

LETTER VI.

Against Womens Inconstancy.

 In a Letter to Madam Cary.

SO various you are, that it can't satisfy you to change *Servants, Humours, Lovers, Factions, Complexions, Eyes, Teeth, and Hair*; nay your *Religion* (if one knew what 'twas) but you must sometimes take a *Figary* to change even *Sexes* too, and really transform your selves into *ours*, on purpose to disgrace it. For we have several Modern *Instances*, which satisfy us, the Story of *Iris* was more than *Table*. See but to what a *Condition* your *Levity* exposes both your selves and us. We can never be sure of ye, you are the *Morals* of *Proteus*, and how sadly would it scare any poor *Husband* (a who knows whose Case it may be next) to go to Bed with a *smooth, soft Wife*, and when he turns about the next Morning, should find her perfectly alter'd, a huge *He-Face* and *brave Shoulders*, ten times worse than the *Bear-face* *Lady*.

What is there to which you are ever *in* and *constant*, so much as *Fortune* her self, is equal to your own *Inconstancy*; for if you ever happen to remain five long *Minutes* in the same *Mind* 'tis partly out of *Crossness*, and for the sake of dear *Faith*. You will, you will not, you do you scorn, you hate, you love by turns, and a

in a *quarter of an hour*. Those who compare you to the *Moon*, are hardly so near the *Truth* as she is to the *Earth*, for she *changes* but once a *Month*, and we know when to expect it ; but your *Circle* is much *shorter*, and all the *Flamsteeds* in the *World* cou'd never give us your exact *theory*. One great Benefit however this is to *Mankind*, that you can scarce be *resolv'd* even in *Mischief*, at least variety pleases there too, and you are in search of *another*, before you've faith'd the *former*. 'Tis said, our Nation is *rich* in *Humour* than any in *Europe*, and tho' the Stage has larg *Supplies* from it, yet it can never be *exhausted*. If it be so, *Ben. Johnson* stands fairest for *Treasurer*, tho' he need not have gone farther than any one of his *Merry Wives of Windsor* to have employ'd him all his *Life*: He needed but have *shown* one *Face* in one *Play* to have had sufficient *Variety*. The *Vulgar* are apt to *stare* at strange *Customs* and *Habits*, and shou'd there happen to meet in the *Exchange* but one *Person* of every *several Dress* in the *World*, 'twou'd be thought a very odd *medley*. There's this and more in *Women*, they are all *Rainbow* in their *Minds*, whatever colour their *Faces*; or rather it's a *Scandal* on that more beautiful and *stable Meteor* to be compar'd with them, for that remains *fix'd* as long as the *Sun* and *Clouds* that make it: Nay, tho' the *Rain* is but successive, and new drops are still a *falling*, that unites it self with 'em all ; and is still *immoveable*; nor does it so much as shift its *Colours*; but the *blue*, and *red*, and *green*, and *yellow*, and that lovely *mixture* of 'em all, which we can scarce *describe*, remain in the same *Order* when it begins to *faint* and *wither*, as they did

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when it first appear'd or shin'd in its greatest *Glory*. But what's all this to *Women*? Truly not much, for they are quite the contrary. They are all *shift*, and alteration; have the *perpetual motion* in their *Minds* as well as *Heads*, and think it as ridiculous to stay long in the same Opinion, as in the same *Lover*.

And there indeed is the *Cream* of your *constancy*; for you are as Remarkable for your *stability* in *Love*, as you are in *Vertue*. *Forsaken Lovers*, we are to believe, are only Tales invented by the *malicious*, the *unfortunate*, and the *undeserving*. So that we durst not think so unworthily of your *Sex*, as that you'd suffer a Person of Merit to *linguish*, or that any of you cou'd prove false to him, or forsake him, had we not almost as many *Instances* of it as we have of *such Lovers*, who after all perhaps ought to be made *Examples*, because by their own they infect others with the same *Folly*. She that has not a new *Amour* to appear in once a *Month*, is as Melancholy as a poor Girl at a *Country Wake*, that's taken out to *Dance* without a new *Waltz*. 'Tis well the World is not now much in the Humour of *dying* for *Love*; if it were, what wou'd you have to Answer for? And how many *Graves* wou'd you tread on of your own *making*; And how many *Lovers Ghosts* wou'd haunt you, and upbraid you with your *Infidelity*, and their *Ruine*? And yet after all, why shou'd you not *be constant*? Is't because you have no *Notion* of it, or think there's no *Pleasure* in't? Do, but try it, and you'll soon *understand* it, and own how much you have been *mistaken*. If *Constancy* and *Fidelity* are in themselves very Noble and *Charming Vertues*, why shou'd they not

not become a *Woman*; And how far wou'd they outweigh the Satisfaction you receive in the empty Vanity of seeing every day a new *Adorer*? Who is there that can read the stories of Ancient Friendships, tho' some of 'em perhaps Fabulous, without *Motions* of *Admiration* and *Love*?

Of inviolable *Faith* of Women to their *Lovers*; *Ladies* to their *Husbands*, and the like; which you hardly believe all *Romances*; and why, if they are worthy *Admiration*, why not too of your *Imitation*, unless because *Constancy* is render'd almost impossible t'ye, by the *Levity* of your *Tempers*, and by a contrary *Habit*? For when you do once get into the Humour, you have all of you *Resolution* enough to make *Ephesian Macons*. I shou'd Discourse too a little with you concerning your *Constancy* to your own Sex in your most *Sacred Professions* of *Friendship*. But you have one *Convenience* more than we, and that is, that you are all upon the *Square*; *Cheat* that *Cheat* can, is your Motto; and there's no *Deceit* or *Infidelity* ever lost amongst you.

Athens.

LETTER VII.

A Defence of Womens Inconstancy.

By Madam Cary.

I'M sensibly touch'd with Commiseration for these poor Gentlemen, who have receiv'd a Wound from one of those Proteus's they speak of, who having thrown her *Granado* into their Hearts, it has in the breaking much damnified their Brains; sure nothing less cou'd excuse this great perturbation that obstructs their Discerning Faculties, else why might not they as well as others acknowledge *all things must obey this Fatal Law of Change*? Not to mention more remote Instances, I'll go no farther than your selves, who've no doubt chang'd from *Infancy* to *Jeune*, and 'tis to be hop'd have chang'd your *ignorance* to a little understanding, and 't may be, a *Hobby-Horse* for a *Mistress*, your *Innocence* for some experienc'd Evil, your *Money* for many changeable Trifles? Nay, to shew you how impossible 'tis to avoid change, consider but your *Respiration*, you'll find every puff of Breath you send out *changes Atoms* with what we receive: And now I hope I've said enough for your Conviction, let me, pray, but recommend one Change to you, which will be much for your ease, do but *change from* ——— to wise Men, and then I'll engage the *Inconstancy* of Women will never trouble you.

A. Cary.

LET.

LETTER VIII.

*That in a Dishonourable Amour,
the Woman's most to Blame.*

In a Letter to Madam Shute.

By the Athenians.

THat you were the first *Tempters* of *Mankind*, we think you won't *deny*, and 'twou'd be to as little purpose to pretend that you han't follow'd that *Trade* ever since. But supposing that now and then it shou'd be otherwise, yet 'tis certain, if you, do never *yield*, none wou'd ever *tempt* you, which it may be they begin often in *Jest*, when you *catch* 'em at their word, and *yield* in earnest.

However we doubt not to prove, that whoever begins such an *Intrigue*, the women are always most in *fault* in the managing it, for they have the *Restraints* of *Modesty*, and *Shame*, and *Nature*; or if they shake off these, a strong by-als of *Interest* and *Custom*: They run much the greater *hazard* in their *Person* and *Reputation*. They know all this, they have heard a thousand times, that those *Oaths* on which they force our Sex in those matters, are reckon'd but things of *course*, and no more *Obligatory* than their own vows of *Eternal Friendship*. They see their *Neighbours* ruin'd every day, it may be their *Kindred*, their *Sisters*, their *Friends* or their near *Acquain-*

ance: Yet they'll on in the same Road, 'tis *Green* and *Phaeton*, they have agreeable company in't, and it humours their *Family*, they are admir'd and prais'd and kneel'd and sung to, and neat and caref'd, and for this they part with two *Wheels*, and think they have a good *bargain*.

Nay, how can they deny but they tempt their *Tempers*? For how frequently does it so fall out? And yet they expect to be *pitied* for what they are *ruin'd* for. What is't they *Dress* and *Dance*, and *Push* and *Paint*, and *Sing* and *Sigh*, and *Ecce*, and lay all the *Love-Nets* with which they are furnish'd either by *Art* or *Nature*, what's all this ado for, but to *Pleaze*, and why wou'd they *Pleaze* but to be *ruin'd*? They dress them-selves *irresistably*, and then complain that they can't *resist* others: They trifle in the *Flame* till they burn their *silken* rings, and then *buzz* unpity'd about the Room, or creep into some *chink* or *corner*, and are *starv'd* to *Death*.

