

So that in this Sense, we cannot much find fault with his Definition of Beauty, who called it the *Splendour of Goodness*; nor condemn his of *Love*, who termed it *Need or Want*. And this we conceive sufficient to explain the Nature of *Love* in General.

We shall next Discourse of *Love betwixt Male and Female*.

To come up close to our Argument, we must, Sir, put you in mind, that all the Powers or Faculties, which together with the Respective Appetites, compleat the Nature of Man, were conferred upon him for one of these two ends; either for the well-being and conservation of him in his single and individual Person; or for the conservation of him in specie, or in his kind.

But beside this General Love of a different Sex, which is no more but the Appetite of Procreation Indefinite, there is yet another Love in which the same Appetite, tho' respecting diversity of Sex, is yet *determined to some one particular Person*; and such as are in this Passion, are properly said to be in Love. Now the Question doth concern not the General Love betwixt Male and Female, but this Particular or Determined Love: Since this seems to be that, which Ladies mean, when they distinguish *Love* from *Lust*. Nor is there indeed, any other cause that makes this Love quit its Indifferency to all of that divers Sex, and fix only upon some one single Person, but only this; that the Person Loving, (or rather in Love) apprehending

tending that the Marks or Signs of the power Generative are more conspicuous in the person loved, than in any other of that Sex; thereupon imagineth, that the Fruition of that person, (that is, the doing that Act, which is necessary to continuation of the kind, with that person) will better conduce to the satisfaction of the Appetite to Generation, than the doing of it with any other.

And hence it comes, that comely and proper Men (as they call them) such as are of good complexions, and well-proportioned Bodies, are generally in great reputation with Women: And fair and Beautiful Women, in as high esteem and honour with Men.

To confirm the Truth of this, besides the Natural Reasons here alledged, we have also the suffrage of *Experience*. For, what woman was ever in love with an *Eunuch*, tho' otherwise exceedingly handsome? Nay, what woman is there, that doth not secretly despise any man, of whose insufficiency (whether Native, or by Misfortune, in the power of Generation, she has had any, the least notice. On the other side, what Man hath ever continued his passion for a Woman, after he hath been once convinced of her impotency to club with him in the Act of Procreation, tho' she were, in all other things, the most beautiful of her Sex.

Now, after all this, we hope 'twill be no longer a Paradox, that the indefinite desire of different Sex (which is generally called **LUST**) and desire of some one particular person of that different Sex (which is generally called

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LOVE,) are one and the same Appetite to the Act of Procreation.— And this brings us in the next place to discover *the Mysteries of Love.*

L O V E is a Guest sooner entertain'd, than perceived; and yet sooner perceived than known, and much easier known than understood; better understood than defined or described. As it is challenged only the Heart for its proper apartment, and contained any remove up into the Brain. Love admits of no Interpreter but it self: Nor do we come to know it by either Precepts or Examples; but by *Infusion.* You may affirm safely, that *Cupid* is not only blind, but also dumb: Making all parts of the Body vocal, except the Tongue. Hence it is, that Lovers are more eloquent in their signs than in their words. By assiduous nods, and danted smiles, the vocal Ambassadors of desire, they treat about their union; and read each others Soul in glances. Their *Colloquies*, like those of Angels, are made by *intuition*: And they express themselves also, like them, not by the Intellect, but the *Will.* Sometimes their Souls interchangeably sally forth at their Eyes, and steal Kisses at a distance; and then return home again triumphing in their invisible Thefts. Though the Passion be of it self innocent, yet 'tis always conjoyned with secret shame: And the same Blushes that betray our flame, strive to hide it. Nay *Cupid* himself, not contented with a single Veil, contrives also Ambushes for more secrecy: and often takes in Hearts by *stratagem* and surprize, than by storm. Nor is it less difficult

difficult to conceive, that one can die, and instantly revive again; yea, be *alive* and *dead* at once; or, like the *Phoenix*, build his own, both funeral and vital fire, out of which he re-assumes a more vigorous and Youthful Being, than what the flames consumed: Yet nothing is more frequent among Lovers; whom the miraculous Chymistry of Love, by a most pleasant *Palingenesis*, restores from their ashes to their primitive state and form.

*Love's but an Ague that's rever'st,  
Whose hot fit takes the Patient first  
That after burns with cold as much  
As Ice in Green-Land does the Touch.  
Melts in the Furnace of desire  
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire,  
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,  
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.*

A man wou'd think at first, that no two things in Nature are more incompatible, more inconsistent, more reciprocally destructive, than those two contrary Passions, *Love* and *Hate*: But these seem reconcil'd in the Breast of even the most refin'd *Inamourato*.

' For the *Servant* always wishes his Mistress  
' less *Happy* than she is, that so his affection  
' may appear more pure, more sincere, and  
' determined upon her Person alone.

' Is she wise, and discreet? He presently  
' reproaches the Stars, that favour'd her  
' with so strong a defence; as conceiving,  
' that if her Brain were less sound, her  
' Heart wou'd be more tender; and that if  
the

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‘ she had less wit, himself wou’d be less  
‘ subject to her *Contempt*.

‘ Is she in *Health*? He secretly invokes  
‘ *Jove* to afflict her with *Sickness*, that he  
‘ may have that occasion to demonstrate his  
‘ grief, his tenderneſs, his ſympathy.

‘ Is she *Rich*? He cannot forbear to wiſh  
‘ her in *Want*, that he might endow her  
‘ with his *Fortune*.

‘ Is she at *Liberty*? He longs to ſee her a  
‘ *Captive*, that he may merit her Favour by  
‘ hazarding all in her *Redemption*.

‘ Is her *Fame* clear and immaculate? How  
‘ glad wou’d he be ſome licentious Tongue  
‘ wou’d defile her Honour, that he might  
‘ waſh away the ſtains, though with his  
‘ *Blood*.

‘ Is her *Birth* and *Quality* Noble? He  
‘ wou’d fain degrade her, that ſhe might  
‘ derive all her Dignity from the Generoſity of  
‘ his *Love*.

‘ In a word, in ſome ſort or other He  
‘ wiſhes her miſerable, that he may have the  
‘ glory to *relieve* her, and that her own *Ne-*  
‘ *ceſſity* may draw, rather than his Court-  
‘ ſhip and Obſervance invite her to his em-  
‘ braces. He had rather be her *Sanctuary*,  
‘ than her *Conqueror*. Now is not here a  
‘ certain *Malignity* mixt with *Benevolence*;  
‘ *Zeal* tempered with *Hate*; *Inhumanity* pro-  
‘ ceeding from exceſs of *Kindneſs*; *Cruelty* con-  
‘ joined with the greateſt *Charity*? Yet ſuch  
‘ is the conſtitution of *Love*. *Cupid* has no  
‘ darts, headed with pure *Gold*.

*goysture, Portion, Gold, Estate,  
Houses, Household-Stuff, or Land,  
(The low conveniences of Fate)  
Are Greek no Lovers understand— Cowley.*

Yet more *Enigmata*, more perplexing Difficulties in Love. This Affection, which compeleth all other commotions of the Soul, which reconciles Men, wild Beasts, and Philosophers, is yet at variance with it self.

When you see a languishing Lover, whose Arms seem so tender and delicate, that you think them fit only for embraces; who exhales nothing but Odours or Sighs; who is struck down with the contraction of a Brow, and wounded to the Heart with the disdainful glance of an Eye: Take heed notwithstanding, how you reproach him as a soft, effeminate and pusillanimous Person. For really he is hardy, daring and adventurous.

*Love and a Crown no Rivalship can bear;  
All precious things are still preserv'd with care:  
Lovers, like Misers, cannot bear the stealth  
Of the least Trifle from their endless Wealth.*

The Lover defies danger, nay, makes it a pleasure to create them in his imagination, and is gratified with the encounter of adverse accidents, as favours to his Zeal.

Nor ought you to accuse him of Stupidity, tho' you observe him to suffer Contempts and Affronts from his proud *Celia* without just resentment. For, he (be you well assur'd) is wholly

wholly transmigrated into Soul, become all Spirit, retreated into that Ætherial particle of Fire, which is impassible, and cannot be touch'd. If this seem less credible, be pleas'd to consider, it is the Religion of Love to overcome evil with good. Besides, our good-natur'd Lover entertains neglects, and scorn, not with insensibility, but *discretion*: As well understanding, that Injuries, as they fade and die of themselves, when bravely despised; so they pass into Benefits, when received with gentleness and humanity. *A Flint is broken on a Feather-Bed.*

Will you charge him with *Blindness*, because he discerns not the defects, the spots of his Mistress; but takes these for Stars, and those for Ornaments; and by a most obliging *Error*, gilds over her faults with the title of the nearest Vertues? It is a sign of ill-nature in you, thus to envy him the pleasure of an error, wherein he thinks himself more happy.

