

L E T T E R XXIII.

Orinda tells the *Athenian Parson*, he carries *Flesh and Blood* under his *Gown*, and that his *Platonick Courtship* is but an *Honourable Pretence* to conceal a *sensual Appetite*.

Reverend Platonick,

I Cannot like your making Love to my Soul, for tho' *Socrates* might be Chaste; it follows not that therefore all were so, who afterward adhered to this opinion: Witness the *Pedagogue* in *Petronius' Arbitr*, and many others, whose *Stories Modestly* will not suffer me to Relate. Once more; Were all *Plato's Disciples* in this particular, as innocent as their Masters Idea; yet it is not necessary their Love should be therefore pure, or void of all sensual respects, because (as the greatest Philosopher of our Age hath excellently observed) *The Continent have the Passion they contain, as much and more than they that practise the Appetite.*

We have the memorable Confession of *Lais* that she had more Philosophers, and those *Stoicks*, for her Humble Servants, than men of lower Professions. Divine *Plato* (as your Reverence knows) Confesses himself so passionately in Love with his *Archimessa*, that forgetting his *Doctrine of Ideas*, he knew none but that of her Face; and the

Grave

Grave *Stagyrite* as well sacrificed to his *Herpelis* as to *Ceres*. But leaving *Plato's* Opinion, let us see now the Love which our *Modern Platonicks* pretend to be justifiable thereby, does agree therewith.

First, Our *Platonicks* are generally of *Different Sexes*; whereas *Socrates* and his Darling *Alcibiades*, were both *Masculine*.

Secondly, Ours are commonly both *Young*, and in the *Canicular*, or *Scorching Years of Life*.: But *Socrates* was *Ancient*, and *superannuated* for the *Incitements of Wanton Desires*.

Thirdly, Ours are generally far short of that *Wisdom* and those *Vertues*, that are *Requisite* to form the like *Excellencies* in others.

Again, Ours pretend to *Love*, because they wou'd *Learn*, not *Teach*, and the *Male Platonick* (forsooth) is ever admiring and extolling the content he takes in *Contemplating the Ideas of those rare Vertues*, which he *Discovers Daily* in the *Female* while she (good *Modest Soul*) is as much *Transported* with those *Perfections of Mind* she *Discerns in Him*: When indeed, those *Vertues and Excellencies* are kept so close, that no *Person else* can perceive any such in either of them.

Lastly, Ours, (especially the *Women*) are for the most part *Marryed* to others, and so ought to *propagate Vertue*, (if they have so much as to spare) rather in their *Husbands and Children*, than in *Strangers*: But, *Alas!* Those *Relations* are despised in comparison of *the Noble Lover*, who alone deserves to be made *Wiser and Better*.

I could reckon up many other *Differences* more, but these are enough to let you see, what

vast disparity is betwixt the *Platonick Love* of the *Ancients*, and that of *Modern Puritan Lovers*; and how little reason they have to usurp either the Example of *Socrates*, or the Authority of *P. 2. 0.*, for their Patronage. I hope, therefore, Reverend *Fido*, you will not be offended, if I take leave (without Prejudice to that Noble Amity, called Friendship) to suspect that your *Platonick Passion* is but an Honourable pretence to conceal a *sensual Appetite*, and is (in plain truth) *Cousin German* at least, to that Love, which made the *Ephesian Matron* so Gentle and Obliging to the *Souldier*.

Sir, — You know the end of *Fishing* is Catching, not Angling — of *LOVE*, Wedding, not Wooing — *The Eye is the Messenger of Love not the Master*; or suppose (Doctor) you had neither Ears to hear your Lady speak, nor Eyes to see her Beauty, shall you not therefore be subject to the *Impressions of Love* —

If you answer No, I can alledge divers born Deaf and Blind that have been Wounded: If you grant this, then Confess *the Heart must have his Hope*, which is neither Seeing nor Hearing — He that desireth to view a Lady without any further suit, is not far different from him that liketh to see a *Painted Rose*, better than to smell to a *Living Violet*, or to hear a Bird Sing in a Bush, rather than to have her at Home in his own Cage. — To Plead for *Platonick Love*, and request nothing but Looks, is as one shou'd Plow his Ground and never Sow it, or Saddle his Horse, and never Ride.

Then (Reverend Sir.) pretend no more to *Platonicks Courtship*, for I do think the end of Love is, the full Fruition of the Party beloved;

lov'd ; for it cannot follow in Reason, that because the Cause is good which shou'd provoke mine Appetite, therefore I shou'd forsake the Meat for which it was made ; Believe me (Doctor) the Qualities of the Mind, and the Beauty of the Body are the Cause to what our Stomachs, not Meat to fill 'em ; for they that Live by the View of Beauty, still look very Lean ; and they that Feed only upon Vertue, will go with a Hungry Belly to Bed : But after all, you to your Fancy, and I to wine ; for the Learned must Differ.

Then (if you'd not bring a Scandal on New Athens) talk no more of Platonick Courtship : Did I ever give you any Encouragement ? However, You don't know what TIME and PATIENCE may produce : 'Tis our Darling Custom to pretend a dislike to what we Wish for ; and Flee from him we wish wou'd overtake us. And If ORINDA (in this Affair) is not carried down the same Stream, I shall surpass all the rest of my SEX, But hands off, (till I've considered the matter)
I Remain,

YOUR Sincere Friend,

(within the Compass of Common Sense and Reason)

O R I N D A .

I never offend your Chastity so much as in thought.

Madam, I have read of many, and some I know, between whom there was as fervent Affection as might be; that never desired any thing but sweet talk, and continual company: *As Irene and Philaret*, whose constant innocence is such, that there was never Word or impure Thought between 'em. *Pigmalion* lov'd his Ivory Image, being enamour'd only by the Sight. Why shou'd not the chaste love of two *Platonicks* be builded rather in Heavenly Meditations than *sensual Actions*? Believe me *Orinda*, if thou knewest what it was to love, &c. thou must be of this opinion.

Madam, you so nearly resemble *Irene*, that Heaven seems to have made your Soul as a Copy of Hers; and when (as a *Platonick-Lover*) I court your Divine Perfections, I am as 'twere Spiritualiz'd before my Time; and thank Heaven, that it has contracted its greatest Perfections in a Woman, and (as Fate wou'd have it) in a Woman that is my Friend——

*Yes, my Orinda's true, and much above
The vulgar World, in Sense as well as Love.*

And for this reason, where-e'er I go, still your Idea pursues me: 'Tis not *Newport* (or *Lamos*, where I now live) or any part of the Globe; that's a Sanctuary against your *Vertuous Image*, you eat, you drink, you sit down and walk with me, and I see you (and good *Irene*) every Night in my sleep———Then recant your thoughts of *Platonick-Love*, or I'll call

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call you Woman, (very Woman) and for that's revenge enough. But perhaps you'll say —

1.

Death will when once (as 'tis by Fate design'd)
T'Elisium you shall be remov'd,
Such sweet companions there no doubt you'll find
That you'll forget you e're Orinda lov'd.

2.

No—— banish all such fears, I th.n. will be
Your Friend, and guardian Angel too.
And though with more refin'd Society
I'll leave Elysium to converse with you.

In a word, *Orinda* is the meer Perfection of *Platonick-Friendship*, I e'en dote on her Spiritual part.

