

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, Reader, pretend no more to Platonick Courtship, except you cou'd meet with such meer Angels as were *Cloris*, *Daphne*, *Sabina*, and the invisible *Ariadne*, with whom corresponded many Years, without one sensual Wish or Thought; for I do think the End of Love, is the full Fruition of the Party belov'd; for it cannot follow in Reason that because the Sauce is good which shou'd provoke our Appetite, therefore I should forsake the Meat for which it was made: Believe me, Reader, the Qualities of the Mind and the Beauty of the Body, are the Sauce to whet our Stomacks, 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 altogether, Reader, you to your Fancy, and I to mine; for the Learned must differ. But if I en't partial to my own Notions, I think I have fairly prov'd what I said before *That the greatest Platonick is no longer so, when (with Justice and Honour) he can be otherwise.* And therefore I'm afraid, the Pretence of *Absolute Platonism*, is only a demure Bawd to secret Whoring; for 'tis a Matter of common Observation, that those have as gross Inclinations, as other People in a Corner, who seem to care for nothing but the Soul in Publick: But however it may be with such Platonicks, as follow not the Mode of Opportunity; I'm sure, as to myself, I found *Platonick Love* too thin a Diet to continue me long a Widower; and therefore when all is said that can be in Defence of *Platonick Courtship*, I can't get over it, but (if a Wife dies, or a double Courtship becomes lawful) there's Flesh and Blood at the Bottom of it; for were there not some kind Design in't, our *Absolute Platonicks* (for Conditional Platonism I hold innocent, and was very necessary in my first Addresses to *Cloris*) wou'd never begin Courtship with the Soul, but that they know 'tis tagg'd to something else, which they resolve to wed if ever they are blest with a fair Opportunity.

Then, Reader, whenever you court the Soul of a beautiful Woman, especially if you can't be content with such Airy Diet as writing and loving at a Distance, but begin to sigh and wish, and think your self unhappy; then beware of Stings, for (if you'll believe my own Experience) there's certainly Poison (or *Flesh*, which is full as malicious  
and

and troublesome) that lies under the gilded Superficies; for these *Passions* seem not so properly seated in the Mind as the Body, or only in the insensible Soul, which is hardly different from it; for as I was now courting both the Soul and Body together, I was no longer for a distant View of *Cloris*, but for a close and distinct Gratification of both Soul and Body in a *Double Courtship*.

*This Cupid hath by's sly and subtle Art,  
A certain Arrow shot and pierc'd my Heart:  
What shall I do to be receiv'd on Love?  
There is but one Way, and that one I'll prove;  
I'll steal his Arrows, and will head them new  
With Womens Hearts, and then they'll ne'er fly true.*

However, were Women never so false, they are Women still, and if we tenderly love their Souls, 'tis a thousand to one but at last we as passionately love their Bodies; for, Reader, you may as well talk of Love, without loving, as without desiring; and when you can shew the Love-Letters between a Pair of Souls, or the History of the Angelical Amours of *Nakar* and *Damilkar*, or can tell me the Taste of those immaterial Kisses that a certain Dutchess talks of, then I shall believe that our absolute Platonicks believe themselves when they talk of these Matters, and that they are full as spiritual as they tell us, or at least that they are as chaste as we Platonicks, who court and wed according to the Mode of Opportunity; not but I believe their Love may still be enough Platonical, and full as pure as was that of the Philosopher that gave it the Name, who if he were not very much wrong'd, never lov'd Virtue so refinedly, as to like or court her so passionately in a foul or homely Habitation, as he did in those that were more beautiful and lovely.

1.

*Tell me no more of Minds embracing Minds,  
And Hearts exchang'd for Hearts;  
That Spirits meet Spirits, as Winds do Winds,  
And mix their subtlest Parts:  
That two unbody'd Essences may kiss,  
And then like Angels twist and feel no Bliss.*

2.

*I thought this true, 'till I saw *Cloris* Face;  
But then my Love grew Flesh and Blood apace,  
And I drop'd Plato in a close Embrace.  
Nor doth a Glance, only a Glance beget;  
One Look gets Love, the next doth nourish it.  
This was my Case, there was no over-ruling;  
So that Soul Courtship's but Platonic Fooling.*

}  
}

3.

*I was that silly Thing that once was wrought  
To practise this thin Love:  
I climb'd from Sex to Soul, from Soul to Thought ;  
But thinking there to move,  
Headlong I roll'd from Thought to Soul, and then  
From Soul I lighted at the Sex agen.*

4.