*A Happiness so nigh he cannot bear;  
His Love's too fierce, and she too Killing fair.  
He grows engag'd to see such Excellences;  
If words disorder'd give her such offence,  
His Love's too full of Zeal, to think of Sense.*

Again, if to Philosophize, be nothing but to contemplate *Idea's*; then to love, is to be a *Philosopher*. Yea, if every man loves so much as he understands (which was *Plato's* opinion) then dotage in Love is an argument of Science.

Sir, having shewn you this *Proteus*, Love, in some of those various shapes, wherein it usually appears; you are (we presume) thereupon inclined to think it may be no less inconstant to its Object, than it seems to be to it self. To obviate this scandalous mistake, therefore, we find our selves obliged in the next place to evince, that th. *Judgments of Love are, like those of Fate, unalterable and perpetual; that it is constant and immutable*——

*Love in this Passion is so strange,  
It hides all faults, and ne'er is giv'n to change;  
It unclip'd in its full blaze shines bright;  
Pure in it self, it wants no borrow'd Light;  
Nor sets till Death draws the dark Scene of Night.* }

He who can cease to Love whom he hath once loved, does but dream he loved. He never lov'd at all, whoever makes Retreat. For the Conjunction of true Lovers Hearts, like solemn Marimony, admits of no divorce.

*By all the pleasing Energy that Arms  
Thy Soul and Eyes with such peculiar Charms,  
By all thy Falshood, all thy smiles, and all  
The tender things that did my Heart inthrall,  
By all that has the Power my Soul to move  
And Thyrsis, thou art all that I can love.  
True Love can never change its Seat;  
Nor did he ever love, that can retreat.*

*Love ceases not, though what is loved hath ceas'd  
to be. ' When your Turtle hath molted all  
her Beautifull Feathers, and is grown Old;  
'you*



' you must not cease to think her still the  
 ' same, still Amiable and Youthful : And  
 ' what of her Charming Features time hath  
 ' impaired, your Affection will continually  
 ' renew the pleasing Form now lost to  
 ' your Eye shall be perpetually found Fresh  
 ' and Lively in your Mind. *The Fidelity of*  
 ' *Remembrance shall countervail the Cruelty of*  
 ' *Age* : Which may by a natural Metamor-  
 ' phosis render your Wife a stranger to her  
 ' former Self, but hath not the more Tyran-  
 ' nical power to alienate her from you.  
 ' Nay, when Fate shall have torn her from  
 ' your Arms, even then shall you still re-  
 ' tain and enjoy her in your imagination ;  
 ' you shall think her not Dead, but only  
 ' Absent, and as often as you mix Embraces  
 ' with her kind Ghost, you shall deny her  
 ' to have Perished.

*For ill does he deserve a Lovers Name ,*  
*Whose Pale Weak Flame*  
*Its Heat cannot retain*

*In spite of Absence, Hatred and Disdain ;*  
*But dies at once, like Paper set on Fire,*  
*Burn and Expire*

*That Noble Flame that my Breast keeps Alive,*  
*Shall still survive ;*  
*That shall walk with me to the Lower shade,*  
*And never fade,*  
*When my Souls fled :*

*Nor shall my Love Die, when my Body's Dead :*  
*My very Ashes in their Urn*  
*Shall like a bellow'd Lamp for Ever Burn*

Love shall make you Triumph over Mortality; and in the the Ardor of your Spiritual Fruition, you shall bid defiance to Destiny; Crying out, ' Though you have Separated us, *O Fatal Sisters!* You have not divided us; yet we converse together, yet we are a pair: From others you taken away the Woman, from me not so much as her shadow. While she lived, we used but one Soul; now, but one Body. Her Spirit is received into my Breast, and there remains fixt, as in its proper Asterism and Heaven.

But notwithstanding Love is thus immortal, yet can I not deny, but it is a kind of Death. For who is ignorant that Lovers die as often as they kiss, or bid adieu? Exhaling their Souls upon each others Lips.

*She shows her Heavenly Form without Disguise,  
And gives her self to my desiring Eyes;  
Proud of the gift I rove my greedy sight  
Around the Work, and Kiss with vast delight.*

Lovers, like *Apollo's* Priests, possessed with the Spirit of Divination, are Transported out of themselves; their Life is a perpetual Extasie.

Lovers divest themselves of their own Souls, that they may be more happily fill'd with others. We believe *Pythagoras* his *Metempsychosis*, or Transmigration of his Soul, when he loved, not when he Philosophiz'd.

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‘ Sir, Let us advise you attentively to observe  
 ‘ how the Soul of a Lover almost visibly  
 ‘ flies to that part of the Body, which approach-  
 ‘ es nearest to his Mistress. If they join  
 ‘ hands, you may perceive their Souls to be  
 ‘ palpably distributed into their Fingers, mutu-  
 ‘ ally to take hold, and entwine each with o-  
 ‘ ther. If they stand side by side, their Bow-  
 ‘ els yern, their Hearts leap for Joy, their Spirits  
 ‘ flow in crouds into their Breasts, and raising  
 ‘ strong palpitations, salute each other as Clowns  
 ‘ use to do, with thumps; as if they strove  
 ‘ to dissolve the ligaments of Life, and intermix  
 ‘ Embraces.

*All other Debts, may Compensation find  
 But Love is strict, and will be paid in kind.*

In a Word, by Love we do not sell, but ex-  
 change our selves; yea, Love transferrs into  
 his own Treasury whatever is excellent and  
 Divine in another.

Thus like the Two First Lovers they  
 Yet free from Guilt and all Offence  
 On Odorous Beds of Flowers lay,  
 In their First State of Innocence.

### 2.

Their Lips still join'd like Billing Doves,  
 With Ardent Breathing of desire  
 They secretly inflame their Loves  
 And set each others Heart on Fire.

This

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This *munificence* of *Love* in communicating whatever it thinks good and delectable, is evident even in the delight of *sensual Fruition*, which being a pleasure consisting in a conjunction not only of two persons of different Sexes, but also of two different Appetites in each person; *viz.* to please, and to be pleas'd; it necessarily follows, that each party becomes so much the more joy'd or pleas'd in himself, by how much the more able he finds himself to please or cause joy in the other.

*His quick imagination must present  
The Scenes and Images of his Content,  
Which soon the fair One will to him dispence,  
Joys too unruly and too fierce for Sense.*

So that Lovers rival each other in the Communication of delight.

Thus Mr. *Wem* have we discover'd to you the *Mysteries* and different kinds of *Corporal Love*: We shall next shew you how *Love* is dispersed throughout the whole *World*, and ingrafted into every *Creature*, as well *Mineral* and *Vegetable*, as *Animal*, all obeying the Statute of the great *Law-giver*, instituted in *primo Adami*. The which causeth a *Sympathy* or *Love* in all things. —

*The Proverb holds, That to be wise and love,  
Is hardly granted to the Gods above:  
A general Doom on all Mankind is past,  
And all are Fools and Lovers, first or last.*

Now

Now to demonstrate this in Man. He having by Nature imprinted in his Soul an affected desire or earnest inclination to that which seemeth good, is drawn as 'twere by necessity to search it out in every thing which he esteemeth fair and good; and finds nothing so apt to be the center of his Affections, and to correspond with his Nature (her creation solely tending to that) as *Woman*. For after God had created Man, and placed him in the Garden to dress it, *It is not good (saith he) that Man should be alone, I will make him a help meet for him.* Now seeing man was created for this end, he could not continue without *Generation*, which could not be, unless he were joined to a *Woman*; which was before his Fall a most pure and innocent *Love*. But now because of his *Corruption*, his *Affections* are irregular, and are made extream; there is nothing so greatly exciteth and carrieth away his Mind, nor cometh more near to his destruction, than this foolish *passion*.

To prove which, many *Presidents* might be produced. *Galacea* of *Mantua* declaring oftentimes to a *Maid* of *Pavia*, whom he courted and made love to, that *he wou'd suffer a thousand deaths for her sake* which she imagining was but spoke in jest, commanded him to cast himself into the *River*; which he presently performed and was drowned.