Dear Madam, I now live in a dismal solitude, where I converse only with Groves and Plow-men: But nothing can make me sad, but the fear I have *Orinda* forgets me; for tho' you are the only woman whose company never cloy'd me, yet I can't but suspect your Love; as women are said to place their Eyes and Friendship only on what they see present, because what is pass'd is no longer enjoy'd. But be as fickle as you please, our *Athenian Brethren* have prick'd you down for a *Platonick Wife*. 'Tis true, you tell me of *TIME* and *PATIENCE*, an Airy subsistence you know! I may wait out my *Life-Time* and be no better for't, and then you know shou'd I drop my *Materials*, I shou'd love you, as Angels do, out of pure necessity.

a. d.

and there wou'd neither be *Vertue* nor Inclination in it, 'Twou'd be some satisfaction to engage while the *Difficulties* of Sense stand like Mountains in our way, and there's nothing too hard when a Body resolves upon't; but because some have the Art to praise a *Womans Vertue* 'till they get to bed to her; for this reason, the *C H A S T E Orinda* is an Enemy to *Platonick-Courts*; but however you disguise the matter, I resolve to take you for better, for worse.

1.

No *LOVER's*, nor no *Bridegroom's Mirth*
To mine compar'd can be;
They have but pieces of this *Earth*,
I've all the *World* in Thee.

2.

Then let our *Flames* still mount and shine.
No *Walking-Fears* controul.
As innocent as our design,
Immortal as our *Soul*.

To say no more, for this *Patientie* is intolerable, let me either have a Letter all full of consent, or I shall certainly *PREACH* upon't, it runs so unluckily in my head: I am however (to the Honour of *New-Athens*).

Your *Platonick Admirer*,

F I D O.

 L E T T E R XXV.

Orinda is wond'rously chang'd to what she was, — her Eyes, Imagination, and all the rest of Cupid's Hand-maids give sentence against her: Her Reason too, wonders at the conquering plainness of her Platonick Admirer; and is now perswaded he is as sincere and innocent as he wou'd be thought.

TH E Art of *Courtship*, (*my Dear Platonick*) abstractedly consider'd, is a very commendable Science; but Reality is much greater upon all accounts: And for this reason I am better pleas'd with you. — Indeed I have read your last oftener than I shou'd, to perswade my self (if possible)

*So rare is the sacred Ark to find,
When one vast Flood o'er spreads all Humane-kind.*

That your Excellency lies in the Former, rather than the Latter. But my *Eyes, Imagination, and all the rest of Cupids Hand-maids* give Sentence against me: My Reason too, wonders at your *Conquering Plainness*; and has almost perswaded me you are what you wou'd be thought to be: And what shall I do here—— Oh—— *Intellectual Love!* Whither wilt thou lead me?

I dare not yield, and yet I must,
Lest to my Self I prove unjust;
And thus the wondrous active Mote
Around the burning Candle flies,
A Buzzing forth her harmless Note,
'Till in the Flame she's catch'd, and dies.

I know not whether you shot at Rovers,
but you have deeply wounded a poor un-
suspecting Hart:

She now loaths the Society of her Com-
panions, and makes choice of the thickest
Fern, and most secret Groves to be conceal'd
in.

The pleasing Fawns in vain play about
Her; in vain invite Her out to their inno-
cent Pastimes.

Neither the most delicious Food in the well-
grown Vale; nor sweetest Morfels from the
springing Bushes can she be wrought upon to
taste or think of.

She only wishes the mighty Hunter wou'd again
pass by, and see the bleeding Trophies of
his Sport, and seize her All as a just Re-
ward.

If thus your Pen is Cupid's Dart
Your Letters Phileres all;
And both are level'd at my Heart,
How can I chuse but fall?

Oh (Sir) I am chang'd, wond'rously chang'd to
what I was: An unusual coldness sometimes
disperfes it self thro' every Vein; at others,
a raging Flame.

And what is yet a greater sign, I feel and
know

know I *know* not what, and wou'd be cur'd,
and yet for the medicine that shou'd do it.

I am jealous too of your least *Kinship* to
other Maids, and fear you are not truly mine.

But hark ye Sir, what do you mean by
Preaching? D'ye design to excommunicate the
poor innocent *Soul* you Love? But now I think
on't; I believe we shall be turn'd a grazing
together; and what d'ye think of *Beldam* for
such a sacred *Frenzy*? But hold, let me read
your Letter once again — *Well!* 'tis done, and
I find there's nothing but *indifferency* (attend-
ed with the force of wit) can say——
Oh!. Take heed *Fid^r*, that you don't carry
on the Jest too far, or sport too much, with
the sacred Power of Love.

*The Gods and I do here proclaim,
Pure and transcendent is my Flame :
Should yours be found a Painted Fire,
A Cheat, or but a gross Desire,
The Gods and I our force will join,
Our Humane Arts and Powers Divine ;
That you (false man) with horror just may see
None e'er can love, and yet revenge like me.*

Ah me—— I am spent—— Alas! What
have I said? For Heaven-sake don't believe
me; I here retract it all, and am a politick
Orinda, —Decoy—a Woman—— meer intreaque-
ing Woman, ——or any thing but what I have
told you, or rather——

Your Conquer'd

Orinda.

LET

LETTER XXVI.

The Doctor tells Orinda he will discover no more of his Sincerity till he puts off his Body into the State of Separation— He proves they are dearer to each other by the Tyes of Vertue, than ever any were yet by the Tyes of Blood. — He tells her He's a Traveller, and has Authority to be believ'd— Desires her to dispute no more against Platonick-Love— Proves the Heart of a man in love with a chaste Woman, does nothing but what is reasonable— He then owns his Passion is grown to the height of his command, and concludes with telling Orinda he e'en languishes for a Platonick-Wife.

Dear Madam,

HOW! Believe me, as Platonick as I wou'd be thought, and yet fear to be catch'd in the Flames of sensual Love! I find Orinda you still suspect my Sincerity, which I am concern'd for, and cou'd soon disabuse you, if it were lawful to withdraw the Curtain, and let you see where you are; but this must not be (no, tho our Souls were marry'd) 'till you put off your Body into the Sate of Separation, &c.

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I can't imagine what you mean by wounding a poor unsuspecting Heart: For as to your Br-
dy, I am not concerned whether you be single or
double, young or old; Angels have neither Ages
nor Sexes: Or suppose I design'd to tempt your
chastity, I hope you are so good a Christi-
an as to forgive; and your Vertue is never
the worse for being try'd, but more Refulgent.

But after all, I e'en challenge you to
prove me a *Corporal Lover*, or to find one
spot in my Coat: 'Tis true 'tis *Black*, but
if you'll take my word for't, I'm innocent
as Infancy, with respect to *Carnal Desires*, and
it shall be your fault if we are not dearer to
each others by the Tyes of *Vertue* than ever
any were yet by the Tyes of *Blood*.

*No stop nor stay my Valiant Heart shall quail,
Do you but smile, my purpose will prevail.*

*Nought shall my Hands or Lips controul,
I'll kiss thee through, I'll kiss thy very Soul:*

There is no Labour here, no shame,

The solid Pleasure's still the same;

Never, oh never to be done,

Where Love is ever but begun.

When two Souls are thus touch'd with
equal Passions and chaste *Love*, this Heaven de-
signs and means by *Friendship*, and may ours
be as *Eternal* as 'tis *Vertuous* and *Obliging*.

But alas! I fear 'tis your *Pen*, (not mine) is
Cupid's Dart, and that *Fido* is the wounded
Hurt.

You say indeed your *Soul's inflam'd*, and
that you are chang'd, wondrously chang'd, from
what you were; but can you love and fly me
still?

