

(\*12) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

rits; and Lastly, Let the Issue be what it will, that we be indemnifi'd: Upon these Limitations, to be kept sacred as the *Essential Laws* of Vertue, We'll proceed to Particulars.

And the first Person we shall recommend to your choice is,

Mrs. Johnson of *Kingsion*. And here we are proud that we cannot flatter; Greatness is indeed communicated to some few of both Sexes, but *Beauty and Wit* is confin'd to a more narrow compass, 'tis only in the Female Sex, 'tis not shar'd by many; and its supreme perfection is in Mrs. Johnson, who has borrow'd the Note of the Nightingale, and her numbers are as sweet, as the Voice of that is Musical.

The Prize of *Beauty and Wit*, was disputed only till she was seen, but now all Pretenders have withdrawn their claims; there is no competition but for the *second place*; where-ever she goes, there are no Eyes for other Beauties; she only is present, and the rest of her Sex are but the unregarded parts that fill her Triumph; where are Eyes more attractive than those of this Lady? Where's a *Virgin* so chaste in her Thoughts, so careful of her Words, so pious in her Actions, so delicate in her Shape, or so lofty in her Mein? Her Air is charming, sweet, and her Smiles of more delightful shine than *April Suns*: In a word, her Person is a Paradise, and her Soul a Cherubim within, to Guard it.

*Her early Dawn gave wonder and surprize,  
and little Deaths were levell'd from her Eyes.*

Will

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*With conscious Transport all intent we hung,  
And catch'd the Graces melting on her Tongue.  
Her Virgin-Pen Seraphick Love employs;  
She scorns gross Passion, with its wanton Joys:  
Big with important Sense, her ev'ry Line  
Speaks her a Norris, or an old Divine.  
In Fields of Science she the Conquest won,  
When yet her Age had scarce the Bloom begun.  
Devotion swells her ev'ry Pulse; and Prayer  
On ardent Wings beats up to Heav'n in Air*

The next *Virgin* we'll endeavour to characterize is, *Madam Astel* (the young Gentlewoman that corresponded with Mr. Norris.) To do justice to the merits of this pious Maid, is a Task of more weight than our time will allow, or indeed our Abilities: For to draw her to the Life, one must write like her; that is, *with all the Softness of Her Sex, and all the Fire of Ours.* All will own that in *Madam Astel* the curious hand of Nature draws Perfection; when a Virgin, like her, appears, all are inspir'd with wonder and delight: Her Conversation (by being a *Tutress* to young Ladies) is General, but never impertinent. Her Vanity (if she has any) gives no allay to her Wit, and is no more than must justly spring from *conscious Vertue.* She never insinuates her merit (as is seen by her Letters to Mr. Norris) by any other means than the fine things she speaks or writes.—— To Sum up all, she hath a great deal of WIT, a true and discerning Judgment, very nicely scrupulous, singular in her Motions, constant in her Friendship, Pleasant in her Conversation, sincere in her Piety: And all those

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these are so qualifi'd and so intermix'd, that like *different Elements*, they make a most excellent composition.

*Devotion is the Empress in her Breast,  
Fancy, and Wit, below, divide the rest,  
Religious Heat, her soaring Muse inspires,  
And Virgin Thoughts inflame the vestal Fires:  
Her Vein is courtly, yet at leisure flows  
Because rich Streams alone the Source bestows;  
Long may the Laurels on her Temples spread,  
Nor wither, 'till Eternal Crowns succeed!*

*Mrs Bolton of Kensington* is another *Virgin* that deserves an extraordinary Husband; she's a Person naturally qualified for this great *Virgin Honour* she does her self of living a *Maid*; for she has a good discerning Judgment, which makes her sensible of her happy choice, as the World now goes. She has a great and lofty Mind, which forbids her to exchange her *Liberty* for any trifling advantage of Honour or Riches. Her *Passions* are so moderate, *Fame and Glory* can't exalt her, nor unjust reproach or contempt deject her; she can see her own defects with Patience, and own 'em out of love to Truth. She considers the *Cares* of a marry'd State, or had been marry'd some Years ago. But cou'd she yet be dunn'd into *Wedlock*, she'd make an extraordinary Wife, for she's a *Woman of sense*, and such a one is a noble Prize, had she nothing but the *Treasure* of her *Mind*. All the World is *Pictur'd* in a *Soul*,

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*Soul, and he that marries our Virgin on this Foundation, (but alas she's Wedded to a single Life) will still be finding new Pleasures in her Words or Looks.*

*Her Pen's resistless, as her Nature charms;  
These wound and give us Death, as that disarms:  
With gentle sway Reason usefully'd Reigns,  
O'er all the Little Worlds her Fancy feigns.  
Her Verse, tho' num'rous, flows in easy Strains;  
Lofty as Hills, yet humble as the Plains.  
When she Laments, we weep, and mourn, and die;  
And Labour in th' Extrems of Sympathy.  
Her Mind's unblemish'd as the Bless'd above;  
Not conscious of the Stains of Wanton Love.  
She's not severe, tho' Vertuous, Learn'd, and young;  
And Science pours in Plenty from her Tongue.*

A Fourth Virgin our Society wou'd recommend to the deserving Bachelor is, **MADAM STACY** (Sister to the Parson of that name. She hath Wit and Discretion not only above her own Sex, but even of that too which pretends so much to it, and values it self so much upon it; she was truly born a Poet; not made, not formed by Industry, and (which mightily recommends her to a man that follows the Calling of an Author) her Muse is never subject to the Curse of Bringing forth with Pain; for she always writes with the greatest Ease in the World; — To conclude her Character, she's of a generous

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nerous and open Temper, an easy and free Conversation; and she's Mistress of the Art of obliging.

*Her Temper is Harmonious, as the Spheres;  
Curious her Wit, yet sparkling as the Stars;  
Her Fancy's Flights, like her own Eye-Lids, wound;  
Which Judgment only like her own, can bound.  
Large is her Genius, as her Gen'rous Mind;  
But less to Action than to Thought inclin'd.  
A few choice BOOKS engage her sacred Hours,  
From whence she culls with care the springing  
(Flowers,  
Spotless her Vertues, and her Faults are faint;  
A Finish'd Woman, and an equal Saint.*

Shou'd we step from London to the Isle of Wight, we shou'd scarce meet with a Virgin there, but what wou'd make an excellent Wife.

And because Real Piety ought to take place of other Charms; The first Virgin we shall recommend here, is, Mrs. Ann Maxfeild; we might say much of her Obedience, Humility and great Charity; but we say all this in telling the Batchelor, that not only Newport, but the Isle of Wight, is blest for the sake of that pious Virgin.

For good humour and Wit, we recommend Mrs. Ady Wail; the best Batchelor in Newport might be in an extacy to see her, but we think her the fittest Wife for some Disconsolate Widow: ————— for she's ever so new and diverting, 'tis impossible to be Sad in her company.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Ann Gill deserves an Excellent Husband, her Air and Person is very charming; and whoever marries her, will have a discreet House-keeper, as is evidently seen in the prudent management of her Fathers Family.

Mrs. Grace Cheek will also make an extraordinary Wife. She's Beautiful and Young, a most accomplish'd St<sup>o</sup>p keeper; and her Prudence gives so many Proofs of her capacity for Domestic Government, that the Heart of a Husband might safely trust in her; and 'tis our opinion that the Isle of Wights has none that exceeds her for Wis and Beauty, except it be Mrs. Mary Bowtell, whose agreeable Person and Temper has lately made a young Gentleman exceeding happy.

We shall next give the Reader a Prospect of Madam Sands. Her Aspect is compos'd of mirth and modesty,—— She has Sweetness and Enterprize in her Air, which plead and anticipate in her Favour,—— Her Wis and Vertues are writ legibly in her Face; and this short-hand will give you a juster Idea of her Worth, than the Circumlocution of words; her Eyes bespeak her the Wonder and Envy of her Sex, only with less Rhetorick than her Tongue.

Not purple Violets in the early Spring  
Such graceful Sweets, such tender Beauties bring.  
The Orient Blush, which does her Cheeks adorn,  
Makes Coral Pale, vies with the Rosie morn.  
Cupid has took a Surfeit from her Eyes;  
When e'er she smiles, in lambent Fire he fries;  
And when she weeps, in Pearls dissolv'd he dies.

Her EFFIGIES and her Character are the  
same

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same ——— She is all that she Looks, and 'twou'd drain any Wit but her own to raise the Piece to a Level with her delect; but the World having prevented us in her Character, we shan't blemish the colour with an unmasterly hand.

If any *Dean* or *Prebend* shou'd want an ingenious Wife, we wou'd propose to him *Madam Tipper*, who is a *Philosopher*, a *Poet*, and a *True Widow*.

If any *Batchelor* enquire for a *Beautiful Wife*, we wou'd send him to *Madam Tempest*.

