

Or if they do before they *Marry*,  
 The *Foxes* weigh the *Geese* they carry;  
 Whence *wittiest Ladies* always choose  
 To undertake the *heaviest Goose*.

Now if we did not sometimes take out *Repri-  
 sals* against your *Sex*, and some of our *He-Foxes*,  
 though *Poor* and *Lean*, snap up one of your *hea-  
 viest Geese*, we shou'd never be upon the *Square*  
 with you, though a sad *Choice* a *Man's* in when  
 he's brought to that *Condition*; only the fore-  
 mention'd *Gentleman's* short *Questions* can't  
 easily be answered.

What an *Amorous* thing is *Want*,  
 How *Debts* and *Mortgages* *Incant*!  
 What *Graces* must that *Lady* have  
 That can from *Execution* save!

But the worst is, that oftentimes she only  
 brings the *Execution* sooner on the poor mi-  
 staken *Husband*, who catches *two Tartars* at once:  
 For he that ventures on that terrible *Creature*, a  
*Widow*, must prepare for the worst, and not  
 think she has been *Married*, and buried one  
*Husband* for nothing; and having once got out  
 of the *Grate*, she remembers all her *old Tricks*  
 again, and is full as *wild* and more *cunning* than  
 ever. And 'twould at least make one cautious, if  
 we came to a *Ditch* which another had attempt-  
 ed to leap, and stuck in the middle, how we o-  
 verhastily ventured after him. A *Widow* is a  
*double Woman*, she has in her all the *Poyson* of  
 her *Sex*, highly *rectify'd*, and rendred infinitely  
 more *Subtle* and *Mortal*. When the *Cannibal*  
 has

as once tasted the *Blood* of one Man, though she weep never so many *Crocodiles* Tears over his *Grave*, she hardly ever *leaves off* till she has try'd another: Like a *Dog* that has once found the sweetness of *Sheeps-Blood*, nothing but the *Branch* can make him give it over. When we consider the Tears of the *Ephesian Matron*, for the Death of her Husband, we find our selves surprized with more of Wonder and Amazement, than the Soldier was when he first beheld her: Plainly we perceive certain symptoms in her, which signifie not only a change of Humour, but even a perfect Metamorphosis of her Person also; and so strangely is she Alter'd. that did not the continuance of her *Mourning Habit*, together with the circumstances of Time and Place, assure us to the contrary; seriously we shou'd not be perswaded, that she is the *same Woman*. She appears now to have so little of the Sorrowful Widow in her, that if we might have the liberty *Physiognomists* take, of divining by outward signs, we shou'd take her for the most Pleased and Happy Bride in the World. Her *forehead* seems not only smoothed, but dilated also to a more graceful largeness, and overcast with a delicate sanguine Dye. Her *Eyes* sparkling again with lustre, yet little more then half open, with their amiable whites turned somewhat upward, unsteady, bedewed with a Ruby Moisture, and by stealth casting certain languishing Glances (such as are observed only in Persons Dying, and Lovers in the Extasie of Delight) upon the Soldier. Her *Lips* swelling with a delicious vermilion tincture, and gently trembling; yet still preserving the decorum and sweetness of her Mouth. Her *Cheeks* over-

flow with Blushes. Her *Head* a little declining, as when Modesty hath a secret conflict with Desire. In a word, We discern in her, a concurrence of all those signs, which, as natural and inseparable Characters, are proper to great Joy and Pleasure.

What therefore shall we think? To imagine that She, a Woman of Exemplary Constancy, of Chastity, more cold and severe than the Goddess her self, who is said to be guardian of it; of Sorrow almost unparallel'd and invincible; whose Tears are yet scarcely dry, still sitting in a damp and horrid Charnel-house, at the dead time of the night, and upon the Coffin of her *Dearest All*: To imagine (we say) that this Woman should be so soon ingulphed in the delighted Transports of a *New Love*, and that with a Fellow so much a Stranger, so much her Inferiour: This certainly is not only highly improbable, but unpardonably scandalous: But so it is, we have good reason to suspect, that our *Matron* hath newly felt the power of Loves inevitable Dart, and she now burns as extremely in the flames of *Amorous Desires* for the Soldier, as she was lately frozen in the Ice of Sorrow for her Husband. Her looks and gestures betray her, and all the *Airs* of high Content and Pleasure appearing in her face, will no longer permit us to doubt, but she hath lately Tasted, and more than Tasted, of that delight, which Lovers are sensible of in the act of Fruition; and which being it self a kind of Extasy, cannot be described, so as to be understood by any but such as feel it; nor those, but when they feel it.

Nor need you longer remain in suspence: for  
behold

behold, she now *throws her self into the Soldiers Arms*; She Embraceth him, She Kisseth him, and with that violence, that Greediness, as if she were unsatisfied with the bare touches of his Lips, and longed to leave the impression of hers upon them. Nay, she takes no care to shut them, as if that negligent posture were more natural to the freedom of her kindness; or as if she were in more readiness to receive that soul, she would have him breathe into her: In a word, There is nothing of Liberty, nothing of Dalliance, nothing of Caresses and Indearment, which this Sportful *Lady* doth not use, both to make her self Grateful and Charming to her *New Gallant*, and to enkindle fresh Ardors in him. So that if what we see, be not *Venus* her self, Sporting with her beloved *Mars*; yet doubtless, it is one of her own Daughters, in the height of Solace with one of her Sons: She does not scruple at the *viceroy* of making the *Dead Husbands Coffin*, the Altar whereon to kindle her *Amorous Fires*. Now Reader, we see, in this sudden and prodigious Metamorphosis, the Mutability and Levity of *Widows*; then Reader, if you court a *Widow*, believe her not, though she *inmures* her self never so closely, *mourns* never so unconsolably, and remains never so *Obstinate* in her Melancholy *Recess*, that she may accompany her dear Lord to the place of *Silence*. Then, even then, when her *Veil* is but just put on, when her *Mourning* hardly handiell'd, would she not refuse *Comfort* upon reasonable *Terms*; alas! *Pity* and *Love* are near akin, and the heart that melted so lately by one *Passion*, that of *Grief*, and has not yet had time to *harden*, will easily enough admit an im-

pression from another, though very *different*, Love has a thousand disguises, he sometimes gets a long black Cloak on, and struts in't as mournfully and gravely as the nearest Relations; but when once he's alone, *Widow*, *have at your heart*, off goes his disguise, and he's a God again.

But let him be what he will, *Angel* or *Fiend*, we may safely turn a *very Widow* loose to him, without any fear of their *hurling* one another. Should he be as *sucie* a Cur as *Machiavel's Marry'd Devil*, she'd soon make him *hang* his *Ears* as he did, and desire to be *dismiss'd* of the *Employment*. She'd *hamper* him in Links as *substantial* as any he had left behind him, give him just his meat for his working and no more, hold him close to a *quarantain*, and make over her *Soul* and her *Estate* to some other, even though he had *Possession* of her *Body*, but would fain be rid on't if he knew how; since *she* would *haunt* and *possess* him, rather than on the contrary.