*I first lov'd Cloris for her Wit and Sense,  
I thought all Flesh and Blood was banish'd thence :  
But Soul and Body do so close unite,  
Where one does love the other claims a Right.  
Then he that thinks his Flesh to over-rule,  
Proves ( as I did ) a double Courting Fool.*

5.

*As some strict down-look'd Men pretend to fast,  
Who yet in Closets eat ;  
So Lovers who profess they Spirits taste,  
Feed yet on grosser Meat.  
I know they boast they Souls to Souls convey,  
Howe'er they meet the Body in the Way.*

6.

*'Tis true, for Cloris, she was so divine,  
She wou'd be courted like a Cherubim :  
But Love, Camelion-like, can't live by Air  
Of Womens Breath, without that courser Fare  
Of double Courtship — This was Dunton's Stain,  
For seeing Cloris, he turn'd Flesh again.*

Thus Reader, I have given thee *The History of my dear Courtship to Philomela, as 'twas an Amour according to the Mode of Plato and Opportunity ;* and now you know what Platonick and Corporal Love is ; I'll tell you who 'twas lov'd.

Well then, having now seen the Person of *Philomela* (which I had never done, or desir'd, had *Iris* liv'd) I shall proceed to draw her *Picture*, in the most lively Colours of *double Courtship*, or transporting View of her Person and Virtues for six Days, can assist me with.

We read of a beautiful young Gentleman, who has often in his Life-time requested to have his *Picture* drawn and courted to it by the greatest Masters of the Age, who desir'd it as a perfect Pattern of Masculine Beauty, but utterly refus'd their Solicitations, telling them, *He intended it not to be done, till a few Days after his Burial ;* and that he wou'd have it drawn to shew to those that are proud of their handsome Faces, what a Change Death makes. Which made C O W L E Y sing,



*The Man who did my Picture draw,  
Will swear (when dead) my Face he never saw.*

When this Gentleman died, his Friends opening his Sepulcher (in order to draw his Picture) they found half his face consumed by Vermin, and his Midriff and Back-bone full of little Serpents, supposed to be bred of the Putrefaction so short a Time had reduc'd him to, and so he stands figur'd amongst his Ancestors. So soon does Death change the fairest Beauty into Loathing; and in a few Years the Case will be just the same with Respect to the beautiful Body of *Philomela*; 'twill not be long e'er Madam Singer (as young and charming as she now is) but will look as frightful as this Gentleman, when his Face was consumed by Vermin: And for that Reason, though I must now draw her with the same Beauty and Grace as I'd draw an *incarnate Seraphim*; (I call her so, as whenever she speaks of Heaven, or any Divine Mystery, she seems rather an Angel fresh from the Scenes of Glory, than a *Mortal* who had only heard of those Wonders at a Distance) but tho' to draw her with these *Perfections*, is to do her Justice, yet I hope to remember what frightful Figure she'll make in the Grave, will (as it did the Youth that would not be drawn 'till after his Death) keep her humble at the Sight of her own Picture, shou'd I draw it ne'er so fine and lovely: But be it as 'twill, the first Picture that *Phidias*, the first Painter, shadowed, was the Portraiture of his own Person, saying, *If it be well, I will paint many besides Phidias; if ill, it shall offend none but Phidias*: And I am much of this Painter's Humour: So that if the Picture I am going to draw be lik'd, more of my Friends must expect theirs; but if I don't now temper my Colours aright, and draw *Philomela* just as she is (and 'twou'd be strange if I shou'd at this great Distance) I'll act as *Phidias* wou'd have done, had he ill succeeded, *Draw no more*: But I assure my self (tho' my Picture be ne'er so unlike *Cloris*) she has Friendship enough to forgive one, who had a Will, tho' not the Power to draw her better: But why shou'd I say she'll forgive me? When she's so averse to having her Picture seen, that in the last Letter she sent to me, she writes thus,

Sir — I am very sorry 'tis too late to have my Character rescu'd, but I beg you for the future to do nothing of that Nature without my Knowledge: I know you intend it as a Favour, but, Sir, 'tis my Choice to die in Oblivion.

So that *Cloris* will be much displeas'd with the following Picture, as she desires to have her Character rescu'd, and to die forgotten; but this is all owing to her Great Humility, who, (as was said of the Countess of Exeter) Has nothing little, nothing mean, but a mean Opinion of her.