And for *Polite Discourse* *Madam Sanders* bears the Bell from all the *Virgins* in *Europe*.

Were any *Fellow* in *Oxford* or *Cambridge* inclin'd to marry, we wou'd advise him to *Madam Hollis*, for she is a nice *Philosopher*, and is in the hard and knotty Arguments of *Metaphysical Learning*, a most nervous and subtle *Disputant*.

If we wou'd give more Instances of *Accomplish'd Virgins*, to these we might add *Mrs. Davis* in *Dublin*, *Mrs. Fleming* in *Scotland*, *Mrs. Waller* in *London*, *Mrs. Hutchins* in *Amsterdam*: We might also Characterize *Mrs. Richards* in *Holbourn*, we have trac'd her Life from the *Cradle* to her 30th Year, and find it one continu'd *Act* of *Piety*. So that we can assure those *Batchelors* that wou'd marry an *Angel*, that if ever there was on Earth a perfect *Virgin*, 'tis *Mrs. Richards*. We wou'd also recommend (to a special Friend) the Learned *Hibbert* for her skill in the *Languages* and love to the *Scriptures*.

That *Batchelor* that wou'd ne'er repent of his

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his Match, must court the Divine Myrilla,  
that Master-piece of Wit and Vertue.

And he that wou'd marry an Angel in Flesh  
and Blood, must court that Rich and Beautiful  
Virgin, Madam Guillam of Manchester

A Form more fine, more accurately wrought,  
Was ne'er conceiv'd by a Poetick Thought.  
Such pleasing Looks in midst of Spring adorn  
The flowry Fields: So smiles the beauteous Myrr.  
So mild her Eyes, so beautiful and bright,  
That lovelier Eyes did ne'er salute the Light  
With such a gentle Look, and such an Air,  
So lovely, so exceeding sweet and fair,  
To us the Heavenly Messengers appear.  
Whilst that bright Soul that Heaven has plac'd within  
Makes ev'ry Charm with double Lustre shine.

We have here nam'd but few of those  
Excellent Virgins whose inward and outward  
Perfections deserve so much from the young  
Batchelor; and tho' they're all of 'em croud-  
ed with Suitors (and so don't want our Re-  
commendation) yet if Athens shou'd have any  
hand in their happy Marriage, they won't be  
angry with these Characters; for we are well  
assur'd 'tis what they deserve, and nothing but  
their great modesty will ever deny it. However,  
we have endeavour'd to do all the Justice  
in our power to the good Nature and Ver-  
tue of the Ladies we propose; and were we  
unpos'd, we don't know where, within the  
compass of the Sex, to make a better choice  
for our selves; (but alas! some of us have  
been fatally mistaken.) If their Circumstances,  
don't please you, we can't help that, and we  
hope



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hope you've higher motives to marry than because the *Assessment* lies hard upon Bachelors.

So soon as these we have nam'd are gone off, we promise to *renew* the *List*, and fill up the *Number*.

A T H E N S.

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L E T T E R XLII.

*A poor man, unhappily yok'd, petitions  
ATHENS for some Legal Way of  
Unmarrying both himself and others in  
the same condition—*

*To the Athenians.*

*Gentlemen,*

**T**He generous Inclination you express for the Publick Good, and for the Happiness of Mankind; has drawn upon you this *Address* which, 'tis true, may have much difficulty and trouble attending it; yet shou'd you succeed (and you shall have the best wishes of the greater Part of her Majesties loving Subjects) you'll secure to your Selves an *undoubted Immortality*, and shall live in the memories of men so long as they shall keep their Feet upon this Earth.

You have now sat some years at the very *Office of Intelligence*, and it cannot have escap'd you

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your Notice, how great their *Unhappiness* must be that are *unequally* Tok'd. *Marriage*, 'tis well known, has a World of satisfaction attending it, where all things hit, as to Religion and Honesty, Inclination, Humour, &c.

*When Souls mix, 'tis a Happiness:*  
*But not compleat, till Bodies too Combine;*  
*And closely, as our Minds, together Join.*

Bus where there's a constant Discord in all these, where neither Religion nor Honesty can be found, where in the Room of Inclination and good Humour on both sides, there's nothing but a *mutual Disaffection*. 'Tis certainly the greatest Misery of Humane Life.

*Love's Nauseous Cure! Thou Cloy'st, whom thou*  
*(shoud'st please;*  
*And when thou Cur'st, then thou art the Disease:*  
*When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties*  
*Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies:*  
*Marriage is but the Pleasure of the Day;*  
*The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away.*

So soon as Aversion and Disaffection get footing in the Breasts of the Married Couple, what mischiefs will not follow? Their Quiet and their Peace are gone, and how effectually is Religion banish'd such a Family, where Love and a *mutual Complacency* are destroyed by Imprudence and ill Humour; and when matters go at this rate with them, they'll be very apt, especially where their *Constitutions* are any thing warm and Sanguinary, to insinuate themselves into others, at the loss both of their Chastity and their  
CON-

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Conscience, in order to meet with those grosser Satisfactions which they might have enjoy'd very innocently at home; had all things gone well: From this very Thought you cannot but see, how spreading the Infection must be, where it lies unlookt to, and is suffer'd to go on without Security and Restraints.

One Family where the Obligations of Marriage are thus broke thro' and neglected, may very easily endanger the Vertue and the Peace of many more. *Conjugal Infidelity has certainly more Natural, Civil, and Religious Mischiefs attending it, than can easily be reckon'd up; not to mention the Distempers and the Weaknesses that are it's natural Off-spring, and which make so many Thousands, (we wou'd gladly subtract from the number if we cou'd) go about, like so many Walking Graves, and which turn 'em at last into their Tombs with as much Infamy as their Sin deserv'd.*

Is not the *Violation of the Marriage Bed* too apparent in that Wonderful Variety of Children you may meet with in the same Family, this Girl is as Beautiful and Fair as the Courtesan in *Horace*, that had a *Vultus nimium Lubricus Aspici*, the other is a Dowdy all over, as Tawny and Unpleasant as any Spaniard: Here you may see one *Plump, big Shoulder'd*, with a *Belly* of exactly the same size of a *Duch Skipper*; there's another *Slender-wasted, Tall, and Taper* as the Monument; one is *Sanguine*, another *Pale* and *Spiritless*: Here's a *Dwarf*, and there's a *Giant*; this is ill Natur'd and surly, that is nothing but good-Humour and Complaisance: So one might really imagine that *half Europe had Clubb'd to furnish out one Family*; by this means the legitimate

Off

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Offspring are depriv'd of Inheritance by Interlopers. 'Tis true, that several places in the East and in *Affrick* have made Provision for Satisfaction in such a Case; in regard they make the Heirship of Families run down on the Mothers side; so that if the Nativity be once allow'd, there's no further enquiry made about the genuine Father. But what Charm can all this Sophistry furnish out to satisfy the Husband, if he at the same time be privy to the Unlawful Freedoms of his Wife.

These Disorders in Families have very often occasion'd the Death, or at least a Life that's altogether as Unhappy, sometime of the one, and sometime of the other Party.

*Thou'rt Woman, a true Copy of the First,  
In whom the Race of all Mankind was Curst:  
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heaven ally'd;  
But your great Lord the Devil taught you PRIDE;  
He too an Angel, till he durst Rebel;  
And you are sure the Stars that with him fell:  
Ah Trait'ress! Ah Ingrate! Ah Faithless Mind!  
Ah Sex invented first to Damn Mankind!—Dryden.*

*Lipidus*, we are well assur'd, Dv'd out of pure Vexation at the Incontinency of his VVife, and 'twere well if he were the only Martyr of that kind.

Have we not known some Families go to ruine in our own Days, meerly by the Luxuriant Extravagance of a Husband or a Wife? Can't we remember the Dutchess of Norfolk, that within the compass of Three Years, to maintain her own Gallantries, run the Duke 30000*l*: in Debt,

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Debt above his Income, to pay which, he was oblig'd to sell his Life in 2400 l. per Annum.

*If Fitness is of mutual Love the Mother,  
A fitter Match than this was never known,  
Nor can hereafter (we suppose) be shown;  
So fit, as fit for Nought but for each other.*

We might easily be particular upon a like instance, where a M ——— had hir'd off his whole Estate to his W ——— re, to the Tune of 30000 l. and upon the Decease of his Wife was forc'd out of pure Necessity to Marry his M ——— that he might not starve; what shall we say to the present Instance of the good Lady H — wou'd it not be a very sensible Happiness to her self and her Children to be Divorc'd, and not to be ty'd by a marriage, where the very Essence and Ends of it are already destroy'd,

Since the ACT of Parliament for making void the marriage between the Duke and Dutchess of Norfolk, Susanna Conyers was found in the Act of Adultery, and the Wife of John Cunliff has run astray, and some Women are grown so shameless, that there have bin 50 Elopements since last Midsummer.