Bill? Who ever lov'd and kept at such a distance? But *th: wond'ring active Mote is afraid of the burning Candle*, when alas! your innocent Lover has no Trick nor Artifice, no wheedling Arts to wound a poor unsuspecting Heart. I call a Spade a Spade, and am that plain thing you wou'd have me to be: Wou'd such Innocence suit your temper, our Friendship wou'd be eternal, and I shou'd be all *Transport* when I hear from you.

*The Saints, as well may those bright Forms express,
That in a Rapture they conceive of Bliss,
As I can give such inward Charms their due,
Or dress in words my brighter thoughts of you.
Charming, and Gay your fair Idea seems,
As Gay as if compos'd of Love and Beams.
Such Heavenly Rays adorn your Lovely Eyes
That by Imagination they surprize,
And at your Feet poor Fido fighting lies:
But how fair Nymph will your approaches fire,
If distant Charms such gentle thoughts inspire?*

But tho' I love you at this rate, I an't so blind yet as to think you *Insalible*; and tho' I lose your Friendship by't, will never think as you do, but when you think aright.

Then Dear Angel, dispute against Love no more, nor once suspect your *Platonick Admirer*. I have Travell'd thro' Six Kingdoms, and have good Authority to be believ'd.

Think not (MY DEAR) I am now exposing my weakness: To a *Platonick Lover*, looking of Babies and playing with Lips, is a merry, innocent, pretty sport.— The Truth is, the Heart of a man really in love with a chaste Woman, does nothing but what is reasonable, all it's soft and tenderest motions,

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motions, its innocent Tremblings, harmless Fears, melting Signs, *Lambent Fires*, are as highly rational as the gruff and churlish School-Mas's most regular Demonstrations——

Don't think (*Orinda*) I'm now *jesting* with the sacred Power of Love, for you see my Passion is grown to the height of my Command.

Methinks now 'tis a Felicity to love you, tho' neglected; then what Name must I call my Happiness, when your *Eyes, Imagination, and all the rest of Cupids Hand-maids*, shall declare for me.

*Then yield apace, for yield you must,
Or to your self you'll prove unjust.*

You tell me (*Orinda*) you feel and know you know not what, and wou'd be cured, and yet fly the Medicine—— *strange Perverseness!* For to act the denying Virgin, to sigh and die for one who loves you, is intolerable.

But you'll say the *God of Love* is just tho' blind, and that Fetters put on in jest, may become so fix'd, that you can't shake 'em off: Well, What if you can't? I have heard of *Platonicks* that all their Lives have had a constant spring of Love, *Joy upon Joy*, their Passions so high, and Pleasures so chaste, each striving to raise the others Innocence above their own, —— and this I expect from the Soul of *Orinda*: Then why do you fly me thus?

I.

*Orinda young, and Soft and Fair;
Ah were you too but kind!*

Why

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Why must your Shepherd then despair?
Why must his Vow dissolve to Air,
And scatter into Wind?

2.

See at your Feet lost Fido lies
Dead, (as your Ears to Love :)
See how he wastes his Tears and Sighs,
How he attempts to warm your Ice,
Your stony Breast to move.

3.

Shall Fido then his Love conceal
In Wedlocks colder Name?
Must he by Signs and Tokens deal,
Must he from all his Thoughts conceal,
And stifle all his Flame.

Now (*Dear Angel*) who is most refin'd in
their Passions, you or me? 'Tis true, I was
ever slow in making of Love, but where I have
once pitch'd my Affections, I love inno-
cently and Eternally—— But I'll ha'done
(but oh stay a Minute longer, take my Soul with
thee, that gentle Look—— that ——)

Send your answer in a few days, for I e'en
languish for a *Platonick-Wife* —— Send me no
more to the Groves and Streams to sigh out
complaints, but meet me to morrow at ——
For that I am (or wou'd be)

*Your Platonick Husband and
Eternal Admirer,*

FIDO.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Orinda's Impatience to hear from her Lover, — she makes good use of their Separation — promises to meet him at the Mount of Spirits in the Ideal World, and there to Solemnize their Platonick Matrimony.

DISPUTE *against Love!* — no ; VENUS forbid ; whilst my Looks urge the contrary Principles, and my Soul's compos'd of the soft Ingredients ——— But Ah! ———

*Like the Dam'd, from the Fire
I Gaze and Admire,
But never can hope to be Blest.*

Which makes me Rail now and then for spight, yet 'tis some Pleasure to think I'll be Reveng'd on all the rest of the Sex that come in my way, as sure as I have Eyes *mischievous enough*, and their Hearts *capable of their Influence* ——— But I'll leave your *Platonick Courtship* just as I found it, only you shan't lose by your Poetry.

I.

*On the Pleasures of Possessing
You but little Value set,
When you must Esteem the Blessing
Not a Favour, but a Debt.*

Amorous

2.

*Amorous Wisbes now removing
You in Silvia's Arms may rest,
Too Contented, but less Loving;
Curst the more for being Blest.*

Well, this is a lewd Digression, but take notice, I'll stray no more out of *sheer Good Nature* to keep you Company—— I'm glad I know you are a **T**raveller, if you were but a **P**oet too, you'd be **L**icensed according to **O**rder. I know you'll take this Answer for a piece of *Madness*, but I think you may well excuse it, for tho' my Impatience to hear from you makes me rave a little, yet you know in a *Fit of Distraction* a Man talks what he never thinks, neither does he know what he then speaks; then (for the future) when I seem to suspect your Innocence, conclude 'tis a *Symptom* of the Old Disease, and that I had forgotten to whom I was Writing.

Assure your self there's nothing can lessen my Value for you. —— Then Bless me as oft as you can with Letters, for (tho' we Live at a great *Distance*) 'tis not properly Absence, when we can Write to one another; we have Souls to be sure, and whilst they can meet and Care's, we may enjoy each other, were we the length of the Map asunder——

*Thus we may double Bliss, Stolen Love enjoy
And all the spight of Place and Friends desie,*
For

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For Ever thus we might each other Ble's
 For none cou'd trace out this new Happiness;
 No A goes here to spoil, or make it less.

I have sometimes made good use of my Separation from you, we better fill'd and further extended the possession of our Life, in being parted: You Liv'd, Rejoyc'd, and sav for me, and I for you, as plainly as if you had your self been there; one part methinks remains idle (at least, I'll think so till the Wedding is over) and we confound one another when we are together. —

To speak Truth, I am asham'd to be Lov'd so much, and deserve it so little. However, if you are contented with a Faithful Heart, I can offer something Equivalent for that pure and *Platonick* Courtship I found in your last Letter. — It pleas'd me so well that (tho' I can't say) [I kist your very SOUL,] yet I kist each Syllable of your Dear Letter, as so many Pictures of your innocent Flame;

1.

I did not Live until this time
 Crown'd my Felicity,
 When I could say without a Crime,
 I am not thine but Thee.

2.

This Carcass Breath'd, and Walkt and Slept,
 So that the World Believ'd
 There was a Soul the Motions kept,
 But they were all deceiv'd.

3. For

3.

For as a Watch by Art is wound
To Motion, such was mine :
But never had Orinda found
A Soul, till she found thine.

4.

Which now Inspires, Cures and Supplies,
And GUIDES my Darkned Breast ;
For thou art all that I can Prize,
My Joy, my Lite, my REST.

But Adieu t'ye Sir, you are on the Wing ; yet
my Sentiments compel me to believe you as
strictly innocent as you pretend, in Confidence of
which I'll venture to meet you to Morrow at —
or else in the IDEAL WORLD, where
without any more adoe, I'll promise (if
Norris will Marry us) to be,

YOUR PLATONICK SPOUSE,

ORINDA.

F

LET

L E T T E R X X V I I I .