And what then should a *poor Mortal* do with her; or how should he be *able* to *deal* with her? Suppose him in the worst condition, and no way but this or a *Gaol*, would it not look more like *Freedom* to live out of the *Prisoner's Basket* than out of *Ears*. 'Tis true, he'd have nothing but *Scraps* from both. but then for the former he'd not be *oppressed*; besides he'd have a much more *mild Detention*, a sort of a *King's-Bench Prison* where ever he was, in comparison of being turn'd over to a *Widow*, till Death cleared him at the *General Gaol delivery*.

But the most diverting Scene is, when they are *Geese* o' both sides, and cheat one another. The *Citizen* turn'd *Gentleman*, and the *German-Princess*

*Princesses* rarely well met, and neither have just cause to complain. When the *Widow* lives high, keeps a noble House and splendid Table, and has nothing but *Sham-Deeds* and bastard *Mortgages* at the bottom: And the *Noble Squire* Eats, Drinks, Presents, Treats, and Plays as high as any, and yet's in debt for very *Rag* he wears, and had much ado to rig himself out for this weighty Expedition. But the *Fest* is, when they come to weigh one another, and find nothing but *Feathers* o' both sides, to see how they look, and how exactly like one another, only the *Bride* a little more *Chagrin* of the two, because she has disgrac'd the Honour of her *Character*, and prov'd a *Reproach* to the Gravity and discretion of *Widow-hood*, by being impos'd on by another, when a *true Widow* ought to *Cheat* all *Mankind*.

Yet once more we'll suppose the very best, and that an *honest Fellow* should chauce to light on a *Widow* a little more free of her *Purse* though a most *hide-bowid Carcast*: *Osborn* has exactly told such a *Man's Fortune*. The things (says he) required to reach the apprehension of such a loathsome Companion, will prove so chargeable as in a short time her *Gold* will be spent, and nothing left but the *Foul Beast* that carried it.

ATHENS.—

## LETTER XIX.

*In Answer to Letter XVIII:**In Defence of Widows:*


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*By a Young Widow.*

---

**A**ND is a *Widow* really such a *frightful thing*. Gentlemen, so much your *aversion*? And were you *always* of that *mind*? Are we all of us such perfect *Witches*, such abominable *Blood-suckers*, such *Cheats* and *Impostors*, such unreasonable *unconscionable* Creatures, as you represent us? Or did you never hear of a *fly Thief*, that cry'd, 'The Grapes' were *sour*, when he cou'd not come at 'em? Or of a *lewd Spark* of your *Acquaintance*, who has often enough made it his *business* to *defame* that *Virtue* which he cou'd not *corrupt* and *ruin*? Just thus, I fancy, did that doughty Knight, Sir *Hudibras*, rail at his dear *Widow*, when he cou'd not *catch* her, and when he found both his *stam-Ouchs* and *Whipping* lost upon her. But to Harp no more upon that *string*, which it may be you will think makes but very *jarring* Musick, I must ask leave to enter into the *Merits* of the *Cause*, and consider your angry waipish *complaint*, against poor *Widows*, who I find, as *helpless* as they are, and how much soever entitled to *Heaven's Protection*, must expect but *little* of yours. The more *Discourt-*

teous Knight you, the while, and unmindful of the Laws of Chivalry and Honour. O! but we do not need it, we are cunning enough of our selves; you say, to deceive all the World. But pray give me leave to ask you, Sirs, how came a poor simple Woman to be in a little while so strangely alter'd? If we kill'd our Husbands indeed, and eat 'em afterwards, there might be something in it, and the Riddle might easily be solv'd, according to the Faith of the Cannibals; because if we believe them, we should have all their Prudence transfus'd into us: But that meer Cohabitation should work such a Prodigious change, that only conversing with a Man for a few Years, or it may be Months, should thus transform the most foolish and helpless thing in Nature into a meer She-Machiavel, and make us too hard for all your Athenian Noddles; This I confess is unaccountable, and admirable; and it must needs follow from it, that either we are very apt Scholars, or you are excellent Masters.

But have not your Sex too the like Advantage by Widow-hood? If you have, certainly, Sirs, it's very dangerous meddling with you: For when you have swallow'd such a Serpent as a Woman, you must be perfect Dragons; especially if it happens to be a Widow that you have thus got rid of, at whose Happy Departure you would doubtless Triumph as much as the Man when he bury'd his Twentieth Wife, and wear Garlands all your Life after. And yet (Gentlemen) the same expence of Vows and Oaths is requir'd to gain one of us, that you use with others; nay you are often forc'd to double your Files, to clinch your Perjuries when you attack a Widow, though you pretend to know our weak side never



so exactly, because we are sure we *know* your Sex well enough whatever you may *know* of ours. and having been *deceiv'd* once before, as it is great odds if when we were marry'd, we met with any *better Fortune*, we expect you should *juggle* more *artificially*, and *hang* and *drown* more *pathetically* than our former Lovers, before you *decoy* us into a *second Noose*. And when once you have your *desire*, what *Assurance* have we after all our *cunning*, that we shall not *catch a Tartar*, that a *Widower* shall not *cutwidow* us, and over shoot us in our own *Bow*? Have not you *Contrivances* and *Conveyances* as well as we, and *Sham-Fortunes* and *Any Estates*, which all *vanish* after *Marriage*, like the *Ink* of some of your *false Deeds*, by which you *lur'd* us into your *clutches*? It may be we may with much ado continue in your *good Graces* for some *half a Year* after *Marriage*; and a long time that too, it's like many of you will say, and an unconcionable while to be constant to *one Woman*: But when once that's past, and you can *drain* us of no more comfortable *Old Gold*, a few *Pieces* whereof we may have laid up for a *comfort* in *Age*, or for *Legacies*, or any extraordinary *Accident*, then we presently see you *appear* in your *own shapes*, and those sufficiently *bordered*: Nothing but *Oaths* and *Curses*, and kicking out of *Doors*. For if you turn us up to *Alimony* and cannot find a way to *cheat* us of that too, we must take it as a great *Favour*, while you *Drink*, and *Game*, and *waste*, and *Revel* in our *Estates*, to your *Heart's desire*.

Thus you see your *Pictures* may be drawn, *Sirs*, as well as *ours*; and there are some *Lines* so remarkable in many of your *Sex*, that it is almost *impossible* not to *hit* 'em; and I appeal to the  
Commons.

common Experience of the world, whether they do not know many *Widow-Hunters*, to whom this Description agrees as well as whom it fits as exactly, as if they had been taken measure of, and it had been made on purpose for them.

After all to be *ingenuous*, and acknowledge a *Truth*, though if the consequence be not strain'd, it will not hurt us; all *Estates* and *Conditions* have some Persons that are a *Scandal* and *Reproach* to them, and to their *Relations*. There are, it cannot be deny'd, *unquiet* and *ill-temper'd*, as well as *crafty* and *over-reaching* Persons, of all sorts and degrees, *Maids*, *Wives* and *Widows*; ay, and of all *Sexes* too, *Gentlemen*, as I hope I have satisfi'd you already, of your own as well as ours.