The Man has generally none to *govern* him, to advise him better; but you have a *Father*, a *Uncle*, a *Guardian*, or it may be a *Husband*. But we ask your pardon, since on better thoughts the *aid* rather lies there on your side; the very apprehension of *restraint* is sufficient, to make any *true woman* break her *Neck* to get *loose*, and she'll ten times rather chuse to fall, then to accept of any such *Friendly hands* to *support* her.

Again, how equal soever they may be in the *Crime*, it's certain that custom makes a wide difference in the *Disgrace* and *Disreputation*. It ruins the *Women*, but which of you likes the *Men* ever the worse? We wish we need not say, you often like him the better. However, a *Ship of youth* covers all, but it stands you in stead

to let your Foot firm ; for if you fall, Farewel for ever!

And is there not some reason, that the greater weight of *shame* shou'd be cast on the *Women*, since there's so much depends on her *Fidelity* and *Honesty*: The *Issue*, if she's false, is carry'd into another *Blood*, and the true heirs *irrecoverably* injur'd. Besides the *Dignity* that lights on the *Husband*, his *Honour* not being in his own keeping, but inclos'd in as *slender* a *viol* as *Francion* allots, to something that requires equal care to preserve it.

Athens.

LETTER IX.

Madam Shutes Answer to the forging Letter ; Proving, That in a Dishonourable Amour, the Man is more to Blame than the Woman.

NOW, cou'd you prove this indeed, 'twou'd be a great piece of Service to your Sex, and be a Means of giving ye what you cou'd none of ye e'er pretend to, that is, the *Reputation* of a little good *Nature* and *Modesty*: But that the Charge is notoriously *False* and *Unjust*, and the meer Effect of *Malice* and *Revenge*, is evident to any Person, that has but a Dram o' sense. — And indeed one wou'd admire how possible for Man to be guilty of such, more

than *Dissolical Villany*, as to use all their *Wit* and *Industry* to *Court*, *Flatter*, nay, even *Force* a *Woman* to *Ruin*, and then turn all the *Obloquy* and *Shame* of the *Action* upon her, and pretend they'd ne'er Attempted, had they not been sure of Success. — That there's some of our *Sex* too *Credulous* and *Weak*, we will not deny; that their good *Nature* does sometimes betray 'em to *Intrigues*, that are not *Justifiable*, we also grant; but that they are most to blame on these Occasions, you can never make any *unprejudiced Person* believe: Which Party is it, pray, makes the first Onset? 'Tis not the *Custom* of our *Sex*, howe'er Inferiour to yours, to become your *Petitioners*. Is it not *you Men* that are always at pains of *Courtship*: And, it is a *Criminal Amour*, how many *Sighs*, *Vows*, and *Slavish Submissions*, must a *Man* be guilty of, before he can obtain the least *Favour*? You say our *Sex* has the *Restraints* of *Modesty* and *Reputation*, &c. which yours want: Really we're oblig'd t'ye, that you'll grant us so much, tho' I'm pretty well satisfy'd you'd rather we were without those *Restraints*, that you might have the *Pleasure* of *Damning* your Selves, and *Ruining* us at an easier Rate. But I say, how much *Time*, *Watching*, *Presents*, *Bribing* of *Servants*, *Caresing* of *Friends*, *eternal Waiting*, *constant unwearied Importunities* must a *Man* be at the *Expence* of, before he makes a *Compleat Conquest*.

Whereas if we were so naturally inclin'd to *Lewdness*, we shou'd be glad to accept the first *Offer*, or at least, not *refuse* too long, lest our eager *Spark* shou'd retire, without letting us have the *Pleasure* of *Surrendering*. —

But the Truth is, which you all know, tho' you'll

you'll be hang'd before you'll confels it ; Women are naturally more Cold and Chaste than Men, tho' shou'd we grant our Passions equal, 'twou'd but more Enhance the Esteem of our *Virtue*, since 'tis more difficult for those Persons to be honest, that have violent Inclinations to the contrary, than 'tis for them that have not such *Desires* : But we will not pretend to more vertue than we really have, and therefore freely own our selves not so *Amorous* as you : And consequently, were there any such thing as a *Virtuous Man*, he could not have too large *Commendations*.

You say you've not so many Friends to advise with as we : But pray, whose *fault* is that ? What hinders your having *Good Counsel*, beside your own Pride and Vanity, which makes you scorn to hear it ? And what you say of us in this Case, may with good reason be return'd upon you, shou'd any Friend be so kind to admonish you, the very Apprehension of such a Restraint wou'd be sufficient to make any Man Chuse, and more eagerly pursue his *Destruction*. And that way at least he would justify his pretending to be *Absolute Master* of himself, by shewing that he dares be Damn'd, in spite of all Warning, either from *Friends* or *Enemies*.

As for your other Argument, that however *Equal* in the *Crime*, the *Womans* Disgrace is greatest, it's easily answer'd, to your own *Eternal Confusion*, - - 'Tis true, we are more taken Notice of, and Reproach'd ; but why ? Is it not because the almost Universal Debauchery of your Sex, keeps People from minding it ? When if a Woman be guilty of *Swearing*, *Drinking*, or the other Vice you charge us with, its pre-

Entirely carry'd from one to another, like a piece of strange incredible News, till at last it becomes a Town-Talk. But you say we like you the better for *Slips of Tongue*, as you call your Worst Crimes: — Did any Woman ever tell ye so? We often Marry Men, that are, or have been *Prigues*, and how is it possible to help it? For if we resolv'd to Marry none but those of Vertue and Honesty, 'twould be the same thing as to vow perpetual virginity; since among the vast number of your Sex, 'twould be impossible to find enough to keep 100 of the Women in *England* out of a *Nunnery*: Your last Argument has the most reason, tho' I'm too weary of the Subject to talk any more on't, only thus much I shall observe: — That it's no Argument of Womens being the Worse, or the Weaker Sex; that Heaven, which cannot err, has Intrusted her with the Estate, Honour and Quiet of the Family.

M. Skute.

LET.

LETTER X.

Against Old Maids.

In a Letter to the Lady Price.

By the Athenians.

BUT I wish we were sure of being out of their Reach before we begun with them, for they have terrible Fangs ; and if they get us within 'em, we must be forc'd to compound for one Eye and Ear, to save the others.

Nay, 'tis dangerous venturing so much as within sight of 'em, for *Anacreon's Description*, even of a *Beauty*, agrees to 'em in some Sense, tho' widely different from that wherein he intended it.

*They are all Weapon, and they dart,
Like Porcupines from every part ;—*

But the greatest fear of all is, lest like some other sort of *Serpents*, they shou'd darr themselves, 'twine about the unwary *Traveller*, and Sring him to Death.

*For ah ! who can their Strength express,
Arm'd when they themselves Undress,
Cap-a-pe with ——— Ugliness ?* }

As charming a Sight doubtless as *Don Quixot* in his short shirt, and full as invincible. Fate it self holds not faster than one of these *Loving Furies*.
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The Story of the *Corgons*, I'm apt to believe was nothing else but three *old Maids*, who liv'd together so long till they frighted Mankind almost into Marble, whenever their loathsome Faces, and snaky Hairs peep'd thro' the Caliment.

And yet one wou'd wonder how so despicable a Creature cou'd be so terrible : Is there any thing in Nature so mean, so useless, so contemptible ? — An old Moth is worth a Regiment of 'em : But I ask their pardon, for on better Thoughts, I believe they set up all the *Match-Brokers* and *Fortune-Tellers* in *Christendom*, and are *constant* and *liberal* *Benefactors* to those two *noble Societies*. As credulous they are, as he must be, who will believe the thousandth part of the *Stories* they tell of their *youthful Amours* : When they might have been Marry'd, they'd have you know (and lick their Lips at the luscious Imagination) so long since, and so often, in such and such a King's Reign, to that *Parson*, and this *Lawyer*, and t'other *pretty Gentleman*. Thus wou'd they talk over *another Age* ; and if any thing could make 'em young again, besides what they dream of every Night, certainly this *Discourie* wou'd do it. Thus far however you may venture to believe 'em, that they have had many fair *Proffers* in their time, since they themselves made 'em.

