, prudent, and wise Man, not above Fifty, and one who is cryed up for his great Estate.

Marriage is a Business of too great a Consequence to be so quickly resolved upon; and since the Happiness of my whole Life is at Stake, I beg of you to give me some Time to think of it.

I know what is good for you better than your ownself, and therefore I tell you, you shall Marry him to-morrow.

Since you urge me so far, I must tell you my true Sentiments, and confess to you, that I'd rather throw myself into a Nunnery than marry Sir N—since no Marriage can be happy where Inclination is wanting.

That is a Thing, Daughter, which perhaps will come afterward: For they say that Love is often the Fruit of Matrimony.

But, Sir, there is a great hazard on the Woman's side ; and I shall never forget what I have heard my Grandmother say, that a Woman's Virtue is never so much in danger, as when she is married to one she does not like.

Without so many Reasons, I am resolved, I shall marry Sir N— He is rich, and that will satisfy you.

And I protest to you, with all the Duty and Respect I owe you, that I will not be sacrificed to Interest, since so great an Inequality of Age, Humour, and Sentiments, cannot but render a Match liable to many fatal Accidents.

Did any Body ever see a Daughter speak so to her Father ?

But did ever any Body see a Father make such a Match for his Daughter ?

'Tis a Match which nothing can be said against, and I'll lay, that every Body will approve of my Choice.

And I'll lay, it cannot be approved by any reasonable Person.

Will you stand to your Brother's Judgment ?

I'll stand to no Body's Judgment ; my Heart cannot submit to such Tyranny, and in a Word I'll rather marry Death than Sir *Nicholas*.

## D I A L O G U E IV.

*Between a Lady and her Lover.*

*Lover.* I Cannot fail of being happy to Day, since I have begun it so fortunately.

*Lady,* Why ! what have you done to day, that you promise yourself so much Happiness in it ?

K

*Lover,*



*Lover*, I have seen the Sun in its full Glory.

*Lady*, So we have all ; and according to your Rule must all be happy.

*Lover*, All may have seen the Sun, Madam, I grant you ; but still none knows its Force and Influence so well as myself.

*Lady*, The Reason, I suppose, is, because you are a great Philosopher.

*Lover*, Not all, Madam, rather because I am more in Love than any Body.

*Lady*, In Love ; with whom, I pray ?

*Lover*, With one that deserves it.

*Lady*, who can that be, I wonder, who deserves so great an Honour !

*Lover*, One that is not only worthy to be beloved, but also to be adored—

*Lady*, There's no Worth, Beauty, Agreeableness nor Features, but which, being seen at a Distance, may easily deceive the Eye, and appear charming, and which being nearly viewed, do not discover some Imperfection or other ; so that you either saw this Lady afar off, by Night, or with Spectacles.

*Lover*, Neither : For to be far off from her is impossible, since she is often with me ; neither did I see her by Night, because Night cannot be where she is ; and as for Spectacles, Madam, you know I never use any.

*Lady*, Well, if all you have said be true, how very happy must this Lady be—But, prithee, who is she ! Don't I know her ?

*Lover*, As well as you do yourself.

*Lady*, What's her name then ?

*Lover*, The Abridgment of all Perfections.

*Lady*

*Lady*, Now am I farther off from knowing her; what Signs and Tokens has she?

*Lover*, Why in the first Place, she is straight as a Pine, then as fair as the driven Snow; next, blushing as a Rose. Fourthly and lastly, her Limbs are so well proportioned, that a Painter could not have designed them better with his Pencil, Nay, a Painter could have never drawn any Thing like her, she is so very fine.

*Lady*, However, 'tis dangerous to cry her up so much, for fear she should not answer the Character you give of her.

*Lover*, Oh! never doubt it. It is impossible to say too much of her; for who can enough commend her polish'd and high Forehead; her large, full, black Eyes, under noble arch'd Eyebrows, which look like two Suns placed under two triumphal Arches? What shall I say of her little pretty Mouth distilling Honey, and filled with a double set of Pearl, which, together with Rubies of her Lips, compose a wonderful Harmony? No Man can behold the glorious Complexion of her Angelick Cheeks without Admiration, nor view her Alabaster Neck, and the Glories of her golden Locks without Astonishment—Those golden Rays of my bright Sun that drive away the Shades from my Soul.—

*Lady*, Sure you have dreamt of some golden Nymph of *Tagus* which makes you rave thus.