But why a *Widow*, who has more *Experience* in the World who knows better how to *manage* a *Family*, than another, and how to *value* a good Husband, either by the *Loss* of one of that *Character*, or the enduring the *Tyranny* of a bad one? Why such a Person should not be at least as *desirable* a *Partner* as a raw, young, *giddy-beaded Girl* of *sixteen*, who has just left *playing* with *Lifeless Babbies*; when she comes to have *Living* ones of her own to *entertain* her, and knows not what to do with them; I profess I am not *sharp-sighted* enough to *discern*, and therefore, must refer the *decision* of so *weighty* an *Affair* to the *nicer Judgment* of *Athens*; and shall conclude with saying I'm so much a *Widow* indeed; that when any *Widow* sighs and weeps at the funeral of her Husband; I compassionate the *Reality* and *Profoundness* of her *Grief*, am afraid she should despair, and destroy her self; and I sooner expect to see her *Husband* revived, than her to entertain any the least thought of admitting another into her bed. If I but hear.

hear the sad story of some young Virgin, deprived of her first Love; I cannot forbear to beat my-breast, and cry out, Ah! what pity it is, *so fair a Flower should be lost to all Mankind!* and whether for want of a hand to gather it? For, certainly, the poor Soul, devoting the disconsolate remainder of her days to Solitude and Fidelity, will never be brought to listen after another for a Bridegroom; no, without doubt *she will live, and die a pure Virgin,* and all the hopes she hath, are to contemplate the honours reserved in the *Elyzium*, for such Majds as continue true to their departed Sweet-hearts; Nor are your *Venetian Locks* half so good security for her Chastity, as the memory of the vows she made to the Person, to whom she once gave her Heart.

And, had my stars been so propitious and bountiful to my Nativity, as to have inspired me with a competent Portion of Wit, I should not have conceived any Argument either so worthy in it self, or so agreeable to my *Genius*, as the *Commendation of Ladies*.

So that ( whatever you say of the *Ephesian Maoron* ) you may well perceive, how irreconcilable an Antipathy I have to any such Opinion, as derogates from the Honour due to the *Immortality* of our delicate Sweet Sex, which the kindness of Nature made for your Comfort, Selece and Delight, and without the Assistance of which you wou'd fall short of doing that *most Excellent Act*, which witnesseth the perfection of your Being, and makes you Immortal in sight of Death.

*M. Wood.*

LETTER XX.

*Receipts for the Cure of Love.*

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*In a Letter to the Ladies Engaged in these  
Amorous Quarrels.*

---

*Ladies!*

**A**fter the innumerable *Mischiefs* whereof your *vexatious Sex* are the *Causes* and *Autors*, some of which we have endeavour'd to set in a *just light*, that the World may beware both of *them* and you, we shall end as we began with *Love*, the most *dangerous* and *fatal* of 'em all, and take our leave of that and you together. And that we may not only discover this *Epide- mical Distemper*, but like good *Physicians*, apply some *Remedies* to those who are *visited* with it, we intend to conclude our present *Ad- dress* to your most *egregious Vanities*, with a few choice *Receipts* for the *Cure* of this *Fatal Passion*, which if taken time enough, is not perhaps so im- possible as you wou'd have us imagine.

And in order to this desirable alteration on all such as are not yet quite past hope, we must first advise 'em to remove the *Cause*, which we cou'd never find was any other than an *Idle* and *wretchless disposition*. *Laziness* is as near a kin to *Love*, as a *Fever* is to an *Ague*; and we verily believe that *hard Working* wou'd be as good a *Cure* for one as 'tis for t'other, *Chambers*, and *Couches*, and *Alcoves*, and *Beds of Moss*, or *Roses*, are the dear delight of that *Jack-a-napes* of a *God*, that *Coelestial Bastard*, the son of *Venus* and

and--- the scarce her self knew whom. There he rolls and stretches himself, and swaggers and domineers, and is wonderful *Valiant* on his own *Dunghil*. Where you wou'd almost mistake him for *Mars* himself, his mothers *Gallant*, he looks so big and terrible on all those who are tame enough, and *Fools* enough to be his *Vassals*; who lies groaning, and crying, 'tis *impossible* to break their *Chain*, or rise from under so many *Pelions* and *Cass's* of *Flowers Billet-deux's* which *Oppress* and *Fetter* 'em, because they han't the *Resolution* to make one brave *Effort* to recover their *Freedom*. It must be then a full *Tide* of *Business*, their *Hands* and *Heads* full of some *Honest*, and *Brave*, and *Useful Employment*, which is one of the most *proper* and *probable* means to affect a *Cure* on such as have a mind to be rid of their *Distemper*, and who for the most part, fell in *Love* at first for no better *Reason*, than because they had *nothing else to do*: As is evident from the *Character* and *Quality* of those who make up the greatest number of *Lovers*, among whom you rarely or never find men of *Age* or *Business*, or confirm'd and ripen'd *Judgments*, but *loose Young Men*, dissolv'd in *Riot* and *Idleness*, either not capable of any more *Noble* and *Manly Employments*, or rendering themselves actually *unfit* for it, by affecting to remain *unbent* and *useless* to themselves and all *Mankind*, meer *Cyphers* and *Blanks* in the *Creation*.

But we talk on this *Subject* like a *Lover* who is commending his *Mistress*, and scarce know when we've done. Let's leave this therefore, which we look on as the most *Effectual Remedy* of any other, and proceed to enquire what further

ther helps may be found against so dangerous a *Distemper*.

There was an *honest old rough Fellow*, among the *Grecians*, who being ask'd, what *Remedies* shou'd be us'd for one in *Love*? He bluntly assign'd one of these three following: Either, says he, let 'em *Fast* it out, or let *Time* Cure it, or if both these fail, there's no *Cure* but *one*, and that's a *Halter*.

The two *first* will be thought too gross for the *nice Pallates* of our *Silken Gallants*; yet if they are wise, they'll rather make use of 'em, than come to the last, which however must be confess'd, that many of their *Tribe* have found *Infallible*.

If they wou'd stop short of this last, let 'em use others less *violent*, e'er the *Disease* be arriv'd to too great an height. Let 'em *fly* from the fair *Cockatrice* — shut their *Eyes*, their very *Souls*, their *Memories*, their *Imaginations*. Turn her out, never so much as *Dream* of her, at least without *chiding* themselves afterward. Never talk of her, nor let others do it in their hearing, or *fly* such *Discourse*, and even all those who are themselves in *Love*, and be as careful to *weather* 'em as you wou'd one that was newly come out of a *Pest-house*, and scatter'd *Infection*, *Plague*, and certain *Fate* around 'em.

Fly your *Countrey*, as you would for any other *Tyrant*, or if it were *Infected* with continual *Pestilence*. For *change* of *Air* is sometimes as *wholesome* to the *Mind* as 'tis to the *Body*. Don't *think* of her, tho' you can't help it; that is, *rejoice* you will not, tho' you do, and *must* at present, for in time at least, you'll get *some Ground*,  
and

and if it be never so *little* at first, your *Heart* will by degrees be all your own. If she intrude never so often, tell her, she has nothing to do there, her *Reign's* at an end, and drive her out, as you would a *Fury*. Think how like a *Fool* you look, and how many *Monkey* tricks this *Love* makes you play daily. Consider what you get if you obtain your desires, either to be fairly *cheated*, and turn'd off to make room for some new *Fool*, or *tir'd* with an odious *Satiety*, or at best, pay *dear* for *Repentance*. To all which, do but add a real *wi'll* to be cur'd, and a firm belief that you may be so, and (believe one that has try'd) your *Recovery* is more than half *Perfected*.