But one good *Quality* they have ; they are not Envious, any more than an elder Sister, when the younger is marry'd before her : Nor Malicious, any otherwise than an *African Lady* to one who refuses her : Nor *Talkative*, *Ten-Fulling-Mills* may make a shift at least to keep pace with one of their *Modest Clacks*, if not to
silence

silence 'em, and make 'em as dumb as a *Parakeet*.

Add to this *Gravity* of their *Beards*, the Decency of their *Mustachio's*; the *Pleasant Downy*, charming *Mossy Substance*, that usually adorns their *Lips* and *Chins*, and qualifies 'em so admirably well for the Honour of being the Countess of *Trifaldi's* Waiting Gentlewomen.

Had they all as many Hands as *Brierens*, and every one arm'd with as many *Tweezers*, there wou'd be full Employment for 'em all, in eradicating this *Malicious Excrement*; which if it grew a little closer, they might perhaps make a vertue of Necessity, and find some ingenious Contrivance, to matt it into a sort of a velvet Mask, and hide it self as well as their *Faces*.

An *old Maid* in a *Commonwealth* is much such another Impliment as an *Eunuch* in a *Seraglio*; full out as Jealous and Spiteful as he, and much for the same Reason.

'Tis not easie to know for what else she was design'd (since it looks harsh to grant that Nature made any thing in vain) unless to be a *Sister* in an *Hospital*, having spent so much of her own Life among *Issues* and *Plaisters*. Sure, there's a sort of Sympathy between a *Sore Leg*, and this Lump of *Diseases*: Whilst her Gummy Eyes overflow her *Spectacles*, poor *Ursula* weeps whether she will or no, and has the good Fortune to be reckon'd Compassionate, when she's only Infirm, and her Eyes are troubled with a *Diabetes*.

How rank this sort of Creatures are, and what an odd sort of Perfume they wear about 'em, one wou'd guess 'em all of the Race of the *Jews*, by that, as well as by their Complexion.

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And yet as *vain* still, as *arrant*, *Women*, in spite of the Song, even at the same time they're *Birds of ill Omen*; as *Proud*, *Prying*, *Conceited*, *Curious*, *Mischievous*, *Liquorish*, *Confident*, *Impertinent*, *Lazy*, *Noisie*, *Empty*, *Senceless*, *Ridiculous* Creatures, as their Mothers were at Sixteen.

An old Spider loves young Flies, and now poor Souls, they are forc'd to *poach* for *Lovers*; sometimes we see they truss up a *foolish Apprentice*; at others a poor needy Tradesman, away with 'em into their Holes, and immediately devour 'em.

They say there's somewhere in Foreign Countrys a subtle Beast, that comes by Night to their village-Houses, and exactly counterfeits a *Womans Voice*, making pittyful Moan for Admittance, or crying out for Help, as some of our *Trappers*; whom if the fond Credulity of the Inhabitants can once be prevail'd upon to admit, they pay dear for their good *Nature*, one of the Company at least being sure to make their new *Guest* a *Supper*.

But these *Ske-Cannibals*, these *Flesh-Crows*, these *Man-Catchers*, these *Old Maids*, are even with him for Scandalizing their Sex, and do more than counterfeit the *Hyana*.

Athens.

LET'

LETTER XI.

A Defence of Old Maids.

By the Lady Price.

Nothing is more obvious than Recrimination in all these Cases, and the *Old Bachelor* Sir T. would be an excellent Match for your *Old Maids*.

But not to insist always on that Method of Defence, which besides cannot immediately affect you, Sir T. who would be reckon'd a *young Widower*, I rather ask leave to insist on some of the *Conveniencies* and *Excellencies* of *Old Maids*, whom your uncivil Sex so much despises.

Ungrateful Men, that you are, tho' you cannot remember your Infancy, do not you believe you were once Children? — Yes and must be so again, if you live much longer, and in both those Circumstances, if you consider'd the indispensable Use of a careful *Old Maid*, you would have Gratitude, or at least more Wit, than thus to rail against 'em.

How many wakeful Nights, and weary Days have the poor Souls worn out in young *Master's* Service, who now so little regards 'em? How many Garters have they broke in rocking him? What terrible Colds, and Rheums, and Aches, in taking him up, and walking up and down the Room with him in cold Frosty Nights, to quiet him. Nay, how much precious Juice have

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have the poor Creatures, wrung out of their own Gums, to mix with his Pap, when feeding him, that it might not burn him, --- and all, all for ever forgotten? Where's Gratitude, where's Honour, or Sympathy, or Generosity? Meer Names and Shadows, and Romantic Tales, like those which these poor forsaken *Dry Nurses* were wont to tell their Children to quiet 'em.

Well, comfort your selves, *Poor Hearts*, tho by this time they are got to their Breeches, and can put 'em up and down, without your help, you'll see 'em agen sooner then you imagin. They run fast; their Race will soon be over, and they'll come agen, and be a second time under your Jurisdiction, sooner than you or they are aware.

Do but live honestly, and without fretting; and when they come to be *Old Men*, you'll find but little difference in your own Ages, since you first nurs'd 'em.

This they must come to agen, and one would expect they should be more civil for that reason, as the Fellow once was to the Devil himself, whom he would not hear abused, because he did not know whose Hands he might fall into.

The same Watching, the same Tucking up, the same Warm Cloaths, and Flannel, and Candles they used to have when they were young; It may be too you must come into Bed to his *old Worship*, as you did to his *young Worship*, to cherish him, and keep him warm, and rub him for the *Sciatica*, and you may do it without any Scandal or Danger; alas! the harmless Creature, 't has no more Hurt in't than a *Chrysom Infant*.

It may be 'twill Smirk a little, now and den,
and

and be waggish, and chirrup, but that's all, and you know there's no hurt in't.

It used to puke mightily when 'twas Young ; a good *Sign*, and a *thriving Child* I warn't it : Why just so it spits now for all the World, and Mistress Nurse will be more put to't to keep it dry, and must be changing its Bib four or five times in four and twenty Hours.

Sometimes it wants to rise to ----- and then *Nurse* must be call'd, and many a *sore tug* must she have with him ; for now the Child grows heavy, and you wou'd not think how much Care is requir'd to keep it Sweet.

Besides, 'tis as *forward*, poor thing, as if t'had got the *Gripes*, or was cutting its *Eye-Teeth* agen. *Nurse*, -- why *Nurse*, where are ye (if she's gone for a moment about the most Necessary Occasions) then away flies the Bed-staff, some two or three inches after her, and a Cough comes in the room on't, that just strangles him, and holds him for half an hour.

A little Syrup, good *Nurse*--- *Ehe, Ehe, I'm just gone, Ehe* :--- So, set me up in Bed ; wipe away here from my *Beard* this ;--- Ah, dear *Nurse*, that ever I shou'd come---

O ! Your *Servant* good Sir Athens : How d'ye like your *Picture* ? Yet this You must be in a few Years, or *Nothing* ; and then an *Old Maid* must be such a *Contemprible Creature* ; and if you'd not be your self, despised and neglected when you're *Old*, your best way will be to treat 'em civilly before you need 'em.

H. Price.

LET.

LETTER XII.

Against Fondness in Women.

By the Athenians.

AMong the other Discourses, We've formerly maintain'd with your *Nimble - Tongu'd Ladyship*, you know We blam'd your Sexes *Forwardness* and *Fondness*; and we think we justly blam'd 'em, which We now intend to prove, and that we may please you, we'll do it very *Methodically*, first the matter of Fact it self, and then the mischief and Folly and Inconvenience of it, to your *selves* as well as *others*.

And that you are *Fond*, that your whole Sex is *fond* and *forward*, and have been coming above these 5000 years, and *stealing* back to your *Ribb* again, sure you *your selves* will scarce deny. We have no more Instances of it, then there have been *Individuals* of your *teizing* Sex since the *Creation*.

We have said enough on't we suppose already, and have satisfy'd you as to *old Women* and *old Maids*, which let me tell you make up a great part of your Corporation, being preserv'd amongst you, as the *Egyptians* do their *Grandmothers*, dry'd and sapless; for We know not how many Generations. Now if even these make a shift to keep a *Colts Tooth*, when they have hardly had more then Stumps in their Heads, since the *Camp at Tilbury*, what a fine set may we believe

believe are in yours, that are as wild as the wind, and all your youth and blood about ye? Even they are ready to over-run poor Mankind, and then sure you must be like to run in to 'em. You must own your selves fond, or cruel, for you are always in *extreams*; the latter you dare not, lest we shou'd take you at your word, and therefore we may take the Liberty to conclude the former. Is it not fondness with a Witness to leave your Parents, to run away from your Friends and Guardians; to straddle over Garden - walls, and fly in the Air like Witches, and ride over House-Tops like Cats; to rush through Darkness, and wade through Moats, and almost run through *Fire* as well as *Water*? And what is all this for? Is it not for *Man*, that Charming Creature, *Man*, whom when you're in an ill humour, you'll not afford a good word, and d'ye do all this, think ye, without some little kind of Inclination, some sort of *kindly call* from Nature, like that of the Land-Crabbs, who most *amorously* crawl over Churches and Houses, or whatever else happens to stand in their way, that they mayn't fail the Assignment made 'em, with those of their own Species, who come from Sea, We know not how many Leagues to meet 'em?

