

1526

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THE

Athenian

S P Y :

THE
ATHENIAN SPY :

Discovering the
SECRET LETTERS

Which were sent to the

ATHENIAN SOCIETY

By the Most Ingenious
LADIES of the *Three Kingdoms.*

Relating to the

Management of their Affections.

Being a Curious SYSTEM of

LOVE CASES,

Platonic and Natural.

- I. The Principles of **LOVE**, according to *Plato's Idea*, in an intire Series of *Platonic Courtship* between several *Philosophic Gentlemen and Ladies.* With the Form of *Platonic Matrimony.*
- II. The Way of a **Man** with a **Maid**: Or, The Whole Art of **AMOUR**: With all its *Intrigues and Amulements*, till its *Consummation in Enjoyment.*

Intermix'd vwith great Variety of **POEMS.**

Being an intire Collection of *Love-Secrets* Communicated from time to time to the *Athenian Society.*

London, Printed for **A. Balley**, at the Bible in the *Poultry*, at the corner of the *Old Jewry.* 1704

TO THE
PINDARICK
LADY.

MADAM,

THE *Athenians* thought they cou'd not make a more pleasing and agreeable Present to *Apollo* then by sending to his Temple at *Delphos* their *First Hair* (which they consecrated to him as the first Production of their Brain) this makes us hope that your Ladship will not refuse to Patronize these Letters which pass between the *Athenian Society*, and the *Most Ingenious Ladies in the Three Kingdoms*.

A

Madam

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Madam we call them, The most Ingenious, &c. as the Ladies we corresponded with, were.

Madam *Laureat*, a Lady known and Admired by the chief Wits of both Universities.

The Lady *Cary*, that matchless Woman for Love and Poetry.

Madam *Wood*, who borrowed the name of the Nightingale, and her Numbers are as sweet, as the voice of that is Musical.

The Lady *Shute*, that mighty Woman for Intreague, and secret Amour.

Madam *Godfrey*, who undertook to defend the present Fashions of the Female Sex, and was the SHE Champion in the *Amorous Quarrels*.

The Ingenious *Sault*, who at the Age of Twenty was arrived to the Knowledge of a Bearded Philosopher.

The Lady *Price*, that extraordinary Woman, for the *Criticks*, and Polite Discourse.

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The Learned *Anonyma*, famous for her Metaphysical Learning, and Skill in the Languages.

The Divine *Irene*, who (if there ever was such a thing on Earth) I may venture to call a Perfect Woman.

The (Unknown) *Almira*, that Master-piece of Wit and Beauty.

We also Corresponded with *Climene*, *Sapho*, *Orinda*, and other Ingenious Persons (of both Sexes) who conceal themselves under Borrowed Names.

Madam,

A Secret Correspondence between the *Athenian Society* and these *Celebrated Wits* has been continued ever since the First Publication of the *Athenian Mercury*; (which is twelve Years since) and contains great variety of *nice and uncommon* Subjects, but we are too sensible of our own Imperfections to venture it amongst the Criticks without prefixing your ILLUSTRIOUS Name to its Dedication.

And we hope (*Madam*,) you will be contented for once to sit at the upper end

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of the Table, and *Grace the Feast*. tho you did not honour us so far as to be one of our Clubb.

We have provided you the best company we could, [*The most Ingenious Ladies in the Three Kingdoms*] and at their expence too, the best Treat: For, to render these Pacquets as entertaining as possible, several Gentlemen and Ladies sent us many *Curious and Witty Letters* of which we have given a particular account in the *Preface* to this Work.

The whole Correspondence contains several Volumes, in which your *Ladiship* will find the *Athenian Society* writing boldly, and with great Freedom to their Correspondents, whether it be about—*Platonick Courtship, Sinners as Confession, Philosophick Metamorpholy, Court-Secrets,* or any other, *Nice* (or uncommon) Subjects; and the Ladies seem to be acted by a brave Spirit, and to be much *above disguise and fear*. In some of these Pacquets (especially in the Letters of *Madam Irene &c.*) there is a matchless tenderness in them that they cannot fail of affecting the most insensible Hearts with pleasing Agitations. So that it *Novelty*
(or

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(or *Variety* either) has Charm enough to divert your Ladyship, we hope these *Athenian Pacquets* will obtain the honour to travel the World under your *GLO-RIOUS* Protection.

We need not tell your Ladyship how universally the Writings of the *Athenian Society* have obtain'd in the World; for the three Volumes we have lately published of the *Athenian Oracle* sufficiently evince it. But tho' *Atheutantsm* was entirely Mr. Duntou's thought; (I mean both the *Athenian Mercury*, the *Athenian Oracle*, and even the *Athenian Society* it self) yet this Age affording more Poets than Patrons (for nine Muses may travel long ere they can find one *Macenas*;) We had not presum'd to inscribe this *Athenian Pacquet* to your honourable Name, had not the most Ingenious Ladies in the three Kingdoms had a considerable hand in the composing of it; and unanimously voted your Ladyship the *ONLY PATRONESSE* able to protect and defend it. Madam, the *Pindarick Lady* (as if Poetry were your *Birth-right*) did formerly oblige our Society with the best Questions and Poems that

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that ever came to our hands, and the Poems we have lately seen of your Ladyship's writing, would convince the severest Criticks that *PHILOMELA* not only; *OUT-SHINES* the rest of her Sex in Wit and Sense (which has rais'd you so high in the Lady *Weymouths* Friendship) but has fathom'd the vast Body of Learning, and in every several part of it are *Masterpieces*: Nor does your Poems alone relish of your Wit and Piety, for you are not of a *Vertue* which you forthwith put not into act, and add to it a greater Beauty than it had in the example. 'Tis in your Ladyship (as in your Worthy Ancestors) that *Piety* still, and *Ingenuity* join. Qualities that sympathize so much with the pious Name of *SINGER*:

Your *Charity* is extensive tho' 'tis managed with the greatest secrecy.

Your Heart is sincerely obedient to your *Pious* and *Agcd* Father.

Your Humour is full of Kindness and good Nature: You are affable and easy of access, and converse with Persons of all Conditions without lessning your Character.