*Lover*, This is no Dream of a Nymph, but one that leaves *Venus* behind, and has got the Start of *Diana*; she is, in short, the Soul of my Soul, Life of my Life, the Beginning and End of all my Hopes and Desires.

*Lady*, Pray make haste, for with this Pace you'll never reach your Journey's End, and you'll scarce accomplish the Encomiums of your Lady by Midnight. For my Part, I shall have no longer Patience to hear you, if you don't immediately tell me her Name, and where she lives.

*Lover*, Where she lives ! why she lives in my Soul, and may be every where else for aught I know.

*Lady*, Well, but from what I have hitherto got out of you, it is most impossible for me to guess at this Goddess ; pray who is she ?

*Lover*, It suffices, Madam, that I am her Slave ; that's all——No matter for her Name.

*Lady*, How came you to be her Slave ; she would not make you so sure, if she be so good as you speak her ?

*Lover*, 'Twas love made me so.

*Lady*, Love made you so ! Then, as the Saying is who can be free ? But prithee, if the Question be not too free, tell me a little what this Love is ; for from what you have said, you have already raised a thousand Doubts concerning him.

*Lover*, Why, Madam, Love is a God or Deity, commonly said to be the Son of *Venus*. or rather, according to a more Christian Philosophy, a Passion of the Soul, a Fire that melts and consumes us ; an impetuous Torrent that overflows our Reason, without giving us leave to make use either of the Sails or Oars of right Consideration. In a word, he is a Tyrant, whose Cruely none escape but those that fly him. This Tyrant, Torrent, Fire, Passion, Deity, or

God, domineers, tyrannizes, and blusters over all Mankind in such manner, that Free-will is an absolute Stranger wherever he resides, and nothing but Slaves and Captives inhabit his Dominions : Yet their Slavery is pleasing, Captivity charming, and Subjection voluntary.

*Lady*, If it be voluntary, then are they at Liberty; and while they are at Liberty, they cannot be under Subjection: So that you do yourself a great deal of wrong by taking upon you the Title of a Slave, if you reckon yourself among those.

*Lover*, We are at Liberty indeed, because we beg for what we endure; yet at the same Time is this Begging forced, and this Force voluntary.

*Lady*, I would give a good deal now to see your Mistress, that I might acquaint her with all the fine Things you have said of her, and how much she is indebted to you for all these Compliments.

*Lover*, Not at all : For she can owe nothing to whom all is due, and to whom all is due every Body must be indebted.

*Lady*, Leave off these Riddles, and tell me who she is.

*Lover*, Why, Madam, you cannot be ignorant that nothing can quadrate better with these Praises than yourself; therefore none else can be my Mistress, my Goddess, and my Life.

*Lady*, Is't possible! Sure it won't be very easy for me to sleep to Night with the Weight of so great an Obligation upon me.

*Lover*, Yourself, Madam, is only obliged to yourself for this Obligation, as you are pleased to term it; for yourself was the first Occasion of it.



*Lady* No doubt, Sir but you're acquainted with those that deserve these fine Epithets better than I; you would do well then to bestow them elsewhere.

*Lover*, There never was, nor ever will be a Creature that deserves them better than yourself, and therefore you are the only Person they belong to.

*Lady*, Now I'm convinced you banter me.

*Lover*, I swear by your bright self, I do not—For I speak only what I think, and will always endeavour to make my Actions conformable to my Words.

*Lady*, I am none of those Fools you take me for, nor will take for Gospel all the fine Stories that a Man says to me; you Men are more deceitful than Serpents, and more dangerous than *Sirens*, for even where you sing you kill.

*Lover*, You have a very bad Opinion of Men, I perceive, Madam.

*Lady*, No very good one, I must confess,

*Lover*, But is there no Exception from this general Rule?

*Lady*, I believe not; nor can I think it possible for a Man to observe faithfully all the Laws and Statutes of Love.