*her own Excellencies, and being little in her own Eyes :* However that I may gratify her humble Request of *Living unknown* I do here freely and publickly assure her, I'll never print those ingenious Letters she sent to me (save under her own'd Names) unless by her disowning, or disliking any thing in this Character, she force me to publish a **WHOLE CORRESPONDENCE**; which contain five Hundred Letters on *Platonick Love* — *Codrus* — *Philosophick Melancholly*, and other nice and curious Subjects and in some of these Letters (especially in those on *Platonick Love*) there is a matchless Tendernefs in them, that they cannot fail of affecting the most insensible Hearts with pleasing Agitations: So that if Novelty (or Variety either) have Charms, these five Hundred Letters can't miss of a kind Reception.

But, Reader, perhaps you'll say, What is *Dunton* grown Amorous? Yes really, Sir, I have been dabling in such Matters as well as other People; but you'll find all the Letters that pass between *Cloris* and me so inoffensive, that the very Vestals might read them, and preserve their Innocence: *Pomela* and *Philaret* (or we cou'd not deserve that Title) had rather lay by the Quill, than write at the Expence of Virtue and Religion. In all our five Hundred Letters there's neither Swearing nor Lying, nothing but the pure Transports of *Platonick Love*, all of 'em as harmless as innocent as the Doves of *Venus*.

*Unless we love, Life's but an empty Name,  
Not worth the while, and slowly on it moves;  
'Twas Love that joy'd the Universal Frame,  
And every Creature, every Insect loves.*

However, this is the last Time the World shall ever hear of this Correspondence: Tho' suppose they shou'd, sure I am, my old *Female Querists* will never be weary of a little harmless Love, — or so; — for even Angels love, but (like *Platonick Friends*) they love vertuously and reasonably, and never err in the Object nor the Manner; and if our *She-Wits* had done the same, I wonder what our Sex could have found out to have objected against Women. However, Reader, in these five Hundred Letters (for it may judge by their Bulk, their Number can't be less) that pass between *Madam Singer* and me, they are silenc'd; for I dare be bold to say, That whoever does not come extremely prejudic'd to the Reading of these Letters, will find in them that Chastity of Thought, that Purity of Language, and that Softness and Innocence in the *Platonick Amour*, as he will hardly find in any other secret Correspondence.



own, Reader, the *Women-Haters* will be ready to say, These five Hundred Letters (being a Correspondence between two Persons of a different Sex, and one of 'em marry'd) are *Light, Vain, Airy*; here's Time mispent, and Pains taken on Subjects below the Gravity of *Philaret*, at least of *Philomela*, to employ her self about.

But some Time is no doubt allowable for meer Recreation, this is certainly harmless: These five Hundred Letters consist, chiefly, of *Platonick Love*, and are perfectly innocent; and I don't see why any Mortal that came of a Woman shou'd be angry at 'em: However 'tis, some excuse that the Reverend Dons have set me a President in this Kind; the famous *Norris*, (now Rector of *Bennerton*,) owns himself greatly honour'd by that *Platonick Correspondence* he had with *Madam Astell*, and has publish'd the Letters that pass between 'em. *Mr. Burton* (an eminent Clergy-man) writ the *Anatomy of Love Melancholy*. *Æneas Sylvius* (a grave Divine) Recorded the *Platonick Friendship* of *Lucretia* and *Eurialus*, and so have *Zenophon*, *Plato*, *Socrates*, *Plutarch*, and other Philosophers, written on the same Subject: And even the *Athenian Society* it self (with all its Gravity) has been *Love-sick*; nay, have so far engag'd in a *Double Courtship*, as to love (*Distinctly*) the Soul and Body of the same Woman, at the same Time.

Our Reverend Chaplain (God forgive him) stole a Wife from a Convinticle.

Our Mathematician whin'd (like a Dog in a Halter) for *Mrs. Sault*.

DUNTON, till he consider'd the Matter, was hanging himself for the *Pindarick Lady*; and not a Member of *Athens* but loves an Angel in Feticcoats.

But I hope, Reader, there's no Amorous Treason in all this; for we are all for *Love* in the dull Conjugal Way, (I call it so, as most Husbands kiss a Cherry as amorously as their own Wives) and hope to grow so *spiritual* in time, as to love nothing of a Woman but her Soul.