When Persons of Figure are thus Religious, their Example is expos'd to

view

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view and Imitation, their Character spreads and recommends the practice of Christianity with wonderful advantage: *When those who are possess'd of this World, are in quest of Another, and pursue their Interests in Eternity,* it argues strongly that this can't be the state of Happiness and Rest. We've a pregnant Instance of this nature, in your Ladyship, whose Mind is serious and always urg'd on with a Generous Thirst after Virtue; and 'tis remarkable your Understanding does not improve too fast for your Practice; you are well skill'd in the *Doctrines of the Christian Faith,* and can discourse consistently upon the most difficult Articles in Religion. The *Holy Scriptures* are the Subject of your Thoughts, they form your Life and Manners, and refine your Practice and your whole Conduct may be safely follow'd as the perfect Standard of Piety and Vertue; your attendance at Church is Devout and Constant, you are not Religious only by Start and Sally, your Principles are better fix'd, and your dispositions have more of Grace in 'em than to suffer any intermissions in matters of such importance.

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Your Zeal has nothing of Frenzy and Passion, which is *too common with the fair Sex*; you manage with *Prudence* and *Decency* in the midst of Religious Worship, and always keep within the bounds of *Revelation* and *Reason*.

Your Ladyship is sensible that publick Devotions warm your Heart, strengthen your Resolution, and confirm your Peace. You neither neglect the *Pleasures of Life*, nor pursue 'em too close: You do not over-love the Creature, your greatest hopes are anchor'd in *Eternity*, and thence your satisfactions are deriv'd. But we need not enlarge, for 'tis well known your Ladyship takes that delight in doing good, as if you had *no other Erand in the World*.

The consideration, Madam, of these *great Excellencies*, confirm'd us in a belief that Letters of *Platonick Courtship, &c.* wou'd prove a Present most acceptable to your Ladyship, to whose *Innocency* you make as near an approach as any thing mortal can do.

Shou'd we say you are without Sin, we shou'd impiously contradict the Scriptures; shou'd we say you have any, we shou'd

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shou'd unjustly go against our own Knowledge; for none of the *Athenian Society* (tho' one of us had the honour to correspond with you) cou'd ever discover in you the least Imperfection. Sure we are if you have Infirmities, they are Antest-ate, unless you place your own Conscience for a Witness, which it will not better become to judge it self, than it will do our Charity to clear it.

This Testimony Truth, and our *Female Correspondents* commanded us to give you, and to commend to Posterity.

Neither do we flatter your Ladyship in all this, for we freely confess that if within the large Circuit of our Conversation or Reading, we cou'd have found a Feminine Example fairer than your own, to her perusal (if living) we had dedicated these *Paquets*; If Dead, had bequeath'd 'em to her Memory.

But the following Letters being the ingenious Productions of the *SHE-WITS*, &c. to whom cou'd we so fitly present 'em as to *Madam Singer*; who to the advantage of a most noble Education, has conjoin'd in her own Person whatever is particularly excellent in all the Ladies
in

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in the three Kingdoms. We shan't presume to trouble your Ladyship with any further account of the *Athenian Pacquets*, saving in the General they are *Platonick* and *Vertuous*; but as in Romances and Plays, the chief Art and Vertue is to conceal the Plot, so in hopes to betray your Ladyship to a full perusal, we shall suffer the Scene to open and the *Actors* to enter; and therefore, in an humourfome desire of diverting you, will leave you to the Entertainment our *Ingenious Correspondents* have provided for you.

And (Madam) we do it with an Assurance that your Goodness will pardon what you can't approve; but seeing some of the Letters which we here dedicate to your Ladyship (viz. — *the Letter directing the Batchelor in his whole Amour, &c.* — and that showing the Virgin how she shou'd behave her self during the time of Courtship &c) were written by Persons in Love in those Hours which they devoted to the contemplation of their Sweet-Hearts: Your Ladyship (whom Art and Nature have done their utmost to render charming) must have been sensible of that Passion which makes

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makes us think not always so justly as we ought ; you will then pity the *Errors* you find here, if you can't excuse them.

Madam, Let us then in all humility implore your *Patronage* to these *Pacquets*; there's none will doubt the value of any thing which shall have the Happiness of *pleasing you*; neither would they need any Apology for their appearing in Publick, were it not for the *Blemishes* they may have receiv'd in passing thro' our Hands.

However, if they any ways contribute to your Ladyships *Diversions*, it will be the highest Satisfaction and Honour to,

MADAM,

Your Ladyships

most Humble

And

most obedient Servants.

New Athens.

THE PREFACE.

Courteous Reader,

WE hope you'll allow us the pretty Impertinence of a Preface to this Volume of Love, and truly we shan't say much either for it, or against it, but suffer it to stand or fall by the Merits of its own Cause. But what! is Athens grown Amorous? Yes, — really Sir, we have been dabbling in such matters as well as other People, but you'll find the Letters are as inoffensive as you wou'd wish, and the very Vestals might read them, and preserve their Innocence: We had rather lay by the Quill, than Write, at the expence of Vertue and Religion. Here's neither Swearing nor Cursing, nothing but the Pure Transports
of

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of Love; all of 'em as harmless, and as innocent as the Doves of Venus.

Unless we Love, Life's but an empty name,
Not worth the while, and slowly on it moves;
'Twas Love that joyn'd the Universal Frame,
And every Creature, every Insect Loves.

However, this is the last time, the World shall ever hear from us upon this Subject, tho' suppose they should, **Query**, what harm is there in the pretty soft thing? Sure we are our old female **Querists** will never be weary of a little Harmless Love, — or so; — for even **Angels Love**, but (like **Platonick Friends**) they love virtuously and reasonably, and never err in the Object nor the Manner; and if all our **SHE-WITS** had done the same, we wonder what our Sex could have found out to have objected against **Women**. However here they are silenc'd, and we dare be bold to say, That whoever does not come extremely prejudiced to this Volume, will find in it that **Chastity** of Thought, that **Purity** of Language, and that **Softness** in the **LOVE PART** (more especially in **Platonick Matrimony**, — the **Amorous Quarrels**, — the **ACT** to provide **Maids with Husbands**, —
and

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and in the Method for Unmarrying those that are Unhappily yok'd)——as he will hardly find in any other Book.

Our own, Reader, the common Haters will be ready to say this Love Pacquet is light, Vain, Airy; Here's Time misspent and Pains taken on Subjects below the Gravity of a Man, at least of a Christian, to employ himself about.

But some time is no doubt allowable for meer Recreation; this is certainly harmless. This Pacquet is all Love, and perfectly innocent; and we don't see why any Mortal (that came of a Woman) should be angry at it.

However, 'Tis some excuse, that the Reverend Dons have set us a President in this kind; Æneas Sylvius (a Grave Divine) wrote a Wanton Love Story of Lucretia and Eurialus, and so have Zenophon, Plato, Socrates, Plutarch and other Philosophers Written on the same Subject. And (even) the Athenian Society it self (with all its Gravity) has bin LOVE-SICK.