Then *flye Love as a Viper*, and you'll easily out-run him, you are invulnerable behind (as *Achilles* in his *Heel*) but if you look but over your *Shoulder*, you're a *Dead Man*: Then, *Sir*, when you perceive him bending his *Bow* at you (that's the *Lasses* pretty *pincking Eyes*) be sure you never stand him, and think to look him out of *Countenance*, for 'tis an impudent young *Rogue* as ever liv'd by *March-pane and Sugar-plumbs*. Remember here *Cowardize* is the truest *valour*. Wink when you fight with *Love*, if you ever hope to *Conquer*.— Ha! Now he levels all his *Ordnance* at ye, whole *Broadfides*.— Upper and Lower *Teer*. You sink to the *Deep* if you lie there any longer. The *Port-Holes* are all up. The *Tombkins* out, primed, matched, ready. The little *Fireship* of a *Woman* opens her *Lips* and discovers *Two Rows of Teeth*, enough to charm an *Angel*; so smooth, so white, so even and so pretty. There is no *Remedy* unless you get out of *Gun-shot*, but she has ye between *Wind*  
and

and Water, rakes ye *fore and aft*, and down you go to the Deep; and therefore 'tis, the *Scythian Women* put out the Eyes of all their Slaves and Prisoners of War, to make use of them more freely and covertly. *Oh, the furious Advantage of Opportunity!* He that should ask me what was the *First-part* in Love, I should answer him, *to make use of Opportunity*, the second the same, the third the same: 'Tis a point that can do all. And, *Ladies*, as you must *flye Love* (and the *Opportunities* that lead to it) if you would shun hanging your selves; so if you would not be *Mad Lovers*, never be *Idle*, nor worse employ'd than if you were, do not read *Romances, Play-Books, or Amorous-Tales*, at least till your Minds are formed, and you have seen something of the World. If these Directions were well observed, they would 'cure the Lover of *Mad-Fits*; but lest they should prove ineffectual (that, if possible, we may prevent your *Hanging*) we will give ye another Receipt to cure *Mad-Love, Probatum est.*

*A Receipt to Cure Mad-Love,  
Probatum est.*

**T**AKE an Ounce of *Common Prudence*, a Scruple of *Self-Love*, and a Drachm of the *Powder of Fore-sight*, with Half a Pound of other Folks Dear-bought *Experience*, which may be had at a cheap Rate almost in every Family: Mix these well together, and temper with it a few Drops of *Serious Consideration,*



ration, and apply it Warm to the soft Place of the Head; you may repeat the Application of it as oft as you can.

This Receipt has wrought many Cures, and if rightly applied never fails: But, *Ladies*, if it does, we know you'll be immediately for *Chriftening* your selves with one barbarous Heathen Name or other, unless you light upon the *Seven Champions*, and then whip—— you are all Heroins, and we know not what.—In a word, *keep sober, have a care of Cold Tea, use Phlebotomy*; and to sum up all, don't play the Fool, and you ne'er need fear Falling in Love.

*Athens.*

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LETTER XXI.

*Of the ways to be Lov'd.*

---

By *Almira.*

---

**H**OW extremely you are *afraid* of being too much pleas'd, and how much *concern'd* for fear your Sex shou'd be *over-happy*! You take a great deal of care to *unman* all *Humane*

mane kind, and to reduce 'em to a *Stoical* sort of *Insensibility*, to cut off a part of their *Souls*, tho' 'tis so far from being *Gangreen'd*, or useless, that it's the most *vigorous* and necessary part of 'em, if you consider 'em as *Members* of the *Universe*, and sensible and *conversible* *Creatures*: I mean the *Passions*, which are the *Feet*, or rather the *Wings* of the *Soul*, and nothing that's Great and Noble can be atchiev'd without 'em; for I can hardly believe, when you are so earnest to force *Love* it self into *Exile*, that you'd leave any of its *Kin-dred* behind it. *Delight*, and *Joy*, and even *Elope*, are its near *Allies*, there's a strict *Confederacy* between them, you can never hope to sever 'em and they'll certainly run the *same Fortune*. You wou'd make your self incapable of *Sense* as well as *Happiness*, render all you *hear*, and *see*, and *taste*, insipid and *indifferent*; reduce your selves to the condition of a *Stone* or a *Log*, and what's that better than *being nothing*? I expect in your next *Essay* that you shou'd publish some *Choice Remedies* against the *Fatigue* of *Breathing*, and give us some of the most speedy and *Infallible* ways to *Cure* the great *Disease* of *Life*: Tho' I shou'd think 'twou'd be a more *Friendly Employment* to let us know how we might *Improve Life*, *sweeten* it, and make the *best* on't, and doubly enjoy all its *Innocent Satisfactions*: And I'm mistaken if a *Vertuous* and *Honourable Love* will not produce all these *Happy Effects*, and a great many others which I have not nam'd. For whether or no 'twill make us more *beautiful*, as *Lady Single* is at last convinc'd by such another *Railmore* as your selves; this is certain, that 'twill make any Person more *careful* to appear so; it has chang'd the most *Remarkable Slovens* into

310 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

*Compleat Gentlemen, it refines the Manners; and softens and gilds the Conversation.*

But this having been already better manag'd by other *Hands*, I shall rather choose to close the *Campaign* (or *Amorous Quarrels*) with an Attempt to force your *Line*, to level all the *Entrenchments* you have made against this *Powerful God*, nay, to take you *Prisoner*, and show you how you may be *Happy* whether you will or no, which you can never be compleatly, unless you *Love*.

And the first great *Secret* in the *Art of Love*, is *Love* it self, how great a *Paradox* soever that may appear: My meaning is, that any one who desires to be lov'd, must himself *Love* with all his might, and to the utmost of his *Power*; for there is no such *Charm* for *Love*, as *Love*, resolv'd, vigorous, constant, which is almost irresistible. For 'tis in *Love* much as 'tis in other *Passions*, if you wou'd transcribe 'em into another's *Breast*, write 'em first legibly on your own.

And when you have once begun the *Attack*, be sure you push it home; regarding no consequences, but that your *Intentions* be *Honourable* and *Vertuous*, without which *Love* it self is but a *Dream of Happiness*. Take care your *Addresses* be *Lawful*, and then the warmer the better; for none of our *Sex* but hate a luke-warm *Zeal in Love*, which is of it self so warm and active a *Passion*, that where the *Pretender* is cold and heavy, how shou'd he make us believe he's in *Love* at all, any more than that there's any *Fire*, where we see nothing but *Ashes*, and not the least appearance of *Heat* or *Motion*.

You can't think I mean the Old Romantick way

way of down-right *dangling* for a *Mistress*, or that the poor enamour'd Knight shou'd lug out cold *Iron*, and make a *Window* in his *Breast*, that the *obdurate Lady* might see what a *huge Hole* he has in his *Heart*: No, this is now as justly *ridiculous* as powdering a *Mistress* all over with *Ruby* and *Diamond*: Or the other Extream, the *Lubber Gallant's* *lolling* upon a *Couch*, *Courting* none but his *sweet self*; or if he can afford a word or two, only *makes Love* in *stylo recitativo*, and humms out a few ends of *verse*, or *Scraps*, of *Songs*, as if he thought our *Hearts* were to be *won* the same way they took of old, by *Muttering* and *Incantation*: But 'tis the *middle way* between both of these that can only expect to be *prosperous*, and the same *application* of *Mind* is here required that is necessary in any other *Affair* of equal *wēight* and *moment*, and whereon depends the *Happiness* of a *Man's whole Life*.