Reader, *Dunton* is thus rein'd (if I may be allow'd to praise my self) and nothing will be found in my *Double Courtships* (or in any of those *Platonick Letters* that pass between *Cloris* and my self) that will make me blush to own, or another to read.

'Tis true, my *Platonick Amours* are *Sports* that rather improve a Man, by keeping him from worse, than by bringing any considerable Profit, for they are a Sort of *Spiritual Copulation*; and he that enjoys the Air, (tho' *Cowley* cou'd feast on a kind Word) will find it but a lean Mistress: However, these *Hyperphysical Enjoyments* were my Recreation for the Time I corresponded with *Madam Singer*; and I hope the

Reader will grant *Platonick Courtship* ( were it ne'er so tedious ) a little more excusable than fooling away three or four Years, and it may be as many Reams of Paper in doleful Ditties of *Philander* and *Phillis*, which use to be the Practice of those that only court the Body of a Woman, and have been ( till these five Hundred Letters are publish'd ) without a Directory for the making Love to her Soul.

In a Word, The chief Design of my *Correspondence* with *Philomela*, was to make the Lover ( whether *Platonick* or *Sensual* ) as meer an Angel as he thinks his Mistress; and in the five Hundred Letters that past between us, there be several Things that were never handled, nor perhaps never thought of before : So that in this *Correspondence* the whole System of Love is refin'd and enlarg'd ; and shall, if publish'd, be thrown into an easie Method, for the Use of such as wou'd spiritually court the Soul, and as chastly caress the Body, till their Amour ( like mine ) end in a *Double Courtship* : But however diverting and useful these Letters might be to the Publick, they shall never be printed, except ( as I said before ) I'm forc'd to it, as a Proof and Vindication of the following *Character* of *Philomela*, and then I'll dedicate the *Whole Correspondence* to the Memory of my dear and ingenious Friend Mr. *Simon Hamlyn*, who first brought us acquainted, or else to the spiteful *Argus*, as like a *Foot-Pad*, he intercepted our Letters for several Months, and at last suppress'd our truly *Innocent Correspondence*, 'till I renew'd it my self by a Ramble to *Agford* \*, where I soon chang'd my first *Platonick Address* into a *Double Courtship* ; but *Flesh and Blood* being too gross Food for a *Platonick Lover*, the Siege lasted but six Days, and was then rais'd, but with much Honour on both Sides.

*Reason at last has got the Day ;  
To Cloris Yoke no more I bow,  
The harder 'twas to break away,  
The sweeter is my Freedom now :  
Yet I resolve the scornful Nymph to see,  
And tell her I'm as unconcern'd as she.*

*But why shou'd I a visit make,  
To her whose Charms I did admire,  
Unless my Soul her Part does take,  
Unknowing of its amorous Fire ?*

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\* *Agford* is a small Village near *Frome* in *Somersetshire*, where I gave *Philomela* a Visit, by Consent of her pious and aged Father Mr. *Walter Singer*, I stay'd there and at *Frome* about six Days.

*Alas! my Flames are greater than before,  
For he loves most, who thinks he loves no more.*

And therefore, *Cloris*, I don't see why you shou'd boast any more of the Conquest your Eyes made at our first Interview (over my whole Man, Body and Soul) than I did of that Modest Repulse you gave me; for,

*Tho' at first Sight you took my Heart,  
It adds not to your Fame,  
Think not you play'd a Cæsar's Part,  
Came, saw, and overcame.*

*The Fort did yield, but was not ta'n,  
It never struck a Blow;  
So you cou'd not a Conquest gain,  
Where you had ne'er a Foe.*

*What Honour is't to murder one,  
Who no Resistance made?  
To storm and sack a Friendly Town,  
Whose Gates are open laid.*

*In this more Glory you shall find,  
Be Just as you are Fair,  
To me who do submit be kind,  
To Rebels be severe.*

But as *Cloris* was too Divine and Spiritual to clog her Mind with a sensual Passion, so I (as much as I doated on her) durst not continue to court an *Angel* that did not return LOVE FOR LOVE; and so we parted\*, never to meet again, except in Heaven; but why shou'd I say we parted.

*No! prove me absent first (which can't be done)  
For I am with her tho' she liv'd at Rome;  
Planets are where they work, not where they move,  
I am not where I live, but where I love.*

And this leads me to what in the Title to this Project, I call *Dunton's Character of Madam Singer*, writ when he was a Widower.