Our Reverend Chaplain (God forgive him) Stole a Wife from a Conventicle.

Our Mathematician WHIN'D (like a Dog in a Halter) for Mrs. Sault.

Philaret (till he considered the matter) was hanging himself for the Pindarick Lady.

And

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*And not a Member of Athens but
LOVES an Angel in Petticoats.*

*But we hope Reader there's no Amorous
Treason in all this, for we are all for Love
in the Dull Conjugal-way (we call it so as
most Husbands kiss a Chery as Amorous-
ly as their own Wives) and hope to grow so
SPIRITUAL in time, as to love nothing
of a Woman but her Soul.*

*Reader Athens is thus refus'd, and nothing
will be found in our Platonick or Sensual
Courtships that will make us blush to own,
or another to Read.*

*'Tis true our Platonick Amours are
SPORTS that rather improve a Man, by
keeping him from worse, than by bringing a-
ny considerable PROFIT, for they are a
sort of SPIRITUAL COPULATION,
and he that enjoys the AIR, (tho' Cowley
cou'd FEAST on a kind Word) will find it
but a lean Mistress, however these Hyper-
physical Enjoyments were our Recreation
for the time we Corresponded with the SHE-
WITS, and we hope the Reader will grant
Platonick Courtship, (were it ne'er so ten-
der) a little more excusable than fooling away
Three or Four Years, and it may be as many
Reams of Paper in doleful Ditties of Phi-
lander*

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lander, and Phillis; which use to be the practice of those that (ONLY) court the Body of a Woman, and have bin (till now) without a Directory for the making Love to her Soul.

But whatever Treatment this Volume meets with, 'tis some excuse (for the publishing of it) as it aims at the REFORMING the extravagant Passions of both Sexes, the prevailing of which has so much lessen'd that mutual happiness LOVERS meet with in the Golden Age: We wou'd, if possible, persuade the Ladies to be a little more Judicious in their choice, and let not Fools bear off those Favours that are only due to men of Sense, who best know how to value 'em, and return a Gratitude more proportion'd to their Excellence, in Fidelity, Secrecy, and Love. The passions of a Fool as they are violent, so they are inconstant, and vain; they esteem not the Honour so much as the GLORY of boasting of it, and that to Sots of no more sense than themselves; whereas the man of sense is ever silent in this case, unless it be to convey the Name of his MISTRESS to Posterity, and make it as charming as her Eyes.

So that the Design of this First Volume
is

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is to make the Lover (whether Platonick or Sensual) as meer an Angel as he thinks his Mistress. All we shall further say of our Love-Quack is, That our own Experience in Love Affairs, has furnisht out the Materials for this Volume; in which there be several things that were never handled, (nor perhaps never thought of) before, so that the whole System of Love is here refin'd and enlarged, and thrown into an easie Method for the use of Lovers.

We are forming a Second Volume of Letters for the Press, which shall bring all the first-Rate Sinners of the Age upon their Knees at Confession, where the secret Errors and Debaucheries of their Lives will be expos'd in their own penitential Letters to our Society; and the Answers to 'em are adapted to the Nature and the Quality of the Sinners, where we have abridg'd the satisfactions and the pleasures of the Gentleman no more than Reason and Religion did oblige us. This Volume will deserve the Title of Christianity refin'd, or Religion without Dulness and Severity.

A Third Volume of Letters we design shall come abroad under the Title of Philosophick Melancholy, upon those Rich
Topicks

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Topicks of Happiness and Knowledge.

The Fourth Volume is, a Pacquet of Secrets in Church and State, which will very much surprize the World.——

In these Letters our Correspondents speak with open Heart, and discover their true Sentiments of Persons and Things, supposing ('tis very probable) that the Secrets they communicated wou'd have been conceal'd.

But the Death of our Court-Friends has now given us a fair opportunity to publish'em.

And as there are several Secrets in this Volume which are not to be found else where, so they will be publish'd with such Good Authorities as will render the Discoveries unquestionable.

And wou'd the World but smile upon us; we have a Fifth Volume as ready for the Press as any of the former; which represents the various Religions that have ever obtain'd among Mankind, with all the Arguments [pro and con] upon which they are built, and by which they are overthrow'n.

The other Athenian Letters that pass between us and some Persons of Quality, will (as we judge by the number of them) make a 6th 7th and 8th Volume of the Pacquet from Athens: But the Subject of these Letters are
so

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so very Nice and Uncommon) we think it not proper to give an Account of 'em now, but will rather surprize the World with their Novelty; when they are ready for Publication.

So that the Variety the Reader will find in these Eight Volumes, bids as fair as can be expected for a General Satisfaction, there being here Letters proportion'd to all Capacities and Tastes.

'Tis true, We have been a long time silent, but having recover'd a little Breath, and reinforc'd our selves with some new Members that are brisk and vigorous, we shall put new Life into the Ashes of Old Athens, and make publick our Athenæ Meditæ, or the New Athenian Oracle; and this the World may expect every Week Sheet; and we shan't meddle with a single Syllable of the Old Mercuries. For Truth is as Infinite and Inexhaustable as the Eternal Unity.

New Athens



A

Pacquet from **ATHENS:**

OR THE

SECRET LETTERS

OF

Platonick-Courtship, &c.

LETTER I.

To Madam Laureat, proving the Athenian Society in Platonick Love with the Ingenious Ladies of the Three Kingdoms.

Madam;

THE *Athenian Society* are fallen in Love with the Ingenious Ladies in the Three Kingdoms, and resolve to enter on a *Platonick Courtship*.

And

2 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

And since so great a Judge, as the late Sir *William Temple*, was pleas'd not only to approve of the *Athenian Project*, but to Honour our Society with frequent Letters, and *curious Questions* (and to express his satisfaction in our Answers) we hope your Ladyship will admit it as a good Apology for our Pretumption, in Writing to Ladies that (like the *Athenian Oracle*) are refin'd from every thing that is mean and trifling.

The *Athenian Project*, does now, *Phœnix-like* Flourish in its own *Athens*, and we can't but think *A Pacquet from Athens* (as it discovers the *Platonick* and *Love Secrets* of our whole Society) will oblige the *Ingenious*, (but more especially the *Bachelors* and *Virgins*) as we intend to direct them in their whole *Amour*.

Madam, We first Address our selves to your Ladyship, for tis the opinion of our Society that there is no Lady in the *Three Kingdoms* a better Judge of *Innocent Love and Poetry*, than *Madam Laureat*, and therefore (without any more Ceremony) we're in *Platonick Love* with you.