What an infinite of Paper d'ye spoil in a Year? How many *Heydleberg-Tuns* full of Ink, do you Squander away, in answering *Billet-doux* and *Love-Letters*;-- or rather in sending 'em, and *challenging* all Mankind to do the worst they can at your *Persons* and *Reputations*?

But you need not write, you can *speak* enough, and you have many ways to do it: Your *Eyes*, your *Hands*, your every *Motion*, sufficiently express

press how unwilling you are to be thought *Man-haters*.

And tho' our poor *Persecuted Sex* shou'd endeavour to keep out of sight, how many different subtle Ways have you to ensnare us?

Sometimes you get a *time Man*, as the *Fowler* does a *Duck*, or the Master of the *Elephant* one of the same *Species*, to decoy us from our Native Freedom, into your fatal Noose. Sometimes a *He*, tho' oftner a *She-Friend*, because you can serve 'em agen in the same manner. We have heard of many, who have meerly bin talkt into your *Snares*, and of some few that have bin *beaten*, and fairly *Cudgell'd* into an *Amour*.

And these, and a thousand ways have you more, as various as your *Hearts* and *Dispositions*, to obtain and secure your Lovers, tho' you know you have already over-rul'd us in a very great Point, as to those Matters: -- You make us the *Aggressors*, that you may have the Honour, and the Pleasure, to see us at your *Feet*, and hug your selves at the Excellency of your own *Dissimulation*. What *Hypocrisie*, after all, when you love a Man more than even your *Sloth*, or *Ease*, or *Vanity*, to hold off still, and pretend you are not as willing as he? No, you are made of more *refin'd Mould*: Another sort of *Flesh* and *Blood* you'd have us think, from what we are compos'd of. Hence the eternal *Teizings*, the *Put-offs*, the *Fetches*, the *Doubles*, wherewith your poor Dog in a String, that does not know you, must be a long while tormented:--- And yet 'tis all Fondness still, tho' in another Shape, as they say, the *Time-seen Ladies bite hardest*, when they are most furiously

riously pleased. 'Tis to keep us from discovering the Cheat as long as you can ; for after a while you know 'tis too late :--- for when you once have obtain'd what you desire, you are ten thousand times *fonder* and *madder* than ever : And we'll remember you of the Mischiefs that follow this *Burdock Temper*: In the first place, you know, that we know your Sex in general ; and that if you don't *dissemble* very artificially, you miss what you aim at, your *Forwardness* being so odious, that you lose us before you have us. Nothing can be imagin'd more nauseous than your perpetual *Siege*, and childish *Kindness*. Were you all *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, you'd tire us with cramming us thus every day. Have you any occasion to make your selves cheaper than you are already, or more *disagreeable* ? Gueſs but by your selves, whether such a Temper can please, and if its possible, cure your selves of it ; for you'd scarce take it well your selves to be kiss'd to Death.

Do you know any thing in the World so *tiresome* and *impertinent* as a downright *doting Lover*, even while there's yet some relish in him, and before he's a Husband ? He haunts ye like your *Shadow*, and will hardly give you room to breathe, especially if you let him have the least Encouragement ; for then there's no enduring him. He'll follow ye to the Garden, to your Chamber, when you are a visiting : Hound him off never so frequently and earnestly, the importunate Cur will still be a *hanger on*, lye upon your *Petticoats*, lick your *Hands*, -- ay, your *Lips* too if he can come at 'em, with as much *Savour* and as good a *Grace*, as the *Ass* did his Master's.

If

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If you won'd scarce be pleas'd with this, you shou'd take Care to avoid a resembling Practice Beware of a hoiting foolish Behaviour ; beent ambitious of Conquests ; if you get one that's worth the keeping, show *your Discretion* in retaining him, and above all things, neither tire him nor kill him with *Kindness*.

For if you resolve to persist in these Extravagancies, and on one side Insult and Triumph over your *Adorers*, while on the other Extream you so visibly doat upon 'em, that you are ready to suck their *Eyes* out ; you ought to take Heed that you don't at last tire our *Patience*, and make us perfectly desperate, the Consequence whereof might be worse than you can imagine ; for do but consider what a Condition you'd be in, shou'd you once provoke us to turn all *Ac-Amazons*, and set up a *Commonwealth* of our own Sex, with Exclusion of yours.

ATHENS—

LETTER XIII.

In Answer to Letter XII.

By the Lady *Price*.

TIS a very hard Task to please such as are resolv'd to find fault before hand, and to deal with our poor Sex, as the *Knaveish Fellow* thought to have done with the *Oracle*, who

who wou'd prove 'twas in an *Error*, whether it Answer'd that the *Sparrow* were *Alive* or *Dead*.

If we show the least modest *Kininess* or *Modestie*, you presently rail at us for imprudent or loose Creatures ; if we keep you at a greater distance, and justly take warning by the *Ferfidiousness* of your Sex, and the *Misfortunes* of our own ; then we are *Proud* and *Insulting*, and abuse that *Power* and that *Beauty*, that *Nature* has given us. However, since 'tis safer *erring* on the *right* hand, and it will *oblige* you too so *extreamly*, it's pity but you should be pleas'd, and kept as far off as you *desire*, by all those whom you are so *terribly* afraid of.

But in the mean while, I beseech you let's have no more *complaints* of the *variableness* of *Women*, when you are so much more *inconstant* your selves, that the Colour of your *Mind* changes every moment : Sometimes you are for *Simplicity* and an *Ingenious* open temper, and rail at us all for *Hypocrites* ; but before you have drawn in that railing breath again, you are as *angry* because we don't *dissimble*, and wou'd persuade us that nothing can please you, but what you think meer *Cheat* and *Falseness*. The thing in short is *this*, that if after a thousand *Oaths* and *Protestations* and *Adorations*, and vows of inviolable *Love* and *Service*, we have no more wit than to believe you, and it may be at last give you hopes only to be rid of you, not being Ignorant of your *Generous* temper, and well knowing that to be the *readiest* way, then immediately we are all that you call us, and twenty favours more than you ever receiv'd, must be *Boasted* of to the next vain Fellow that has *Patience* to hear you, and *Faith* to believe you, or
it

it may be to the next *poor Credulous Creature*, that you're designing to *ruine*.

But is this so very *Generous* as you'd fain be thought, to like those Men of *honour* for which you'd be so much valu'd, first to *undo*, and then to *upbraid*; to *tempt* first, and then to *reproach* and *remend* those with whom you've prevail'd?

If our Sex were really so *easy* as you pretend, how came you to take so much *pains* to *win* 'em? What makes you so often talk so frightfully of *Ropes*, and *Dangers*, and *Poisons*, and *Precipices*? Which tho it's true, we are now so well Acquainted with, that we take 'em only as words of *course*, and no more to be heeded than those *Cakes*, with which you *Garnish* your *Courship*. yet 'tis not impossible, that it may be true, since it has been so formerly; There have been those of your *Sagacities*, who have thought fit to hang or *beat* their *Brains* out, to show the height of their passion, and the sincerity of their *Love*: And was there over much *Kindness*, think you, in such cases as these, or wa'st the *Fondness* of their Mistresses, that brought 'em to such an *Exit*?

But be all this *true* or *false* before *Marriage*, let us then be fond or otherwise, I'd fain know Sir, why you are so angry with us, for Loving too well afterwards; which I confess, I thought was no *Crime*, or at least one that might easily be *pardon'd*; unless it be, because you are affraid you shall want an *excuse* to use us ill, if we shou'd continue thus doating on you. But even that too may be cur'd, for I dare promise for my self, and most that I know, that we are not incorrigible, if you complain of us, we'll try whether we can amend; all things are easie

to a *willing mind*, and especially to those who are encourag'd by *your edifying Examples*. But then if you veer about again, as we doubt not but you suddenly will, and complain of our *Coldness*, our *Infidelity*, and our *unkindness*: Remember you are to blame, and we are forc'd to turn your own Weapons upon you and—to love you less, to preserve your delight.

Rachel Price.

LETTER XIV.

*That there is no such thing as LOVE
after Marriage.*

By the Athenians.