*Lover*, What! has Love Laws and Statutes, then, like Common-wealths and Kingdoms?

*Lady*, Who doubts it?

*Lover*, Truly, I never knew that before. But may not I obtain the Favour, Madam, to know what they are?

*Lady*, Who told you I could inform you?

*Lover*,

*Lover*, I imagine so, because you are so skill-ed in Love's Politicks.

*Lady*, Well then, to shew you what slender Hopes you can have to take my Citadel, I'll make you sensible of the Difficulty, by laying down the Hardships you are likely to undergo, if you persist.

*Lover*, Why, Madam ! if an Assault required ten thousand Lives, I'd lose them all before I'd give Ground.

*Lady*, If you had twenty Thousand to lose, it were the same Thing, since you would be sure to meet with the strictest Reason, untainted Chastity, and all imaginable Prudence to oppose you. But to come to the Point, the Qualifications Love requires in its Combats are conformable to Letters of the Alphabet : For as Children are taught to read from thence, so Love will have all that engage under his Banners to make use of them, also, for Fundamentals and Elements, inso-much that a Lover must be, 1. Amorous, 2. Brave. 3. Civil. 4. Discreet. 5. Eloquent. 6. Flattering. 7. Gay. 8. Honest. 9. Ingenious. 10. Kind. 11. Liberal. 12. Modest. 13. New. 14. Open-hearted. 15. Piteous. 16. Quiet. 17. Reasonable. 18. Secret. 19. Tender. 20. Vigilant. 21. Worthy. 22. *Xantippe's* Friend. 23. Youthful. 24. Zealous.

*Lover*, These Titles and Qualities which you require in a Lover, seem, some of them, to be superfluous, and others contrary to the very Nature of Love ; for why should you expect Honesty  
in

in a Lover, since Chastity is entirely opposite to the main End of his Desires ?

*Lady*, That may be ; yet the Lover that does not at least seem honest shall never make any great Progress in his Amour : For a Woman that knows her Gallant's Intentions to dishonour her, ought not only to hate him, but avoid him as she would the Sight of a Basilisk.

*Lover*, But why must a Lover be *new* ?

*Lady*, Because most Woman delight in Novelty.

*Lover*, And why *Flattering*, I beseech you ; Flattery being a Thing so generally despised, tho' as universally practised ?

*Lady*, Because the Power of Flattery is so great, that tho' it were never so gross and manifest, yet it is always taken for Sincerity and Praise, and that particularly by us Women, who altho' we be as homely as a *Megera*, yet still we imagine ourselves every one to be a *Venus*, or a *Diana*. And again, should any of your flattering Sex call an old Woman of threescore, *Child*, so great is the Force of Flattery, that she would immediately fancy herself young, and believe the Years she reckoned by were only Months, and that she was but just then freed from her Swadling Cloaths.

*Lover*. Well, but Promises being a Branch of Flattery, why should a Man promise that which he is not able to perform ?

*Lady*, Because Promises shew a good Will, and make so strong an Impression on a young Lady's

Lady's Heart, that it is seldom or never removed.

*Lover*, By my Faith, Madam, your Comment infinitely surpasses the Text ; and since you have thus condescended to instruct my Love, I beg you will likewise accept of the Lover, whose Aim has all along been to fix in your Heart.

*Lady*, I advise him to chuse another ; but for mine it is not soft enough to receive his Darts : it shall be sure to make them rebound.

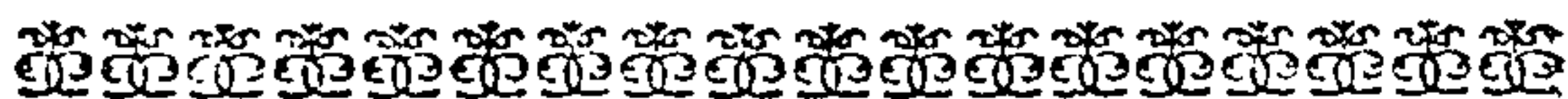
*Lover*, My Soul will always follow, desire, and covet.