*Not Dull and Smoaky Love, but Fire Divine,
That Burns not to Consume, but to Refine :
We touch you as our Beads, with Devout care,
And come unto our Courtship as our Prayer ;
'Tis thus we Love, nor Burn with common Fire,
Ours is the meer Perfection of Desire ;*

Metinks (Madam) we exactly know you, tho we never saw your Face ; and are ready to leave our Bodies behind to search you out, to have purer Communication with your Spirit, and to mingle together our Souls——

A Pacquet from Athens. 3

*We'll wear no Flesh, but one another greet
As Blessed Souls in separation meet.*

This is that *Platonick Couriship* that you and other Ladies must expect from us: A tender Friendship between Persons of a different Sex, is not only innocent, but commendable; and as advantageous, as delightful: *A strict union of Souls* (as our Society has lately asserted) is the essence of Friendship, **Souls have no Sexes**, nor while those only are concern'd, can any thing that's criminal intrude? 'Tis a *Conversation truly Angelical*; and has so many charms in't, that the Friendships between man and man, deserve not to be compared with it. The very Souls of the Fair Sex, as well as their Bodies, seem to have a *softer Turn* than those of men; while we reckon our selves Possessors of a more *solid Judgment*, and *stronger Reason*; or rather may, with more Justice, pretend to greater Experience, and more advantages to improve our minds; nor can any thing on Earth give a greater, or *pureer pleasure* than communicating such Knowledge to a capable Person, *who if of another Sex*, by the charms of her Conversation inexpressibly sweetens the pleasant Labours, and by the advantage of a *Fine Mind* and good Genius, often starts such Notions as the Instructor himself wou'd otherwise never have thought of: All the fear is, lest the Friendship should in time degenerate, and the Body come in for a share with the Soul, as it did among *Boccalins Poetesses* and *Virtuoso's*; which if it once does, Farewel Friendship, and most of the happiness arising from it: But here is no danger, for (Madam) as forward as we are to ob-

B

lige

4 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

like the Ladies, *Athens* was never yet so fond of its own ruine as to like it the better for being dress'd in Petticoats. Who'd place his happiness where the dull Plowman, or the Carriers Horse, can find it out? Shall Souls *refin'd* not know how to preserve a noble Flame, but let it *burn out* to appetite? —

*Beasts love like Men, if Men in Lust delight,
And call that Love which is but Appetite.*

We confess Beauty is a delectable Philtre, especially where the Glances of the Eyes are amorous: But Madam, (if *Athens* may be believ'd) 'tis your Soul, and not your Body, we are charm'd with; 'tis true, *Alexander* thought all cost too little to make a Casket to keep *Homers Poems* in, and your Body is as curiously wrought as if Nature thought the same by your Soul. But as to your Person (were it ne'er so young and charming) we value it not, but as 'tis the Case of the finest Soul in the World. Then immortal must our Flame be, since the immortal part of us is only interested in it. The cause of Inconstancy in Common Love is the Body, which being of so changeable a Nature, 'tis impossible it should retain any thing long which has the least dependance upon it: But the SOUL that is still the same, must still persevere in the Affection it has once made choice of. Wonder not at the expression (Madam) for our Loves are the Effects of choice, not Fancy; *Virtue* and *Wit* engage us, but *Beauty* and *Vice* them; both frail and fading as the Joys they bring.

But ours, Madam, is the love of Angels; sacred

A Pacquet from Athens. 5

cred Sympathy unites our Souls, and mutual Virtues cement our holy Vows ; not only till Death, but even to the next Life of Glory, for it being a *Native of Heaven*, it cannot lose its being by returning thither, but rather improve it to a greater degree than it cou'd attain here, oppos'd by the Cloggs of gross material Boulders.

1

*Love thus is pure, which is refin'd
To court the Beauty of the Mind :
No pimping Dress, no fancy'd Air
No Sex can bribe our Judgment there ;
But like the happy Spirits above
We're blest in Raptures of Seraphick Love.*

2

*Such chaste Amours, may justly claim
Friendship, the noble manly Name :
For without LIST we gaze on Thee,
And only wonder 'tis a She.
Only our Minds are Courtiers grown,
Such Love endures when Youth and Beauty's
Grown.*

3

*Who on your Looks has fix'd his Eye,
Adores the Case where Jewels lie.
We've heard some foolish Lovers say
To you they gave their Hearts away.
I willingly now part with mine,
To Learn pure Love, and be refin'd by thine*
B 2 Thus

6 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

Thus you see (*dear Madam*) that *uninterrupted* Joy is the Product of our Passion (it it merit so gross a Name) without any mixture of pain, 'tis like the *vestal Fire*, burning without material Fuel; whereas Corporal Love dies and is soon extinguish'd if deprived of its Fuel, Beauty; and the auxillary Bellows of strifes and petty squabbles, *Satiety attends their Success*. Quarrels serve for exercise to gain them a fresh appetite. But 'twou'd be endless to run through all the advantages the *Platonick* has above the *sensual Lover*. Then (*Dear Angel*) accept our *Platonick Courtship*, and (*if a marriage of souls is possible*) we'll presently strip into naked Spirits (and if they please, our *Female Querists* may bear us company) to celebrate our *Platonick Wedding* in the *Ideal World*.

In the mean time believe us to be

Your *Platonick* Servants

And

Humble Admirers

Athens

L E T

LETTER II.

Madam Laureat's Answer to the Athenian Society, Being a Satyr against Platonick Love, and Friendship in different Sexes.

HOLD (Good Platonicks) not a Lips breadth further, till you (or some of your Society) have answered these Questions.

1. Because all agree there are *no Sexes in Souls*; d'ye think there are none in Bodies?

2. Or are you Marble?

3. Or is your Body of the same substance, of Kin to St. Francis's Wife of Snow? If not, hands off, unless *En Passant*, as you may embrace or salute a Sister, or a Neighbour; yet hold again, methinks your Letter of *Platonick Courtship* gives me so fair an Idea of that *Romantick Fancy*; that I could almost wish there were such a thing: For if there were, I wou'd try (at least) if I cou'd have so refin'd a *Passion* for you as those that pretend to it. But alas! (Gentlemen) you know who says,

*You talk of Fires that shine, but never Burn;
In this cold World they'll hardly serve our turn.*

8 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

And would you for once be *ingenuous*, you must own your selves of the same mind. As all your sex is one great *Hypocrite*, so this is one *glaring Instance* of their *Prevarication*: You may as well talk of *Love without Loving*, as without desiring, and when you can show the *Love-Letters* between a pair of Souls, or the *History* of the *Angelical Amours* of *Nakar* and *Damilkar*, or can tell me the taste of those *Immaterial kisses* which your *Famous Dutchess* talks of, then I shall begin to believe that you believe your selves, when you talk of these matters, and that you are full as *spiritual* as you tell me; tho' sure you wou'd not have me take you at your *Word*.