At Dunmow (a Town in Essex) there is a strange Custom anciently settled in it, which is upon these Conditions, viz. By a Monastery held there it was ordain'd, That if any Man would come and Kneel on Two Stones, yet to be seen at the Church Door, before the Convent, and Solemnly take an Oath, That he never made any Nuptial Transgression since his Marriage, or never once wish'd himself Unmarried; he might peremptorily Demand a *Flisch* of Bacon

## A Pacquet from Athens. (\* 25).

as his Right, which wou'd be freely given him  
— And by an *Old Book* they keep to show, it  
there stands upon Record, that one *Richard*  
*Wright* of *Badsworth* in *Norfolk*, *Stephen Samuel*  
of *Little Easton* in *Essex*; and *Thomas Lee* of  
*Coxhal*, in the afore named County, took the  
said Oath, and had their *Fitch* of *Bacon* with  
great Applause of their being extraordinary  
Husbands, that they could keep their Wives in  
good Humour so long, (for they had been Mar-  
ried 20 Years.) But as these Three Gentlemen  
were the first that Swore they never Repented their  
Marriage, so I fear they will be the last. For as  
*Flatman* says,

*The Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain,  
Of the Trap, of the Jail, of the Quag-mire complain:  
But wellfare poor Pugg; for he plays with his Clog,  
And tho' he wou'd be rid on't rather then his Life,  
Yet he lugs it, and he hugs it, as a Man does his Wife, &c.*

And perhaps this was the Reason *Anstin* gave  
his Wife the Title of *SHE-CLOG*. To be sure  
those Persons that are now *Suing out a Divorce*,  
have Repented till their Hearts Ake; and there  
is Daily so many *Unhappy Matches*, (for Persons  
often Marry for Money, and how can a Bles-  
sing attend such Marriages) that cou'd all those  
Men and Women that are unhappily noos'd, be  
Unmayried at their Pleasure, how wou'd our  
Churches be crowded, and the Clergy reward-  
ed for Dispatch.

'Twill signifie very little to the present pur-  
pose to mention any more of these horrid in-  
stances they've been too frequent since the  
Days of *Charles the II.* who made *England*  
in. *Regis ad Exemplum totus Componitur Orbis.*  
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'Twould be no very difficult matter to prove that the very *Essence of Marriage-Union consists in Mutual Consent*, and were it not for some Political Reasons, 'twould be something hard to show why any more should be required. Now if the *Marriage Union* is made up of Mutual Consent, I know no Reason why a Mutual Consent mayn't loose it again, in regard, there's no doubt to be made but that *Eadem Methodo utitur in Analysi quæ fuit in Genesi*. However 'tis not so reasonable that a Mutual Dissaffection should dissolve the Marriage, where no sufficient Crime can be alledged by either Party, nor would I plead for a Dissolution upon the bare Aversion of the one Party, unless such Allegations can be made as carry their own Reason and Evidence along with them.

'Tis agreed upon you know, by the best of *Castroists*, That *Fornication dissolves the very Essence of Marriage*. Mat. 5. 32. Now if the Essence of it be destroyed, why should not the civil obligation of it be so too!

*Adultery*, (as in the case of Mr. *Cunliffs* and Mr. *Conyers*'s Wife) dissolves or frustrates the end of Marriage, and reduces that civil Obligation to a Nullity; therefore *Divorce* is Lawful, and the innocent Person may Marry: And I don't Wonder that these several Persons (mention'd in the Letter) do all they can to get a Divorce; but if a Husband desires a nearer way, (for those that have bad Wives, are in haste to get rid of 'em) he may read a legal Form for sale of such a Wife to her Adulterer, after Elopement, in *Cook's Second Institutes*, with Arguments of *Pro* and *Con* in Parliament, upon the sale brought in recovery of *Dower*, which

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which that Eminent Lawyer, for the extraordinariness of the Case thought fit to Exemplify in that Book, which may serve some Husbands, where Reconciliation cannot be had, or Divorce easily obtain'd.

'Twould be very happy and desirable, that upon sufficient Evidence and Conviction in such Cases, no more should be required than that short Form in force among the Jews,  
*Be expelled from me, and free for any Body else.*

Divorces, you know Sirs, according to the present Establishment are very Expensive and very Tedious, and proceed only upon the Authority of Parliament, so that if the Party injur'd have neither Interest nor Money, tho' his Case have all the Evidence that can be requir'd, yet he must out of necessity *struggle forward with his Burthen*, and pine away with his Unhappinets and Grief. Who would not rather incline to Celibacy, when the solemn Engagement of Marriage is so perplex'd with Conditions and Consequences? For my own part, cou'd I once regain the Liberty I have Fool'd away, that of the Poet should be my Motto for Life-time, —  
*Et mihi dulce magis Resoluta vivere Collo.* —

*A Life all Free and Unconfin'd I'd chuse*

*Nor Female Smiles should Charm me to the Noose.*

One would incline to think, Gentlemen, That the very Extremity of the Case would recommend it to your Care. It seems to be *an Exigency reserv'd on purpose for Athens to Relieve*; and what a load of Infamy would lie at your Door should it be said there was once a Difficulty propos'd, where the Publick Good was concern'd, but your Society cou'd say nothing to it? It is left

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entirely to your management: There's no other Application can promise any Redress of the present Grievance, and may the success of this turn wholly upon the merits of the Cause.

*Yours, &c.*

L E T T E R XLIII.

*The Athenians propose an Infallible Method to Unmarry those that are Unhappily Yok'd, by Act of Parliament, with the Reasons that make such a Provision of absolute necessity.*

S I R,

**I**N a full Assembly, we have Perus'd the Contents of yours; the Proceedings follow:

The Question was First put, *Whether the method of Divorces, according to the present Establishment, be really a Grievance, or No?* Six Yeas, and Three Noes.

The Second Grand Question mov'd in the Assembly was, *What is the most proper method to remove the Grievance?*

The Answer return'd, was *Nemine Contradicente*, That the Removal of the said Grievance be made the Subject matter of a Petition to be prefer'd this Session of Parliament.

When the matter was carry'd thus far, 'twas signify'd to be the *Pleasure of the Society* That Dr. Fido and Mr. West draw up the said Petition; which you have here inclos'd for your own satisfaction,

A T H E N S.

*The*

# *A Pacquet from Athens. (\*29)*

*The Petition to be Preferr'd this present Session of Parliament, with Respect to Divorces.*

**W** Hereas it has frequently been represented to us the *Members of the Assein Society*, how great an Unhappiness the Subjects of this Nation do unavoidably labour under, by Reason of the Tedious and Expensive Proceedings in the *High Court of Parliament, with reference to Divorces*, We the said *Members* do humbly present the following Petition to the Consideration of both Houses.

1. 'Tis very possible, and frequently happens, that an honest man and a good Subject may have sufficient cause to divorce his Wife, upon the notorious Breach of *Matrimonial Engagements*, and yet the injur'd Party in that case mayn't have money enough, tho' his whole shou'd go for't, to get a Divorce by *Act of Parliament*, and thereupon his Liberty restor'd to marry another, as his Circumstances and Satisfaction may require. This being so great a grievance, and tending so directly to the dissatisfaction and unhappiness of the *Commonalty of the Nation*, that 'tis humbly requested, this Extremity may be distinctly consider'd. Were but this great Stumbling Block of charge and expence remov'd out of the way, we shou'd no longer meet with so many Murmurings and Complaints, that Satisfaction and Happiness, that Justice and Equity are to be bought and sold; and farther, we shou'd no longer be persecuted with such objections as these, which we confess are unanswerable; That he has naturally as good a Title to satisfaction and redress of Grievances; tho' he mayn't have so many Thousand pounds to throw away upon the purchase of

(\*30) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

it, as he that can spare so much. And, whether han't the Poor as good a claim to Justice as the Rich, and is not that a severe and partial Constitution that shall deprive 'em of it?

2. 'Tis very apparent that *Divorces* are frequently kept depending a long time, witness the Instances of the *Lord Ross*, and the *Duke of Norfolk*. And that very often the Parliament han't an opportunity to dispatch matters of so private concernment; nay, further, there mayn't be a Session of Parliament in a long time after several such desperate cases that require a speedy dispatch, may be ripe for *Tryal*, all which appear to be great Irregularities. We therefore humbly offer these Particulars to the consideration of both Houses, in order to be Redress'd and Amended, in regard the damages that may follow upon them may be so considerable: And we don't doubt if it be but once the Pleasure of both Houses to consider these matters over, there may some new Ways and Means be found out, that may give abundant Satisfaction to all Her Majesties loving Subjects.

3. In regard 'tis agreed on all hands that a *Divorce* is due upon the account of *Adultery* or *Fornication*. We make it our humble Request, That upon sufficient Evidence of the Crime, before the Magistrate, and upon the consent of the Party injur'd, the obligations of their Marriage be declared void, and not farther binding either of 'em, but that they be left at freedom to marry again, as Occasions may require.