Yet, as well as Man, this *Love* (as we have said) is ingrafted into every *Creature*; this *Love*, *Appetite*, or *universal Inclination*, or *Complacency*, was given to them at the *Creation*

and incite them - to desire and search  
that which is consentaneous to, and  
sympathizeth with their own nature;  
so that there is nothing so insen-  
sible, which hath not in it self this Love  
innate, propending and moving to its proper  
Object, as Amber and straw, Iron and Ada-  
mant; and the Palm Trees of both Sexes, ex-  
press not a sympathy only, but a Love-passion;  
according to that of the Poet,

*Leaves sing their Loves, each complemental Tree  
In Courtship bowes, the amorous Palms we see  
Confirm their Leagues with nois, Poplars inchain  
Their Arms, the Plane insistereth the Plane.*

Now, the better to illustrate this by ex-  
ample, *Florentius* tells us of a *Palm* that loved  
most fervently, and wou'd receive (it proper-  
ly it may be so said) no consolation, until  
her Lover applyed himself to her; you might  
see the two Trees bend, and of their own accord  
stretch out their Boughs to embrace and kiss each  
other. They (saith he) marry one another,  
and when the wind brings their odour unto  
each other, they are marvellously affected; they  
will be sick and pine away for Love, which  
the Husbandman perceiving, strokes his hand  
on those *Palms* which grow together, and so  
stroaking again the *Palm* that is enamoured,  
they carry kisses from one to the other, or  
weaving their Leaves into a Love-Net, they  
will prosper and flourish with a greater  
bravery. No Creature is to be found *quod  
non aliquid amat*, which doth not love some-  
thing

thing, no flock nor Stone, which hath not some feeling of its effects: Yet 'tis more eminent in Vegetables.

We shall next express what *special causes* and *motives* tend most to the encrease of this *Passion*. And here, Sir, we're oblig'd to tell you that *Beauty* and *Goodness* makes us love. Which two if they be found both in one Woman, (she's *rara avis*, a very rare thing indeed) are most availeful advantages. This *Beauty* hath great power to procure *Love*; for where it appeareth in the exterior parts in any Body, it is as it were a witness and testimony of the beauty in the Soul. It is the *Witch* of Nature, as *Gold* is the *God* of the World; for a Woman without *Beauty*, hath as few followers, as a man without money hath Friends.

The reason why Womens *Beauty* is of such force, that it overcomes men, is that the *Sense* being too much fastned upon it, doth not only (as if it gazed upon an Object above its strength) remain dazled with the *Rays* thereof, but reason it self is darkned, the *Heart* is fettered, and the *Will* by *Love* made a Prisoner.

Having discoursed thus much of *Beauty* in General, we will now descend to the particulars of *Beauty*, and demonstrate their force in causing *Love*. For there is not any that loves, but there is some particular part, either in form or condicion, which pleaseth most, and inflameth him above the rest.

And first of the *Eyes*, which *Scaliger* calls *Cupid's Arrows*; the black, round, quick, sparkling *Eye*, is the most fair, amorous and enticing,  
the

the speaking, courting, enchanting Eye.— The Eyes of a beautiful woman apply their Beams, and endeavour to intangle the Hearts of those that earnestly behold her. The Poet *Propertius* calls the Eyes the Conductors and Guides in Love.

*Si nescis, Occuli sunt in amore duces.*

It is the Eyes that infect the Spirits, by the gazing upon an Object, and thence the Spirits infect the Blood. To this effect the Lady in *Apuleius* complained, *Thou art the cause of my Grief, thine Eyes piercing through mine Eyes into mine inward parts, have set my Bowels on fire, therefore commiserate me that am now ready to die for thy sake.*

The Eye is the Judge of Beauty, and is as it were the Looking Glass of the Soul, in which are described all the Affections of the Soul; as Love, Passion, Anger, Disdain, &c. The Eye exceedingly lusteth after Beauty, and is fittest to be the principal judge thereof; the Eye being an Organ by which the Lover doth best discern the perfection of all those principal parts, which are required to the framing of a compleat Beauty.

Secondly. Fair Hair; as the Poets say, are the Pillons of *Cupid*; that is the cause (as we suppose) that Ladies make Rings, and Bracelets, and Love-Locks to send to their Lovers. And that's the cause too (for we must handle both Sexes) that Men curl and Powder their hair, and prune their Perriwigs, making the East side correspondent to the West.

Thirdly,



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*Truly, the Tongue is called by Scaliger, the Lightning of Love. But we will take all the actions and gestures of the Mouth together with it; what a bewitching force hath a gracious laughter, a pleatant and eloquent delivery, a modest courting, a Syrens Song, or any other comely carriage or manifestation of the Mind, a corral Lip, a comely order, and Set of two Ivory Rails? How great force and enticements lie in kissing?*

### 1.

*Her Hairs are Cupid's Nets, which when she spreads,  
She catches Hearts and Maiden-heads.  
Her Forehead makes all Gazers proud,  
Not her; and is by me allow'd  
A fairer Coast than Heaven without a Cloud.*

### 2.

*Her Eye-brows are Loves Bows, from which her Eyes  
Do seldom shoots but some man dies.  
Her Lips the Temples are of Bliss;  
And he that can but get a Kiss  
Knows what the end of his Devotion is.*

### 3.

*Her Tongue I call Loves Lightning, but the Throne  
Of Graces, is her Neck alone.  
Or Poets may inspired say,  
There the wanton Doves do play,  
When Venus means to make it Holy-Day.*

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They breathe out their Souls and Spirits together with their kisses, changing Hearts and Spirits, and mingle affections as they do kisses, and is rather a connexion of the Mind, than of the Body.

I felt thee with a pleasing kind of Smart;  
The kiss went tingling to my very Heart.  
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay,  
The sweetness cling'd upon my Lips all day,  
Like drops of Honey, both to fall away.

Fifthly, Their Breasts and Paps are called the Tents of Love; for which cause women do so much discover them, (for Women, saith Aristotle, are Natures Errata, continually studying Temptations) together with their Painted Faces, naked Necks, Shoulders and Arms; having all things necessary and in readiness, that may either allure the Mind to Love, or the Heart to Folly. And that made L—— salute his disdainful Mistress in this manner.

There are who know what once to day it was;  
Your Eyes, your Conscience, and that morning-Glass.  
How durst you venture that adulterate Part,  
(Belabour'd with your Fucus and best Art)  
To the rude Breath of every rash Salute;  
What did your proffer'd whisper expect Suit?  
You were too pliant with your Ear, you wish'd  
Pomatum and Vermilion might be kiss'd.  
That Lip, that Cheek by man was never known;  
Those Favours you bestow, are not your own.  
Henceforth, such kisses I'll despise like thee,  
Which Druggists sell to you, and you to me.

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A Ship is not so long a Rigging, as a young Lady is in Trimming her self against the coming of her Sweet-Heart.

Subly, Pleasant and Well-Composed Looks, Glances, Smiles, Counter-Smiles, Plausible Gestures, Pleasant Carriage and Behaviour, Affable Compliments, a comely Gait and Pace, Balances, Plays, Revels, Masks, Dancing, Fine, Place, Opportunity, Conference, and impossunity, are materials of which Love Torch is made; also no stronger Engines than to hear and read of Love Toys, Fables and Discourses, so that many by this means become distracted; for those Exercises do as well open the pores of the Heart as the Body.

Subly, Obligatory Love-Letters, to insinuate themselves into their Mistresses Favour, are great Incentives; they are the Life of Love.

The Pen can furrow a fond Females Heart,  
And Pierce it more than Cupid's feigned Dart.  
Letters a kind of Magick Vertue have,  
And, like strong Philters, Humane Souls inslave.

We purpose next to Treat of Money, causing Love. That is, the General Humour of the World, and in this Iron Age of ours, 'tis that Commodity steers our Affections, the love of Riches being most respected.

A just Proportion every where behold;  
And Gold, the Cream of all, remember Gold!  
Gold! Gold! Those subtle Charms must needs  
(prevail,  
Gold; Gold enough! Had Spouse nor Head nor Tail.

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Sure this must even the Flintiest Hears (ubane  
Those Chains, those Pearls, those Lockets, all for use  
What if no Cubbs bless the ill nam'd Joys?  
Look she's already stock'd with yellow Boys.