Not but that I verily believe your Love may still be enough *Platonical*, and full as pure, as was that of the *Philosopher*, who gave it the Name, who if he were not very much wrong'd, never lov'd *Vertue* so refinedly, as to like or *Court* her so *Passionately* in a foul, or homely *Habitation*, as he did in those that were more *Beautiful* and *Lovely*.

One of these two things then you can hardly deny; either that 'tis only an empty Name, or else a sort of a *Vizard* to something more homely: He that denys what he really is, makes us sometimes violently suspect him what he is not, and as often find out what he takes such over-care to conceal.

'Tis the *MIND* that makes a Fault,
 Else such things wou'd not be naught.
 He that can (and is no Liar)
 Sport and talk without a Fire,
 Can be courteous, can be kind,
 And not *kindle* in his Mind:

And

A Pacquet from Athens.

And can touch a Womans Skin
As his own, nor stir within ;
Doth salute without delight,
And more wou'd not if he might ;
Nor scarce that, whom thus to bill
Manners teacheth, not his will ;
Nor with hand, nor Lip, nor Eye
Doth commit Adultery ;
But see and salute each other
Woman, as he doth his Mother :
As the Nurses harmless kiss
To her Child is, such is his
Without Pleasure, without Taste ;
With a Mind, a Thought as chaste
As Turtle ; 'till thy Mind be such,
Do not look, nor sport, nor touch ;
Or at least 'till thus thou can
Sport and talk, and play with Man,
Not with Woman, for if fair
Thou wilt find, or make a Snare ;
Nay, altho' thy mind be such,
Do not joy, nor sport, nor touch :
For, altho' thy Thoughts be Good,
Yet thoughts are not understood
But by Actions, so therein
May be Scandal, if not Sin.
Who exactness will fulfil
Must forbear things seeming ill.
Not that are, but might have been,
Or that may be constru'd Sin.
Men judge thee Ill, or Innocent
By what's seen, not what is meant.
Then, Athens, till all Minds be such,
Think a Look, a Smile too much.

Who that's wise wou'd attempt to drink out of a Vial, which he knows has either nothing at all in it, or if any thing, the surest and most subtle Poyson in the World? If you say, there's a Mean, and virtuous Love may be thus disguis'd; we'd fain know what need on't? Neither Love, nor Truth, nor Virtue, need seek Corners, not so much as the former, if he comes in company with the latter. He ought therefore to be uncafed, as *Aphrodizus* in *Psyche*, and tho' as finely dress'd as he, of whom that Divine Poet,

Upon his Head smil'd a soft Grove of Gold:

*Two small-half-Heav'ns were bent in either
Brow, &c.*

Yet you ought to be sure, that you embrace not a *Serpent*, instead of a *God*, or that he hides not a *Sauys* deform'd and shaggy *Figure*, under the Wings of an *Angel*. The *Shipwrack* of so many before you, one wou'd be apt to think, shou'd make you afraid of the dangerous *Voyage* to *Mrs. Behn's Island*: The *Bones* that you see, and the *Skulls* so near the *Cave* of this *Sleeping-Lyon*, shou'd keep you from venturing within his *Paws*, tho' he sheaths 'em never so Artificially. *Platonick Love* has ruin'd half your *Sex*, and you can't but know as much, and therefore seem to admit the pretences of it, only with a desire to be undone more plausibly, and to retain the shadow of *Innocence*, when the substance is vanish'd, You Guile your Poyson, and then fancy 'tis good *Food*, or *Physick*; you are told so before, you are parties against your selves, who can save you? If

If you were but willing to escape Destruction, and to come back from the Brink of the precipice, it may be, it might not yet be impossible. Discover the Viper before he has play'd himself into your *Bosoms*, and then there's at least a perhaps left that you may avoid him.

Pray do but persuade any of these refin'd Women to admire you at a distance, not to come near you, or if they do, at least tantalize 'em so as never to let 'em steal a Grasp or a Touch, and try if they can live on such *Airy Diet*. The purer any Flame is, the less aliment it needs to support it. Let 'em by this make a Tryal of theirs: Let 'em live a year, on *not so much* as a sigh of pity: Let 'em converse with your Souls only, and make Love to them, for which alone they pretend so great a passion; but let 'em not so much as throw a Look on your Body; nor their Eyes fasten one Glance on yours. For what has the *Intuition* and *Embraces* of *Souls* to do with these dull *Material Organs*?

But if neither they nor you can be content with such *mortifying Diet*; if you feel a sort of a pain, and displeasure, and uneasiness under such a practice, and find this a force upon your Inclinations, and you begin to sigh, and wish, and think your selves unhappy: Then beware stings, for there's certainly no better nor worse than meer *Flesh* and *Blood* at the *Bottom*. For these passions seem not so properly seated in the Mind, as the Body, or only in the *insensible Soul*, which is hardly different from it.

The Mind it self is pure and Spiritual, Reason is a calm and a Noble Principle, it admits of no

Emotions, or Perturbations; and thus the Angels love Mankind and one another: Whereas, if we believe Mr. *Milton* (who might know as much of that matter as any *Hyrcot* of 'em all) a fallen *Angel* may be discover'd through all his *Disguises*, by the violent *motions* and visible *changes* which will appear in him, through the most *Glorious Forms* imaginable, and thus may you, if you please, make a certain *Judgment* of yourselves and others.

And much the same may be said of *Friendship* between Persons of *different Sexes*, another *Case* you have very near akin to *Platonick Love*; Which at the beginning may in some *Instances* be innocent, at least on one side, if not in both.

But Love's an insinuating Devil, and if he gets but the tip of his *Wing* into your Heart, all the rest quickly follows.

His *Aguish Train* of *Pains* and *Fears*, and *Inquietudes*, his huge *Bow* and *Quiver*, and a thousand *Poison'd Arrows*; and if you once talk of driving him out again, tho' he lurks there only under the *Pretence* and *Mask* of *Friendship*, how will the little *Villain* storm and rave, how big will he look, and try to be *terribly angry*, and then by turns will flatter and tawn again, and hang about you so very importunately, that you can hardly your self be yet so blind, but you'll take notice on't. Since, No *Friendship* e'er languish'd or lookt half so dead. And then, or never, if it be'n't yet too late, work for your self, struggle for *Life*, what the *Crisis*, for if this moment is gone, never expect another.