*Lady*. To another Door, good M<sup>r</sup>. Crocodile, for this will by no Means be opened.

*Lover*, Then will I for ever cleave to the Threshold—Will you then be so cruel ?

*Lady*, You are so to yourself, if you throw away more Time upon me—Farewel.

*Lover*, Farewel, most merciless.



## The UNHAPPY MARRIAGE,

*Or, a Caution to avaritious Parents.*

A Merchant in an eminent Town in the British Plantations, who had acquired a handsome Fortune and retired from Business, had one only Daughter, *Eleonora*, of whom he was passionately fond. She was an agreeable and accomplished young Lady, and when she attained her 20th Year, her Father began to consider of a pro-  
per



per Match for her. About that Time, *Freeport*, a Merchant, and polite young Gentleman, returned from a tedious Voyage, and being led by some Business to *Eleonora's* Father, was at first Sight struck with her Beauties; and she was soon not less affected by his Accomplishments. Thus mutually delighted with each other, he asked her in Marriage of her Father, who readily complied. The happy Day was appointed, and every Thing ready for so joyful an Occasion, when *Freeport* was obliged to hurry away to a Sea-port Town, 150 Miles off, by the bad News of a very rich Vessel of his being wrecked there upon the Sand. He took a passionate Farewel of his intended Bride, and comforted her and himself with the Hope of a speedy Return.

But in his Absence, *Avaro*, an elderly Gentleman, the richest and most powerful Man in the Province, making a Visit to *Eleonora's* Father, was smitten with her Beauty, and demanded her in Marriage. The Father, dazzled with the Offer of so great a Match, cut off at once her Correspondence with *Freeport* by Letter, and commanded her to marry *Avaro*; which she was at length obliged with the utmost Reluctance to submit to, and entered into Sorrow and Matrimony together. Mean while, *Freeport* wondering at *Eleonora's* Silence, and impatient to be informed, returned with the utmost Expedition: But how terrible was the Shock, when he was told *she was married, and could see him no more!* Here upon, in the deepest Despair, he shipped himself for another Voyage, and resolved  
never

never to return till he had forgot his own Passion and her Perfidy.

In the mean Time, this Marriage, from which *Avaro* expected the greatest Happiness, proved the Bane of his Peace and Comfort. *Eleonora* only considered him as the Destroyer of her Repose, and the Ruin of the Man she loved. His Daughter, who had long been Governess of his Family, took it ill to see herself without Authority, where she had been Mistress, looked upon her Father as one that injured her, and treated *Eleonora* as an open Enemy. At last he resolved to sacrifice the Daughter to the Wife, accordingly placed her with a Relation. But no Behaviour could make him tolerable to *Eleonora*, or blot out the Memory of her unhappy Lover: He often heard her sigh out his Name, and saw her Tears for his Loss, which she was sometimes unable to conceal. Enraged at this, he changed his Conduct to the cruel and severe, debarred her from Company, and insulted her Misfortune. This Tyranny from the Man she hated compleated her Woes, and made her desperate.

When several Years had passed in this Manner, *Freeport*, unable to conquer his Passion, returned Home; and having learned the Circumstances of the Marriage, forgave *Eleonora*, and thought of nothing but how to deliver her: Which he happily effected one Evening, when she was going to throw herself into the Sea, crying out, *I gave him to the Seas, and 'tis but Justice I should follow him.* After the tenderest mutual Transports, he conducted her to an  
Island

Island of his own in the Bay, where they lived securely and pleasantly in mutual Endearments, and began to forget they had ever been unfortunate.