Even this *Fool's Paradise* quickly withers, and that *Tinsel sort of Happiness* which a Man finds in *Love*, soon wears off. After Marriage; your Sex thinks it not worth the while to *Dissemble* any longer; you have caught the *Fish*, and the *Net* is laid by: You have *embrac'd* your *Prey*, and now the *Panther's Face* is shown, which before you so carefully *conceal'd*.

You say yourselves that *Fools* cannot *Love* and if not before *Marriage*, much less after it, so there's *three quarters* of the World struck off,
N and

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and how many, think ye, will there be of your Sex included? Certainly not the smallest number.

Nor can a *wise Man* love a *Fool*, for that's *unnatural*: There is nothing *agreeable* between them, they don't *Tally*. 'Tis true, he may be a little tickled and pleased before *Marriage*: The *Beauty* hides the *Folly*; he was prepossess'd and hoodwink'd; now the truth is, *Matrimony* often does Men that *kindness*, it gets 'em their eyes again, tho' 'tis something a sharp *Remedy*.

Nay, suppose two *wise persons* should by a *Misadventure* meet between one pair of *Sheets*, by the *Faction's* leave, I know not but these would be more incapable of *Loving* than any of the other: The *Reluctances* of *Marriage* (says one that's thought he has tasted deeply enough of its *Infelicities*) generally arising in the *Conflict* arising between men and wife of equal *Spirits* and *Understanding*; as being in a *World* there should want *Contests* where *Love* has room to a *Capacity* fit only to be obeyed.

But still further, to give *Matrimony* as fair play as possible, let us suppose a pair as agreeably *Match'd* as *Nature* can make 'em; neither too *wise*, the *Man* a little the advantage, but no *Stupid*; the *Woman* no *Fool*, but wise enough to know or think she has less *Wisdom* than her *Husband*, yet there's a sort of *necessity* of *Nature* for the ebb of their *Passion* after *Marriage*. (and he that *loves* not passionately, can't be said to *love* at all.) For what is *strained* to the edge, must needs either *give again*, or *snaps in pieces*, and 'tis impossible *Nature* can furnish sufficient *Spirits* to make the *Woman* "Each happy night a *Prize* .. whatever *Songs* may be made on't the next *Morning* by some *doating* *Bridegroom*: Indeed if in any thing we ought to complain of

Nature,

Nature, we might seem to do it with the greatest *Justice* for this apparent *Cheat* it puts upon us, for it works the *expectations* and *desires* to the greatest *Extravagance*, and yet afterwards gives us nothing *proportionable* to her *profuse Promises* and our own *exalted Fancies*, at least all ingenuous *Married Men* We ever met with, have frankly owned this great *Truth*, and 'tis strange if there should be such a real *Felicity* in that *Estate*, such an inestimable *Philosopher's Stone*, that none yet should ever have the good *fortune* to find it.

Hear your Friend *Osborn*, who doated upon you so much even in his *Gray Hairs*, when he should have been *wiser*, that he owns in his youth his *Heart* was your *Triumphant Chariot*; hear but what *Truth* and better *Experience* wrung from him on this Subject. *Those Verities, Graces, and reciprocal Desires* (says he) which bewitched, *Affection expected* (before *Marriage*) to meet and enjoy, *Fruition and Experience* will find absent, and nothing left but a painted Box, which *Children and Time* will empty of *Delight*, leaving *Diseases behind*, or at best incurable *Antiquity*.

But yet worse, 'tis no *Miracle* for *Want* and *Poverty* to assault the happy pair, and then what becomes of all their *Love*? It's strange *Humane Nature* should have no more sagacity than to let itself be made *one great Bubble* & Never were any paired together, if *Love* brought 'em into the *Noose*, but had a strong *Fancy* that alone would *Feed and Cloath* 'em: They take that for their *Servants* and their *Cook*, as the *Poet* tells us others formerly did *Religion*, and yet let's see one Instance of any that when they try'd the *experiment*, cou'd grow fat on such

airy Diet; nay, or so much as live upon't any better than the Welch-man's Horse upon an *Out a Day*. And when once *War* comes in at one *Window*, out creeps *Love* infallibly at another, especially when the *Brats* begin to sprawl and stink about in every *corner*, yelping for the *Dag*, with scarce cloaths enough to hide their *Nastiness*. Ay, — now let's see who *Lovers* and if we find one *Pair* in all *Europe* that hold stubbornly to their first *Folly*, that have all the old *Flims* and *Dalls*, when shivering with *Cold* and tormented with *Shame*, and grip'd through with *Hunger*, then we'll vote 'em, not only the *Flick* at *Dunmow*, but a *Monument* at their death as famous as the *Mausoleum*, and even, by my consent, every hundred *Pair* who live unhappily in the same circumstances, should while they live pay 'em the tribute of a single *Marcell* every year, which I am apt to believe would amount to a *sum* almost beyond *Arithmetick* to reckon it.

To speak *Truth*, I know not how *Love* should possibly last after *Marriage*, when *Freedom* and *Liberty* are its very *Breath* and *Nature*. if we would, 'tis not likely your *Sex* should be able to continue it: You are a *fulien* sort of *Birds*, take never so much care of you, *cram* you never so well yet you will hang the ring, and moult as soon as ever you're *Caged*, and one must expect no *Musick* from you ever after. *Satiety* as naturally produces *Loathing*, as *Hunger* do's an eager *Appetite* and *Novelty*, *Pleasure*. To see the same dull grey *Face* every day, is worse than seeing the same *Play* for a *Twelvemonth* together. Nothing but *Pork* would tire a very *Flemming*. Or if our *stomachs* should hold to the same *Dish*, yet y.

Cook it so *sluttishly* as would make one *nauseate* in spite of a *Siege*: You use us like *Strangers* no longer, that's the *truth* o' t', now we are so well acquainted: The *broken Loaf* and cold *Meat* must be esteem'd a great favour. In short, all the care you took to di'guise your Minds and Bodies, all your intellectual *toppings* and *Washes*, as well as the Gayety and Judgment, Wit and good Humour of your outward Dress, are perfectly *varished*. We have you in your *native Homeliness*, though not *Innocence*, If you have not too contracted some *additional Countercharms*, and add *Sluttishness* to your other Accomplishments, to make you more compleatly *Odious*. For where's that *care* and *solicitous exactness*, and womanish diligence, and even affected Neatness which were so remarkable in you before you had *noos'd* us? You take no more care than to *bolster* up your *minds*, to hide those *mental Deformities* which would fright even a *Satyr* from your *Bosoms*. You are no more those gay pretty airy *foolish diverting* things, you were when upon your *good behaviour*. You give us a Sample indeed, but 'tis like a *Starry Hand* to a *Sooty Face*. You *trade* too *sharp* for us *Plain-Dealers*, expose your best Goods to sale, but pack up those that are *Damag'd* in the *middle*; Give us a *Taste* of good *Wine*, but when we come to send for the whole *Piece* home, and draw it out, 'tis so *Prick'd* and *pill'd*, that there's no *enduring* it.

Not but that you are careful enough still to look as gay as ever, on some extraordinary Occasions: If King *Edgar* be to make a *Visit*, *Alfreda* will be sure to *on* with all her Jewels; though it costs her Husband's Life: If you do *dress* at all, you are not sure so much out o' the

Fashion to do it for your Husbands, 'tis either for all the *World*, or for some *favour'd Gallant*. When he approaches, you-recall the old *Lear*, resume your Virgin smiles and prettinesses, though it may be awkwardly enough too, for want of practice. New Tallow your weather beaten vessel, repair your Rigging, pick your *Eye-brows*, blubb your *Lip*, and lay over the *fine things* you can think on, which used to charm all your Adorers, and make 'em run as mad for your *Common-place* *It is*, as for your *no more natural Beauty*.

And how shou'd most Marriages ever thrive any better, when they are so far from being made in *Heaven*, that the *Banker* has much more to do in 'em than the *Parson*? 'Tis but a sort of *Stock Jobbing*, to make the best on't : You ask no other *Qualifications* in a man, then what *has* he, not what *is* he? And what *Estate*, what *Foynture* can he make, not what *Character*, what *Reputation* has he in the *World*. Let him make never so *Monkey* a *Figure*, and be distinguish'd by nothing but want of a *Brush* behind, and going always upon his *hind legs* he's never the worse *Bed-fellow*, if he can but settle the *Substantial Acres*. A *greedy Marriage* i'th' meantime this is like to make ! And a great deal of *comfort* they'll have between 'em ! Such a *Surplusage* of *Conjugal Love* and affection, that they'll scarce know what to do with't all, but be very ready, it's likely, to *spare* some to their *Neighbours*.