You strive for a noble *Empire*, no less than
that

that of your own Mind and Body too, at the long run, as it almost always happens. Despair has made Cowards brave, and what would one not do for *Liberty*? And what have not *Women* done on less occasions? Nor are you without *Auxiliaries*, and those very strong and powerful, as well as your *Enemies*, *Virtue*, and *Honour*, and *Reason*, and the *Good wishes*, and good words of all *Good Men*, which are lost, for ever lost, as well as you with 'em, when ever you abandon your selves to the *Fatal Deceiver*.

Then to be in sober Earnest, *one Minute* before we part, and then farewel. *Love God*, *Love Vertue*, have a care of *Loving any thing else*, at least, *not violently*.

And pray remember this one short *Observation* more,

That *Honour* and *Vertue* must needs be things in themselves, very *desirable* and *amiable*, when *Vice* and *Lewdness* are so fond of sheltring themselves under their *Names* and *Colours*, tho' at the same time they do it, they thereby become the most *formidable Enemies*.

Gentlemen,

Pray forgive your *Disſator*, because 'tis well meant from

Your *Anti-Platonick*,

Climene.

L E T

 L E T T E R III.

*The Athenians Continuation of their
Platonick Courtship to Ma-
dam Laureat, being an Answer to
what she writ against Platonick-
Love.*

Madam,

YOU charge our Sex with a variable and un-
constant Temper, as *fickle* we must all be
as the *Wind*, or as *Fortune*. 'Tis Woman you'd
have us think, that's the only firm and stable part
of the Creation, unmov'd as the *Rocks*, and fix'd
on the solid *Basis* of her own Resolution and Rea-
son. Fix'd indeed you may be in Evil, as well
as in a very strong conceit of your own *Goodness*
and *Wisdom*; but whether as *changeable*, when you
happen to be in the right, as that Sex, which is
the object of your Scorn, as inconsistent with
your *feives*, and as false to your own Assertions,
if we had not abundant experience to satisfy us,
you your self would be a sufficient Instance. Some-
times 'tis true, you put on a sort of *Magisterial*
Air, and Dictate *Morality* and *Virtue*, more as it
should seem, that you might appear *Superiour*
to

to our Sex, then for any real esteem for that or us. But you soon forget your self, are all infected with the *Fashionable Notions* of the *Town* and *Theatre*, and discourse just at their Rate, who pretend there's no such thing as *Virtue* in our Sex, because they would be glad never to find it.

And to convince any one that we don't scandalize you, we need but remit 'em to the beginning of your last *Letter*, which we shan't Repeat, but leave it to any who are better pleas'd with such discourses.

But pray why are you so furiously angry with *Platonick Love*, which you are forc'd your self to own the same thing, or at least not very different from a *Virtuous Friendship*? Can any thing that's *Virtuous* be either so Criminal, or so dangerous as you represent it?

True *Friendship*, as we think we've read in some of the Philosophers, can only be between *Virtuous Persons*; and are all our Sex either Unworthy or incapable of it? Or are you grown Ingenuous, shall we call it, or Malicious, in attempting to persuade us the same of your own Sex, that you seem to believe of ours, that there's not one spark of *Virtue* and true *Generosity* left amongst them?

Your *Grave Lessons*, what extraordinary care we should take of ye, might be admitted: They seem to have some Face of Kindness, and to come from a Friend, tho' a lowre one. Had you therefore only advis'd us to take an extraordinary care with whom we contracted *Friendships*, to be first very well acquainted with them, to Act with Caution at least with them, if not too with some Reserve, to be careful these *Friendships* did not cross any other Obligations; nay, after all, to be
still

still upon our Guard against you, considering how Generous you are, and how Vertuous, and to take care of our Reputations, as well as Innocence; all this, we say, we might have thank't you for, tho, *no more than what our Sex too often Learns from yours*, in a more dangerous manner, since 'tis no such great Wonder to find among you a Perjur'd and Faithless Friend; we have reason to wish it were not much more difficult to discover the contrary.

But what we think we have reason to be angry at, is, that you would totally exclude us from what is the Happiness, as well as Perfection of our Natures, and one of the greatest Blessings of Life.

And yet we fondly flatter our selves, we shall either find you *all Vertuous and capable of Friendship*, or prevail with you to be so, or else why do we ever Marry you?

None would be a Slave to one they believed False and Perfidious, none in their Wits would give them All to one they thought not so much as capable of Honesty, or Honour, or a lasting Amity. Why do you take so much pains before you have us fast, to perswade us you have those *Qualifications* which may make you worthy our *Friendship, Courage, Bounty, Fidelity*, and the like? And where is it more likely, where would one expect to find a perfect *Unity of Sentiments*, or Condescension, where there's any inconsiderable difference, which I look upon as much of the Essence of Friendship? Where's that true and unbiass'd tenderne's and kindness, which is the inseparable effect of that Noble Vertue, as well as that entire Confidence which is rarely or never divided

ded from it, but where Interest, and God, and Nature, and the Policies of States, and the Laws of Nations have before made the strictest Union?

And if you are seldom capable of it, if you soon learn to despise us, if you have *little or no tenderness for us*, or confidence, or esteem, or so much as inclination, and if we rarely see in a Marry'd State, lasting instances of Friendship, we would ask you whether it be either just, or modest, to upbraid us with your *own Faults*, and our great Unhappinels?

But tho' you're at Liberty, it must be confest, to make your selves as bad as you please, we won't make you worse; and as ill as you are, as meanly as you think of us, and we wish there were no reason to say of Vertue too, yet we're satisfy'd you are not so Universally Corrupted, but there is some Faith and Friendship left amongst you. There are some instances of Love after Marriage, which we reckon only a higher Name for Friendship, and that shows it not *impossible*: Some *Happy Pairs*, who know no *Contentions*, but who shall *Love* best, and *Oblige* most: Whose *Flame* is still *Refining*, and still *Increasing*, some *Phenix-Women* who scorn to take a *Man* into their *Arms*, whom they can't admit into their *Hearts* too, and let them reign there without a *Rival*.

And is not this betwixt *different Sexes*, and call you not this *Friendship*?