4. In regard it seems plain and evident that the Essence of Marriage-Union is made up by the Mutual Consent of the Parties concerned, we make it therefore our humble Request, That a Mutual Consent upon sufficient Allegations, may Unite the Marriage Union, seeing 'tis hard to determine for what purposes such Persons should be bound together in a Civil, that are already loos'd

## A Pacquet from Athens. (\*31)

in a Religious sense These several Instances well consider'd and redress'd (so far as the Reasons they go upon will bear) wou'd secure the Affection and the Loyalty of the Subject, and we shou'd hear no more complainings that those Laws that are a Defence for an Ox and an Ass, do overlook the security of our best Enjoyments, and leave the Rights and Interests of the Marriage-bed in common.

Notwithstanding, we submit our Sentiments of this matter, to the Prudent Determination of both Houses.

Athens.

The Athenians have here tack'd to the Petition for Divorces, a Form of Unmarrying, &c. which they Humbly request may be consider'd and establish'd by Law.

It is the judgment of our Society that the Church proceed to Censures, according to the known Rules in such Cases.

It can't be safe that one or both of such Parties shou'd be entertain'd in the Bosom of the Church, especially if their Wickedness and their Crimes do directly destroy the great Essentials of Christianity, and if the Evidence be good and positive. Farther, it appears necessary, for the sake of Order, and with respect to the solemnity of the thing, that there be a Form of Unmarriage agreed upon, to solemnize ev'ry such Divorce: And that the teachers of our Society may appear to promote this important Affair, we have agreed upon the following Form, which with all Reverence and Humility, we submit to the Judgment of the upper House of Convocation.

The Priest shall require the Mans Answer to the Questions that Follow:

N. Dost thou freely consent that this Woman shall be no longer thy Wedded Wife, that the Marriage Covenant shall be dissolv'd, and that she shall live no longer with thee in all those Freedoms that are only Lawful in the State of Matrimony? Wilt thou remove from her all Conjugal Affection, forsake her, and keep from her, so long as you both shall live? The Man must Answer, I will.

In the next place the Priest shall ask the Woman.

N. Dost thou freely consent that this Man shall be no longer thy Wedded Husband, that the Marriage Cove-  
nant

## (\*32) A Pacquet from Athens.

man shall be dissolv'd, and that he shall live no longer with thee in all these Freedoms that are only Lawful in the State of Marrimony? Wilt thou remove from him all Conjugal Affection, forsake him and keep from him so long as you Live shall Live? The Woman must Answer, I will. The Man shall then repeat after the Priest the Form following.

I N. D:ivorce thee N. from being my Wedded Wife, and do hereby declare that I will neither have nor hold from this Day forward, for better for worse, for Richer for Poorer, in Sicknes and in Health, to Love nor to Cherish, till the Day of my Death, according to Act of Parliament, in the 3d Year of the Reign of, &c. 1704. and thereto I plight thee my Troth.

Then shall the Woman repeat after the Priest.

I N. D:ivorce thee N. from being my Wedded Husband, and do hereby declare, that I will neither have nor hold from this Day forward, for better for worse, for Richer for Poorer, in Sicknes and in Health, to Love nor to Cherish till the Day of my Death, according to Act of Parliament, in the 3d Year of the Reign, &c. 1704. and thereto I plight thee my Troth.

The Man shall then put a broken Ring upon the Fourth Finger of the Womans Left hand, and say after the Priest.

With this Broken Ring I thee D:ivorce, with my Body I will worship thee no more, nor shalt thou have any share in my Worldly Goods, according to the Act made in the 3d Year of the Raign of, &c.

Husband. Take this Ring, the Married Tock,  
Take your Plighted Faith again;  
I take mine and hug the stroake  
That divides me from my Pain.

Wife. Hail that Uncontrolling Hour,  
That Dear Minute when I found  
No Confines to my Native Power,  
But what a Virgins Honour bound.

3d Both Let's both be pleas'd, I readily agree  
together. To Recommence the Joys of Liberty.

LET.

L E T T E R XLIV.

*Containing a Map of the English Arcadia, or Kingdom of LOVE.*

*Gentlemen and Ladies,*

**I**N our Answer to the *Virgins* Letter, we there promis'd (as 'twas their Request) to send them ——— a *Map of the Kingdom of Love* — and seeing our design is to direct the *Bachelors* and *Virgins* in their whole *Amour* (that *Lovers* may have a *Universal Directory*, we'll here insert a *Map of the English Arcadia, or Kingdom of Love*.

The *English Arcadia, or Kingdom of Love*, is situated very near to the *Kingdom of Gallantry*, and it is a very pleasant Country, and certainly all those that Travel thither, will find much satisfaction, provided they are well read in the *MAP*, and understand it so perfectly, that they are not in danger of mistaking their way; which is a common misfortune that happens to rash and ill-advised Travellers.

And altho' there are some hard and rugged Paths in the way to this *Kingdom*, which the most Skillfull Travellers cannot avoid in this Journey, yet they have frighted nobody from going thither, but Persons of all sorts, Ages and Complexions, have and will still venture, and sing, as they set out, *That there is no Pleasure in this World without some Pain, and Joy does often succeed the place of Grief*: And so these Happy People go on Comforting themselves in despite of all Discouragement, Lawful or Unlawful.

We Love these willing Travellers so well, that we cannot forbear adding some Directions to those comfortable hopes that spur them on to this dangerous Journey. And in as few words as may be, we'll here set down a *Faithfull and True Guide* from our Excellent *MAP* of the Ways, which all must religiously observe, that will travel into this *Kingdom of Love*, and prosper there.

Upon the Frontiers of this *Kingdom of Love*, you will



## (34) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

will find the great Plain of *Indifferency*; which is a Plain fair to the Eye, and very delightfull; where is ordinarily kept a Fair for all sorts of Merchants, but Merchants, who trade with nothing but Barrels of Pease, and whipt Cream.

Having gone over this Plain, you will arrive at the Wood of *Fair Affinities*, which is a very pleasant Grove, where there is almost always to be heard a Pleasant Consort of Voices, and Lutes, or at least 24 Violins, and very often Balls and Plays are to be seen there.

A little way from that Pleasant Wood, you will light upon an Inn from the High-way, it is call'd *Kind Looks*; where you will Bait awhile, and you will there Drink of a small sort of Wine, which has much Sweetness in the Taste, but it is of a Nature to heat more than you would imagine by the Colour.

From *Kind Looks* you will be lead to *Inquietude*, a little Village, where there are no Beds, - but what are *Abominable Uneasie*. And the People of that place, as well as Strangers are forced to Lye only on hard Boards, and Faggots, which are only made of Thorns.

From *Inquietude* you will come to *Reflection*, a very Pleasant Village, which contains all the *Second Editions* of *Kind Looks*, and commonly presents 'em Fairer than at First.

From *Reflection* you pass on to *Visit*, a Village Fair enough, but where none stays to Lodge. There are none but Coats to sit on there, and not a Bed to lye on.

From *Visit* you go on to *Sighs*, which is a little place, where there is nothing Remarkable, unless it be some *Wind-mills*, which are mov'd by Winds and Vapours that arise from a Neighbouring Mountain call'd a *Wounded Heart*.

From *Sighs* you will find your self upon a great and Famous Town call'd *Cares upon Complacency*; where there is a Citadel, Town, and University: The Captain of the Castle, that Guards that City, never Sleeps soundly, but lies down always as in Fear of Surprise, or as if he had some great Enterprize in hand. He has a Train of Numerous hired Spies, which advertize him every Minute of all that pass by, what kind of Weather it is, and what it is a Clock.

The City is filled with Merchants of Sweet Lemmons, Portugal Oranges, Marmalade, Italian Sweet-meats, Franchipan, and Marshals Gloves, Essences of all sorts,

## A Pacquet from Athens. (\*35)

and Knacks innumerable and extremely pretty to the Eye. The University is graced with Admirable Professors who are all pass'd Doctors in Courtships, Verses, Ends of Plays, Songs a-la-Mode, Fine Language, Pleasant Romances, and Tales of all sorts: And it is said, That these rare Scholars have been long breaking their Brains to find out the most refined Railery, but they have found it a harder Task than they imagin'd it. For to this Day they have Bit their Nails to the quack about it, and yet cannot accomplish their Design.

From this Great and Famous City you will go to a Village call'd Love Declar'd: which is a little place, and all that Live in it are so Hoarse, you can scarce hear a Word they say, they speak so very Low: And when they earnestly Desire to be understood, they are forced to content themselves with treading on the Toe, or else with giving the hand of those Persons they Address themselves to. And truly one wou'd take those People to be very Virtuous, for they have always their Faces spread with the Blush of an Honest Bashfulness.