Now adays a Maid must buy her Husband  
with a great Dowry if she will have him,  
making Love Mercenary; and 'tis the fashion  
altogether in use, to chuse Wives as Chapters  
sell their Wares, with *Quantum Dabit*? What  
is the most you will give? And for this Res-  
son Cowley tells us,

*Virtue now, nor Noble Blood  
Nor Wit, but by Love's undertread:  
Gold alone does Passion move,  
Gold Monopolizes Love;  
A Curse on her and on the Man  
Who this Traffick first began;  
A Curse, all Curses from Above,  
On those who us'd it first in Love?  
Gold begets in Brethren hate,  
Gold in Families Debate;  
Gold does Friendship separate  
These the smallest Harms of it:  
Gold, alas, does Love beget.*

Witty was that young Gentlewoman's Answer  
to an inconsiderate Suitor, who having solicited  
the Father, and bargained with him for the  
Affection of his Daughter for so much, and  
Covenants of Marriage Concluded: This un-  
discreet Woer unseasonably imparts his Mind to  
the Daughter; who made strange of it, saying,  
She never heard of any such matter; yea, but

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(replied he) *I have Bargained with your Father, and he hath already consented: And you may Marry him too* (quoth she) *for you must hold me excused. They care not for Beauty, Education, Honesty or Birth; if they hear that she is a Rich Heirefs, or hath ready Cash, they are Frantick and Doting on such a one, more than if she were Natures Master-Piece in Beauty. If she be never so Ugly and Stinking, 'tis Money makes her Kiss Sweetly. Has she Money? (that's the first Question) O how they Love her!*

Now to turn the Current of our Discourse to the other Sex; for this desire of Lucre is not adherent to Men only, but that there are some of the Female Train of the same temper. Let the Man be what he will, let him be cast in *Esops* Mould, with his Back like a *Lute*, and his Face like *Thersites*, his Eyes broad and Tawny, his Lips of the largest size in Folio, able to Furnish a Coblers stall with clouting leather; if he have but a Golden Hand, *Midas's* touch, or loaded with Golden Pockets, immediately they salute him with delight.

*Freedom is a real Treasure,  
Love a Dream, all False and Vain;  
Short, uncertain is the Pleasure,  
Sure and Lasting is the Pain.*

*A Sincere and Tender Passion  
Some ill Planet over-rules,  
Ab how blind is inclination!  
Fate and Women dote on Fools.*

But

But the truly *Handsom, Compleat, and Meritorious*, that cannot shew the face of a *Jacobus*, that hath not *Pocket Angels* for his *Guardians*, shall live at a distance from the Grace of her good liking.

We will next Declare what the Poets say. Is the *cause of Love*. They say that when *Jupiter* first formed Man, and all Souls, he touched every one with several pieces of *Loadstone*, and afterwards put all the pieces in a place by themselves; likewise, the Souls of Women after he had touch'd them, he put them in a Magazine by themselves: Afterwards when he had sent the Souls into Bodies, he brought those of the Women to the place where the *Loadstones* were which touched the Men, and made every one to take one piece; if there were any *Theevish Souls*, they took several pieces and hid them. Now when that Man meets with that Woman that hath the piece which touched his Soul, it is impossible but he must Love her; the *Loadstone* which she hath, doth attract his Soul: And from hence doth proceed the several *Effects of Love*; for those who are Loved of many, are those *Theevish Souls* who took many pieces of the *Loadstone*; if any do Love one who Loves not him again, that was one who took his *Loadstone*, but he not hers: And from hence (say they) comes it to pass, that we do often see some Persons Love others, who in our Eyes are nothing amiable.

*Fonseca* holds (and we are of the same mind) there is something in a Woman beyond all *Humane Delight*, a *Magnetick Vertue*, a *Charming Quality*, and a *Powerful Motive*. To illustrate this;

this; There is a Story recorded in the *Lives of the Fathers*, of a Child whose Education was in a Desert from his Infancy, by an old *Hermit*: Being come to mans Estate, he accidentally spied Two Comely Women wandering in the Woods; he enquired of the *Hermit* (having never seen such before in his Life) what Creatures they were? The *Hermit* told him they were *Fairies*; after some tract of time being in Discourse, the *Hermit* demanded of him which was the pleasantest and most delectable sight that he ever saw in his Life? He readily replied (without any pause, or further consideration) the two *Fairies* he spied in the Desert. So that Indubitably, there is in a Fair and Beautiful Woman, a Magnetick Power, and a Natural Inbred Affection, which moves our Concupiscence.

To Conclude this head, It may be, that some will expect, that we should prescribe some things to cause Love; as to teach them how to Temper and Spice an Amatorious Cup, and what time may be Elected for the Administring of it; or how Love may be caused by natural Magick; *Pliny* reporteth that *Lucullus* a most brave General and Captain of great Experience, lost his Life by a Love-Potion.

— Love bath us'd against Frail Hearts  
Unlawful Weapons, shooting Poison'd Darts.

That there are things that have Power and Virtue to cause Love, is not to be doubted. But if these be not done under a suitable and proper Constellation, you may as well go about to pick Scraws, as effect any thing by them; no more but *verbum fat sapienti*. Also there are certain seasons

seasons (which we will conceal for Modesties sake) when Women (tho' never so backward at other times) may be won, in the which moment they have neither Will to deny, nor Wit to mistrust; such a time, as is Recorded in History, a young Gentleman found, to obtain the Love of the Dutchess of Milan; such a time a poor Yeoman Elected, and in it purchased the Love of the Fairest Lady in Mantua. *Sed vulgo proderet gratia de nefas.* If we have displeas'd any Fools in concealing such things as are to be conceal'd, we hope the Wise will hold us excus'd, whilst we proceed to declare unto them in the next place the *Power and Effects of Love.*

Sir,— You shall pay nothing but your Pains in following us, whilst we shew you the great *Power and various Effects of Love*; and yet we think we may as well go about to number the leaves of the Trees, and sands of the Sea, the Grass piles upon the Land, and the Stars in the Firmament, as enumerate the *different Effects and Disorders* that Love produceth in Mortals. Plato calls it *Magna Demon*, or the great Devil, for its vehemency and Sovereignty over all other Passions. For such one, I had rather contend with Tygers, Wolves, Dragons, Lions, Bulls, Bears, and Gyants, than with Love, he is so powerful.

Love hath walked on Scepters, wither'd the Laurels of Victors, thrown croakle into States, Schisms in Churches, corruption among Judges, and Furies into Arms. It Assaulteth in Company, in Solitude, at Windows, at Prison Gates, at Theaters, and in Cabinets, at Sports, at a Feast, at a Comedy, and many times at Church.

Chains and Wounds are Honourable, if they come



come from beloved hearts, making their Heads  
 CUSHIONS for their Mistresses Feet. Inevitably  
 they find more force in their Eyes, than in their  
 own Hearts. They would die a Thousand  
 Deaths for them, to they throw but so much as  
 a hanging of Flowers, or distill but a poor Tear  
 on their Tombs. Love! it is a natural Distem-  
 per, a kind of Smal-Pox; every one hath had  
 it, or is to expect it, and the sooner the better.

A Lovers Heart is Cupids Quiver, an inextin-  
 guishable Fire; more hot and vehement than any  
 material Fire; it is the quintessence of Fire, which  
 no Water can quench.

*For Love bath Not there laid to serve his turn,  
 And in the Water will his Wildfire burn.*

It is impossible to reckon up the many great  
 Dangers and Hazards Lovers undergoe; they un-  
 dertake single Combates, venture their Lives, creep  
 in a Windows, Gutters, go down Chimnies in Ropes,  
 and climb over Walls to come to their Sweet-hearts;  
 Anoint the Doors and Hinges with Oyl, lest they  
 should make a Noise, Tread softly, Whisper, &c.  
 and if they be Surprised, Leap out at Windows,  
 and cast themselves down Headlong. What a Passi-  
 onate Speech was that of Callicratides in Lucian:  
 The which we thus Paraphrase; O ye Gods  
 Celestial, Grant me this Life, for Ever, to sit Opposite  
 to her I Love; that I may continually be an Auditor  
 of her Mellifluous Speeches, to go in and out with  
 her; be that Frowns upon her, shall Frown upon me;  
 if she should Die, I would not Live, and One  
 Tomb should contain us both.

Love causeth him that doth Love, to ingrave and imprint in his Heart, that Face and Image which he Loveth; so that the Heart of him that Loveth is like unto a Looking-Glass, in which the image of the Party Beloved shineth and is Represented; and doth as it were deprive him of himself, and giveth himself to whom he Loveth; for the Delights of Love are commonly more in the Imagination, than in the thing it self; and the Soul doth cast her Eye upon those images which remain in the Fancy, and looks upon them as if they were present.