The Athenian Parson Repents of making Love to Orinda, — Shews the great Dangers of Platonick Courtships, — And Desires Her. to return his Heart.

WELL (*Orinda*) I know you'll say that the Men are as Fickle as the Women; for you no sooner consented to an intellectual Marriage, but I Repented of my Addresses to you; and this comes to tell ye I have done Loving *Orinda*: Perhaps you'll think this Affront is to Revenge the *Athenians Quarrel* with *Glimere* for her Rejecting their Platonick Courtship, but be the Reason what it will, my Retreat is honourable, for I now own, after a severe course of Mortification (for I told you at first I had Flesh and Blood under my Gown) I cou'd not refine my Body enough to venture on a Platonick Wedding.

I.

*'Tis true, Frail Beauty, I did once resign
To thy Imperious Charms this Heart of mine;
There didst thou undisturb'd thy Scepter sway;
And I, methought, was pleas'd t' Obey:
Thou seem'st so Lovely, so Divine,
With such sweet Graces didst thou shine;*

Thou

Thou entertain'st my Amorous Sense
With such Harmonious Excellence,
That Credulous and Silly I,
With Vain and Impious Idolatry
Ador'd that STAR which was to lead me to the
(Deity.

2.

But now, thou soft Enchantress of the Mind,
Farewel; a Change, a mighty Change I find;
The Empire of my Heart thou must resign,
For I can be no longer thine;
A Nobler, a Diviner Guest,
Has took Possession of my Breast;
He has and must Engross it all,
And yet the Room is still too small:
In vain you tempt my Heart to Rove;
A fairer Object now my Soul does move;
It must be all Devotion, what before was Love.

Thus, Madam have I given you my present Thoughts of my former Courtship (and that too in the very words of the Seraphick Norris, by which you see, had we both kept in the same Mind, he'd never have join'd us in Platonick Matrimony.

Don't think, Orinda, that I cast you off for some new Charmer, No! Madam, I'll fly the Sex in General. there's Pitch and Bird-lime in their Lips and Fingers, an Itch of Amorousness of Skin all over; a Man may as soon hug a Flame without Burning, as not be Fired if he Embraces Petticoats: Democrites put his Eyes out to avoid the sight of 'em.

I now find (*Orinda*) that all our *Virtue and Caution* is little enough (when we converse with Women) to keep us from criminal Familiarities, and from the scandals of the World.

In a word, tis impossible to regulate our Friendship with Women, and to walk evenly on the Borders and very *Ridge of a Passion* whose next step is a *Precipice of Flames*.

And (which renders *Platonick Courtships* the more dangerous) I can now prove there's a *Sex in Souls*.

Then Pray *Orinda*, Take your Heart agen, and restore mine; for I'll venture it no longer with you

I shall only add, I'm Corporally marry'd to Dear *Emilia*, and don't fear but her chaste *Alimbeck* will refine all my Love, and make it as Spiritual as it shou'd be.

However, That I may fully *Justifie my leaving of you*, I'll send you a Letter to prove, *There's a Sex in Souls*; and 'tis the last you'll receive from,

Your Anti-Platonick,

F I D O.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXIX.

Orinda banters her Lover for leaving a Platonick Mistress for a Matrimonial Convenience——He leaves her because there's a Sex in Souls——She challenges him to prove it——She offers to receive his Courtship agen, if He'll ask her pardon——Charges him with Perjury——says if he cou'd but love her, he'd have no more scruples——Tells him his Letters were not lawfully begot——she won'd despise him, but cann't.

I Ndeed (Sir Crape) I ought to declare war a- gainst you (for you are a false intreating- perjur'd man) but if you'd appear a little naked, and recant your deserting of me (as I ha' done the Laughter it put me into) I'll receive your Courtship agen as tenderly as a Lover does the sparing expressions of his half consenting-Mistress. Indeed (Mimick) I thought once your Courtships were all sincere (for they look'd as correct and pure as if distill'd through an Angels Quill) but now I find you shaffer'd for the Fair one with Coyn that was none of your own, for had the LOVE (I mean the Lines) you lent me, been lawfully begot, and the pure Issue of your own Brain-

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Pan, you'd never have chang'd your mind at this shameful rate, and left a *Platonick Mistress* for a *Matrimonial Conscience*.

Indeed you have a fair opportunity to triumph over me, but remember (Doctor) He who first invented *Gloves and Masks*, was but a *Fugler* that made *Traffick of Shadows and Disguises*: But shou'd other men trifle with their *Mistresses* as you ha'done with me, the *Apartments of our English Ladies* wou'd be no less difficult to come at than in *Italy*, where the *Houses are the Womens Prisons*, and where the *men make love to the Doors and Windows*——

In short, *Fido*, I'm half in the mind to despise thee; but I own 'tis with great reluctance; for

1.

*Of all the Torments in the Mind,
None causeth half the Grief I find
As when a Friend becomes unkind.*

2.

*Loss of a Fortune or Estate,
Is Physick to't; but causeless hate
From one I truly Love——— Oh that!*

But pray (*Sir Fickle*) what do you mean by the *Ridg of a Passion*, and *flying the Female Sex*? For my own share, my *Love makes all things easie to me*; and if you cou'd but love me, you'd have no *mere scruples*, but you're out of the humour of *Loving I see*; and therefore,

*GO, GO, be squeamish still, and spare not,
Cloud your Eyes in high disdain;
Flying away in Fet, I care not,*

Or unsent for come again ;
If you pleas'd, or angry be
Take my word, all's one to me.

2.

I grant your Eyes are much more bright
Than ever was unclouded Light ;
And that Love in your charming Voice
As much of Reason finds for choice ;
Yet if you fly when I pursue,
Don't fear, I'll ne'er intreague with you.

3.

A Voice wou'd move all but a Stone ;
Withou come on, shall find me one ;
And Eyes the brightest ever shin'd,
On me have Pow'r but as they're kind.
You must, to throw down all Defence,
As much my Reason please, as Sense.

4.

Not but all Regard and Duty
I must pay to those bright Eyes,
Which do sparkle forth a Beauty ;
Wherein each perfection lies.
But since———abuse——— you so pursue,
My pretty piece of scorn adieu.

But I recant : One Glimpse of you alone
Makes me forget what last I thought upon :
And as the Sun's bright Ray revives a Fly,
Or Frozen Worm, that otherwise must die ;
So those far brighter Suns have shot new Flame
Into my Breast——— I your new Creature am.
No more I'll be a Schilmatick in Love,
Unless to please you, I a Quaker prove :
Only this thing I ask, (do what you will)
And so you do not blind me, rob me still.

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I shall only add, you tell me *there's a Sex in Souls*, and for that reason (as there's danger in *Platonick Marriage*) have sent for your Heart again, but I tell you plainly I'll not restore it, till you *justify your leaving of me*, by proving there's a *Sex in Souls*, (nor then neither, if I can refute your Assertion) for that I am (tho much affronted by your last Letter)

Yours sincere and eternal Platonick,

O R I N D A.

LETTER XXX.

Fido forbids the Banns between Irene and Philaret, and (to justify his leaving Orinda) endeavours to prove there's a *Sex in Souls*, &c.