From Love Declar'd, you will arrive at Protestation, a place where the Inhabitants seem very Devout; they have always their Hands Joyned and their Eyes fix'd on Heaven, striking their Hands very often upon their Breasts, Swearing horrid Oaths to Confirm what they Protest: Yet none but Fools believe them.

From Protestation you arrive at Confidence, a little Private Village seated in a bottom, an Unbeaten Path. Those who inhabit there, Conte's themselves perpetually one to another, and yet are never the Honcher for all that.

From Confidence you will find a Village in the midst of a Wood, which is called Attempting. The People of that little place have the Repute of good Fencers, and yet they scarce understand one stroke of the Sword. They are also Reputed to be Good Wrestlers, and it is said, That the Inhabitants of Guinnescorem did Learn of them to give the Sault du Breton, so Famous amongst the French. There was heretofore in this same place a Castle call'd Resistance, but it was Destroyed by the Wars, and of its Ruins there is now made a little Fort which is call'd Soon yielded.

From Attempting you come with some Labour and Trouble to Enjoyment; which is look'd upon as the Capital City in that Province, and it is Perfectly Delightful at first sight, and very Remarkable for its Beautiful Gardens

## (\*36) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

*dens, which are Adorned with many agreeable Labyrinths, where People go in Coupls to lose themselves.*

From Enjoyment you are led by a Way Hedged in with Roses to Satiety. The Journey is great, and the way something Long, though Pleasant: But it Leads you to an Alabaster Porch, where you will see nothing upon the Roses, but Thorns. Provision is very Cheap in this Town of Satiety, but the Air of that place gives so little Appetite, that People will hardly daign to touch the Meat.

From Satiety you must come to a City that has but one Street, and that's a very long one. It is call'd Household Love: And it is there where every Body is called by their own Names, for from all Antiquity there has not been in this Town of Household Love any Quality or Sir-name given to any Person, and by an Article of the Custom of this Place, are Abolish'd for Ever the Titles of my Dear, and Best-Belov'd.

From Household Love you may with great Facility, Look over all the Kingdom of Love. Our Whole Society Went thither One Day, where we survey'd all things that pass in the Groves, the Bowers, by Rivers and Fountains, and in what ever other place was Remote or Obscure; 'twas from Thence that We saw the Charming IRENE in the Palace of True Pleasure, as also the Ingenious ORINDA, Lamenting the Loss of her Lover.

From Household Love you will find your self just over against New Inclination, which is close by the Inn call'd Kind Looks, in the Wood of Fair Assemblies. So it seems there is but one Circuit made in all the Region of Love.

And at this Point of the Circle, Our Dear Travellers, We will take our Leave (as Lovers do) just where We Found you, and we Fear never to be wiser, no more than they; Yet We must tell you before We go, that there are some in the World Who say, That the Capital City in the Kingdom of Love is the Heart, and We Believe it; but that is a great way about: For it is Seated upon a Mountain whose Top is much above the Clouds.

And there is no Possibility of going there, either in a Coach or on Horse-Back. No Mule nor any other Way can carry you thither; you must Walk it, and Bare-Foot too, although the Way is very Rough and Thorny.

Therefore, (Gentlemen and Ladies) Consider well before you take your Journey, all that have a mind to Travel towards Our English Arcadia, or Kingdom of Love, that

*Dulcia non merent, quæ non gustavit amare.*

*Yours, ATHENS.*

I shall next Inert, THE AMOROUS QUARRELS between the *Athenian Society*, and several Ingenious Ladies, Upon the Disputable Points relating to Love and Wedlock.

These AMOROUS QUARRELS first began on the Subject of LOVE, which we directed to the Lady Godfrey, in the following Letter.

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LETTER I.

*Against Falling in LOVE.*

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In a Letter to the Lady Godfrey.

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*Madam!*

WE were in earnest, and are so still, and have too much reason to be so, and desire nothing but a clear Stage, and no Quarter. We shall begin our Attack on that which is the very Foundation of all your Sexes Pride, and the Dotage and Folly of our own, and that's LOVE; which we undertake to prove, none but a Fool can e'er be guilty of. We know you'll ask presently, whether we never knew a Wise Man in that Condition? We grant many that are esteem'd a wife, may have had a shaking or two on't, or have at least thought fit to pretend something like it, to hold their Necks o' one side, and look like Fools, that they might not be out of the Fashion, as our Grammer's were

Ruff, our Grannys Farthingales, and your  
 selves now, such Aerial Monumental Topknots;  
 which tho' you all acknowledge little less ridi-  
 culous, than a Cap with a Bell at the Top of it,  
 yet if the *Seven Wise Mistresses* should rise agen,  
 they'd rather never be kiss'd, than be one Bar-  
 ly-Corn short of the Fashion. But you'll say,  
 they don't all dissemble; for if *Wise Men* han't  
 been really in Love, why do they Marry? A  
 shrewd Argument. And whoever did so, that  
 was well in his Wits,? 'Tis true, that Men of  
 the greatest Sense may sometimes overstrain  
 their Heads with thinking, and get a little *de-*  
*lirious*, and in that *Fit*, Nature falls upon them  
 like a Coward, when they are *down*, and pops  
 'em into *Matrimony*; and when once their  
 Horns are fast in the *Brake*, let 'em get out  
 agen how they can. That this is true, you  
 your self must grant: But pray be so in-  
 genuous as to resolve us one Question, and  
 that is, -- Whether you ever knew any of those  
 celebrated *Wisdoms*, who did not play the Fool  
 egregiously in some one great instance of their  
 Life. and in this were sure as much as any  
 other. You have heard, we suppose, of one  
 of their Sagacities, who when he had *marry'd*  
 his *Mail*, frankly own'd, that there was no  
 reason below the Girdle, and he never gave a  
 more *Righteous Judgment*. And perhaps 'tis  
 no matter that those Great Men shou'd have  
 some such *remarkable Blemish* that *others* may  
*know* them, and they *know* themselves to be  
 but Men; as the Spots in the Sun and Moon, are  
 enough to keep any but Sots from worshipping  
 'em; and as the old *Romans*, notwithstanding  
 their

their long Beards, convinced the *Gauls* at last, that they were not Gods, because they were capable of passion as well as themselves. Suppose then, at worst, that a *wise Man* should have been in Love, 'tis as a *Fool*, not a *wise Man*: He for a time parts with his *Wisdom*, puts off his *Politick*, and appears in his *Personal Capacity*; unless you'll rather say, that, as the Gods are fabled to have done, he *disguises* himself to descend among Mortals. This we still affirm, 'tis no part of his *Wisdom*; he's drawn into't by a meer *Trick* and *Fabrick* of Nature; 'tis what he would, if he could, *avoid*, like *sleeping*, or other less handsome Actions. 'Tis certain, no *wise Man* would ever be in Love, if he knew how to help it, because it makes him look so like a *Fool*, that the two *Sofia's* are hardly *less distinguishable*. For must not any Man in his right Senses, (which before is no Lover) must he not own that upon a fair and equal Ballance, the Inconveniencies of that Passion infinitely outweigh that *scratching* sort of a Pleasure, which some say is to be found in't. Would any *wise Man*, we'd fain know, bring a thousand *Mischiefs* upon himself, which he might keep clear of, to make *another's* Misfortunes his own, as if he had not already sufficient to torment him? But he that's not in Love is *half an Angel*, to the Wretch, who is condemn'd to row in that Ship of *Fools*, chain'd to some other Fellow-Slave, to have and to hold with a Vengeance, like those poor Creatures, whom the Tyrant fastned to *Dead Carcasses*, that they might *stink* and *rot* together. The Story of *Pandora's Box*, is doubtless mistold by the Poets: 'Twas the *Dressing Box*, which Nature presented

to all your Sex, containing, as we hope to prove, we know not how many hundred Kinds of Poysons, Mischiefs and Miseries, intrusted all in your Hands, to punish and plague Mankind. We'd fain know to what piece of Midwifery a Man must have recourse, to find all the Diseases of your *Bodies* only (since those of your *Minds* are granted innumerable) with which, if a Man has the hard Fate not to be *choakt* or *possid*d the first Night, as a certain King they talk of used to serve his Wives, yet how many a tedious Moon, and Year, and Age, must he languish with some frightful Hag *ruffling* by his side, unless he take a Dose of Opium to break the Charm, and give him his *Habeas Corpus* to an easier, and more comfortable Bed in the Dust? 'Tis one of the least and most tollerable Inconveniencies of that whimsical Passion, that it turns the Brains of all it seizes, and makes 'em to ridiculous, that 'tis impossible to pity 'em, without laughing at 'em.