And here I shall first Attempt a *General*, and then a more *Particular Character of Philomela*: For *Cloris* being a *Primitive Christian*, (or nice Pattern of holy Living) I'll draw her Picture at full Length.

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\* At Agford, September the 10th, 1697.



The *Pindarick Lady in the West*, alias *Philomela*, alias *Cloris*, alias *Madam Singer*, may properly be call'd, *The Western Nightingal*, for her incomparable Wit, and Skill in Harmony.

*The dying Swan advanc'd with silver Wings,  
So in the Sedges of Meander sings.*

Sure Angels sit and listen to her Song! All Musick's nothing if compar'd with the sweet Notes of *Philomela*.

*Ye feather'd Quire, forbear a while your Song,  
So sweet her Voice, ye cannot think her long.  
Give ear ye Syrens, who on Seas do dwell,  
Learn hence to sing, ye never sung so well,  
She is indeed the Western Nightingal.*

When she lays her Hands to the *Spinnet*, or charms with her heavenly Tongue, I cou'd turn *Camelion*, and live for ever on this Air: Blessed *Agford*! I call it so, as 'tis the present Residence of *Philomela*; 'twas to this Place and to this Lady that my *Reverend Friend* \* made a Visit on my Behalt, But *Presto* be gone, for I'm now in *London* again, where (as I said before) *Cloris* often obliged the *Athenian Society* with Variety of Inimitable Poems, I printed a Collection of this Lady's Poems in the Year 97, which were lately Re-printed, with such large Additions, by the ingenious and truly pious *Mr. Bowden*, that when ever I take 'em up,

*In vain alas, in vain my Fate I scorn,  
I read, and sigh, and love, and am undone:  
Circean Charms, and Female Arts, we prove  
Transported all to some New World of Love.  
Tyrannous Charmer hold! our Sense, our Soul restore,  
Monopolize not Love, nor make thy Friends adore.*

To write plain English, she has certainly the richest Genius of her Sex; and to convince you of it, I shall only refer you to her Letters on *Platonick Love* (Part of which the Reader will find in the *Athenian Spy*); to her *Paraphrase* upon the *Canticles*, and the *Fable of Phaeton*, which he may meet with in the Collection I have mention'd. She knows the Purity of our Tongue, and converses with all the Briskness and the Gaiety that she writes. Her Stile is noble, and flowing, and her Images are very vivid and shining, and (which makes her a *Double Fortune*, tho' she won't accept of a *Double Courtship*) she's as Beautiful as she's Witty.

1.

And here and there she innocently slays  
 With an unaiming Dart;  
 And none resist her when with Skill  
 She levels at the Heart.

2.

Bright Wonder of her Sex, with Ease she wields,  
 Vast Thoughts and more refin'd;  
 And greater far than e'er were yet  
 Grasp'd by a Female Mind.

3.

If thus her Pen is Cupid's Dart,  
 Her Letters Philtres all;  
 And both are level'd at a Heart,  
 How can it chuse but fall?

Her pious Friend Mr. Bowden (with whom she entrusted the Re-printing her Collection of Poems, before recited) gives her this noble Character: "She's an Author of unquestionable Reputation in Poetry; and that ingenious Gentleman Mr. Prior, in his late celebrated Piece, entituled Poems on several Occasions, tells the World, "I must likewise own my self oblig'd to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a Pastoral of her Writing, in which the Softness of her Sex, and the Fineness of her Genius conspire to give her a very distinguishing Character — And I'm sure Philomela must have a distinguishing Character indeed, if the ingenious Prior says she deserves it; for as a late Author observes of him \*,"

What Man with Thirst of glorious Acts wou'd burn,  
 Till Prior's Muses to the Court return?  
 Philip wou'd leave the fertile Fields of Spain,  
 To hear this Syren of his Loss complain,  
 And the Great Lewis wou'd half his Conquests lose,  
 To be the Subject of his tuneful Muse.