Madam,

I TOLD you in my Last, I had discover'd a *Sex in Souls*, and that my Heart (for that Reason) was unsafe in your keeping; but you (so) ITCH after *Spiritual Copulation*, that you'll not return my Affections till I prove my discovery; and I hope to do it, in such a manner as will forbid the Banns between Irene
and

and Philaret, Orinda and Fido, and all the Platonicks in the three Three Kingdoms— And I'm sure this is effectually done, by proving there's a Sex in Souls— And here seeing Novelties make an impression on the Mind, before I handle this Nice-point, I'll first premise, that 'tis Charity to lend a Crucib to a lam: Conceit. However, if I am askt for my Authorities, I answer, what appears reasonable wants no other Recommendation than being so; and as to What appears over-strange, let Orinda consider that Philosophy had never been improved, had it not been for New-Opinions, which afterwards were rectified by abler Pens, and so the first Notions were lost and nameless, under new Superstructures; but such a Fate is too Agreeable for my Judgment to repine at, or my Vanity to hope for. But that there's a difference of Sex in Souls, and will be Male and Female in Heaven, (tho' the Notion's new) yet I now believe it, and hope to make it plain before we part.

Object.— But you'll say, when the Holy Spirit speaks of separated Souls that are gathered up into Heaven, he does not speak— of Male or Female, but only of Souls, without distinguishing either Kind, or Sex— And further, that 'tis said there is no marrying in Heaven, Mark 12. 25. And that in Jesus Christ there is neither Male nor Female; Gal. 3. 28. which is directly contrary to the distinction of Sex in Souls— For if Sex be only for the sake of Marriage, where there is no Marriage, there is no need of Distinct Sex; then why that in Heaven which there's no need of? All that's of the Essence of a man will undoubtedly be there,

there, and that's a rational Soul united to an Organiz'd Body; but what Organs will be necessary then, we can't tell; however these cannot. Besides, this difference is only accidental, Man and Woman being in Essence the same. But in a State of Bliss and Perfection, all that's Imperfect or Accidental shall be removed, and accordingly one wou'd think Sexes shou'd. I won't add for another reason, what, as I remember, one of the Fathers has said — That were there any Woman in Heaven, the Angels cou'd not stand long, but wou'd certainly be seduced from their Innocency, and fall as Adam did. But one wou'd think that if Souls were to Marry, it ought to be in Heaven, which is the element of Spirits, after the Bodies had been united in Marriage upon Earth, the Seat of material things. — Perhaps you'll also object the Words of St. Austin, who says, — The Soul is not distinguished into Sexes. And that of St. Cyril, who liv'd before him, who also says, — the Souls of Men and Women are absolutely alike, nor is there any part of their Bodies, where there is any difference to be observ'd.

To this I answer, — That Souls may be distinguish'd into Male and Female, (notwithstanding these Objections) since 'tis a common Saying — *The Soul of a Man, and the Soul of a Woman.* — And Moreover, because 'tis generally believed, and no less sensibly acknowledged, that they have each their particular Character — the Soul (and consequently the Understanding) of the one is Resolute and Constant, that of the other Light, Wavering and changeable — The Soul of one takes a pride in being Grave,

and speaking little; the other talks much, and cannot forbear *travelling upon every thing*— and which is yet more to the purpose, does not Moses say,—— That the Sons of God (whom several of the Fathers of the Church have Expounded to be Angels) *fell in love with the Daughters of Men?* And if there be a Sex mark'd out for Love in Angels, we need not scruple to go a little farther, and say that *there is also a sex in Souls.* To this we may likewise add certain Expressions of those great Men, who are frequently cited by *Tertullian* in his Writings,—— I mean *Homer*, who gives the Greeks the appellation of *She Achæans*; and *Virgil*, who calls the *Trojans She-Phrygians.*

And for this reason *Randolph* salutes the *Hermaphrodite* thus,

Sir, or Madam, abuse you whether,

Nature twists you both together.

And *Cicero* reports that *Horrensus* was treated at *Rome* with the Title of *Madam*,—— whence cou'd proceed this Custom of giving Men the Epithets of Women, but only because, that tho' they had the Bodies of Men, they had the Souls of Women:

And I might mention the *Apparitions* of Men and Women, in the same Shape and Sex they formerly lived in, as no contemptible proof of this Assertion. But you'l say perhaps—— Souls are not furnish'd with Organs that make this distinction between 'em, and that a Spirit cannot become Visible,

To this I Answer, I own a Spirit cannot become Visible; 'tis not an Object for a material Eye, being it self not matter; but what
appears

appears to us in the Shape and Sex of *Male and Female*, is something that a Spirit assumes, as *Condensed Air*, or the like, neither does the Soul's not being furnish'd with *Organs*, hinder the *Distinction* of Sex; 'tis true, I acknowledge, that Souls are *simple Beings*, which admit of composition of parts, and so they cannot have that distinction, which appears in the *Corporeal Sex*; ——— But can there not be found a *Spiritual Distinction*, seeing that we meet with a marriage of *Minds as well as Bodies*? Whence it comes to pass, that two Minds seek the enjoyment of one another, and love each other by a *Secret Sympathy*.

'Tis objected, That this Union never produces other Souls: ——— But do all Bodies of different Sexes produce other Bodies? There are Insects that are produced, the same in likeness every way, without the *Assistance* of Sexes, ——— There are perfect Creatures which have different Sexes, which never Procreate, such are *Mules, and Mules* ——— This then can be no convincing Argument, that there is no difference of Sex in Souls, because their Union does not produce another Soul: Which is a thing that no Body neither can certainly determine; for in regard we know not the *Nature of Spirits*, neither can we have a perfect knowledge of their *Faculties* till we come to *Heaven*. ——— And *Tertullian*, as was said before, does affirm, That they are able to Procreate their like, seeing that the *Sons of God became enamour'd of the Daughters of men* ——— and that those Sons of God were *Angels* ——— And that there is ——— a *difference of Sex in Souls* ——— is further evident,

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dent, if you consider that the Soul is so far from assuming the *Disposition of the Body*, that 'tis the Body which conforms to the Disposition of the Soul; for this Disposition proceeds only from the Substantial Form; *the Body cannot give it to it self*; it is indifferent of it self; but the Form is the *Understanding*, which determines it to be such as it is—— It should be then from the Soul that this distinction of Organs should proceed; it shou'd be she that shou'd determine the Sex, and consequently the Soul it self that shou'd be *Male and Female*—— For as no Body can give that which it has not, of necessity the Soul must be furnish'd with Sex before it can bequeath it to the Body——

And the ingenious *Milton* fairly proves—— there's a Sex in Souls—— by saying——

*Spirits receive no more than does the Air,
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Ear,
All Intellect, all Sense; and as they please
They limk themselves, and colour shape or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare,
They either Sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompound'd is their Essence pure;
Not ty'd, or manacled with Foynt, or Limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of Bones,
Like cumbrous Flesh, but in what shape they chuse
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their Airy Purposes,
And Works of LOVE, or Enmity fulfil.*

As to that Text which says—— That in Heaven there is neither *Marrying*, nor giving in *Marriage*

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riage ——— It directly proves my Assertion for Virginity and Cælibacy are so far from *Denying Sex*, that they suppose it ———

I might next consider the Words of St. *Austin* and *Cyri*, who says *all Souls are alike*; but their opinion being meer conjecture I shall pass it by—

Thus (*Madam*) have I largely prov'd *there's a Sex in Souls*, and by that have justified my leaving of you.

Consider of what I've said, for I now give you an **ETERNAL Farewel**, and am,

Your Anti-Platonick,

F I D O.

LETTER XXXI.

Orinda gets the Victory, by Disproving a Sex in Souls.—— Blames Fido for Marrying to Flesh and Blood —— Tells him, He can never Disengage himself from his Spiritual Mistress.—— Has a Mind to cling into Union with Him.—— But at length, (to Revenge the Affront she Received) bids him Farewel.