And tho' we grant, considering what your Sex generally are, ours can hardly be too much afraid of you, since too many of you are like some *Venemous Creatures*, *Blasting* all you *Breathe on*, and tho' further *Friendships* of an extraordinary intimacy after *Marriage* between *different Sexes*, not

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related, be to speak no worse, very *suspitions* and ill sounding, and we agree with you, and *fatal* experience has put it beyond contradiction, that there's no more *specious* way to ruine, then under such pretences; tho we say all this may be granted, yet we can't see how it follows, that after *Marriage* we are to live like *Turkish* Slaves, to be mew'd up and Imprison'd all our *Lives*, and to *Dye* if we but see any Person besides our *Wives*. Nor do we see any better reason, why we shou'd shut our Eyes to their *Merits*, any more then their *Persons*, why we mayn't put a *modest* value on those who deserve it, on a brave and good Woman, more then on one that's *Villanous* and *Wicked*, and this may at last amount to the Name of a *General Friendship*.

Nay, yet further, our *own Affairs* may often make it necessary to place a greater *Confidence* in one Woman than another, and to entertain a more *particular Correspondence* with her, and yet all this far enough within the strictest bounds of *Modesty* and *Virtue*. We know not what you think of your selves, or how you feed on your own *Vanity*, but for our parts, we don't find you such terrible charming dangerous Creatures, that there's no casting ou. Eyes on you, without stark falling in Love with you. We are not *Conscious* of any such thoughts; if you are so *Wicked*, you had best keep from us, and make the Experiment whether we'll trouble you with our *Invitations*. Let us but alone, and we'll be bound not to *Ravish* you.

But suppose a young Lady no ways engag'd, shou'd be pleas'd with Honourable *Addresses* and *Proffers* of *Service*, from a Person not unsuitable to her *Birth* and *Fortune*: Suppose she contract-

ed

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ed a *real Esteem*, a particular *Tendernefs* for him, and were touched with his *Sufferings* and *Merits*, and shou'd be willing to make him all the returns that a *Man of Honour* cou'd expect, or *Virtue* let her give. Where s the *Crime* of all this, we'd fain know, or where the *shame* of it? Or what is there *Unnatural* or *Immoral*, or so much as *Undecent* in it? Or who, that is not *Brutish*, wou'd *Condemn* it, or not wish 'em *Happy*?

And if you find or think any thing worse, if you have any thing that's ill in your own *Breast*, when you come near us, once more pray keep the *Guilt*, and share the *shame* amongst your selves, and don't involve the *Innocent*.

In the meantime, we believe *Honour* and *Virtue* really as aimable as you can represent 'em, and *Friendship* not much behind 'em: Nor can all your *Sexes* abuse of those excellent *Naines*, and making 'em a *cover* for the worst designs, make us out of *Love* with them, tho we shall endeavour to follow your *Advise*, and to have a care of you.

Athens.

L E T T E R IV.

Madam Laureat bansters her Platonick Lovers, and tells 'em, she'll drop the Correspondence.

REALLY Gentlemen, after all you've said in Defence of your *Platonick Courtship*, I can't get over it, but there's *Flesh and Blood* at the bottom of it; for were there not some kind design in't you'd never begin a *Courtship* with my Soul, but that you know 'tis tagg'd to something else. And why so much Passion, which you can't possibly abstract from a certain *Feverish* disposition of the Animal Spirits? *Platonick Lovers* are all over nothing but *Calmness and Serenity*, and han't that warmth and heat with them which you express. Perhaps you Gentlemen of the *Athenian Society* are some *Antiquated Bachelors*, and your Sins of Youth have given you a Disgust, or rather disabled you for the *known Offices* of Matrimony; and upon that account you prudently conceal your impotence under the Mask of *Platonick Love*. You pretend indeed to be all *Spirit*, and tell me — So Angels love —

1.

So Angels Love — so let them Love for me ;
As **MOZEL**, I must like a Mortal be,
My Love's as **PURE** as their's, more unconfid'd ;
I Love the Body, they but love the Mind.

2.

Without **Enjoyment** can desire be ill,
For that which wou'd a man with **Pleasure** fill ?
This more **Intense** and **Active** sure must be,
Since I both **Soul** and **Body** give to thee.

3.

This **Flame** as much of **Heaven** as that contains ;
And more, for unto that but half pertains ;
Friendship one **Soul** to the other doth **Unite**,
But **Love** joins all, and therefore is more bright.

4.

Neither doth — **Humane Love** — Religion harm,
But rather us against our **Vices** arm :
Shall I not for a **Charming Lover** Dye,
When **Heaven** commands **Increase** and **Multiply** ?

Gentle.

Gentlemen, if you differ from me in these **Sentiments**, I must suppose you some **Superannuated** Misers that have been neglected by your very **Cook-maids**.

You may pretend your **Affections** are as fine as you please; however, I can't believe you forget the *Materials* of a Woman, when you make Love to her Soul, unless her Skin be turn'd into pure *Buckram*; nay, you'd e'en dispense, with that, and a Thousand worse Qualities, were there but a *Fortune* to smooth and supple her, and to make satisfaction for her Deformity and her Years. The *Athenians* must certainly be troubled with Poverty as well as Age, or they'd never take up with *bare Words* that are only the *empty Alms* of *Paffion*.

'Tis plain you can turn *Necessity* into *Virtue*, and fly to the Spirit, when you're too impotent for the **Flesh**. *Platonick Love*; if the words of *Plato* may determine the matter, is not altogether refined from sensual Regards; I'm sure he seems to relish the Kiss of *Agatho* with all the Fire of the most *Amorous Debauchee*. I'm afraid your Pretence to *Platonism* is only a demure Baw'd to *Secret Whoring*, for tis a matter of common observation, That those have as gross Inclinations as other People in a Corner, who seem to care for nothing but the Sex in *Publick*.

In a Word, *Platonick Love* is a Diet too thin for **Flesh and Blood**, then (Gentlemen) enjoy the **Shadow** if you please, I the **Substance** will pursue; *Platonicks* live but on airy Food, and *Citizens* is for **Solid Diet**.

These, Gentlemen, are my very Thoughts of your **Platonick Courtship**, and therefore don't Persecute me any more with your *Spiritual Passions*, for this is the last Letter you're to expect from

Your *Anti-Platonick*,

Climene.

LETTER V.

The Athenians Answer to Madam Laureat, upon her Rejection of their Platonick Courtship.

Madam,

WE have received your Last, where, 'tis true, there's Freedom enough, but as little Charity as one wou'd wish. You know, *Fair Climene*, the *Sun* and *Moon* have Courted and pursued each other these Six Thousand years, and yet are as *Chaste* and *Innocent* as you'd desire; and so may the different Sexes do with all the strength, and the Innocence of Affection, that
the

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the very Angels wou'd not be ashamed to entertain the *like Fires*.