Nor must this be only for a *spurt* and away, we shou'd be *Cowards* indeed, shou'd we yield at the first *Summons*, and you'd think us very ill provided, cou'd we not beat ye off the first *Storm*. You will not let us be ingenuous if we had a mind to't: You hate a cheap *Conquest* and part with it as easily as you *gain'd* it. Let's *Humour* you then for once, and *Please* you at your own *costs*, while at the same time we preserve our *Sexes Decency* and *Modesty*. The *Girdle of Venus* (as one who knew it very well assures us) was made up of *Denials* as well as *Grants*.

But yet at the same time we'd have ye *importunate*, you must take care to find the way not to be *troublesome*. You must not turn your

*Courts-*

312 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

*Courship into a Persecution.* You must give us some space to *Breathe* in, and to consider of *Articles* and *Terms of Surrender*, which you may safely allow, so the *Truce* be not over long, which will *retard* your *Approaches*, and make us think, you mean to *Raise* the *Siege*, and that you either despair of *Conquest*, or do not think us worth your *Labour*.

And more then all this, we expect you shou'd *treat* us very *fairly*, and *humour* us at least before we *yield*, and we think we have reason for we know 'twill be your *time* afterwards. You may be *Humble* for a little while, and lay by your *Majesty*, *rebat* your *Rays*, and sheath your *Thunder*, as *Jove* himself did on those Occasions. Such a short *Disguise* one wou'd think shou'd be a *Diversion* t'ye, since there's no fear you shou'd get a *Habit* on't; but *Nature* will break out some time or other, and we must be That *al* our *Lives* to please you, which you with so much *violence* to your selves appear to be, in order to oblige us for a few hours only.

Tho if by endeavouring to *gain* your *Mistress*, you shou'd also *regain* your selves; if by *striving* so earnestly to *please* us, you come at least to be really *like* us; if by having continually before you the *Charming Idea's* of *Meekness*, *Complaisance*, *Gentleness*, *Humility*, *Compassion*, and *Goodness*, you shou'd become e're you were aware, *infected* with those *Vertues*; and *wonder* at the change without *comprehending* it; you'd yet have no Reason surely to complain of the Alteration. In short if you desire the *favour* of a *Woman* of *Sense*, you can't expect it without some *difficulty*; and for *such Gold* you can never pay too *dear*;  
 You must be *brave*, *courageous*, *discreet*, *constant*:  
 and,

and *liberal* ; and in a word, a *wise* and *vertuous* Man ; and then, if she han't *Engagements* to the contrary, what shou'd hinder you from *succeeding* ?  
*Almira.*

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Our SOCIETY have now Finish'd their AMOROUS QUARRELS that relate to the Disputable Points of *Love* and *Wedlock* : Which we Engag'd in, not out of any Aversion to the *Fair Sex* ; but to satisfy the Importunity of some of *themselves* ; who had a mind to see how *Athens* ( that had always appear'd such Champions for 'em ) could handle their Arms against 'em — But the Quarrel being over, like the *Lawyers at the Bar*, we now shake hands, and are Friends again.

We shall next insert ———

*The Private Letters that past between Two Ladies discovering to each other their Love-Secrets.*

We can assure the Reader this Correspondence was REAL, they being sent to the *Athenian Society*, by *Daphne*, ( one of the Ladies concern'd ) and that the whole may appear in its Native Dress, we shall neither make Alterations, nor Amendments.

## LETTER I.

### *Daphne's Proposal.*

I Don't know, *Madam*, what Character my *Uncle* may have given you of me, but doubt not, but 'tis far above what I deserve, since it has been sufficient to make a *Lady of your Merit,*

Merit, willing to maintain a Correspondence with me; yet judging of your Goodness by the rest of your Admirable Perfections: I'll venture to *undeceive* you, by writing to you; which will be an Effectual way; since by my Letters, you will soon discover I have very little to Recommend me; nor indeed, can I with justice, pretend to any thing but *Sincerity*: 'Tis true, I very much esteem you, and so must all who know any thing of you.

## 1.

*I can't, Celinda, say I Love,  
But rather I Adore,  
When with Transported Eyes I view  
Your Shining Merits o'er.*

## 2.

*A Fame so Spotless and Serene,  
A Vertue so Refin'd,  
And Thoughts as Great as e'er was yet  
Graspt by a Female Mind.*

## 3.

*There Love and Honour dress in all  
Their Genuine Charms, appear,  
And with a Pleasing Force, at once  
They Conquer and Endear.*

## 4.

*Then let's, my dear Celinda, thus  
Blest in our selves, condemn  
The Treacherous and Deluding Arts  
Of those base things call'd Men.*

# 315 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

I own (*Madam*) I can hope for no such Happiness as an Acquaintance with a Person like you can give me, and expect it only from your Willingness to oblige, to divert you I shall be willing to say any thing I can, on whatever Subject you shall please to propose, were I capable to maintain my part so well as your self, I shou'd not fear the severest Criticks. I wou'd add more, but as this is the first Visit, so it ought to be short, and the less you are tired, with this, you will better receive another of the same kind, from one who will be proud to have any share in your Friendship,—whilst DAPHNE.

## L E T T E R I I.

*Celinda* Desires *Daphne* to write her Thoughts freely on the Subject of Love.

Madam,

**T**HE Air of your Letter, in spite of your Modesty confirms me that you deserve as Great a Character as Philaret has given you, and what Charms me more, I can't but fancy there's something in you that Resembles my Departed Saint (whose Loss has left a Vacuum in my Soul which nothing again within the Sphere of Nature, but such a Friend can fill) 'Tis true I found her false, yet I Lov'd so much that still I'd think her True.

*I found a Friend before I sought  
As once I did believe,  
We seem'd to breathe each others Thought,  
And did in Kindness strive.*

*We Coach'd, we Quarter'd in one Bed,  
Two Hearts were Knit in one;  
But when the Dice did turn, she Flew,  
And left my Heart alone.*

*The Cruel Fate of Humane things  
It then recall'd to mind,  
That Wounds us with a Thousand Stings,  
But none like this Unkind.*

*To loose my Fortune with my Friend  
Was something hard I thought,  
But saw the means led to the End;  
Not me, but mine she sought.*



# 316 A Pacquet from Athens.

But as my hopes did Gassing lie,  
 And lookt for nothing less,  
 Your Noble Friendship found me out  
 In all my deep Distress.

There's every one will be a Friend  
 To him that has no need;  
 But he that Friendship then doth lend,  
 O be's the Friend indeed.

