

[*two rules*]

AN AMORIST

Is an Artificer, or Maker of Love, a sworn
 Servant to all Ladies, like an Officer in a
 Corporation. Though no one in particular
 will own any Title to him, yet he never fails,
 upon all Occasions, to offer his Services, and
 they as seldom to turn it back again untouched.
 He commits nothing with them, but himself to
 their good Graces ; and they recommend him
 back again to his own, where he finds so kind
 a Reception, that he wonders how he does
 fail of it every where else. His Passion is as
 easily set on Fire as a Fart, and as soon out
 again. He is charged and primed with Love-
 Powder like a Gun, and the least Sparkle of an
 Eye gives Fire to him, and off he goes, but
 seldom, or never, hits the Mark. He has com-
 mon Places and Precedents of Repartees and
 Letters for all Occasions ; and falls as readily
 into his Method of making love, as a Parson

does into his Form of Matrimony. He con- verses, as Angela are said to do, by
 Intuition, and expresses himself by Sighs most significant- ly. He follows his Visits,
 as Men do their Business, and is very industrious in waiting on the Ladies, where
 his Affairs lie ; among which those of greatest Concernment are *Questions and*
Commands, Purposes, and other such received Forms of With and Conversation ;
 in which he is so deeply studied, that in all Questions and Doubts that arise, he is
 appealed to, and very learnedly declares, which was the most true and primitive
 Way of proceeding in the purest Times. For these Virtues he never fails of his Sum-
 mons to all Balls, where he manages the Country-Dances with singular Judgment,
 and is frequently an Assistant at L'hombre; and these are all the Uses they make
 of his Parts, beside the Sport they give themselves in laughing at him, which he
 takes for singular Favours, and interprets to his own Advantage, though it never
 goes further; for all his Employments being public, he is never admitted to any pri-
 vate Services, and they despise him as not Wo- man's Meat: For he applies

to too many to be truſted by any one; as Baſtards by having many Fathers, have none at all. He goes often

mounted in a Coach as a Convoy, to guard the Ladies, to take the Duſt in *Hyde-Park*; where by his prudent Management of the Glaſs Windows he fecures them from Beggars, and returns fraught with China-Oranges and Ballads. Thus he is but a Gentleman-Uſher General, and his Buſineſs is to carry one Lady's Services to another, and bring back the others in Exchange.