Nor even so much as *here* are ye upon the *Square*, which is still *harder*; for since you have reduc'd the whole *Affair* to meer *Bargain* and *Sale*, both Parties ought to stand upon *even Ground*. But 'tis like all other *Trades*, one side must be sure to be *cheated*. Your Sex are seldom without

without *False Dice* about ye; Your *Fortunes*, the only things that wou'd make one bear the *Incumbrance* at the end of 'em with any tolerable *Patience* and *Satisfaction*, are look'd upon by a *Magnifying-glass*, as well as your other *Perfections*; tho' indeed they may seem to have some *Right* to the same advantage with all the rest, because the most *Ravishing Charm* that belongs t'ye. Substantial lasting *Felicities*, and almost a *Valuable Consideration*, even for *Matrimony* ; at least 'twou'd make any thing but that, go down with a great deal of *Pleasure*.

Thus Ladies, have you taught us to Discount, by letting us see the *Ready* is the *main thing* you expect from us, and why shou'd we not be as *ingenuous* with you? *Love*, if any thing, is modest and silent; 't has but a *weak Head*, and hates *noise* and *clamour* ; and is it then any more likely to be found in the House where a *Woman* has enter'd before it, than *Silence* in a *Monastery* ?

Who can *Love* where they do not esteem? And how can the *Woman* esteem the *Man*, whom she reckons as her *Rival* in Government, if not a *Tyrant*, an *Usurper* upon her *Rights* and *Liberties*, as she'll be sure to think him? Such a *Republican Spirit* has she, tho' he's the most *Just* and *Merciful Monarch* in the World. And on the other side, how can she expect he shou'd love one who is daily *conspiring*, against him, to wrest away his *Legal Patrimony*, and *Ancient Inheritance* ? *Man* was born her *Sovereign*, and it looks like no very great piece of *kindness* to exclude or dethrone him. We'll not insist on those many *diseases* so incident to your *Sex*, and almost *inseparable* from them, lest we shou'd render that *horrid* and *nauseous*, which we only design to represent as it really is.

awful, and unavoidable. But thus much is certain, if these are not in your own Power, they ought to be in ours, and not to Take our selves to what wou'd make our Lives as uncomfortable as ours; Especially when you can't expect Love should last, when the Cement of it, and the very End of Matrimony ceases; unless you can give an Instance of any that fell in Love in an Hospital; always excepting the famous Gondibert and his Apothecary's Daughter.

Athens.

LETTER XV.

In Answer to Letter XIV.

That 'tis possible to Love as well after Marriage as before, and the way to do it.

By Sappho.

WHEN the *Histories* of all Nations are full of the *Examples* of Excellent *Wives*, who for their *Constancy* and *Fidelity* to their *Husbands*, and *Conjugal Duty* and *Affection* have justly been made *Immortal*, it looks like a very *unnatur'd Paradox*, to assert that never can be, which so often has been, and therefore may be again, and of which we have as many present
living

living Instances as there are of *Marry'd Persons* that Live *Happily*, which I am apt to believe are many more than live otherwise, because *Happiness* and *Content* are generally *silent*, but *Misery* is *querulous* and *noisy*; and we hear every where of the Disorders which happen in any such unfortunate Families. Indeed it is observable of most of the Arguments that are brought against *Marriage*, or the *Happiness* of such a *State*, that not one in twenty of them have so much as the shadow of *Reason*, but are just such as an ingenious Person says of them, fit for Men rather to *Wheedle* with, than in good earnest think what they speak. And of this sort are all those which pretend to prove there is no such thing as *Love after Marriage*; for we will not stand to the *Experience* of a bad Husband in these matters.

Grant that they never had any, that something *baser* than *Love* was the *motive* of their *Courship*, and that their *Flame* was so *impure*, that it could not long *shine* after it was *lighted* by the *Torch* of *Exymen*: Yet it is so far from Truth, that *Love* cannot last at all after *Marriage*, that I'm satisfy'd many have lov'd much better after than they did before; nay, in some Instances, have lov'd very tenderly after that Sacred Bond had united 'em, though perfectly *indifferent*, if not *averse*, when both *single*; although instances of these last are so rare, that it is ill venturing together, unless there be at least some *Affection* between them. But this I affirm, as *Magisterially* as ever our Antagonist can the contrary, although with much more Truth and Reason, that *marry'd Persons* have more cause to Love better than others, and more

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Advantages to do so : For they have now left all the *World* for each other, which must needs be a great *Endearment* on both sides : Their *Word*, and *Honour*, and *Oath*, are all publicly engag'd, and unless they *forfeit* all these, they must continue to *Love* one another, and cannot but be *Happy*. Their *Love* is both *Honourable* and *Lawful*, and now they have all they fight'd for, and possess each others *Affections* and *Persons*, and *Fortunes* without any fear of a *Rival*. Shame on him that *loves a fine Woman less* when he has her in his *Arms*, than when he only throws *sheep's-eyes*, and makes *ugly Faces* at her. It is true, if Men form *Romantick* Notions of *Love* and *Friendship*, and find themselves deceiv'd when they come to apply 'em to *common Life*, they may be *angry* without *pity* or *regard*. He that expects more from a *Mortal* than it can give him, deserves to be *disappointed*. There's no perfect *Happiness* here, and it's pity there should ; but yet we may make a shift to pick up a good *comfortable share* of it with good *Management*, and there are certainly *degrees* of it, and one is much more *Happy* than another, and I am still of the mind that a *Marry'd* condition is in it self the *happiest Estate* of *Life*, and will never believe but that it would always be so, did not *Lechery*, or *Impudence*, or some *uncommon Misfortune* prevent it ; and thus happy I am sure it never could be, without a good degree of *Love*. The *little Endearments* of a *marry'd Condition*, the *lost Hours*, the very *condemns* and *Follies* and *Particularities*, and to others, insignificant *Fancies* and *Humours*, have yet all of 'em something new in 'em, and *delighting* and *obliging*.

Nay,

Nay, even the *little Matrimonial Quarrels*, the short liv'd Anger of Lovers, makes 'em but *Love better* : A little *Water* sprinkled on their *Fire*, makes it *blaze* more *strongly* than before, if there be not enough to *Quench* it.

Most *kinds* of *Pleasure* seem to be little more than the *curing* of some *Pain*. What else is that we perceive in the Gust of the most delicious *Wines*, when extream Thirsty? or the Taste or Smell of a well cook'd Dish, when soundly *Hungry*? And the longer we have been *Fasting*, the *sharper* we are kept, the more *ravenously* we fall to, when once we sit down to *Table*. However, none but *Gluttons* will gorge themselves; and if afterwards they complain of want of *Appetite*, Wou'd they not be *laugh'd at*, rather than *pitied*?

Yet you cannot tell, Mr. *Athens*, whether the *Answerer* of this Letter be a *Man*, or a *Woman*, a *Maid*, *Wife* or *Widow*; nor shall you ever know it, if I can help it, But whatever I am, *Zeal* for *Truth* has engag'd me in the *Controversie*, and no *Aversion* to *Marriage* has drawn these *thoughts* from me, which you must take as they come, without any more *Accuracy* or *Regularity*, than I find in some of yours.

But to return to my Subject: Even *Absence* it self is so far from *Divorcing* Lovers, that it only more closely cements their *Affections*. Every occasional *Journey* renders the happy Pair more *impatient* of *meeting*; and when they meet again, more pleas'd with each other; encreases their *vermuous Love*, and heightens their *mutual Satisfaction*; and the longer they live together, the closer still is the knot ty'd, the more indissoluble it grows, and yet the more *easy*. Time and Age file
off

off by degrees any little roughness in their Temper, and polishes the Inequalities of their Humour, while they grow more acquainted with each others Excellencies and Vertues, and therefore more in love with them, and can more easily bear with those unavoidable Imperfections, those little Bleds, which will be found in whatever is moulded of Clay, and therefore with the less difficulty may be mutually over look'd and forgiven. Tho' were there nothing but length and continuance of Acquaintance, and a long intimacy, under the same Roof, on the same Road, and in the same Circumstances of Life; yet even from hence we often see such Friendships contracted, that nothing but Death can divide 'em. And these of necessity must be much stronger, where the Obligations are dearer, and the Intimacy closer, and the Secrecy more intire: Where Tenderness, and Interest, and Inclination, joyn their Forces; and 'tis so much the Concern of both Parties to make each other Happy.

I never said or thought that Love was more furious the longer it lasted; for I believe the quite contrary: 'Tis the more calm and rational; but 'twould be strange, if it should therefore be the less Perfect. It burns like subterranean Lamps, undisturb'd and even, and therefore must be immortal; at least, the Light can only be extinguish'd when the Lamp it self moulders: Its Decay is owing not to any inward Decay, but merely to the Weakness of the Materials.