Yet Madam I must needs think it a little Unkind in you to Compliment me so Loosely, unless I knew better how to Answer it, but I hope you'll Pardon that Defect, and passing from this Subject be as good as your word in writing on what Team I shall chase— Then tell me, Daphne, whether ever you felt the Darts of Love; and what are your Sentiments of that Passion; as for my self my thoughts are all running upon Marriage: Pray what Intreagues are on foot with you? What need you be so stie Madam? 'Tis enough for us to Dissemble with the Men, let's be sincere one to another. — I'm no Admirer of Ceremony, therefore pray excuse my Freedom, and be assured your Virtue has had all the respect and Esteem that it merits from, Yours, — Celinda.

## LETTER III.

Daphne discovers her Secret Intreagues, with the Numbers and Characters of her Lovers.

My Dear, London, June 10. 1703

I Have been so fatigu'd with the impertinent Addresses of the Men, that I could not find time to Write to thee, my Love, last Post. I wonder whether thee art of the same mind thou wert when thou wrote'st thy last Letter, my Dear; such a Mighty Friend to Marriage. 'Tis true, I would Marry my self, but not yet, 'tis time enough when I come to be a State Maid here, to retire into the Country, and there take up with some Gravel Country Justice, where I may Rule the Family, and the Peace too. I shall grow weary of the Town I fancy in 3. or 6 Years time, but as yet the Gallies and Galleries of Love are, my Dear, very taking. You counsel'd me against the danger of losing my Reputation by those Freedoms I grant. But you are mistaken my Love, for the only way to loose that, is to be too Sollicitous about it: Scandals in the Country are pieces of Innocent Divertise-

ment here, and one may as well pretend to live without fine Cloaths, as without an Intreague; I have half a Score on my Hands at this time, and I love 'em all alike, keep 'em in suspense, and dally and play with them, give one a favourable Look, and another a Smile, a third my Hand to Kiss; but then to keep them at their due distance the next time I see them, I frown on the first, rail at the next, and wonder at the Sawciness of the Third, if he presume to attempt the same Freedom again. You know not how pleasant a sight tis to see this Bean cringe, and screw his Body into an Hundred Forms, in hopes to appear amiable to you; that Spark look with Languishing Dying Air, in hopes to make you sigh by Sympathy; that Wit cracking his Brain to Write taking Billet Deux to you, or Anagrams on your Name, beside Elegies after the new mode of Sir Courtly Voiture; but Wits are the most dangerous Company a Woman can keep, they are commonly vain-glorious, inconstant, and brag of more than they obtain-

Since Man with that inconstancy was born;  
To love the absent and the present Scorn.

Why do we Deck, why do we dress

For such a short-liv'd Happiness?

Why do we put Attraction on,

Since either way 'tis we must be undone?

They fly if Honour take our part,

Our Virtue drives 'em o're the Field.

We loose 'em by too much desert,

And Oh! They fly us if we yield.

O Gods! Is there no Charm in all the Fair

To fix this Wild, this Faithless Wanderer.

Man! Our great business and our aim,

For whom we spread our Fruitless Snares,

No sooner kindles the designing Flame,

But to the next bright object bears

The Trophies of his Conquest and our shame;

Inconstancy's the good Supreme

The rest is airy Notion, empty Dream!

Then heedless Nymph, be rul'd by me

If e'er your Swain the Bliss desire;

Think like Alexis he may be

Whose wish Possession damps his Fire;

The Roving Tumb in every shade

Has left some Sighing and Abandon'd Maid:

# 218 A Pacquet from Athens.

For as a fatal Lesson he has Learn'd,  
 After Fruition ne'er to be concern'd.

But that which vexes me most, my Mother is so Covetous, she will let me have new Cloaths but twice a Year, so that I am plagu'd to turn and twine them that I may not be known by them. Fine Cloaths have a wonderful Charm with the Men, and one bad as good be ugly as ill dress'd.

But my Dear, I'll give you a Catalogue of my Lovers: I have a Young Doctor of Physick that makes Honourable Suit to me for Matrimony, but I think not that an equal Match, unless I could poison him as easily as he can me. On the same pretence, I have a Young Counsellor of the Temple, furnish'd with more Law, than Sense, and would I believe make a good Cuckold, but I'm not dispos'd that way as yet; besides, he may have Quicks enough in Law to divert me out of my Jointure. I have also a Young Doctor of Divinity, that seems to have a Months mind to me, and tells me, he thinks me Fairer than a new System, or a good Benefice, but he shall never explain the Text, so as to make me a Spiritual Madam. I have a young Merchant too, now set up for himself, finer than a Covent-Garden Beau, and more demure than your Chambermaid; he courts me not by Billet Deux, but Bills of Exchange, and Custom House; but I have no mind to venture my self on Bottom-orce.

So much for my Matrimonial Pretenders. I have of another sort, who are all for Love, and abominate the Pagan Confinement of Wedlock, as a Device of the Priests to get Money, and destroy the Free-born Joys of Love. Among these, is a young Lord, newly arriv'd to his Honour and Estate, and wants another Qualification of keeping a Mistress with greater Grandeur than ever he will his Wife: I receive his Lordship with the Air of Quality, seem pleas'd with his No-Jest, and blush at his Addresses, but never give him any encouragement of a Favourable Reception, on so Scandalous a motion; but he's Obstinate, and to say Truth, he is not better stock'd with Estate and Folly, than with Beauty; he's very Handsom, Dresses well, Dances with an Admirable Grace, and I should like his Company at a Ball, in a Box in the Playhouse, in the Mall, or Hide Park, if it were not for fear of being taken for his Miss, for he really makes a good figure. But after all, my Dear, my Lord is really my Aversion, he's not at all fit for an Intreague.

Next, I have a Beau of Tom Urwin's Coffeehouse, a Man of War, he Swears much, fights little, Prays less, and

# A Pacquet from Athens. 319

is an irreconcilable Enemy to Sense and Matrimony: I never admit him, unless when I have no other Company; he's a very Nauseous Fop. Next I have a Courtier, fully as finical, but he's monstrously in Love, and protests, if 'twere not for the Scandal, he Loves me so much, he could Marry me; he's Damn'd a Thousand Fathom, if there be any one of the Munds of Honour comparable to me. Among the rest, I have an ingenious Younger Brother to a certain Knight of your Acquaintance, that dresses neatly, but free from Foppery, that has a Genteel Air, but not affected; with a Face that's handsome, and yet Manly, a Voice Soft and Melting, and a Tongue that would deceive a Vestal Virgin, that was sure to Dye for Yielding. This Man I must Confess, my Dear, has such an Ascendant over me, that I wish he were not so Wild; and I fear I have heard him say too much for my Satisfaction, and Content; but I endeavour to divert these Thoughts, by my own natural Gaiety, and the abundance of Noise and Fools I am daily Conversant with. But yet (Celinda) as for Marriage, I tremble to think on't: I hope now you'll discourse with me, as you would with your own Breast, for your Naked Thoughts upon these Secrets, will be impatiently desir'd by Yours,

DAPHNE.

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## LETTER IV.

Celinda sends to Daphne the History of her Love-Secrets, in return to the Discoveries she made in the same kind; and Concludes her Letter with the Unhappy Case of a Young Lady that had married a Superannuated Husband. —

Madam,

**Y**OU have Wonderfully gratify'd me; I confess I could Heartily Wish my self in the City with you, to share a little with your Pleasures, my own Intreagues will make nothing but a length of Dullness compared to yours, however you shall have 'em as a Judgment for your own Inquisitiveness.