After several Months, *Avaro*, thinking *Eleonora* had made away with herself, took another Wife ; and a few Days after the Marriage, was discovered by the Lovers rowing in a Pinnace towards their Shore. The landing Place from the Bay was common to *Freeport's* House, and the House of Entertainment that the new-married Couple were going to, and a quick-set Hedge only parted the Gardens, at the Bottom of which was a Door of Communication to both. *Eleonora* could see them without being seen herself, and *Freeport* contrived to be revenged on his Rival, by dressing *Eleonora* in the Figure that Superstition has formed as most agreeable to that of a Ghost. At Moon-light, when they went down to take Water, she planted herself at the Bottom of the Hedge, and appeared from behind it, crying out in a hollow Tone, “ You robbed me of my Love,  
 “ your Cruelty cut short my Days, and now  
 “ I am forgot. Adieu ! when we meet next  
 “ ’twill be on other Terms.” Then she vanished behind the Hedge again, and *Avaro* and his Wife fainted away ; but coming to themselves, their Slaves row’d them Back to Town, where *Avaro*, not able to get over the Idea, took a Quantity of Opium, and thought Death more tolerable than Despair. The Lovers were extremely concern’d they had been so severe in their Revenge ; they retain’d their Affection

fection to the last, but the Memory of *Avaro's* End struck a Horror to their Minds, which not even all the Sweets of mutual Love were able to overcome.

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*Cautions to the Ladies.*

**I**N former Times, the young Ladies contented themselves to be found employ'd in domestick Duties ; for then Routs, Drums, Balls, Assemblies, and such like Markets for Women were not known. Modesty and Diffidence, Gentleness and Meekness, were looked upon as the appropriate Virtues and characteristick Graces of the Sex. And if a forward Spirit pushed itself into Notice, it was exposed in Print as it deserved.

The Churches were almost the only Places where single Women were to be seen by Strangers. Men went thither expecting to see them ; and perhaps too much for that only Purpose. But some Good often resulted, however improper was their Motive. Both Sexes were in the Way of their Duty. The Man must be abandoned indeed, who loves not Goodness in another ; nor were the young Fellows of that Age so wholly lost to a Sense of Right, as Pride and Conceit has since made them affect to be. When therefore they saw a Fair-one whose decent Behaviour and chearful Piety shewed her Earnest in her first Duties, they had the less Doubt, judging politically only, that she would have a conscientious Regard to her Second.



With what Ardour have I seen watched for, the Rising of a kneeling Beauty ? And what additional Charms has Devotion given to her re-communicated Features ?

The Men were often the better for what they heard. Even a *Saul* was once found prophecying among the Prophets whom he had set out to destroy. To a Man thus put into good Humour by a pleasing Object, Religion itself looked more amiably. The Men-seekers of those Times loved the holy Place for the Object's Sake, and loved the Object for her suitable Behaviour in it. Reverence mingled with their Love, and they thought that a young Lady of such good Principles must be addressed only by the Man, who at least made a Shew of good Principles, whether his Heart was yet quite right or not. Nor did the young Lady's Behaviour, at any Time of the Service, lessen this Reverence. Her Eyes were her own, her Ears the Preacher's. Women are always most observed, when they seem themselves least to observe, or to lay out for Observation. The Eye of a respectful Lover loves rather to receive Confidence from the with-drawn Eye of the Fair-one, than to find itself obliged to retreat.

When a young Gentleman's Affection was thus laudably engaged, he pursued its natural Dictates ; keeping then was a rare, at least a secret and scandalous Vice, and a Wife was the Summit of his Wishes. Rejection was now dreaded, and Pre-engagement apprehended. A Woman whom he loved, he was ready to think must be admired by all the World.

His

His Fears; his Uncertainties, increased his Love. Every Enquiry he made into the Lady's domestick Excellence, which, when a Wife is to be chosen, will surely not be neglected, confirmed him in his Choice. He opens his Heart to a common Friend, and honestly discovers the State of his Fortune. His Friend applies to those of the young Lady, whose Parents, if they approve his Proposals, disclose them to their Daughter. She perhaps is not an absolute Stranger to the young Gentleman. His Eyes, his Assiduities, his constant Attendance at a Church, whither till of late, he used seldom to come, and a thousand little Observances that he paid her, and very probably first forced her to regard, and then inclined her to favour him.

That a young Lady should be in Love, and the Love of the young Gentleman undeclared, is an Heterodoxy which Prudence, and even Policy, must not allow. But thus applied to, she is all Resignation to her Parents. Charming Resignation, which Inclination opposes not.

Her Relations applaud her for her Duty; Friends meet; Points are adjusted; delightful Perturbations, and Hopes, and a few Lover's Fears, fill up the tedious Space, till an Interview is granted; for the young Lady had not made herself cheap at public Places.