And the worst of it is, that this Madneis is infectious too, and better come near any other Venemous Creature than a Lover: — For not only his Bite, or his *Sight*, is *mortal*, but 'tis almost equally dangerous to *hear* him. His *sighs* kill as certainly as the *Breath* of a *Serpent*, and infuse the *same* Poison into others, which he himself is so full of, that it runs over. To speak truth, he's not only a publick Nuisance, but a common Enemy, and deserves as well to be expell'd a regular Commonwealth, as the Poets from *Plato's*, or as that *Tragick*, who put a whole City into a Fever, by reciting a famous Tragedy. All wise Law-givers have taken a peculiar Care to punish those ve-

very

very severely, who have been Corrupters of Manners, and by their bad Examples, debauch'd the Commonwealth, and infected it with Riot and Lewdness,. But nothing effeminates a Man more than this sickly Passion, nay, it makes him despise or hate all who are healthier and wiser, and will have it a mark of Dullness and Nonsense, not to play the Fool; and is as angry with those who do not, as the *Sybarite*, with the poor honest Fellow, who was hard at work; which so highly displeas'd him, that he was like to have beaten him, because it made him sweat to look upon him. The subject is so copious, that we find 'tis easier to say too much than enough upon't; we shall therefore add no more, but one just Remark, that 'tis easie to observe what an useful and innocent Passion we ought to esteem it, when we find nothing more common than for the *Ravisher*, the *Incestuous*, the *Adulterer*, and sometimes the *Murderer*, to plead *Love*, to excuse them, which therefore shou'd seem not only a Pretence for the blackest *Villanies*, but even the *Cause* of them.

*Philaret.*



## LETTER II.

*A Defence of LOVE.*


---

 By Madam Godfrey.
 

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ALL Men must Love, and this Gentlemen you grant, and that Nature it self obliges 'em to do so, which if true, it must be *Good* and *Rational*, and the contrary *unnatural*, than which nothing more can be desir'd to the prejudice of your opinion; nor can any thing be pleaded more to the Advantage of Love, than that 'tis necessary in our present State of Life. When we come to be Angels 'tis another matter, but what's that to those that make the objection? Would not a Man desire to *Eat* and *Sleep* when he has occasion; and if he shou'd quarrel with Nature for obliging him to it, wou'd he not thereby highly bring in Question both his *Piety* and *Wisdom*, it being no less then taking it ill, that he's made a *Man*, not a *Stone*, or a *Tree* ( tho even they *Love* too, in their way ) or a senseless Lump of Earth, when she was at Liberty into what mould she'd cast his yet *undetermin'd matter*? What is there stronger, more certain, or more unaccountable and wonderful, than *Sympathy* and *Instinct*? But had the *Loadstone* that *Reason* we boast of, wou'd surely make better use on't then to find fault with Nature for making it so dearly Love the

Iron. But there's more than this in't, there's something highly rational in the very *Essence* of *Vernous Love*, abstracted from that muddy *sense* we have been so long talking of, tho' the objection makes it all nothing else, as if the *American Society* had no Notion of any pure Love, and yet it concludes against Love in General, which is by no means a fair way of arguing. If there be no reason below the Circle, here there's some above it, or else we are in a worse condition than those which some esteem their *Fellow-Reasoners*, and *Fellow-Lovers* too, if they Love promiscuously, and make it all a matter of *sense* only. But that there's something more retain'd in *Love*, is evident to any, who will but be at the pains to reflect on the *cause* and *manner* of it, and nothing is more certain, than that the *Mind* of *Man* perceives it is not, nor can be in its self compleatly happy. It therefore looks *abroad*, coasts about, and surveys the whole Creation, as the first Man did in *Innocence*, to seek for something like it, and suitable to it, till it meets at last with some *inbody'd Soul*, and that it Loves; for were it the Body only, 'twould Love a *Carcass* as well as an *Animal*, at least *one Person* as well as another; the contrary whereof is evident to all the World, and that only Brutes, or those who are very near 'em, have no choise in these matters: It finds, 'tis true, no *perfect Satisfaction* in what it Loves, even when it possesses it; and what's the reason, but because the Body lags behind, comes between, and obstructs its happiness; no other weakness then is to be found in all sensible pleasures. But the reasonableness of Love reaches further: The sympathy of *Souls*

is *rational*, and we are conscious of it; and can reflect upon it; there's not only, as has been said, something of *choice*, but even of delicacy in it; whereas there's none in any *Magnet*, either *Dead* or *Living*, a subject indeed fit to be wrote upon by none but a Transported Lover.

However, nothing can be weaker than the remaining objections, which your Angry Society produces against that best of Passions, the direct contrary to most of what you assert being evidently true: You call it a *Lazy* Distemper, when tis the most *Active Principle* in the World; You'd persuade us, that no *Wise man* is, or wou'd be in *Love*, whence it follows by the rule of contraries, that either *hated*, or at least, a stoical *Apathy*, wou'd better become him, which needs no confutation. So far is *Love* from being an argument of *Folly*, that we defy him to instance in a *Fool* that ever was in *Love*. Tho' o't'other side, you know the story of the *Ais* in the *Turkish-Spye*, and we leave you to apply it. And as this *Aversion* to *Love* is no great sign of *Wit*, so 'tis no better of *Civility* and *Humility*. For which reason, when we find a person who really has all those qualifications, fall foul on that well-natur'd Passion, we may well believe one of these two things, either that 'tis only a *Copy* of his *Countenance*, only as a *Trial* of Skill and ostentation of his *Wit*, to show how much he can say for an *ill cause*, or else that his mind is *sower'd* by having been himself *unfortunate* in his Amours, in which case he's a prejudic'd Person, and an improper Judge, and as little regard is to be given to his *Ravings*, as he has for Truth or Justice. But let such as these say what they will, the World will be still

still apt to believe their Senses, and when they have so often seen, such as have been neither Liberal, nor Courty, nor Industrious, nor it may be so much as neat or cleanly before they have fallen in *Love*, immediately after reform'd as it were by a Miracle, and become quite other Men; and when their difference from themselves has been and often is so Remarkable, and the Change, so much for the Better, and they become both Generous, and Liberal, and Courty, and Diligent, who can hinder himself from concluding that it must be a Noble Principle, and very Beneficial to Mankind, which causes such an Advantageous Alteration? But above all the slanders you cast upon Love, none appears more unjust or improbable than your charging it with effeminating Mens' minds; when 'tis Notorious that it does the contrary, and that sometimes to a Fault; and that even a *Ti. morous Heart* will not refuse to fight, when his *Mistress* is near him.

As for the *Athenians Civil Farewell*, wherein they throw all those Mischiefs upon Love, whereof 'tis either the innocent, or but pretended occasion, they can't but be satisfy'd themselves it is a very unfair way of *Arguing*, since if that wou'd hold good, we'd fain know how you cou'd Answer an objection much of the same nature brought against *Religion* it self, the pretence of which all must own, has been the occasion of much Mischief in the World. But the same answer will serve to both: 'Tis not *Religion*, nor is it *Love*, that really occasion these fatal disorders, but the *Pretence*, the Abuse, the *Vizard* of 'em both, nor will it ever be otherwise

wife, but that *Villains* will *Trophane* and Scandalize *one* of these, as well as the *other*.

But after all, what would the *Athenians* gain, should we grant that Love were really such a Bugbear as they represented it, or how come Women more than Men to be concern'd in't? O--- you tell us in the Beginning, 'tis this which is the Foundation of all the Sexes Pride, as well as of the *Dotage* and *Tolly* of *Mans*. But was there never a *Feau* of your Acquaintance who grew Proud and vain with being *Belov'd*, nay, with the very *Fancy* and *Dream* on't, having so good an opinion of the *Beauty* and *Good humour* of his own *Wig* and *Cravat*, that he thinks 'tis impossible any Lady in the World should resist him? Such Monsters as these you know have been found, out of *Africa*, and 'tis not at all fair, to lay the weight of a Folly that ought to be divided between both Sexes, on 'one only, and that the *weaker* too, especially when so great a part of Men have their own *good word*, that if the Ladies should not take pity on 'em, and let 'em now and then make Love to them, or at least to their *Fan*, or *Pi-cture*, they would infallibly fall in Love with their own *dear-selves*, and like *Narcissus*, stare so long on their own *shadows*, till they pin'd themselves to Death.

*A. Godfrey.*

LETTER III.

*Against Womens Pride and Vanity.*

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By the Athenians.

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**A** *Vast Sea to Launch* into, and not more wide then 'tis *unfathomable*: They are indeed but *one*, tho distinguished by different *Names*, or at least have a mutual *intercourse* and flow into each other. But for more *exactness*, We'll discourse of them *distinctly*, and describe the dangerous *Rocks* and *Sands* and *Shelves*, that are every where scatter'd round 'em, that tho you are resolv'd to *sink* your selves, others at least may *beware* of 'em.

And first, your *Pride*, which you know was your *Fall*, as well as that of your dear *Confident*, whom you *perswaded* to it. 'Tis hard to say, where you show it most, in your *Conversation* with *us*, or with your *selves*, or with *one another*.