And here I have perswaded my self to trust you purely for the sake of your Advice; you have reason enough to Conceal the Secret (without any further Caution) if you value either my Happiness, or Reputation. Leander, who without question is satisfied I Love him profusely, or  
**had.**

had never urg'd me to an adventure (which as I can't but own) to any one in their Wits wou'd appear more than rash and extravagant, but you shall Judge of the Wise contrivance—— which is for him to Steal me seemingly by force, that I may have an excuse to my Mother: If ever the thing is discover'd, which there's no great fear of, for to compleat the Comedy he's for making me a Beau, has promis'd me a *Light Wig, Sword, and a Page*, with all the Equipage of a young Nobleman, protests he'll maintain me in all the prodigality I can wish, either at the Tavern or Play-house; but there he must excuse me: He also Swears (by all that he can think of at a short Warning) never to tempt my Vertue, or stain my Honour, no not in a Dream; I'm only to keep him Company by Day-light, to visit the Ladies, and sit and see the Right Worshipsful make themselves Drunk, which must needs divert one of my Principles —— But the best Spot wou'd be to receive the Ladies, I should fancy that Recreation my self; I'd visit *Daphne* too every day when I am in London, for I am to spend all this Winter in Town, and if I'll bleas *Leander* no longer than that with my Company, he has engag'd to reconcile my Mother, and all shall be well again

Now you'll Swear nothing but a Stark, Staring Lover, cou'd hit on such a Maggot again, and no body but *Celinda* wou'd be Fool enough to pause on it. — But she cant help it, he's so importunate, and upbraids me with Ingratitude, Cowardice, and Deceit; tells me I'm a Fool, and do not know my own Happiness — But I beg his Honours Pardon, now and then in requital to tell him he's a Madman, and for my part I think neither of us as we shou'd be. — The Answer is to be return'd to *Leander* in six Weeks; there's no Body can ever suspect in whole Custody I am, my Love to *Leander* being unsuspected, and our Meeting so very Cautious.

And now *Daphne*, if you see any formidable Inconvenience in the Frolick, you are desired to speak; if not, indulge the Humour. —— But here's one Circumstance you must know, *Leander* is in Love with another, so that I fear shou'd I offer to seize the inviting Prey, it wou'd vanish like a shy Ghost. And now upon the Whole I desire your Advice, which I resolve to follow, nor had I ever more need of your Friendship than now, to guide me out of this Labyrinth — But I'll tell ye *Daphne* before hand, tis in vain to bid me leave Loving. —— for that I shall

never

never cease to do whilst I'm Young, and Soft, and Kind and Charming; yet be as Impartial as you will, and tell me plainly I'm a Fool for it.

Thus (my Dear) have I given you the *History of my Love Secrets*, in return to the *Discoveries* you made in the same kind.

I have no more Secrets to lend ye at present, for the Country is a Scene lets Fruitful than the Town; however, I'll supply this Deficiency for once, by Sending you, the *Unhappy Case of a Beautiful Young Lady that has Married a Superannuated Husband.*

It was not without the most Sensible regret, you may imagine (Dear Daphne) that saw the most Charming Miranda Wedded to the Antiquated Hylon; the Priest himself with a Seeming Unwillingness join'd their Hands, as guessing perhaps by a Prophetick Divination, the ills that were to follow:

This Courteous Damsel did Declare  
That if she ever Married were,  
No Priest should prompt her to say,  
Midst all his Rites, the Word Obey:  
In this a while she did persist  
But when she saw the Angry Priest  
Clap up his Book and wou'd be gone,  
The Lady quickly chang'd her Tone;  
And what before she cou'd not say Sir,  
She trembling Cry'd Obey, Obey Sir,

Those Holy but Fatal Words pronounc'd by her self, w<sup>ch</sup> Miranda's Looks were easily guess the Disorder her Soul was in; the various and contradictory Passions of Love, Fear, and Dispair, overwhelming her at once, but when the Ceremony was ended, and she was no longer her own but His--- His--- that Killing Consideration, to Support her under which she had need of her greatest Vertue. His--- that her Youth must be stitid in the Withered Arms of a Superannuated Husband. Her Beauty fade by his Contagious Kisses, and every Night that she must meet that Loathed Object, that Ghost of Matrimony between a Pair of Sheets, which are not more terrible to her than her Winding Sheet--- Pretty Considerations, I must confess, to Mortifie a young Unruly Appetite--- but to be Poetical no longer, Miranda is Married, Bedded, and perhaps with Child. And now (my Dear) I hope the secret Discoveries I have made, will please you, for I'm resolv'd to be as kind as I can for Spight.

Madam,

Madam I very much esteem your Correspondence, and should be extremely pleas'd if in your next you'd give me your Thoughts of my Amorous Intreagues

But i'm just going to be Spightful agen, and therefore as soon as ever I have Vou'd to Love you till I Dye, I'll subscribe yours in the most Vertuous and lasting Tyes of Friendship,

CELINDA.

## LETTER V.

Daphne dissuades her Friend from the Love of Men.

Dear Madam,

**Y**OUR confidence in entrusting me with your Amorous Intreagues with *Leander*, obliges me to advise you the best I can. Poor Lady! What Yearnings of compassion have accompany'd the certainty of this your misfortune. *Leander* pretends to love, serve, and idolize you: But sensual Fop, he has no other Aim but the hopes of Enjoyment. Then ne'er disguise your self in a Masculine dress; for to meet *Leander* in *London*, wou'd be a Frolick for which even *Leander* wou'd despise you.

I own there may be a Case put, wherein in some exigency it may be lawful for the Women to wear the Apparel of the Men: And *Asterius* gives us one. A Woman (lays he) that pulled her Hair, and put on Mans Apparel and that a flower'd Garment too, that she might not be separated from her Dear Husband, that was forc'd to flie, and hide his Head. But this, *Celinda*, is not your Case.

Then why shou'd *Celinda* submit her self to amorous cares, torment her self to meet the Genius of a man. If you entertain a man as a Lover, you embrace a Tyrant; if you receive him as a Husband, he becomes an individual Hangman: They ascribe to themselves (wicked Imps as they are) to have triumph'd over us with their Fictions, so that a Woman Bewitch'd to a Man is a voluntary Prisoner. Then prithee (my Dear) never make a Sacrifice of your Heart to a man that shall feign a superlative Love to your Person, 'till he comes to enjoy ye. Consider, *Celinda*, how much it behoves us to be perfect Rocks, that we may be proof against the painful Bitings of these Wild Beasts. I call 'em so, as there's scarce one in Fifty of your *London* Sparks but what are swingingly Pox'd; and whether this Distemper be Hereditary;

OR

or owing meekly to *Leander's* own Atchievements, yet when ever he enters the Veneral List (Champion-like) he bears away some one or other of its various Marks and Trophies, whether they discover themselves in a Golden Tincture, or bury the Virgin Blushes in a meagre Face; Whether they exercise their power over the whole Body, or only dance and frisk it in the *Rheumatism*; Whether they delight themselves in the proud rising Buboes and Tophusses, or look big in the *Dropfy*, or play the Hypocrite in the *Scurvy*; Whether they sport themselves in tickling the Pudenda's, or Glory only in crowning the main Mast-Head with a Pearl. These, with all the other Honourable scars that attend the Venerial Sports, are what *Celinda* must expect from the *Sparkish Leander* that will lie with any thing dress'd in Petticoats. I shall only add, if what I've said will set you against *Leander*, and dissuade you from the Love of Men, 'twill be the best advice you ever receiv'd from

Your Faithful DAPHNE.