NAY, Good Sir, don't mistake me, for I only promis'd to *Resign your Heart* on Condition you cou'd Prove there was a *Sex*

Sex in Souls; but I find by your Letter there is no such thing, and therefore I'll still Love on, and it possible even *cling into UNION with You.*

You left me under a pretence of Proving *There's a Sex in Souls*; but as I am able to prove the contrary, you ought now to make *New Court to my Soul.* and to agree to a *Platonick Wedding* whenever I appoint the Day——

Indeed you bid me *Consider* it (as if you had fully prov'd—— *There's a Sex in Souls*) *Consider it?* Why, I protest I have a Hundred things to say, before I can *Consider* it: In the first place, Why all this Gravity, this hard abstruse way of reasoning? What, are you writing to some *Grave Mytre* or *Murderer* of true Reason, call'd an *Ancient Philosopher* (tho' you shou'd be a *Cartesian* by your new *Paradox*) that you so *Be-Riddle me* with your unintelligible *Speculations*: If indeed you have the same Aim as *Father Aristotle* had to carry the cause by *Confounding* of it, by *Obscure Predicables* and *Problems*, you have done little less than *Wonders* as well as he. But what's all this to the *Confutation* of the *Female Sex*, who *Generally* understand them no more, than the *Language* of a *Screech Owl* or the *Oratory* of a *Brackman*; for my Part. I profess my self an utter *Enemy* to such *Modern and Ancient Hieroglyphical Sense*, as well as *Characters*: And look upon nothing to be *Genuine* but what is distill'd thro' the *Natural Limbeck of the Brain*, which I am *Confident* always refines *Sense* from the *Dregs of Obscurity*, and makes it as clear and intelligible, as possible it can be: And hence it is, that I am so averse
to

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to the Testimony of others, especially, when 'tis not built upon the undoubted Foundation of Equity and Truth.

Then why do you tell me of your *St. Tertullian, Cypri,* or *Austin,* &c. Their Devotions, 'tis true, are Valluable; but I look upon their *Opinions* (in indifferent Matters) as Weak and Falacious as other Mens, at least not sufficient to Convince me of the Truth of any thing I have no better Authority for; undoubtedly, they said many things they never intended shou'd pass for *pure Gospel*, or be the standard of other Mens Belief; tho' at the same time some will not fail to lay hold on every Bulrush that springs from the banks of those *Admirable Streams*, to support their sinking cause of the Wildest Tenets that can be thought of. And what have we to do with *Holy Scripture* in this Controversy? If *there being a Sex in SOULS* was an Article of our Faith, I shou'd be glad to hear our *Saviour's* or *St. Pauls Opinion* in it's behalf. But in meer *Notional* or *Humane matters*, I presume, our Reverence wou'd be more apparent in *letting Scripture alone*; besides, as far as I can see, both Objections and Answers from thence are so far from touching the *Eye of the Controversie*, that they make nothing to the purpose.

And thus having Renounc'd your *Abstruse Speculations*, invalidated the *Testimony of the Fathers*, and beat you (but with all Reverence) from Holy Ground; and is not this (don't you think) a pretty task for a Woman? Having (I say) thus defeated your main force; *One short Encounter more*, will, if I am not mistaken, make you Surrender upon Discretion, in
order

order thereto I shall consult your *Defence* once more, and make such Remarks as may effectually do your Business.

Well ! Here's more Work, I find than I expected ; However, have at ye ——— You say, *That Souls are distinguish'd into Male and Female, because 'tis a common saying, the Soul of a Man, and the Soul of a Woman :* Why, (Harkey Sir) so 'tis. that *the Moon is made of a Green Cheese,* must it be so therefore ? Besides, this saying can't prove, *There's a Sex in Souls,* unless the force of it lay in the **S O U L** and not in the **SEX**, which is evidently false : And what if they have their *Particular Characters ?* And *the Soul (as you say) of the one is Resolute, and the other Frail and Changing :* This I presume is purely accidental. And besides arises from the *different Organization of the Body,* which doubtless has the greatest Influence over the Passions which you mistake for the Soul) that cause that constancy or timorousness we all are endow'd with.

And then you tell us, *that the Sons of God (according to Moses) who are by some Interpreted Angels, fell in Love with the Daughters of Men :* A comfortable Consideration indeed ! And whether True or False, you'll have cause to wish you had ne'er put me in mind of it ; for who'd, &c. — If she had the least Prospect to Charm Angels, Angels of what kind so ever (so they are not of **Darkness**) must needs be very pretty things, and make good *Husbands,* and so I'd fain have this Objection of yours stand as an Exception against my *General Hypothesis,* that so my next *Humble Mortal SLAVE* may be treated accordingly.

But

But Further, You then proceed to give us some strange Instances of *Homer*, &c. which may possibly prove you a great *Proficient* in their Tongue, but not their Sense and Meaning, for unless you prove that *Cowardice* and *Esfeminacy*, is the Soul, you may allow 'em to bestow the Epithets of *Women* upon them without making them (I hope) be guilty of so extravagant a Contradiction..

Your next Objection (you raise for me) (that *Souls are incapable of Organs*) is unanswerable, and what you have acknowledg'd has made it so. For, 'tis a certain Truth that the Organs only make the *Distinction of Sex*, and those are only to be met with in compounded (not simple) Beings, so that if I am any Philosopher, 'tis the *Body*, not the *Soul* that is capable of this *Distinction*.

Thus (Sir) have you confuted your self at one blast, and so unluckily destroy'd your Superstructure, that all you say after, is not able to repair it. And what need I go on to do my Adversary greater Mischief? 'Tis enough for me to see him *Foil'd by his own Weapons*; which is a proper Punishment for such as you, that can care for the Soul of a Woman, and then *Love and Unlove* at a Minutes Warning.

I shall not further endeavour to Rectify your Notion about the *Marriage of Minds*, but only to acquaint you, that such a Union may be between one and the same Sex, as well as the contrary; and so makes nothing to your Purpose: Nor concern my self with your next Objection and Answer, I disown the former

former, and then I'm sure, you ought to let fall the latter: I shall only Answer to your Remarkable Passage of *Dr. Brown* (where he speaks of a certain *New way of Generation*) that tho' he knew well the true energy and spring of *Vulgar Errors*, he was yet undoubtedly Guilty of some himself; and if he aim'd at our *Present Debate*, I presume this was a Grand One.

Nor Lastly, Will I trouble you with as Ænigmatical a Chain of Speculation (if 'tis not an Absurdity to call it so) about your last *Position*, as you have done me; I am not much concern'd to know whether *the Soul assumes the Disposition of the Body, or the Body conformes to the Disposition of the Soul*; when 'tis only *Organs* (as I said before,) make the different Sex; which, because they can't be found in Souls, we must conclude that the Soul is an *abstracted Individual* (Pardon that refin'd Expression) a kind of *Unity in itself*, that is as incapable of *Distinction* as 'tis of *Penetration*, and can no more admit of the Terms of *He and She*, then it's Maker himself can.

Thus (Sir) have I turn'd your *own Artillery upon you*, and tho' you made the first Attack, with all the advantage that so large a Field of matter wou'd give you leave, you have yet most infallibly lost the *Victory*, and consequently must continue *Loving Orinda*, and own it a *Great Blessing*; for why may not I give it on my own side as well as you did on yours? Yes! Verily, with the same Reason, tho' tis Fifty to One, if a Woman (as well as a Man) is not Partial in her own Cause, so that I have Sally'd out with my *Myrmidons* so successfully that

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that 'tis an easie matter to decide this *Mighty Rencontre*, and leave you as unlikely to disengage your self from your *Spiritual Mistress* as 'tis you shou'd ever receive any *Solid Pleasure* from that *Fair Angel of Flesh and Blood, and Inclination*, the Parson has ty'd you to.