*Oh Cruel Love! how great a Power is thine!  
Under the Pole although we lie,  
Thou mak'st us Fry:  
And thou can'st make us Freeze beneath the Line.*

Yet this Amorous Passion is not more frequent with Men and Women, than it is with the *Airy Quiristers*, the nimble Birds, who are overtaken with Cupids nimbler Wings, annually electing their *Valentines*.

*Tho' all the sweet Voys'd Quiristers which be  
This Day together join'd in Amity  
By Natures Bonds, their Notes in one Combine,  
To chant the Praises of my Valentine,  
Twould be too harsh a Trumpet for the Fame  
Of Fairest, Dearest, Chastest Marg'ret's Name:  
None but thy Lover, thou art so Divine,  
Can Sing thy Worth, Dear Valentine.*

What a perfect *Harmony of Affection* is there betwixt the *Turtle* and his dear Mate? Whose continual billing shames *Diana* and her frigid *Troia*! What a Zealous Adorer of *Venus* is the wanton *Sparrow*, who empties himself of all his Radical Moisture in her Rites, and at Three Years end (when the Column of his Life fails him) offers up his dry Bones a Sacrifice to her! *Aristotle* will have Birds sing *ob fatuam ventrem*, for Joy and Hope of their *Love-Feasts* to come. *Cupid* is as familiar with *Lions*, as *Children* with *coffer Lambs*, and oftentimes mounts on their Backs, holding by their *Brilly Mains*, and riding them about like *Horses*, whilst they fawn upon him with their *Tails*.

It is Love makes *Old Men* and *Women*, that have more *Toes* than *Teeth*, *Dance* and *Frisk* like *Goats*; it makes *Old Gowty Fellows* break their *Crutches*, *yes*, and *Shins* too, and *Dance* after *Fiddlers*, *Hei-go-mad*.

*Maids* when they get together (*Pardon us Ladies*, for 'tis our design to touch all) are all either *Reading* or *telling of Love-Stories*, *Singing Love-Songs* or *Sonnets*, talking of this or that *Young Man*, such a *Man* is *Proper*, *Fair*, and *handsome*, saith one; and such a *Man* is *Black* and *Comely*; O! what a *Pearl* is he in mine *Eye*, saith another; and thus they chat when they meet, never thinking or willingly discoursing upon any other *Subject*. And forsooth they must fast *St. Agnes Eve*, to see who must be their first *Husbands*, and flock to the *Artist* to know who they shall *Marry*, and how many *Husbands* they shall have; nay, what would they

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they not give it they might but see him in a  
Glas?

We will now turn to the *Inamorato*; and  
suppose one should endeavour to Reform him,  
(then which, one had better strive to tame a  
*Panther*) immediately he will burst out in Cho-  
ler, saying, *Would you have me inconstant? Oh no,  
not for the World!*

*A Constancy in Love I'll prize,  
And be to Beauty true;  
And doat on all the Lovely Eyes,  
That are but Fair and New.*

*On Cloris Charms to Day I'll Field,  
To Morrow Daphne's move;  
For bright Lucinda next I'll Bleed,  
And still be true to Love.*

*What, would you have me Mad? (as he is not  
better) No, I will be Constant till Death; start-  
ling more at the word Inconstancy, than at a De-  
vil.*

*There's no such thing as Constancy we call,  
Faith eyes not Hearts; 'tis Inclination all;  
The World's a Scene of Changes, and to be  
Constant in Nature, mere Inconstancy;  
The most fix'd Being still does move and fly,  
Swift as the Wings of Time 'tis measur'd by.  
'T imagine then your Love shou'd never cease,  
Love, which is but the Ornament of these,  
Were quite as seamless as so wonder why  
Beauty and Colour stay not when we Dye.*

Had we a Quill pluck'd from Cupids Wing  
and dip't in the Milk of Venus, we could not  
Record all the Delight Lovers take in Displaying  
the Beauty of their Mistresses, with oblique  
*Myrtles*, and things most Excellent, compar-  
ing their Eyes to those of Night, to the Sun, and  
call them Spheres of Light, flaming and strongly  
enkindling all others.

*Why for you're not (Painters) to be drawn  
A rarer piece no Pintor ever drew;  
Had you'd Appelles had so rich a Picture,  
His Venus he had not had by a.  
But why no Limner near approach, I find:  
Alas! Your Eyes would strike the Artist blind.*

They compare her to *Aurora*, or the Morning,  
to the *Snow*, *Lily*, *Rose*, to the whiteness of the  
*Swan*, sometimes to the *Myrtle*, sometimes to  
*Gold*, *Rubies*, *Diamonds*, *Crystal*, sometimes they  
parallel her with the *Heavens*, the *Sun*, and  
whatsoever is in any degree excellent; and yet  
they think those but beggarly Similitudes, and  
would go higher, if they could tell how.

Now see how She Lovers Fry under the *Torrid*  
*Zone* of Love, hourly in that *Ecstasie*, quenching  
and renewing their Hearts, and letting themselves  
loose to the freedom of *Uncontroll'd Embraces*.  
Expressing themselves in these or such like *Rap-*  
*tures*, viz. *My Dearest, Unless thou be'st Fresh*  
*Spirited, unless Alcto's cold Poison fills thy*  
*Veins, I'll Melt thee into Amorous Thoughts,*  
*and speak Charms to all thy Senses, and make*  
*thee all Flame.*

The Lover Hugs and Embraces all his Mistress's Friends and Followers; her Picture, and and what ever she wears, he adores as a Relique; her Dog he makes his constant Companion, feeding him at his Table, verifying the Proverb, *Love me, love my Dog*. If he gets a Ring, Ribband, a Shoe-tie, her Garter, a Bracelet of Hair of hers, he wears it (*ut signus amoris*) for a Favour about his Arm, in his Hat, Finger, or next his Heart. How many of such-like, would not stick to hazard their very Souls for their Mistresses sake? And because they know Women are given to *Dissemble*, they will never believe them when they *Deny*, and will defend their Mistresses even in a wrong and unjust cause:

Many a Lover seeks to win his Mistress's *Affection* with gallant and costly Apparrel, putting all he hath on his Back, thinking Women are Married to fine Cloaths, making his *Taylor* his *Band*, and hopes to enveagle her *Love* with such a coloured Sait; but surely the same man hazzards the loss of her Favour, upon every change of his Cloaths. Another with an *Affected* face. Another with *Musick*. Another with *Rich Gifts*, and *Pleasant Discourse*. Another with *Letters Vows* and *Promises*; to be Gracious in her Eyes, struts like a *Peacock*, with his Train before her,

But there are many other, who every moment declare their *Fervour*, their *Torment* and *Martyrdom*; they serve, they sooth, they continually frequent, they spy out all occasions, they silently practise all the ways they can, to come to the end of their designs.

1.

*Why this Talking Bill of Dying ?  
 Why this Dismal Look and Groan ?  
 Leave, fond Lover, leave your Sighing,  
 Let these Fruitless Arts alone.*

2.

*Love's the Child of Joy and Pleasure,  
 Born of Beauty, Nurst with Wit,  
 Much amiss you take your measure,  
 This dull whining way to hit.*

3.

*Tender Maids you fright from Loving  
 By the Effect they see in you.  
 If you wou'd be truly moving,  
 Eagerly the Point pursue.*

4.

*Brisk and Gay appear in Doing ;  
 Pleasant be, if you wou'd please ;  
 All this Talking, and no Doing,  
 Will not Love, but Hate increase.*

Some are so foolishly overcome, as to waste Ten Years of Service to kiss a Womans hand, and suffer for a shameful Servitude, that which (we profess) we would not endure one Year, for an Empire.

For we think a Mediocrity in Love is the best :  
 But here we see, one of these Melancholy  
 Lovers

Lovers, setting a Frowning Tart, Saturnine Face upon us: Objecting, that he that Loves not in the highest point of Extremity, does not Love one for.

Indifference in Love? It cannot be,  
 'Tis contradiction to the last degree?  
 Cool Temp'rate Passion is an empty name,  
 And greater nonsense than a Freezing Flame:  
 Hope, Fear and Joy may with degrees dispence,  
 These Passions but by halves affect our sense;  
 But when we Love, 'tis still with Violence.  
 And that dull Shepherd, who this Truth denies,  
 Sure never must have seen your Clara's Eyes;  
 Half Beauties may perhaps half Passions move,  
 But she still wounds with all the force of Love:  
 Yet whilst such rigorous Flames she does inspire,  
 Preserves her self unmou'd by any Fire:  
 Who gaze upon her Charms, are sure to burn,  
 And are as certain to have no return;  
 Yet ne'er Repent them of their Destiny,  
 But count it greater Bliss for her to Dye,  
 Than in the Arms of other Beauties Lie.