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LETTER VI.

*Celinda steals a Marriage, and gives an account of her Honey-moon.*

**A** Las! (my Dear) your advice came too late, for I was so worried with this Matrimonial Lover (young *Leander*) that he e'en dunn'd me into Wedlock.

*His Words the roughest, hardest Rock might move,  
Might warm a Statue with the sense of Love.  
I ne'er did yet a nobler Passion meet;  
So great, so sweet, so ev'ry way compleat.*

I will divert you with this Conjugal Adventure, but there's no love in it that can deserve *Leander*; however, I'll send you the History of my Heart, which, I assure you, boasts it self of the Conquest it has made, and take this Account of our Marriage-Intreague.

When *Leander* urg'd me to appoint the Day, I seem'd to be much displeas'd, tho' (between you and I *Daphne*) there was nothing I desir'd more, and thought ev'ry Hour Ten, till the Parson had joyn'd us.

Oh! what Pleasure 'tis to find  
A coy Heart melt by slow degrees;  
When



# 324 A Pacquet from Athens.

When to yielding 'tis inclin'd,  
 Yet her Fear a Ruin sees.  
 When her Tears do kindly flow  
 And her Sighs do come and go.  
 Oh! how charming 'tis to meet  
 Soft Resistance from the fair,  
 When her pride and wishes greet  
 And by turns encrease her care.  
 Oh! how charming 'tis to know  
 She wou'd yeild but can't tell how.  
 Oh! how pretty is her scorn  
 When confus'd 'twixt Love and Shame  
 Still refusing (tho' she burn)  
 The soft pressures of his Flame.  
 Her Pride in her denial lies,  
 And his is in his Victories.

In short, to the very day of my marriage I ac-  
 custom'd my self to counterfeit indifference to it when ever I  
 found it convenient for my advantage—Tears, Vows  
 and Sighs—cost me nothing, and I knew all the Arts to  
 jilt for Love, and cou'd act the dying Lover—then ever it  
 made for my satisfaction.

I own I was hugely pleas'd in conquering a Heart so  
*averse to love as Leander had been*, yet I was loth to let  
 either him or the World know it.

At his first Addresses to me, he made a Bravado that all  
 the Wit in my Head shou'd not impose on him, but for a  
 Fancy his Doom has been defer'd till now *in spite of all his  
 insight and importunities*, and yet he'd teaz me at Berry a  
 whole Week together, and then Sancho and he were  
 forc'd to march off just as wise as they came, but surely  
 such a Dun of a Lover was never before seen. All my  
 Sights and Denials signified nothing, for Leander told me  
*he must and wou'd have me.*



Sylvia, of all your amorous Train,  
 The Black, the Brown, the Fair,  
 The wealthy Lord or humble Swain,  
 For whom will you declare?  
 If Wealth or Beauty do prevail,  
 My claim I then resign;  
 If Truth and Love, I cannot fail,  
 And Sylvia shall be mine.

Leander was as good as his Word, for October 10th, was  
 our Wedding-day

Yon

## A Pacquet from Athens. 325

You us'd (*Celinda*) to laugh at the Extravagance of my Passion, but now (*having met with a kind Husband*) I can laugh too.

He came out of his Fathers House to me with his *Trusty Page*, after Ten at Night, when all the orderly Family was a Bed; and by the help of a *Canonical-Man* we were join'd at an *Uncanonical Hour*.

*At dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep  
The careful Cottage lay,  
Pastora left her folded Sheep,  
Her Garland, Crook, and useless Scrip;  
Love led the Nymph away.  
Loose, and undress'd, she takes her flight  
To a near Myrtle Shade,  
The conscious Moon gave all her Light  
To bless her ravish'd Lovers sight,  
And guide the willing Maid.*

We revell'd in each others Arms most part of the Night; before day he left me blest with the sweetest Joys in Nature (*whisper that to our Female Friends*) and return'd to his own Bed. And thus by Stealth he comes each night to my longing Arms, more Beautiful, Gay, and loving by Enjoyment.

I wanton in my Happiness all Night, and borrow of the day for Rest—

Nay, our *Hony-Moon* is so endearing, that I dream of him ev'ry Night, and e'en kiss the *Bedstead*, and caress the *Pillow* in his absence.

*I dream before he comes, I see him move,  
And fly to meet him with the Wings of Love.  
And when he goes from me (tho' but half a day)  
The tedious Hours, move heavily away,  
And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.*

In a word, I'm all Extacy when I think of *Leander*, and do believe 'twill be always *Honey-Moon* with us. For as *Lord Halifax* says, *Tell Lovers at the beginning of their Joys, they'll have an end, and they can't believe it.*

Two Months are already past in these *lawful Thefts of Love*; and now I begin to find my self with Child, we's fonder than ever.

My Mother will therefore suddenly be acquainted with it, by some common Friends to both, and that with success I hope; at least, it will not be in her

Power

Power to hinder me from being one of the happiest Women alive in a Husband; which Blessing I confess, I deserve not, having often (by your advice) condemn'd and ridicul'd a married Life; but to atone by imparting the Pleasures of it, I'll make a Thousand Converts of such as thee—*Yours, Celinda.*

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**W**E shall only add, Most of the Letters in this *First Pacquet* were written *ex tempore*, without *Revisal* or *Correction*, and we can't see why any of our Correspondents (tho' 'twere *Madam Laureat* her self) shou'd be displeas'd at their Publication; for the Letters were really sent to the *Athenian-Society*; and we here promise that the Ladies Names shall be for ever conceal'd. In a word, if our Correspondents are ever discover'd, it must be by themselves; and therefore we expect they never upbraid us with publishing such *Secrets* as had ever been conceal'd; (as to the Authors of 'em) but thro' their own means: And we hope this is a sufficient Apology for publishing this *Secret Correspondence*; for except the Ladies concern'd in the Correspondence are so Vain as to discover themselves, their Letters (in a manner, are as great a *Secret* as they were formerly when handed to us by private Messengers.

**FINIS.**

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*From the ATHENIAN-SOCIETY.*

**W**E are preparing for the Press. *A new Athenian-Oracle* in Three Volumes: *Viz.*

The First Volume to be entituled *Athenæ Redivivæ*, or, the Philosophick and Miscellaneous Oracle.

The Second Volume will come abroad under the Title of *Athenæ Redivivæ*, or, the Divine Oracle, and will be a Directory for Tender Consciences.

The Third Volume is to be made publick under the Title of *Athenæ Redivivæ*, or, *The Secret Oracle*; which is to answer the nicer Questions that relate to Carnal and Spiritual Copulation, &c.

*These Three Volumes will compleat our Question-project—Our Querists are desir'd to send all their remaining Scruples to Smith's Coffee-House in Stocks-Market by Christmas next.—NEW ATHENS.*