Tho' I must needs say you've done wonders, and proved your self a *perfect Polititian* as well as undaunted in your Undertaking— But to ask you a civil question, Whence got you all that *Train of Artillery*— *Scripture*— *Reason*, (tho' that indeed was too enlighten'd for my dull Noddle) and *Fathers* at your Fingers ends, tho' you unluckily forgot to bring in the *great Prophet Mahomet* into the number, who is so far from denying there's *a Sex in Souls*, that he has fill'd his *Paradise* with *handsome Gogg'd Ey'd Wenches*, that his *Votarys* in the *State of Separation* with an unconfined Liberty, might enjoy them; tho' (I say) you forgot this mighty example, which now by the *Law of Nations* you must take no advantage of, yet your *Artillery* is mighty numerous, and all in defence of a Subject never before dreamt of.

However, if I ben't partial to my own performance, I've fairly prov'd your *Doctrine* false, and that there's no such thing as *a Sex in Souls*. I shall further add, (for I'd fain have you see your *Error* in deserting *Orinda*) that there can be no danger in *Platonick-Curtisips*, for Doctor, you know that every *individual man* hath two distinct Souls, the one *Rational* or *Intellectual*, and *Incorruptible*, as being of *Divine Original*, the breath of the *Creator*: The other only *Sensitive*, produced
from

from the *Wombs* of Elements; common also to brute Animals, and therefore capable of dissolution, this Rational Soul, (or more properly, *Spirit*) is the common Cement, or Tye, betwixt the celestial and incorporeal nature of the reasonable Soul, and the terrestrial and corporeal nature of the Body: It is also the immediate organ or instrument, by which the nobler Soul informeth and acteth in the Organs of the Body. Now, tho' I deny not, but the rational Soul, in respect of this her alliance with the Body, is in some degree subject to the *Laws of Matter*, and consequently, that the humours and temperament of the Body, have some influence or power to alter and work upon the Mind, especially in weak-minded persons, who make no use of the arms of their Reason, to encounter and subdue the *insurrections and assaults of sensual appetites*: Yet cannot I grant, that the impressions which the Body makes upon the Mind are such, as suffice to question either the Immortality, or derogate from the Sovereignty of the Soul over the Body.

So that suppose there had been a Sex in Souls, (as I prov'd the contrary) yet this Sex cou'd never Effeminate the *Platonick-Lover*; besides, the delight of *sensual Love* depending partly upon the powers of the Body, is therefore *furious, short of duration, and subject to decay*; but the *Platonick* depending solely upon the Mind (whose Powers are perpetual) is therefore calm, of one equal Temper, and everlasting.

So that now by your own confession, you are (*Innocently*) mine, but since you have been so *sensual* as to marry to *Flesh and Blood*, I return your *Eternal Farewel* upon you, and will ever remain

The Unmarried Platonick.

L E T.

LETTER XXXII.

A Letter from Mr. Wren to the Athenian Society, who (having Kist a Buxome Girl in his Dream) intends to venture on a Corporal Wedlock, and desires the Athenians to discover to him the several Kinds of Love, that so by knowing a true Passion from a Counterfeit, he may Love so as to be Happy in Marriage.

The Letter follows, *viz.*

Gentlemen,

YOU tell us in the Post-Boy, That you'll send us *A Pacquet of Letters from Athens, &c.* In which you'll direct the Batchelor and Virgin in their *whole Amour*; this encourages me to tell ye I intend speedily (*Plaus-nick Mistresses* are such airy things) to Court the Beautiful *Clara*.

*Thrown on my Bed for a short Naps Essay,
In came this Buxome Girl and by me lay;
I quickly turn'd, and Courted her with Kisses,
For That which Lovers call the Bliss of Blisses;*

But she refus'd with — Pish — nay then — what
(now ?
Some Body comes, — you never shall I Vow —
At length she seem'd, to struggle a Consent,
With much of Pleasing Art; — so to't we went;
And then for every Kiss I gave before,
She thankfully repaid me half a Score
But when I thought to Bathe me in Love's Stream,
I lost my Lass, and found a Foolish Dream.

However, I resolve to enter on a Real Court-ship; and if real Love can make a Woman kind, do hope to make her the best of Wives; but hearing Corporal Wedlock is a great Lottery, I'd learn from you the several kinds of Love; that so by knowing a true Passion from a Counterfeit, I might Love so as to be Happy in Marriage —
And sure, Athens, I am Lovesick; for,

I'm pleas'd and pain'd since Clara first I saw,
As I were stung with some Tarantula;
Arms and the dusty Field I less Admire,
And strangely soften in some new desire:
Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright;
But Pale as Fires when master'd by the Light;
Even while I speak, and look, I change yet more,
And now am nothing that I was before;
I'm Numb'd and Fix'd, and scarce my Eye-Balls move;
I fear it is the Lethargy of Love!
'Tis he! I feel him now in ev'ry Part
Like a New Lord he vaunts about my Heart;
Surveys in State, each corner of my Breast:
And now I'm all o'er-Love! — or Love's a Jest,

Now (Gentlemen) as you are the ORACLE for the Bachelor and Virgin to consult in difficult cases, I thought none so fit to address my self to, as the Athenians, especially since I understand you are Masters in the Art of Love, and can direct an ignorant Youth through the whole Kingdom of Love and Gallantry.

I shan't Apologize for my ignorance in Love matters, for *CUPID* is Pictur'd naked, only to show the simplicity of Affection that shou'd be amongst Lovers——

If you ask how I can Love *Clara* so much upon no more acquaintance, I cou'd tell ye that 'tis usual at first Sight with young Lovers to twist — Eye Beams together, and steal into one anothers Hearts through the Windows of their Eyes, exchanging Love a Thousand ways; such Lovers as these live more happy by making so kind an Adventure, than such as for Worldly Respects join hands when their Hearts are far asunder; for 'tis often seen that *Smithfield Bargains* are made to add Land to Land, not Love to Love, and to unite Houses to Houses, not Hearts to Hearts; which hath been the occasion that Men have turn'd Monsters, and Women Devils.

*Wives are grown Traffick, Marriage is a Trade,
& And when a Nuptial of two Hearts is made,
There must of Moneys too a Wedding be,
That Coin, as well as Men, may multiply.*

It must be own'd that Woman is the Gem of Heaven, in which Nature hath carv'd the Universe in less Characters; but she is also the baggage

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baggage of Life, she is troublesome, and hinders us
In the great march ; yet we can scarce live chastly
without her : *But Marriage is Honourable in all—*
Then shall we account that Condition mean,
whereof God himself was the Institutor, *Adam*
and *Eve* were the first Couple, *Paradice* the place
where, and *Innocency* the State, or *Time* when, *Mar-*
riage was first Celebrated ?

Now (Gentlemen) if *Adam* in Innocence,
(when he was perfect in Body and Mind)
thought it better to lose a Rib than lack a
Wife ; and if it was not good for him (that was
so happy) to be alone, what great need of a
Wife has *Sinful* Man since the Fall ?