The Time of Interview arrives. She is modestly reserved; he is not confident. He declares his Passion; the Consciousness of her own Worth, and his Application to her Parents,  
take

take from her any doubt of his Sincerity ; and she owns herself obliged to him for his good Opinion. The Enquiries of her Friends into his Character, have taught her, that his good Opinion deserves to be valued.

She tacitly allows of his future Visits ; he renews them ; the Regard of each for the other is confirmed ; and when he presses for the Favour of her Hand, he receives a Declaration of an entire Acquiescence with her Duty, and a modest Acknowledgment of Esteem for him. He applies to her Parents therefore for a near Day ; and thinks himself under Obligation to them for the chearful and affectionate Manner with which they receive his agreeable Application.

With this Prospect of future Happiness, the Marriage is celebrated. Gratulations pour in from every Quarter. Parents and Relations on both Sides, brought acquainted in the Course of the Courtship, can receive the happy Couple with Countenances illumined, and joyful Hearts.

The Brothers, the Sisters, the Friends of one Family, are the Brothers, the Sisters, the Friends of the other. The two Families thus made one, are the World to the young Couple. Their Home is the Place of their principal Delight, nor do they even occasionally quit it but they find the Pleasure of returning to it augmented in Proportion to the Time of their Absence from it.

Oh ! Forgive the Talkativeness of an old Man ! when I courted and married my *Lætitia*, then a blooming Beauty, every Thing passed just so ! But how is the Case now ? The Ladies, Maidens,

Maidens, Wives, and Widows are engrossed by Places of open Resort, and general Entertainment which fill every Quarter of the Metropolis, and being constantly frequented, make Home irksome. Break-fasting Places; dining Places; Routs, Drums, Concerts, Balls, Plays, Operas, Masquerades for the Evening, and even for all Night. And lately, public Sales of the Goods of broken House-keepers, which the general Dissoluteness of Manners has contributed to make very frequent, come in as another reasonable Relief to these modern Time-killers. In the Summer there are in every Country Town Assemblies; *Tunbridge, Bath, Cheltenham, Scarborough!* what Expence of Dress and Equipage is required to qualify the Frequenters for such emulous Appearance?

By the natural Infection of Example, the lowest People have Places of Six-penny Resort, and Gamning Tables for Pence. Thus Servants are now induced to Fraud and Dishonesty, to support Extravagance, and supply their Losses.

As to the Ladies who frequent those public Places, they are not ashamed to shew their Faces wherever Men dare go, nor blush to try who shall stare most impudently, or who shall laugh loudest on the public Walks. The young Fellows buzz about them as Flies about a Carcase, and they hear with Greediness foolish Things which they think pretty. They believe the Men in earnest; and the Men, to gratify the Pride and Conceit which are raised by such easy Conquests, ridicule them for their Credulity.



The Men who would make good Husbands, if they visit those Places, are frightened at Wedlock, and resolve to live Single, except they are bought at a very high Price. They can be Spectators of all that passes, and, if they please, more than Spectators, at the Expence of others. The Companion of an Evening, and the Companion for Life, require very different Qualifications. Two thousand Pounds in the last Age, with a domestic Wife, would go farther than ten Thousand in this. Yet Settlements are expected, that often, to a mercantile Man especially, sink a Fortune into Uselessness; and Pin-money is stipulated for, which makes a Wife independent, and destroys Love, by putting it out of a Man's Power to lay any Obligation upon her, that might engage Gratitude, and kindle Affection : When to all this the Card-tables are added, how can a prudent Man think of marrying !

And when the worthy Men know not where to find Wives, must not the Sex be left to the Foplings, the Coxcombs, the Libertines of the Age, whom they help to make such ? And need even these Wretches marry to enjoy the Conversation of those who render their Company so cheap ?

And what, after-all, is the Benefit which the gay Coquet obtains by her Flutters ? As she is approachable by every Man without requiring, I will not say Incense or Adoration, but even common Complaisance, every Fop treats her as upon the Level, looks upon her light Airs as Invitations,

tions, and is on the Watch to take the Advantage: She has Companions indeed, but no Lovers; for Love is respectful and timorous; and where among all her Followers will she find a Husband?