He that can be indifferent, and Love all alike, cannot Love one as he ought to do; or he that can measure, or think any greater than his own, is not a Lover worth a rush; for to enjoin a Mediocrity in Love, is to impose an impossibility. But can you think (saith the Lover) that one who Loves, will ever be troubled with the presence of her whom he Loves? If you did but know what it is to Love, you wou'd never think that he who Loves, can do any thing to displease. If he  
 chance



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chance to commit any fault, the fault it self pleaseth, considering with what intention it was committed. The very desire of being amiable has such a vigour in a *right Lover*, as tho' he be rough to the World in general, yet will he be sure to smooth and spruce up himself towards her he loves. Nay, he thinks himself in the Orchard of *Adonis*, or the *Elysium-Fields*, if he enjoy her company, he is so taken with delight.

This Love gathers its heat, and redoubleth its force by *Hope*.

*'Tis Expectation makes a Blessing dear;  
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what were.*

This Hope or Expectation inflameth with the soft and gentle Air thereof, or our foolish desires, kindleth in our Minds a Fire, from whence ariseth a thick Smoak, which blindeth our *Understanding*, carryeth with it our *Thoughts*, holds them hanging in the Clouds, and makes us *dream waking*.

How justly are those cruel Ladies to be condemned, who being rich in Beauty (*concocting Art*) suffer their *loyal Amourists* to die for love of them unpityed. And on the other side (to make neither Barrel better Herring) some young men are so obstinate, and as curious in their choice, and Tyrannically proud, insulting, deceitful and false-hearted. Therefore let these go together, for Love and Hanging go by *Destiny*.

Yet there are some *feminine humours* so tractable, that they are won with a small intreaty, according to that of the *Comedian*,

*Such*

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Such rape thou aēt'st upon my Soul, and with such pleasing violence dost enforce it, that when it shou'd resist, it timely yields; making a kind of haste to be undone; as if the Victory were lost, and Conquest came by overthrow

*Wounded with Love, they yeild up Nature's Treasure,  
To be all ransackt at the Victors pleasure.*

She is now peevish and sick till she see him; discontent, heavy, sad: And why comes he not? Where is he? Why breaks he promise? Why tarrles he so long? Sure he is not well; he hath some mischance certainly; he forgets himself and me. But when he comes, then with a seeming coynefs she looks upon him, with a cold look, though she be all Flame within.

The coyest She that is may be won by fair opportunity, being the strongest plea in the Court of *Venus*, able to overthrow her be she never so coy; (for 'tis more easy for some Maids to suffer themselves to be martyred by Tyrants in defence of their Chastity, than (if opportunity, pleasing Courtship and importunity serve) not to yield that to a Lover, which they wou'd have denied to an Executioner. But to gull their Lovers the more, and fetch them over; they will shew them *Rings, Gloves, Scarffer, &c.* saying, that such a Gallant sent them; when there's no such matter, but meerly to circumvent them. O the subtilty of Women, to whet their Lovers appetite! They will fall out and quarrel with them on set purpose, pick quarrels upon no occasion, because they wou'd be

be reconciled unto them again, according to the old Grammar Rule, *Amantium ire Amoris, redintegratio est.* The falling out of Lovers is the renewing of Love.

The blunt Country Wench did as eloquently as she cou'd express her self in these words; There's something runs in my mind, I wish it were out; but I wish somebody lov'd me, as well as I love somebody: Poor Girl, both at milking, walking, and working, still something troubles her: At last she cries out, Hai-ho, for an Husband; a bad Husband, nay the worst that ever was, is better than none.

But now Mr. Wem, to put a Period to this Session, for Volumes wou'd not be sufficient for him who shou'd write all the *Passions* which daily arise as Members from this *Passion*.

We shall therefore in the next place (for perhaps Sir, if *Clara* reject your Suit, a *Widow* may charm you next) discover the *Power and Effect of Love with Widows*.

Mr. Wem, 'twill let you smile, but do not jeer at our curiosity in describing the *Effects of Love in Widows* (who like *Herald's Herks-Cloths*, serve so many *Funerals* with a little altering the colour) and the wylie Lures they lay to bring on their Suitors. It wou'd make a Dog laugh to hear how they will balle their Age, saying, they're little past *Thirty*, when they've scarce a *Tooth* in their heads.

They will artificially discourse of their former *Husbands*, saying, they have no memory of *Life*, unless it be to think of, and to live in him, thinking thereby to engage their *Lovers* the more, and to let them see how much they

they do deserve to be beloved, in shewing them how capable they are of Love, and how much they can cherish the Affections of a living man, since they so long retain those of dead ones, imitating such Decoys, as to gain another Mans money, do willingly deposite some of their own. O Heavens! saith she, (relating her Love to her former Husband) how do I resent his loss! And have ever since preserv'd so lively a memory of him in my Soul (for I did love him with most perfect Affection) that methinks I see him every hour before mine eyes.

She has a trick to commend to them a single Life; just as Horse-Coufers do their Jades, to put them away. *While she's a Widow* (observe her) she's no morning Woman; the Evening and a good Fire may make her listen to a Husband.

Really, Mr. *Wem*, I admire at those Men who take delight to sour Widows. What a Fantastical Stomach must he needs have, that cannot eat of a dish of Meat, till another have cut of it? Who wou'd wash after another, when he might have fresh water enough for asking? The Principal of a Widows Love is perished with the Use.

Wherefore 'tis a resolution of the Spaniards, of what mean quality soever he be, he will not marry a Widow, altho' she be very young and wealthy, and it hath been a resolution of theirs from Antiquity, and continueth to this day: And to this effect one of 'em made this Answer,

*I will no Widow wed, my reason's sound;*  
*I'll drink no water wherein one was drown'd.*  
Surely

Surely Widows were ordained for younger Brothers, for they being born to no Lands, must Plow in another mans Soil. But we expect no thanks from them for this, having trespassed a little too much upon their Patience. Therefore we will proceed on, and and tell you *the Signs of Love.*

Mr. Hem, Having enter'd thus far within this melancholy Devils Territory. It is our purpose to set before you a clear Representation and Image of a Love-sick Person, with an account of those various Gestures and Actions Lovers have.

Love, tho' it be never so close, and kept private, may be discovered, if Prudence and Artifice be used. Yet we wish everyone, who ventures his judgment in the discovering of an *Inamorato*, not rashly to give credit to one testimony of *contingent* Signs, but join many, and consider them together for the perfection of his judgment.

We'll first shew how it may be discover'd by Physiognomy. We commonly call *Physiognomy* the Science whereby men judge of the nature, complexion and manners of every one, by the contemplation of all the members of the Body, and chiefly of the Face and Countenance.

A rejoicing Heart maketh merry the Face. And is a received opinion, that *Vultus est Index Animi*; the Countenance is the Discoverer of the Mind. So that one affirms that those that are in Love, have a continual motion of winking with their *Eye-lids*. Tears are Signs of this passion, which may be observed by the Poets so often representing unto us Lovers weeping and lamenting; because Love is delighted

delighted in tears; but this Sign is not very certain, especially in Women, who have the command of their *Tears*, and can unflue the Flood-Gates of their *Eyes* when they please.

But as this *Passion* enters first into the *in-ternal parts* by the *Eyes*; so they send forth the first assured and undoubted *tokens* of the time (for there's no *Passion* but some particular *Gesture* of the *Eyes* declare it:) So soon as ever the *malady* hath seized upon the *Patient*, it causeth a certain kind of *modest Cast* of the *Eyes*; but if it begin to get strength upon the *party*, then the *Eyes* begin to grow hollow and dry, and you may observe them to stand, as if they were in some deep contemplation, or else were fix'd in beholding something that much delights them.

Hair growing thick behind the Ears, and besides the Temples, is a Sign of a vehement inclination to *Love*. *Valescus de Tarenta*, the most famous Physician of his Age, observes the chapping of Lips in Women to be a Sign of their inclination to this Malady; for that denotes *the intemperate heat of the Matrix*. They cannot endure to look any one in the face, because they think, that through their *Eyes* they see their Hearts.

The *Lovers Arms* are carelessly used, as if their best use were nothing but *Embracements*. If you ask him a question, he answers not, or not to the purpose; and no wonder, for he is not at home, his thoughts being gone a *Wool-gathering* with his *Mistress*. *Stragling thoughts* are his content, they make him dream waking. Speak to him, he hears with his

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his Eyes, his Ears follow his Mind, and that's not at leisure.