Then (Athens) tell me how (and where)
I may Love so, as to be Happy in Wedlock :
For,

*Minds are so hardly match'd, that even the first,
Tho pair'd by Heav'n in Paradise, were Curs'd :
For Man and Woman, tho' in One they grow,
Yet First, or Last, return again to Two.*

He to Gods Image, she to his was made :

So farther from the Fount, the stream at Random
(stray'd

*Not that my Verse wou'd blemish all the Fair ;
But yet if some be bad, 'tis Wisdom to beware,
And better shun the Bait, than struggle in the Snare.* }

However I shall increase my Love to *Clara*
daily ; and when the *Athentan* ORACLE
gives an Answer to this Letter, I'll Dress as it
were in Print, and fall a Courting like any thing,

I am (Gentlemen)

Your very Humble Servant,

Charles Wem,

G

LET.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

The Athenians Answer to the foregoing Letter, wherein they discover the (Mysteriès and) different sorts of Corporal Love, from their own Experience.

Mr. Wem,

WE have in our *Platonick-Courtships* discours'd at large of Love to the SOUL, we shall now (for the sake of Variety) proceed to a more Sensual Adventure, and shew what 'tis to Love the BODY; and here, that we may oblige *Mr. Wem*, (*that is going to venture on Corporal Wedlock*) we'll discourse of the several kinds of LOVE, and we'll advance nothing on these Heads, but what we learn from our own Experience, or from such Persons that are now living, whose Testimony we can depend upon——

We own (*Mr. Wem*) to Treat of *Corporal Love*, will be somewhat distasteful to the pure and retin'd Disciples of the *Platonick Sect*, who profess to be enamour'd only on the Beauties of the Soul, wholly rejecting all respects of *Flesh and Blood*, and entirely devoting their Courtship to con-
temple

template, and intrance themselves in Admiration of the lovely Idea's of Vertue : Nor will the Ladies (made doubtless of a Mold much finer, and less sulphureous, then other courser Mortals are) be pleased to hear their *sweet and clear Flames* should be aspersed with the mixture of gross and footy Exhalations, such as arise from ardors of the Body. But yet still we hold it Essential to true Love, that it keep within the Bounds of *Honour and Vertue*, and that there is such Loves, we are certain ; but if your Love breaks those bounds, it loses so fair a name ; our Language has a much worse for it, and it degenerates into Lust, the very sound of which a Civil Ear can scarce endure ; and this it does as oft as either the Object, or other Circumstances thereof, are unlawful. We know there are a great many Men in the World wou'd make Love nothing else ; they wou'd turn the *God* into *Satyr*, pretty little *Cupid* into a foul *Priapus* ; but all they can mean by't is fairly owning that their Love is nothing else, and consequently won't believe there's any other, because they have no Notion of it ; taking *Woman* in general, the whole Sex we mean, as the Object of their Desires : At which rate they out-do the *Great Turk* himself ; for his Love, as they call it, is confin'd perhaps to a few Hundreds, but their *Seraglio* is all the *World*, and a Bull must unavoidably be as true a Lover as they, when he divides his Courtship among the whole *Herd*s of the *Milky Mithers*—— Nor can we think any Lady will entertain a Spark of this Principle in her Service, unless she has the Ambition of passing for *Pasiphae's* Rival.

However, Mr. Wem, we'll present you a Picture of Love in little, not copied from the descriptions of other Mens Fancies, but drawn from our own Experience. And here we shall first discourse— of *Love in General*.

Love is the Authour of many wonderful Adventures. But we will not undertake fully to explain the mysterious nature of this Passion, which all are subject to, and none clearly understand; and think it well defined by him, who said, *It is I know not what, which came I know not whence, and went away I know not how.* 'Tis——

*A pleasing Sweetness, harmless Fire,
A Tender melting gay Desire;
A Something more than Wealth or Fame;
A tender Something wants a Name.*

Socrates called it the Desire of Beauty; St. Thomas affirmed it to be, a complacency of the Appetite in the thing which is Lovely. 'Tis very much like Light, a thing that every Body knows, and yet none can tell what to make of it:

*The cause of Love can never be Assign'd;
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.*

'Tis not Money, Fortune, Jointure, Raveing,
Stabbing, Hanging, Romancing, Floucing,
Swearing, Ramping, Desiring—— Fighting,
Dying, —— Indeed *Hudibras* says,

*He that Hangs himself, or beats out's Brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns.*

Yet all these have bin, are, and still will be mistaken, and miscalled for it. What shall we say of it? 'Tis a pretty little soft thing that plays about the Heart; and those who have it, will know it well enough by this Description.—'Tis extremely like a Sigh, and could we find a Painter could draw one, you'd easily mistake it for the other: 'Tis all over Eyes; so far is it from being blind, as some old Dotards have describ'd it, who certainly were Blind themselves: It has a Mouth too, and a pair of pretty Hands; but yet the Hands speak, and you may feel at a distance every Word that comes from the Mouth, gently stealing through your very Soul. Yet thus much we have learn'd from *Dear Experience*, that it is an imperious Passion; which, once entered upon the borders of the Mind; instantly becomes a Tyrant, over-running all the faculties, subverting the Laws and Government of Reason, and Demolishing all the Fortresses, that either Wisdom or Modesty can raise against it.

*Love is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate;
Laws for Defence of Civil Rights are plac'd,
Love throws the Fences down, and makes a general
waste:
Maids, Widows, Wives, without distinction fall,
The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on and covers all.*

It is a kind of *Magick*, against which Nature hath given us no power of Resistance, for, insinuating insensibly into the Soul, like a maskt Enemy, it suddenly surpriseth and takes Possession of all the Strengths of it, and like a subtle Poison, discovers not its entrance, till it be leisure or conquest.

*Behold us Sir, all Lovers, Soldiers are ;
For Cupid has his Tents; and Lovers, War ;
Both rise up early, and both sit up late ;
Both stand as Centinels by equal Fate ;
This, at his Captains Tent ; that, at his Mistress Gate. }
The one our Lover and the Soldier goes
Through thickest Troops, where danger does oppose ;
Through Midnight Watches and strong Guards they pass,
One for his Fame, the other for his Lass.
And he that for the War, or Love is fit,
Must be a Man of Courage, Sense and Wit :
At Love's Command we through all dangers rove ;
The Man that wants Employment, let him Love.*

Like the Venemous Spiders of *Calabria*, it destroys us with tickling, and making us Dance. It scorneth the prevention of Prudence, and slighteth the prepossession of Griet. Being once in Love, we believe our desires cannot be noble, untill they are extream ; nor generous, unless they be rash.

*But far above the rest, the furious Mare,
Barr'd from the Male, is Frantick with Despair :
For Love she'll force thro' thickets of the Wood,
And climb the steepy Hills, and stem the Flood ;*

*Thus every Creature, and of every kind,
The secret Foyes of sweet Coition find:
Not only Mans Imperial Race, but they
That Wing the Liquil Air, or swim the Sea;
Or haunt the Delart, rush into the Flame:
For Love is Lord of all, and is in all the same.*

The greatest, the wisest, the most resolved
Spirits, have felt the force of Love; nor is
Ambition it self (esteemed Lord Paramount of all
the Passions) able to contest with it, for Absolute
Dominion over the Soul.

*Love's Power's too great to be withstood
By Feeble Humane Flesh and Blood:
'Twas he that brought upon his Knees
The Heft'ring Kill-Cow, Hercules;
Reduc'd his Leaguer Lyons-Skin
T' a Petticoat, and made him Spin.*

The Reason, why Corporal Beauty so delighteth
the Senses, and ravisheth the Soul, is only because
it is a Mark or Sign of that interior power or a-
greeableness, which is in the subject to which it
adhereth, and which our Appetite wanteth, in
order to its attainment of that perfection,
which is required to its nature. But,

*Virtue (Dear Sir) needs no Defence
The surest Guard is Innocence;
None know, till Guilt created Fear,
What Darts or Poyson'd Arrows were.*