We own indeed that every Vertue shines in *Madam Laurent*, that's lovely in *Womankind*, which however does but qualify you more for *Platonick Love*, and why then so inexorable?

But here lies the mischief, *There's Flesh and Blood* in't: 'Tis true, *Climene*, we are not quite undrest'd into naked Spirits, and where's the harm on't? Your Sex don't love *Apparitions*; besides, we are very positive, there's not a grain of *Flesh and Blood* about us, but what's so Vertuous and so Sublim'd, that an *Angel* might adopt it into *Personal Union*. As for our Designs, they had no more of kindness in 'em, than might easily be allowed, tho perhaps you'd say that our *Old Inclinations* may return upon us,

*But to secure our Hearts from all Surprise,
We fix a Guard of Vertues o'er our Eyes,
And whilst dear Vertue guards our chaste Desires,
We'll Flame and Burn in such Seraphick Fires.*

After all, Madam, why so much out of Humour with your own *Dear Senses*? that upon the bare suspicion of any design that way, without either Certainty or Truth, you must fly us, and vanish into Air.

*To such a subtile Purity you're wrought,
You've pray'd and fasted to a Walking Thought.*

However, tis certainly so, we freely own we are no better than we shou'd be; but then one single *Smile* from the *Fair Climene* wou'd have

ve perfectly transform'd us into true *Platonicks*.
The thoughts of Resentment are below us :
we'll start a *New Game*, and thus take our
leave.

I.

now Woman, since thou'rt grown so Proud,
'Twas Athens gave thee thy Renown;
woud'st else in the forgotten Crowd
Of common Beauties liv'd unknown ;
had not our Verse exhal'd thy Name,
and impt it with the Plumes of Fame.

2.

That killing Power is none of thine
We gave it to thy Voice, thy Eyes ;
thy Sweets, thy Graces all are ours ;
Thou art our Star, shin'st in our Skies
and dart not from thy Borrow'd Sphere
lightning on them that plac'd thee there.

3.

Treat us then with *Disdain* no more ;
Lest what we made, we uncreate
Let Fools thy Mystick Forms adore
We know thee in thy Mortal State.
Wise Poets that wrapt Truth in Tales,
Knew her themselves through all her Vails.

We have only to Subscribe our selves,

Innocent Athens.

LET.

This Platonick Courtship to Madam Laureat not meeting with Success, in the last Session of our Society at Smith's, 'twas carried by the Majority of Voices that R. S. the Mathematician should make Love to the Ingenious Irene, according to the Platform of Plato's Idea.

The Correspondence follows.

LETTER VI.

R—S—'s Letter to Irene, wherein he makes Love to her according to the Platform of Plato's Idea, Admires her into pure Identity with himself, and declares he's the first Inventer of Platonick Matrimony.

Dearest Irene,

I*N the last Session of our Society at Smith's 'twas carried by the Majority of Voices, that R.—S.— Mathematician, should make Love*

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Love to the ingenious *Irene*, according to the Platform of *Plato's Idea*, and that from time to time, I should report to the House what Improvements we have made upon that Head, in regard, your Ladship is the best Qualified of your Sex for the Spiritual Amours of *Plato*, where Flesh and Blood, with the whole Catalogue of sensual Satisfactions, are altogether unconcern'd.

Now, Dear *Irene*, I must certainly be in Love with you, as one may say, by Act of Parliament; but not quite so much of necessity in it neither, for Force and Inclination were never so well reconcil'd before; However, to Convince you, *Madam*, that Necessity and the freedom of Choice have Consistency enough in their own Natures: You may remember how the very Angels by *Heavenly Establishment* are fix'd in Seraphick Love, and yet with all the freedom imaginable.

You need not, my Dear Lovely *Irene*, give your self the Trouble to entertain the least suspicion of my design, there's nothing but **Ingentious Innocence**, and yet a World of intellectual Happiness in the whole.

Celestial Flames are scarce more bright

Than those your Worth inspires:

So Angels Love ——— *and so they Burn*
In just such Holy Fires.

Tho' now I consider, your incomparable Letters that I have by me, make it needless to open t'ye the Nature and Design of Platonick Amours; you have said all, and infinitely better than I can do, that's necessary to be known in Generals of this Matter, but yet there's certainly something in particular to be advanc'd that hitherto was never
C thought

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thought of. The nature, you know, of *Platonick Love* lies wholly in the disinterested Union of two Minds, which is made up of inclination that's purely Spiritual. Now, why mayn't this Union be hedg'd in, and secur'd by mutual Matrimonial Ingagements? There's nothing impracticable in the notion or the nature of the thing? And why mayn't we, my Dear Killing *Irene*, have the satisfactions of this State, as well as the Honour to be the first Inventers of it.

I cou'd now protest for an Hour together, upon the reality of my Love, if that wou'd Convince. I won't say, MADAM, that I am *Passionately*, but *Platonically* Yours; for the Old Philosophers tell us, that when *Passion* is working there's also an emotion of the Blood and of the Animal Spirits, and neither of these must have any concern in our Affairs.

Dear *Irene* I could love thee, now that I am pretty warm upon't, into pure Identity with my self, till our Understandings shou'd mingle, and till an Union should run thro' every Faculty about us.

You'll Pardon the Mystery of these expressions, for the heat of Imagination carries me quite beyond my self; but at the same time 'tis a good Argument of my sincerity, for there's a certain kind of mystick Enthusiasm that *Platonick Love* is always attended with.

I am, Lovely *Irene*, under a great deal of Platonical impatience till your Compliance shall make me the only Happy Mortal upon Earth. I confess, were it to be a Matrimony in the Flesh, you might ask time to consider on't, and that every little Trivial Appendage shou'd

shou'd be well adjusted before hand ; but this being the marriage of our Minds, twou'd not be agreeable to the Nature of the Thing, shou'd you deter the Satisfaction which is so much in your Power to bestow. Spirits, You know, move swiftly, and are acquainted at first sight by Intuition. I am, Fairest Irene, according to Plato's Idea,

YOUR *most Impatient,*

Devoted, Humble

——Husband,

that wou'd be,

R——S——*alias Philaret.*

LETTER VII.

Irene's *Answer* to Philaret, wherein she admits his Platonick Courtship, but wishes she could hold out for one Seven Years Siege at least. Asks who must be the Parson that shall marry 'em—— and says, they must have a Convocation of the Upper and Lower House, to Draw up and Authorize a Form for solemnizing their Platonick Matrimony.

S I R,

I'M very much oblig'd for the Honourable Provision your Society have made for me