Yet if Souls know Souls hereafter, what He-
resie is it, to believe, that a verinous Friendship
here commenc'd, shall last, nay, shall be perfected
like all other good Qualities, in another World.
You'll say, it may be, I'm too grave on such
Sub

Subjects: But I must ask your Pardon, if I only let you and others know what I think myself. I love to follow a *Thought* as far as I can see it. And I have read, that some of the brave old *Heathens* were wont mightily to please themselves with the *Friendships* of *Elysium*, and the *Satisfaction* they expected in a more intimate Correspondence with wise and good Men in another World.

But well remember'd: We are yet in this; and I hope I should do my *Fellow Citizens* no *Disservice*, if I could put all *Married Persons*, or at least the very greatest part of 'em, in a way to be certainly *Happy* with each other; and the longer they *live*, to love still the *better*, and be more *belov'd*.

Let the *Husband*, if he desires this, neither *Doat* nor *Tyrannize*: The *Wife* neither *assume* beyond what Nature, and the (indulgent) *Laws* have given her, nor yet so basely *crouch*, as to render her self *cheap* and *despicable*. If they ever have any little *Differences*, let 'em no more take *air* than *Fire* in a *Cellar*. Keep 'em even from *Servants*, and let the *Pillow* alone decide 'em, where many a *Flint* is broken.

If both are *Passionate*, take turns to *adourn* your *Anger*; if only one, it's the easier to *agree*; tho' there's this *Advantage* even in an *hasty Temper*, that as it soon *kindles*, 'tis never long a *burning*; it may *sputter* a little, but 'twill do no *great hurt*; while a *sour Log* that's a whole day a *lighting*, shall, it may be, be half a dozen, before 'tis *extinguish'd*.

In the last place, Learn the *Art of Memory*, and the greater *Art of Forgetfulness*; and you'll not fail of being *Happy*. That is, remember all
the

the *kind* things, *forget* all that's *harsh* or *ungrateful* that ever past between ye; at least never *repeat* 'em, which will be the best way to *forget* 'em: Which Advice if you carefully observe, I see no Reason to doubt but you'll live as contentedly as

Your Humble Servant,
Sappho.

LETTER XVI.

*That Ugliness is most desireable in a
Wife.*

By the Athenians.

'TIS but a *Cowardly* sort of *Vertue*, that's forc'd to wink, in order to avoid a *Beau'iful Enemy*:—— Nor will we so much as make use of your own *Arms* against you, that this *Beauty* that make such *Ashes* of us all, is only in the *Imagination*:—— Let it be in the *Sense* too if it will, but we're resolv'd it shall never *domineer* over our *Reason*. Nay, We'll not only think it, but even look it into an *Indifference*, and the *Subtlest*, the *Loveliest*, the *Veriest* *Woman* of ye all shall no more debauch my *Judgment*, than one of your *Predecessors* cou'd the *Person* of that *honest Philosopher*. You may say, if you think fit, as she did, that we're *Stones*, and not *Men*, but we'll prove our *Reason* beyond
Con-

Contradiction; by despising such *Irrational Creatures* as you are. Nay, never *Dress*, nor *Patch* nor *Powder*, nor *Twire*, nor *Brustle* up at us thus; for you'll all lose your Labour. Our Choice is made; and if We must have Wives, we're resolv'd a good convenient Parcel of *Ugliness* shall be their principal *Recommendation*.

And a thousand Conveniences shall We meet with by this honest *Policy*. First, We shall vex you, and mortifie your *vain Sex* a little, which will do us more Good than a Thousand Guineas more in her Portion,--- and it may be you may be the better for't too; at least, 'twill be your own faults, if you be not: For there might be some Hopes of you, if we cou'd but once make you *humble*,

But order your Matters as you please, for we'll still go on with our Story.

In the next place, we shall need no *Seraglio*, no Black or White *Eunuchs*, to keep that safe, which no Body but our selves will meddle with. Who wou'd disquiet himself for the *vain Satisfaction* of having what's left of a *Beauty*, when he may be so much more happy, with one of a *different Character*? A thousand Towers, and Locks, and Bars, and Fathers and Husbands can't preserve an *Alcmena*, or a *Danae*: What Eternal Catterwawling there is about one of these *Pestilent Beauties*; what purring o' one side, and scratching o' t'other? How often a Man may have bin *Skin-pluckt*, for presuming but to lead home his own *natural Wife*? With what Fear and Reverence must he Salute her? How tenderly must he touch such *China Ware*, and how slight a matter reduces it to its *Primitive Earth* again? Give us a good plain *Earthen Platter*, that will endure

endure a sound *Bang*, and while we eat in't, we're safer from *Poyson*, then if all our *Meat* were serv'd up in *Unicorns Horns*.

A *fine Woman* must be conceited, if she has any *Eyes*, and consequently be pleas'd her self, that she pleases others. Then shou'd we have a thousand *Fop - Doodles*, *Triming*, and *Coaking*, and *Dressing*, and *Singing* at her, and Corrupting all our *Servants*, and it by *Miracle* he shou'd at last beyond our *Expectation* and his own, find her honest, he takes care to prefer her to one of the *Boxes* in the next *Lampoon*, or so publicly abuse her, that we must be forc'd to slit his *Windpipe*, or he ours, in attempting her *Vindication*.

No, since our *Honour* is by the abundant Civility of our *Countrey* in our *Wives keeping*, we wou'd have our *Cabinet* made as plain and as strong as possible, that none shou'd attempt to break it open, or, if they did, might lose their *Labour*.

And as we shan't be troubled from others, so neither from her self. Our *Dear Joans* and we shall agree well enough together. She can't be Proud; for what has she to be Proud of, except of our *affections*? She can't be *Re-satur'd*, for she has nothing but the *Agreeableness* of her *Temper* to retain our *Hearts*. Nay, she can't be so much as *Jealous*, for she shall know we chose her before a *Beauty*, because we liked her better. She'll be content with any thing, because she's *humble*; and Name us *one Beauty* that ever had that *Virtue*: She'll not trouble us, or ruine us in *Expences*. Not in *Cloaths*, because she shall be so superlatively *Ugly* (if our kind *Stars* wou'd but send us such *Jewels*) that no *Finery* shall make her

her better. Nor in *House-keeping*, because she'll not care for much *Company*; nor in *Fournays*, for the same Reason. She must Love us entirely, because none else will Love her, and that must needs make us Love her again, and how ardently shall we embrace her *Fair Soul*, thro' her *homely Body*? And how quiet and happy shall we sit at home, and pity the *Miserable Beauties*, and those who possess 'em, as *Jove* did *Semele* in the midst of *Storms* and *Thunder*; while their *Reputations* are *blasted*, their *Content* *Banish'd*, their *Estates* *Ruin'd*, their *Hearts* *Tormented*, and in a few Years, or perhaps Hours, that which was the occasion of all this, is no more: The fatal Cause is ceas'd, but the Effects still remain. The Beauty is gone, but the Woman still Lives and Hangs on ye, and wou'd fain be a Beauty still; and when all the World is weary, you must begin, and Cringe and Court as much as ever.

Whilst our dear *Domdy* has such a *Face*, that she defies Age, nay, Death it self to hurt it. 'Tis as invulnerable as the heel of *Achilles*, and by the looks on't, you'd think it had been dipt in the same Water. Time must have a good stomach if he meddles with't. It must be meerly for the sake of Malice, and therefore we hope he'll let her alone as well as all the rest of Mankind; For our own use we'd have her, and what shou'd we care whether she pleases others? she'll be a Guard to our Houses, her Face will fright Thieves away, and our Children need no other *Ram-head* and *Bloody-bones*, to keep 'em in order.' What pretty *Cubbs* they'll be, and how like their own dear *Father* and *Mother*?

Come

*Come hither, and draw her Sweet Picture,
 Spelles,
 With a Face like the Fire-pan, and a Nose like
 the Bellows :
 Her Body all Grid-Ir'n (Mr. Printer ! depend
 on't :)
 Or a Worm-eaten Carrot with two sticks at
 the End on't,
 Teeth, Fair as a Sloc, by kind nature's di-
 rection,
 Tho in vain, as a Foyl to her darker Com-
 plexion.
 Her thin Lips have Pale, and her Gills have a
 Rosy ?
 But such Charms in her Breath, that each whip
 overbrows ye.
 Such, such is our Fair one, no Uglier we'll
 make her,
 And so show We're not Jealous, be it as likes her
 may take her.*

Athens

LET

LETTER XVII.

In Answer to Letter XVI.

In Defence of Beauty.

By Anonyma.