While you have *Eyes*, you will have *Pride* you have sufficient in your selves to feed that and your *vanity*, tho no other living Eye shou'd ever see you. Is it for your *Husbands*, or so much as your *Lovers*, or for the sake of the rest of the World, that's all this *Parcking* and *Painting*, and *Curling* and *Dressing* and *Fooling*? No, We must clear you from all these; 'Tis as much for your own *dear selves* you do it, as for all the rest together. We fancy the *Peacock* spreads his *fine Train* to oblige the *Spectators*, but

'tis

30 *A Parquet from Athens.*

it's a great mistake, for he does it often enough and *stares* on himself, and admires his *glaring Train*, when he knows not he has any *Witnesses* to admire him.

Thus wou'd you do, if in a *room* by your selves, and you were sure neither to *receive* or *make* any *visits*; you'd yet *ruffle* and *strut*, and look back on your *Train*, and mend your *Curls*, and make *Court* to your own *amiable selves*, for a whole day together.

However, as to your *outside*, you have oftentimes somewhat that may at least give a pretence to your *Vanity*; but what have you to say, for your *Minds*? What show or shadow of Reason, for being *Proud* of what is so perfectly *Contemprible*, and there's so little hopes, or it may be *possibility*, of their ever amending? You are even *Proud* of your own *Pride*, when you can find nothing else; and you thus make a sort of an *infinite Process* in *Vice* and *Folly*. Your Sex reconciles a thousand *Contradictions*, which is itself the greatest, your *Minds* are weak, and yet *stubborn*, *loose*, and *dissolv'd*, and open to such *pleasing jephistry* as you are sure will *win* you, and yet at the same time *impregnable* against the utmost *efforts* of *sober* Reason; mighty full of your *selves*, and yet as notoriously *empty* as those *trapes* of Men, who so much admire you. We shall find you a *Glass*, e'er we've left ye, better than Mrs. Behn's, and much truer; and which, if you'd look upon't half as often as on your own, there would be some hopes you might a little rectify these *mental Deformities*; but we are perwaded you are much more inclin'd to *trear* it, for you never yet *endur'd* one that told you your *Faults*, any more than a *Com* that shows

shows your *Ill shapes*, you dearly-Love to be *boister'd*, and he or none must have your *Heart*, that *flatters* and *abuses* you.

But we're slipt from your *Pride* to your *Vanity*, which seems to respect *others*, while the former is often *terminated* on your selves; Tho' 'twill be as difficult to separate one from t'other, as you from either, and therefore we must now consider 'em *promiscuously*, and take that which comes uppermost.

And if ever either of 'em show'd themselves, 'tis in your pretences to *equality* with your *Lord* and *Sovereign*; that *Nobler Creature*, whom you were made to *serve* and *obey*; a sort of an *Appendix* you are to *Mankind*, a *Crutch* to his *Mortal Nature*, made (one wou'd be tempted to think) on *Provision* of the *Fall* (had not you your selves been the *Principal Actors* in it) without which one can scarce imagine there had been any *need* of you. However, *made* you were, for *another*, and yet have the *vanity* to flatter your selves, that *he* was rather *form'd* for *you*, and that all *Mankind* are to *bow down* and *Worship* ye. O! How hard it goes to pay a little pretended *bodily Obedience*, but if it once comes to the *mind*, you'll no more yield any *Superiority*, then a *begging Spaniard* to a *Nobleman* of any other *Nation*. There you are perfect *Levellers*, as fit to *rule* as any, and as much *right* to't, tho' you may as well say your *Bodies* are as *strong*, and can undergo as much *Fatigue* as ours.

How many poor *Husbands* do you make *wearry* of their *Lives*, by the *Pride*, the *Uneasiness*, and the *vanity* of your *Tempers*, and what *Bunches* of 'em have *strung* themselves on this occasion?

And no wonder, if you seldom miss *trying*  
your



your skill with them, after you have clos'd 'em at the safe *Lock of Matrimony*, when you are generally so well practis'd in *Dominering* before you are Marry'd. Your *Lovers* are your *Slaves*, from the very first sight, and you rule 'em more *absolutely* when once chain'd to your *Bed*, than the *Afgereens* theirs, when fasten'd to their *Gally-Benches*. Your *concern* is not so much, what *subjects* you have, as how *many*; nor how they *live*, as how they *serv*; nor how you *come* by 'em, as how you may *preserve* 'em. You have the *Vanity* to believe all that these say of you, all the gross *Flatteries* wherewith they lead you, with which *Tyrants* are generally pleas'd; because they think greater things of *themselves*, than they can hear from others. How many *perjuries* are you *Guilty* of? Both all your *own*, and theirs too, who are so unfortunate to be enslav'd by your fatal *Artifices*. They must be deeply *forsworn* to please you, and protest you have *ten thousand charms* they never dreamt of, tho your *Faces* be as *mean* as your *minds*. And if these happen to be *Blasphem'd*, if any whom you are grown *wearry* of, and have cast them off for the sake of beloved *variety*, happens to take the *ungenteel Freedom* to slander you with the greatest *Truth*, what *atonement* presently but his *Blood*, and what *Sacrifice* less than *humane*, to appease your *Savage Deity*! One *Rival* is presently hired with *smiles* and *hopes*, and all the *Witchcraft* of your *Sex*, to cut the *Throat* of another, to gratify your *Infernal Pride*, and *Insatiable Revenge*: Whereby you have often a *double Advantage*; you get rid of two *Lovers* at once, and make

room for more, while one of 'em is hang'd and the other murder'd.

Nor have your own Sex much fairer Quarter from you than ours. No Truth, nor Justice, nor Friendship; you are all in *Hobbs* his State of Nature, *Independent Empires* of your selves, and at profess'd *Wars* with all the World. Your very *Cloaths*, your *Gowns*, much more your *Faces* are *Rivals*: You'd scarce one of ye, give another an  *Inch* of prebeminence, tho 'twas upon the *Edge* of a *preceptice*, and to save both your *Lives*; so much lets wir have you then the two *poor Goats*, who meeting upon a *narrow Bridge*, and finding it impossible to *pass by* one another, or to *return* without *falling* into the *River*, one of 'em very *politickly* and *humbly* laid himself down, and the other *went over* him, by which both got safely whither they intended. And did they not act far more like *rational Creatures*, than the two *Good Wives* of *Paris* t'other day, who met in a *narrow street*, and complimented till *Night*, getting both *Dinner* and *Supper* in their *Leathern-Tabernacle*; rather then either of 'em wou'd lessen the *Grandeur* of their *Family* by going backward, and leaving the other in *possession*.

You shew us how little *Beauty* is to be really valu'd, by the low *esteem* you have of it in any but your selves. Some *Fault* you are sure to find in the most *Regular Face*, and then, none but *all the World* knows it,

' Yes, truly, she's a pretty sort of a Woman  
' enough, for what there is of her, for a little  
' Apple Childish Face. Or else, on my word a  
' proper Dame, and abundant shape she has  
' to recommend her, she'd make a good hand-  
' some

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' some Man enough, that's the Truth on't. Or  
 ' the contrary, were she not a thought too flen-  
 ' der: A little d'ye call't, (*crys another Erymis*)  
 ' why she's a MEER SPIDER, a perfect IN-  
 ' SECT, two Pyramids set together. Or she  
 ' has a good Complexion: Nay, set down indiffe-  
 ' rent, 't has a notable Eye of the WALL in't;  
 ' either DOUGH-BAK'D, or the OVEN O-  
 ' VER-HEATED. O! — For her FINE EYES,  
 ' all the World ADMIRE her, yes, they have  
 ' a Languishing cast with 'em, she's a little  
 ' CIRCUMSPECT, and has the advantage, that  
 ' she can throw one of 'em on her LOVER, and  
 ' the other on her HUSBAND, at the same  
 ' time, without altering her POSTURE, and  
 ' look equally amorously on both. Well, but  
 ' hasn't Madam A — a very graceful presence?  
 ' Yes, and a fine ROLLING-PIN FACE. She's  
 ' tall, as a BELL-ROPE, Lovely WHITE  
 ' TEETH, and a mouth like an O YES! CU-  
 ' RIOUS HAIR, with an Eye of GOLD in't.  
 ' Round Plump SNOWY HANDS, and you see  
 ' she's not a little PROUD of SHOWING 'em.  
 ' Charming EYE-BROWS, why you may see  
 ' the LEAD SHINE upon 'em. A GOOD  
 ' FORTUNE, Those always come SHORT on  
 ' the telling, or weigh less after Marriage. Of  
 ' an UNSPOTTED REPUTATION, — Pret-  
 ' ty well since she broke off with my Lord R...  
 ' or after HANDSOME G... had left her...  
 ' or where she's not WELL KNOWN; ---or...  
 ' Nay, we ought to hope the best still; -- Ma-  
 ' ny have been ABUSED, and we live in a MA-  
 ' LICIOUS WORLD. She TALKS WELL,  
 ' but affected: Very good HUMOUR'D, but  
 FOOLISH

FOOLISH; a great deal of WIT, and ILL NATURE.