Set, dear Sir, before the Youthful, the Gay, the Inconsiderate, the Contempt as well as the Danger to which they are exposed. At one Time or other, Women, not utterly thoughtless, will be convinced of the Justice of your Censure, and the Charity of your Instruction. But should your Expostulations and Reproofs have no Effect upon those who are so far gone in fashionable Folly, they may be retailed from Mouth to their Nieces, Marriage will not often have intitled these to Daughters, when they, the Meteors of a Day, find themselves elbowed off the Stage of Vanity by other Flutterers; for the most admired Women cannot have many *Tunbridge*, many *Bath* Seasons to blaze in; since even fine Faces, often seen, are less regarded than new Faces, the proper Punishment of showy Girls, for rendering themselves so impolitickly cheap.

*I am S I R,*

*Your sincere Admirer, &c.*

*A very remarkable LOVE LETTER.*

*S I R,*

THE following Epistle was written by a Girl at *Deal*, to her Sweet-heart, a Sailor, on board a Man of War in the Downs. The  
Sim-

Simplicity of her Expression gave me some Diversion on the first Reading ; on the second I could not help comparing her Sentiments with those of *Ovid's* Heroines, and found them much the same when the latter were stript of the polite Dress which their Courtly Secretary has given them. The Lieutenant of the Ship, who communicated it, found it on Board twisted up with Tobacco in it ; by which it should seem, that our sea-faring Spark had as little Regard for his Mistress, after Enjoyment, as if he had been of a more illustrious Rank.

*Lovin der Charls*

THIS with mi kind Lov to yow, is to tel yow after all our sport and fon I am lik to pay fort ; for i am with Child, and whereof my Sister *Nan* koos it, and cals me Hore and Bech and is redy to ter mi sol owt ; and curs *Jack Seny* kices her evry Tim he cum a shor, and the faci Dog wold hav lade with me to, but i wold not let him, for i will be alwas honest to yow, therfor der *Charls* cum a shor, and let us be marred to safe mi Vartu : And if yow have no Moni i wil paun mi new Stais, and sel mi to new Smocks yow gav me, and that will pay the Parson, and find us a Din-  
ner, and pray der der *Charls*, cum a shor ; and, der *Charls*, dont be frad for want of a Ring, for i hav stol our *Nans*, and the nasty tod shal never hav it mor ; for she tels about, that i am goin to hav a Basterd : And, God blès yowr lovin Sol cum a shor, for i longs to be

be mared accordin to yowr Promis, stil i wil  
be yowr der vartus Wife tel Deth.

Feby. 7. 1734.

Sarah Hartrop.

Pray dont let yowr Mesmat Jack se  
this, if yow do, hel tel ovr Nan,  
and shel ter mi Hart owt then,  
for she is a Divil at me now.

*The following Lines were sent to us with this Letter, which we suppose were designed as a Parallel.*

D E A R Object of my Love, whose manly  
Charms

With Bliss ecstatic fill'd my circling Arms !  
That Bliss is past ; and nought for me remains,  
But dire Reproach, and never pity'd Pains.  
For (Nature baffling ev'ry Art I try'd)  
My Sister has my growing Shame descry'd :  
E'en she assails me with opprobrious Name ;  
When the Prude's conscious she deserves the  
same :

Her loose associate, sated from her flies,  
And vainly to seduce my Virtue tries.  
True as a Wife, I only want the Name ;  
O haste and wed me, and preserve my Fame.  
Unlike most modern Matches ours shall be,  
From Settlements, the Lawyers Fetters, free ; }  
I'll quit my all, and be content with thee. }  
Then haste away, and strike Detraction dead ;  
The nuptial Feast awaits you, and the Bed :

Nor



Nor fear the Band that will endure for Life,  
With me your loving and your faithful Wife.

## P O S T S C R I P T.

These earnest Dictates of my anxious Heart,  
I beg you will not to your Friend impart;  
For oft beneath fair Friendship's specious show  
The Traitor lurks, the undermining Foe.

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