Ovid saith, That Paleness is a constant colour with Lovers.

*Pallidus omnis amans, color hic est apud amantem.*

One trembles at the sight of his Mistress; *tremor Cordis*, Palpitations of the Heart; another sweats, blows short, his Heart is at his mouth, leaps, he burns, freezes, and sometimes thro' violent agitation of the Spirits bleeds at Nose.

Poor Sakh, he is inflam'd with fits of Love,  
So violently hot, as they do move  
His Pulse to beat a Madmans temper: He  
Does fy, does languish, seems half dead to be,  
And euer in such violences swells,  
As ask him what he ails, he cannot tell.

Erasistratus discovered the Love of Antiochus to his Step-mother, for so soon as ever she entered the Chamber, his colour changed, his Speech stopped, his Looks were pleasant, his Face burn'd, and he was all in a sweat, his Pulse beat very disorderly, and lastly his Heart failed him; with othes such like symptoms, which are wont to appear in metacrobic Lovers.

A serious Lover can alone explain  
In some well ordered Speech his amorous pain.  
But when his beautifull Idol comes in place,  
All's left in Cringes and a begging Face:  
Fear of offending and desire to please,  
Turns all to Blushes and half Sentences, Yet

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Yet that confusion shows a Love more true  
Than all the Flowers of Rhetorick can do.

'Tis undeniable, but that a *passionate Lover* may be known by the Pulse, by reason of the stirrings of the Spirits; for which cause, saith *Avicen*, if one wou'd know the name of such an ones Mistress, he must feel his Pulse, and at the same Instant name the Part whom he suspects to be the cause of his Malady, and take some occasion or other to commend her *Beauty*, *sweetness of Behaviour*, *Active*, or *Qualities of the Mind*; for at the same time, you shall perceive (such he) a strange alteration in the motion of the Pulse, and it will be very unequal, swift, and often interrupted.

Mr. *Burton* in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* saith, the best Conjectures are taken, from such symptoms as appear when the Parties are both present, all their *Speeches*, *amorous Glances*, *Actions* and *Gestures* will bewray them, they cannot contain themselves, but they will be still *kissing*, *joining hands*, *breeding on one anothers Toes*, *embracing*, *pinching*, *diving into their Bosoms*, &c. Tho' it be so that they cannot come near, and have the opportunity to dally, yet if they be in presence, their *Eyes* will bewray them: *ubi Amor, ibi Occutus*; where I look, I like; and where I like, I love. They will be still *gazing*, *staring*, *winking*, *nodding*, *stealing Faces*, *smiling* and *glancing* at her, with much eagerness and greediness, as if their Eyes cou'd never be satisfied with seeing her.

They



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They are troubled with *immoderate watchings,* *wakings,* and *sighings,* because in Lovers are divers *imagination,* and *fancies,* that steal into the Brain, and never suffers them to take any quiet repose.

They are vexed with *immoderate sighings,* by reason that they many times are *oblivious* of drawing their breath, being wholly taken up with the strong imagination, that they *love* either in beholding the *beauty* of their Objects, or else in their absence *contemplating* on their rare *perfections,* and *contriving* the means how to come to their *desires*: So that recollecting themselves, Nature is *constrained* to draw in as much Air at once, as before it shou'd have done at two or three times: And such a respiration is called a *sigh*: Which indeed is nothing else but a double respiration. Observe one transfix'd with *violent Love* and you shall find that all he *holdeth,* all he *meditateth on,* all he *speaketh,* all he *dreameth,* is of the Creature he *loveth.* He hath her in his *Head* and *Heart,* painted, *graved,* *carved,* in the most pleasing Forms. For her he *entrencheth* sometimes into *quakings,* sometimes into *faintings,* another while into *fits of fire,* *Ice;* he *soareth* in the *Air,* and instantly is *drenched* in the *Abysses;* he *attendeth,* he *esprieth,* he *fears,* he *hopes,* he *despairs,* he *sighs,* he *blushes,* he *waxeth pale,* he *doteth* in the *best company,* he *addresses* his *Speech* to *Woods,* *Groves* and *Fountains;* he *writeth,* he *blots out,* he *teareth,* he *lives* like a *Hermit,* *estranged* from the conversation of Men: *Repose,* which charmeth all the cares of the World, is not made for him; still this *fair one,* still this *cruel one,* tormenteth him.

You shall see another of *Cupid's Slaves* burthen himself with News of no value; he makes a Secret of every thing, and gives out those for Mysteries to his Mistress, which are proclaimed with a Trumpet.

Another is so extremely open breasted (that you need look for no other sign) he tells all his Thoughts, and as if his Heart were a Sieve, it keeps nothing which it sends not out by the Lips. So that the many Passions that Multiply in the Breast of a Lover, do bring with them an extenuation and impairing of the Complexion; and sometimes a strange kind of alteration in the individual Essence, from whence do arise those Furies of Love, and Potent Frenzies, and Insensible Astonishments, which happen many times to those that Love. You may observe this Passion drawn to the Life by *Virgil* in his *Dido*, *Æneid.* 4.

*Uritur infelix Dido, totaq; vagatur  
Urbe furens, &c.*

She was so Tormented with the Heat of her Love, that she ran up and down the City as if she had been Distracted. For Lovers through despair of obtaining their desires, thro' the inflammation of the Vitals become Melancholy. which is (to speak truth) a madness; for all Passions that produce strange and unusual behaviour, are called by the general Term of Madness. And of the several kinds of madness caused by Love, he that would take the pains, might enroll a Legion.

The Learned *Avisen* reports in his Chapter

*de Amore*, That from this Passion proceeds the *Green-Sickness* in Women, (which is sometimes accompanied with a *gentle Fever* called by our Mordern Writers an *Amorous Fever*.)

The poor *Inamorato* loves to be in *Melancholly Saturnine places*, where he may best Contemplate the Beauty of his Mistress, and not be obstructed by other Objects; where he may best remember any one Action of hers; nay, the very place where he last saw her. Do you think he would change his Contentment, for any thing in the whole Universe? He is so Jealous and so Careful to entertain this very thought, that lest he should make any a sharer with him, he will retire unto the most solitary and unfrequented places that he can find.

He may be styled an *Astronomer*, for he fixes the Eye of his Meditation upon the wandering *Venerian Planet*. If you go into his Study, you shall find Ten *Amorous Volumes*, for One Pamphlet of *Theology*, and scarce that too. Oh! How the Shelves are stuf with *Romances*, and his Pockets with *Songs* and *Sonnets*!

If you observe a *Lover* in the presence of his *Mistress*, you shall see him either struck Dumb, or when he speaks, it is but stammeringly, not knowing how to speak. And this is, because the sense of a *Lover* being too earnestly intent and settled in the Contemplation of the Beauty of his Mistress, he doth as it were altogether forget himself; and being lul'd asleep in his Beloved Object, the over vehement intention of the Mind, taketh away the outward use of the Tongue.— But recovering himself, cries out,

*I can no longer hold — my Body grows  
 Too narrow for my Soul ; sick with Repose  
 My Passions call to be abroad, and where  
 Should I discharge their weight, but in her Ear  
 From whose Fair Eyes the Burning Arrow came  
 And made my Heart a Quiver for the Flame?  
 I dare not ! How? Cupid is Blind we know !  
 I never heard that he was Dumb till now :  
 Love and not tell my Mistress ! How crept in  
 That Killing Shaft ! Is it to Love a Sin ?  
 Is't ill to feed a longing in my Blood ?  
 And was't no fault in her to be so Good ?  
 I will not then be Silent — Tet forbear,  
 Convey thy Passion rather in some Tear ;  
 Or let a Sigh express, how much thy Bliss  
 Depends on her, or Breathe it in a Kiss,  
 And mingle Souls ; loud accents call the Eyes,  
 Of Envy, and but waken Jealousies :  
 Then Silence be my Language, which if she  
 But understand, and speak again to me ;  
 We both secure our Fates, and prove at least  
 The Miracles of Love are not quite ceast :  
 For then I'll Read, in spite of Standers by,  
 Whole Volumes in the twinkling of her Eye.*

*An Unfortunate Lover speaks of nothing but his  
 Mistress and his Flames ; he is always in the Fire,  
 like the Salamander, he has a perpetual MOUND  
 Ætna in his Breast.*

*It Requires much Subtlety and Craft to dis-  
 cover this Passion in Women, they conceal and  
 smother it so closely, that they will seem to be  
 in a great Fury and Hatred, when they most of  
 all Love ; giving peevish Answers, and refuse  
 seemingly the Affections presented unto them :*

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They are like those Physicians and Lawyers, that refuse a Fee, yet put out their Hand to take it. Or,

*She'l fly away, and yet wou'd fain  
With all her Heart be over-tain.  
She will deny, yet seem to daunt  
A Lover when she fain would grant.  
She will resist, that you at length  
May seem to vanquish her by strength.  
For thus her Honour does ordain,  
She should Resist, and yet but feign.*

Yes, (*Ladies*) you shall see some of your own Sex so surpris'd with Affection, as it bursts out into violent Extreams; their discourse is semi-brev'd with Sighs, their Talk with Tears; they appear desperately Forlorn, making Woods and Groves their disconsolate Walks. So as in time they fall in a poor *Maudlins* Distemper by giving reins to Passion, till it estrange them from the Sovereignty of Reason. We could say more, but Modesty will not permit us.