The plain Meaning of all which is just thus. if you wou'd but speak out.

I'm so PROUD, that I hate any shou'd be thought a FINER WOMAN than my self, or so much as equal with me. I'm the prettiest, littlest, softest, roundest, plumpest, properest, gracefullest Creature that I ever set my Eyes on. Have the most Vertue, Beauty, Wit and Reputation. The finest EYES, the best Presence, the prettiest Ways, the loveliest Hair, the evenest Teeth, the most ensnaring FINGERS, the most surprizing Foot, the best Shaped : --- The most charming Elbow, and Tip of an Ear, of any in CHRISTENDOM.

— Well, *Madam*, You are, we see, so ravish'd with Admiration of your self, that 'tis pittty now to disturb you, or wale you out of such a pleasing *Dream*; and therefore, at present, *there we'll leave you.*

ATHENS—

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## LETTER IV.

*A Defence of Womens  
Pride and Vanity.*


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 By Madam Casy.
 

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*Is a Letter to Madam Godfrey, the Lady  
who first engag'd her in these Amorous  
Quarrells.*

*Madam,*

**I** Doubt you have chosen but a bad second, in a very good Cause, however I cannot deny to contribute the little I am able, when our common Interest is concern'd; leaving it to your Discretion, either to give these rude Thoughts, the Honour of a place among better Company, or totally to suppress them.

As touching the *Accusation* of our seemingly angry *Antagonists*, who chargeth all our Sex with *Pride and Vanity*, we may bear it with the less *Concernment*; because almost in the *Prelude* thereof, they fairly own, what I take to be very much to our *Advantage*; namely, that it is not for the sake of their Sex, that we take so much pains in *Dressing and Adorning* our selves, but merely and only for the *Decency* of the thing in its own *Nature*: I hope they will not forbid us to reverence our selves, or to consider that we are *humane Creatures*. If we were to

be buried, they would permit us to make use of some *Ornaments*, which yet surely they will not also attribute unto *Vanity*, seeing we shall have none but *Worms* to admire us in the *Sepulchre*.

Let us therefore make the best use of this one piece of *Ingenuity*, which has, it seems, *undesignedly* dropt from them. Let us record it against we have occasion for it: These Gentlemen plainly assert in the midst of all their passion, That it is not for the sake of our Lovers that we take so much pains with our selves; nay, as it they had not been yet kind enough, they again add, that they themselves will clear us from this *Imputation*.

But I do not conceive that we need all that which they so bountifully grant us; for let us suppose that we did really express something more of *Solitude* in our *Dress*, when we expected the *Visits* of a *Person*, for whom we had *everlasting Friendship*, I cannot see any thing *criminal* in such a *Behaviour*, or that looks like *Pride* or *Vanity*; nay, rather the contrary, for nothing *savours* more of *Pride*, than to *affront* or *slight* a *Person*, who doth not merit it, and who bears us any *respect*, and waits upon us, in order to *express* the same.

Now nothing in my Opinion, can be a greater *affront* to a *Person* of *Condition*, than when we are *forewarn'd* of their *Visits*, to be surpriz'd in a *Dress* not suitable to receive them: -- Or, sometimes to repay the *Honour* of such a *Visit* in the same *indecent Manner*.

Moreover, it is evident, that many Persons express as much *Pride* and *Vanity* in a *morose* and *indecent Dress* and *Department*, as any others can in the most *fashionable Dress*, and the most *costly Ornaments*.

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Was not the Cynical Philosopher, Diogenes, guilty of more unexcusable *Pride*, than the Famous Alexander the Great, who came to make him a *Visit*, for which the brutish Fellow could find no more honourable way of requital, than by bidding him *Shine out of his Sun-shine*? We are not to regard what any Person wears, but in what manner he doth it. The most resplendent Monarch in the Universe could not be more proud of his stately Palace, than that same *Tatterdemalion* was of his *stinking Tub*; nor the most Beautiful and most Magnificent Youth in all Greece, of his Rich and Splendid Robes, than he of his *Squalid Eggs*, which would *Nauseate* to behold them.

These things being agreed to, as I suppose none will deny them, I proceed yet further in the *Defence of our Sex*; as to the *Articles* now under *Debate*, which I may fairly do, or at least *silence* our *Accusers*, by a just *Recrimination*. If we are *vain*, are they otherwise? If we are *proud*, are they *humble*? Let us make an equal *Estimation* of things, and the contrary will be indubitable. We have, we do not deny, some outward *Embellishments*, which are not proper to Men, and perhaps we use more than they do, and were we somewhat more pleased with them, a little good Nature would not chuse to impute it to a *Vice*, when at the utmost it can be no more than a *Weakness*: But we desire either our present *Antagonists*, or any other of our *pretended Enemies*, to give us Information, if ever they have seen a Lady, altho' *dress* to the greatest *Advantage*, who had so much *Complaisance* for her self, and so little for another, as when a Gentleman, a Stranger, was in the Room, who came to make her a *formal*

Will, to employ a great part of her time, in *absiring* her self in the *Glass*, without any regard to the *Company*, or to common Civility? And after they have reply'd to this Query, we shall desire 'em as Ingenuously to satisfy us in two or three more: How many of their own Sex they know, who will not employ themselves in the same manner, tho' their *Mistress* herself were in *Company*? And whether this be as civil, as we know it is a *fashionable* way of *entertaining Ladies*? And lastly, if this be not a *clear Demonstration* of their own Sexes insufferable *Vanity*, than any which they can *affix* upon *ours*.

If you furthermore accuse us, for *affecting Dominion* over your Sex; and being restless for the Superiority, at least an Equality with them: For my part I know no *sensible Woman*, who desires either.

It is enough for us to share the *Government* of a *Family* with you; for which *Nature* design'd us, and for which you ought to *thank* us, and which we may justly expect. Some *Inequality* we conceive between us, but the nearest to *Equality* of any *Degree* that you can assign. Our *Governours* you were constituted, but not our *Tyrants*; we were given you as *Wives*, not *Slaves*; and there can be no greater *Indication* of *Vanity*, than to pretend to an absolute Authority, where you have no Right to any but what is *limited* and *legal*.

But above all things, I stand amazed, that the *Athenians* should charge on our Sexes Pride, whose *Inequal* Events, which are too often occasion'd by the same *vice* in their own. Can we prevent our *Lovers Quarrels*, which the Law  
it



itself cannot? Or can we favour *all*, or make not the most virtuous, Modest, and Discreet *Lady* living, be sometimes the *innocent occasion* of such Misfortunes, or when the furious *Rivals* are engag'd, would he have us ( like the *Sabin Wives* ) run between, to part 'em?

And on this *Head* I must further add, That if Men were but so Peaceable and Quiet, of such Soft, such Tender and Compassionate Disposition, as we generally speaking, must be own'd to be; or lastly, of such Forgiving, Pardoning Tempers, it is certain, there would not be so much *War* and *Bloodshed*, such *Piracy* by *Sea*, and *Ravage* by *Land*; so many great and small *Robbers* and *Murderers*, as now oppress and distract *Mankind*, and make you more *Dangerous* and more *Savage* than the fiercest *Beast* towards one another.

Thus *Milum*, I have, as well as my mean Abilities would permit, answer'd the *Athenian's* Letter, and remain,

*Your Humble Servant*

A. Cary.

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LET

LETTER V.

*The Athenians Letter to Madam Godfrey, the first Challenger, and Lady Engaged in these Amorous Quarrels.*

NAY, Madam Godfrey, this is not *fair Play*, and we must needs complain of you for making War in an *unlawful manner*, not only bringing more *Seconds* than we can well deal with, when we were to meet *single hand*, but attacking us in our own *Quarters*, before we had put our selves in a *Posture of Defence*; whereas we expected you'd have been all purely on the *Defensive*, as became your *Sexes Modesty*.

Nay, *and learned Ladies too*, for we find your friend (Madam Cary) has a touch of *Lutin*, and that worie, so very *Grave* she is, that we're afraid we won't let us *Laugh* without making her *Angry*; but if she be, we must e'en take it *patiently*, a sort of *self denial* with which our poor suffering *Sex* is but too well *acquainted*, when we have any *concern* with yours. And we have this comfort, if we are so *fortunate* as to *Disarm* this *troublesome Champion*, who we see is detach'd from our *main Body*, like a sort of *forlorn hope* to try her *strength* at the *beginning*, we shall have the *greater probability* of prevailing with greater ease, over the rest of your *Disarmed Army*. Pray send you *aside* a while, and let Madam Cary and the *Athenians* alone together, for our next Letter shall be,

LET. VI. *Against*