Civility requires, Mr. *Athens*, that we should leave you in the *unenvy'd* possession of what you so much delight in, the very *Imagination* of whose Charms had snatcht you away into such a *Rapture* of *Dogrel*, as neither *Witber*, nor *A.* himself could equal.

Let us then return to that against which you profess so utter an *Aversion*, and which all the World besides so justly admire. The *Defence* of *Beauty*, tho it needs no Champion.

My subject I feel is too big for me, and now only I repent my accepting your Challenge. Not that I fear any *Antagonist*, but that so weighty a cause has not a more equal strength to support it: It staggers me at once, and dazles me, and if *Sappho*, or *Bahn* her self were alive, they must undergo the same misfortune.

Yet if I must fall, it shall be Honourably; I'll wish I could do more, and will at least attempt it, and perhaps might succeed, had I but all the Beautys in the World before me, that out of 'em, like the *Painter*, I might make one *Venus*.

What art thou, thou strange *Unaccountable* Every thing! Or by what *Names*, or *Titles*, shall we

286 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

we salute thee? We see thee *every where*, and yet none can define thee. Thou art the same, and yet infinitely diversify'd. *Harmony* is most like thee, and thou art the *Concord*, or rather the *Virtue* of all that's *visible*. The *Almighty Artist* has scatter'd thee through all his work: A Flower, a Blade of Grass, a Fly, a Mite possesses thee. We see thee in all shapes and dresses, we admire thee in the Picture of a Storm, or a Battle, and discover a Beauty even in *Horror*.

Light it self is thy near Relation; or rather *Lightning*, could we separate it from the *fatal effects* it carries with it: Thy *Darts* are all peaceful and innocent, yet we feel 'em *trill* through our *Hearts*, and blest the wound that makes us *Mad with Pleasure*.

'Tis in a humane Face thy Throne's erected;
There dost thou Triumph with a Peaceful Sway,
Thy Scepter makes the trembling World Obey.

See the *little Monarchs*, the puny Princes and Conquerors, all the *Greats*, and the *Immortals*, and *Invincibles*! How they creep and cower about thy Throne! Yet there's one that dares meet thy *Scams*, and that deserves 'em: He has lately lost a Beauty would have disputed *Empires* even with thee: Try if thou canst *make it up*, tho that could scarce be done, shou'dst thou thy self descend into his Arms!

Whither, O Beauty! Whither hast thou drawn me?

Why

A Pacquet from Athens. 287

Why, O ye Peaceful Plains are you for-
laken,

For noisy Camps, and Courts, and glittering
Thrones?

I'll come again—Hail all ye Happy Shades,
Where untaught Nature Beautiful and
Young,

Displays unborrow'd Charms; where thou
and I,

My Damon, Life's unenvy'd sweets may
prove,

And all the Luxury of Vertuous Love.

Where we may see a thousand diverting objects, a thousand Beautys on every side, and bewilder our Eyes in the *pleasing variety*, and return to *Living Beautys*, when they are tired with insensible objects, I know where my Eyes can meet their Acquaintance, and find as much Love as they bring with 'em. Such *unaffected Gracifulness*, such a manly *Noble Air*, such *Eyes*, such very *Lovely speaking Eyes*; Such *modesty*, such *softness*, such *firmness* such a *happy mixture*, just such as I wou'd wish in him I Love. And while he Loves, I have no more to wish.

Who can think, or talk, or write temperately, when Beauty is the Subject? Nothing could now be cold, that had a Spark of Life or Motion.

The pleasure it gives is more refin'd and more remov'd from Sense, even than that of *Musick*: *Bruit Creatures* seem in some Instances to be mov'd by the latter, but only what has Reason by the former: That is too *Spiritual a Pleasure* for their *inferiour Natures*. I can't therefore think they have Reason, because they
have

have no *Choice* in these matters : Their *Appetites* hurry 'em on for the preservation of their *Kind*, but Beauty never strikes 'em, and the *Herd* knows no more *Distinction* then it does *Propriety*.

And if there shou'd be any *Creatures* in *humane shape*, who had the same *Tempers* and *Inclinations*, who could remain insensible before such an object as commands *reverence* and *respect* from the greatest *Barbarians*, they ought rather to be rankt with those *Inferior Animals*, with whom they *Sympatize*, or at least among the *Mimickry* and *Sports* of *Nature*, who may seem to have taken pleasure in making a Figure so like a Man, which yet might puzzle the Philosophers to describe him, or to know what *Species* they ought to rank him under.

Had Beauty only *Barbarians* to deal with, it would civilize 'em, had it the worst of *Men*, so they are but *Men*, it might *work* upon them, refine the *Car*, smoothe the *ruggedst Temper*, cultivate the most barren soil, and every day produce *New wonders*.

But then it must keep company with *Vertue*, for if once that leaves it, how soon will it *Pine* and *Languish* ? 'Tis like the *Vine* without the *Elm*, the *Jessamine* without its *Support*. It tumbles to *Earth*, and is *Trodden* into the *Mire* by every one that passes by it.

The more difficulty there is in preserving Beauty unblemisht, the more glorious are those who do so. It's possible to be done; for it has been and still is, in many instances. Heaven is not so envious, or malicious as Earth, but can give Beauty and Vertue to the same Person,
and

and they agree so well together, 'tis pity they should ever be parted.

It is the envy and wicked Revenge of disappointed Wickedness, which often endeavours to sully what it cannot ruine; and the rest of *Mankind* is so *ill-natur'd*, and so very partial, that any thing of this Kind is greedily receiv'd, and easily believ'd.

Yet after all, if there are really so many ill Women in the World as some would perswade us, who pretend to be very well acquainted with 'em, 'tis easily Demonstrable, that Beauty is not the cause on't; nay, that the smaller part of those who deserve that Character are really Beautiful, because *homely Faces* make up the most of the World.

And it is still more likely, on some Accounts, that a fine Woman shou'd be Vertuous, than one who is more indifferent, because she is naturally and justly conscious of her own worth.

There is a decent Pride, which will not let her have such cheap thoughts of her self as other People.

If 'tis objected, that she values her self for it; and why shou'd she not, so she does it Soberly and Moderately? What Man is there who has more Strength, or Wealth, or Wit, or Prudence than his Neighbours, who does not find his Mind Proportionable to his Endowments, and expect a just deference from such as come behind him in any of those Qualifications.

Beauty 'tis true, decays, and so does every thing that's *Mortal*; but 'tis better to be happy some part of *Life*, than none at all; and the *Reins* of a good *Face*, must be better than
those

those of a bad one; Nay, more agreeable in Age, than the other, when it had the *Freshest Youth* to recommend it.

Deformity strikes the mind with Horror, as Beauty with Love: 'Tis, I confess, a deep Piece of *Policy* to Marry such a Person as a Man cannot Love himself, for fear any body else should Love her. Nor is he always so sure of that neither, since a misshapen body oftentimes covers a more awkward and misshapen mind. And Nature seems to cry, Beware ! whenever it shows us one of those *Antick Figures*, and this they are so sensible of themselves, that they are generally either negligent, and squalid of one side, because indeed, they despair of pleasing after all their pains, or else *Spiteful* and *Malicious Enemies* to all the World, because they think they have but few Friends in it.

Nor has it been rarely found, that such Persons as these have been lost in the *lowest degrees* of the most sordid Vices, agreeable to their Nature and Inclination : Tho this must be own'd, in the last place, to prevent the Imputation of *Ill-nature* and *Injustice*, that where such as these apply themselves vigorously to the Prosecution of Virtue, they become as Famous as any, thro' a happy resolution of mind.

But yet on the other side, none can deny that Virtue looks much more Charming in a *Beautiful Dress*, than in one that's more indifferent or displeasing.

Anonyma.

LET

LETTER XVIII.

Against Marrying a Widow.

By the Athenians.

YOU complain, Madam, we've *forgotten* to whom we're writing, and often *address* our selves to the *Men*, without any regard to our *Antagonist*: For this we must beg your Pardon, since the love of the Truth, and concern for poor abus'd *Mankind* makes us, we find, sometimes take off our eyes from our Antagonist, before we're aware. But we hope you will forgive us since 'tis for the Publick *Good*, and tho' we may happen to step out of the way a little now and then, *fear not* but we'll return again, and fight out the *Battle*.

And now for the *Folly Widow*, since *Maid* and *Wife* have pretty well wearied us. And tho' you, Madam, are yet two or three *degrees* from that state of Life, yet you may in time arrive to it, and therefore you'd do well, often to Read over the *Directions* of a very sage Philosopher for the management of your *Affairs*, that you mayn't be surprized when you should come to Action. You know who says,

*Widows who have try'd one Lover,
Trust none again, till they've made over.*