Yet, some there are, who are not such kind Souls, nor half so passionate, more discreet in their choice, and in the passages of *Love* more Temperate. These will not daign to cast a look upon their Beloved; but stand to punctually upon their terms, as if they stood indifferent for their choice, albeit constantly (though privately) resolv'd never to admit of any change. They can play with the Flame, and never singe their Wings; look Love in the Face, and preserve their Eyes; Converse where they take delight, and colour their Affection with a feigned disdain.

Some

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Some Artists will undertake to judge who are in Love by *Chiromancy*, by the Lines of the Hand. For say they, If a little *cross* be upon the line of *Life* (in the hand) near the *Angle*, it portends *Maladies* of *Love*. Also, if the *Table-Line* join it self with the *middle natural Line*, so as both do make an *Angle*, this doth demonstrate one to be variously troubled with *Love*, rendring the parties *Life* very displeasing.

It seems to some (how true it is we know not) to be possible for a Man to know whether one be in *Love* or no, by their *Natural* and *Animal Dreams*, if the Party will but relate them at his awaking; for the *Fancy* in *Sleep* is most taken up with those things that the mind hath been busied with in the *Day*.

They say, that those *Lovers* who are very *Melancholly* through the extremity of this *Passion*, are accustomed to horrible and fearful *Dreams*, by reason of the *Melancholly Vapours* that ascend up into the *Brain*.

Also to Dream of Travelling through *Woods*, sticking in *Bushes* and *Bryers*, doth signifie much *Trouble* and *Crosses* in *Love*.

To Dream of *Angling* and *Fishing*, signifies a *Difficulty*, and that the party dispairst of obtaining the *Object* beloved. But to Dream of *Banquets* and *Feasts*, doth signifie the hopes of the Party *Loving*, and that his proceeding in *Love* shall be prosperous.

To Dream of *Winds*, *Storms*, and showers of *Rain*, doth signifie *Love-Passion*.

To Dream of *Riding* on a tired *Horse*, or drawing *Water* out of a *Well*, or *Climbing* upon a steep *Hill*, is a sign of a *Vehement Love Passion*.

To Dream of seeing ones Mistress in a Glass, is an infallible token of Love, and that there shall be *Reciprocal Affection* between the Parties.

To Dream of being a Husbandman or Plowman, to Sow, Plant, or Dig, is a sign of being in Love.

But *Sanguine Complexioned Lovers*, use to Dream of Pleasant and Delightable things, as Fair Gardens, Orchards, Flowers, Green Meadows.

If you have any Faith in Astrology, (*which Athens can never encourage you in*) the Astrologers will tell you you may find out a *Love-sick Mind* by

First Dilligently inquiring whether the Party hath had any Crosses or Troubles which might cause a dejection of Soul in him, and whether they do not suspect the Party to be in Love; these being considered, then you may safely go on to Judgment.

*Saturn* generally signifies *Metancholly*, and by consequence alienation of the Mind, Madnefs, &c. and therefore always when you find him to be Significator of the *Malady*, or in the Ascendant, or in the Sixth House, the Sick is Afflicted with Care and Grief, and be sure the *Love-sick-Mind* suffers for it.

Also if *Venus* be Author of the Disease, and she *Lady* of the Ascendant, Sixth or Twelfth Houses, the Distemper comes from Love, or something else of this nature is the cause.

Mr. *Wem*, shou'd you here ask us, *At what Age Men and Women first begin to be in Love?* —

We Answer, All have a taste of this Potion, though it have several Degrees, of Operation and at several Seasons.

But the most received opinion is, That Men and Women are subject to this Passion, as soon as they are entered into those Years in which they come to their Puberty; which appeareth in Men chiefly by their *Voice*, which at that time grows *great and harsh*; it may be known also in Women by observing their *Breasts*, which about this time begin to swell and grow bigger, and that for the most part about the Age of 12 and 14; so likewise it is the Justice of Nature, that those Creatures that soonest meet their Period, do as suddenly arrive at their Perfection and maturity; as we may observe in Women, who as they are ripe sooner than Men, so they commonly fail before them.

Some there are that would deprive men of this power, or Love to have any power over them; so long as they are under the age of 20 Years; for *Hier* saith, *Love tricks not till such time as the Cinn begins to bud*: which is altogether repugnant to Truth and daily Examples; for we see many to Rage Furiously before they come to Years of discretion; especially Women. *Quartilia* in *Petronius* never remembered that she was a Maid. *Rahab* the Harlot began to be a profest Quean at Ten Years of Age, and was but 15 when she hid the Spies, as some Report. *Leo* saith that in *Affrick* one shall scarce find a Maid at 14 years of Age; for when the vehemency of Adolescence (which is betwixt the Age of 14 and 28) begins to excite 'em, and when they have greatest need of a Bridle, then they let loose the Reins, committing themselves to the subjection of this passion.

*Quoth he to bid me not to Love,  
Is to forbid my Pulse to move;*



As I heard to grow, my Ears to prick up,  
 Or when I'm in a fit to Hick up;  
 Command me to Kiss out the Moon,  
 And will as easily be done. ——— Hudibras.

This Passion is more tolerable in youth, and such as are in their hot Blood; and shall we be bold to speak it without offence to the State Legislators, that Love is not properly nor naturally in reason, but in that Age next unto Infancy.

But for an *Amorous Complexion* to cover glowing Fires beneath the embers of a *Gray Beard*, to see an Old Man to dote upon Women, what more *Odious*? What more *Aburd*? Yet in some this Italian Fire flameth more in their Old Age than in their Youth. *Aristotle* saith, That Old Men are not out of the reach of *Cupid*, nor bid defiance to *Venus*, till they have passed the Age of 50 Years.

Women often become *Frantick*, and *Mad* for Love, but rarely Men; unless it be some effeminate weak Spirited Fellows. Upon this, *New Athens* took occasion one day to visit *Bedlam*, and for one Man that was there for Love, we found 10 Women; and those Men that were there, were such as had lived effeminately, Idly, and Doted themselves *Riotously* and *Delicately*.

*Pblegmatick* Persons are rarely *Captivated*, and those who are naturally *Melancholy*, less than they.

But why this *Niceness* to that *Pleasure stown*,  
 Where Nature sums up all her Joys in one  
 Gives all she can; and lab'ring still to give,  
 Makes it so great, we can but Taste and Live?

So fills the Senses that the Soul seems, fled ;  
And Thought it self does for the time lye Dead ;  
Till like a string screw'd up with eager haste,  
It breaks, and is too exquisite to last ;  
The full Possession does but fan the Fire ;  
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire.  
Unhappy Mortals! Whose sublimest Joy  
Preys on it self, and does it self destroy.

But when Men are once catch'd in *Corporal Love* ; unless they hang themselves, (which they will be much Inclined to) they will never be free from desires of Enjoyment. For the *Colts Evil* is common to all Complexions, whilst they are young and lusty.

Thus, Mr. *Wem*, have we given you (from our own experience, and the best Authors we have yet found) all the Discoveries we have made in *Corporal Love* and *Wedlock* ; and we all of us with you so much Happiness in *Clara's Arms*, that you may never suspect her Vertue either in a *Single* or *Married State*. But seeing there is no true Love without a spice of Jealousy, we'll here give you our own experience on this Subject.

*Jealousy* is Described and Defined to be a certain Suspicion which the Lover hath of the Party he chiefly Affects, lest he or she should be Enamoured of another : Or an eager desire of enjoying some Beauty alone, and to have it proper to himself only. It is a fear or doubt lest any Foreigner should participate or share with him in his Love ; still apt to suspect the worse in such Doubtful Cases.

This Passion of Jealousy is more Eminent among *Bachelors* than *Married Men*. If it appear