This Character given of Madam Singer by such a first Rate Poet as Mr. Prior, can't but convince the severest Criticks that Philomela (as if Poetry were her Birth-right) not only out-shines the rest of her Sex in Wit and Sense (which has rais'd her so high in the Lady Weymouth's Friendship) but has fathom'd the vast Body of Learning, and in every several Part of it is Mistress: Nor does her Poems alone, (especially those entituled *A Collection of Divine Hymns*) relish of her Wit and Piety, for she reads not of a Virtue which she afterwards puts not into Act, and adds to it a greater Beau-

\* In his Poem entituled The Battel of Oudenard; in two Cantos.

ty than it had in the Example. 'Tis in *Philomela* (as in her worthy Ancestors) that Piety still, and Ingenuity join Qualities that sympathize so much with the pious Name of *Singer*. So that in *Cloris's* Character (as I said in the Title to this Project) is fully exemplify'd, *The Primitive Christian, or a Nice Pattern of Holy Living*; for (like the Primitive Christians) her *Charity* is extensive, tho' 'tis managed with the greatest Secrecy; Her Heart is sincerely obedient to her pious and aged Father; Her *Humour* is full of Kindness and good Nature; she is affable and easie of Access, and converses with Persons of all Conditions, without lessening her Character.

When Persons of Figure are thus Religious, their Example is expos'd to View and Imitation; their Character spreads and recommends the Practice of Christianity with wonderful Advantage; when those who are possess'd of this World are in quest of another, and pursue their Interests in Eternity, it argues strongly that this can't be the State of Happiness and Rest. We have a pregnant Instance of this Nature in *Madam Singer*, whose Mind is serious and always urg'd on with a generous Thirst after Virtue; and 'tis remarkable her Understanding does not improve too fast for her Practice: She is well skill'd in the Doctrines of the Christian Faith, and can discourse consistently upon the most difficult Articles in Religion; The Holy Scriptures are the Subject of her Thoughts, they form her Life and Manners, and refine her Practice, and her whole Conduct may be safely follow'd as the perfect Standard of Piety and Virtue; her Attendance at *Meetings*, (for she is a Dissenter but no Bigot to any Party) is devout and constant; she is not Religious only by Start and Sally, her Principles are better fix'd, and her Dispositions have more of Grace in 'em than to suffer any Intermissions in Matters of such Importance.

Her *Zeal* has nothing of Frenzy or Passion, which is too common with the fair Sex; she manages with Prudence and Decency in the midst of Religious Worship, and always keeps within the Bounds of Revelation and Reason.

*Philomela* is sensible that publick Devotions warm her Heart, strengthen her Resolution, and confirm her Peace. She neither neglects the Pleasures of Life, nor pursues 'em too close: She does not over-love the Creature, her greatest Hopes are anchor'd in Eternity, and thence her Satisfaction are deriv'd: But I need not enlarge upon this Head. 'Tis well known *Madam Singer* takes that Delight in doing good, as if she had no other Errand in the World: Should I say she is without Sin, I shou'd impiously contradict the Scriptures; shou'd I say she has any, I shou'd unjustly go against



ainst my own Knowledge; for none of my *Athenian* Bre-  
 ren, nor my self, ( who was the only Person of the whole  
*Athenian Society* that had the Honour to correspond with her )  
 wu'd ever discover in her the least Imperfection. Sure I am  
 she has Infirmities, they are intestate, unless she place her  
 own Conscience for a Witness, which it will not better be-  
 come to judge it self, than it will do my Charity to clear it.  
 This Testimony, Truth and the *Athenian Society* com-  
 manded me to give her, and to commend to Posterity.

Neither do I flatter *Philomela* in all this; for to the Ad-  
 vantage of a most noble Education, she has conjoin'd in  
 her own Person whatever is particularly excellent in all the  
 Studies in the two Kingdoms.

Her Closet is the withdrawing Room wherein she does  
 most delight, because there she does entertain Communion  
 with Heaven.

Witness ye everlasting Lamps above,  
 Ye sacred Lights that round us nightly move:  
 Witness how oft, when the long Day was done,  
 And all Devotion silent but her own, (Throne. }  
 You've seen her on her Knees before th' Immortal }  
 As if at neither Morning, Noon and Even;  
 There Hours enough to Piety were given:  
 Part of the Night in Prayer she always spent,  
 The Time by most, to Wine and Lewdness lent:  
 No Hypocrite, e'er with more Ardor cou'd  
 Unseen, be Ill, than she'd unseen be Good;  
 Whatever doing, or where e'er she were,  
 Her Privacies does no Detection fear;  
 We ne'er can find her when unfit to see,  
 Nor hear her, but the Theme is Piety.  
 No Faith by Works, was ever oftner shown,  
 If when no Act of Charity is done, }  
 That Day be lost ——— She never squander'd One. }  
 The Primitive Christian is EXEMPLIFY'D,  
 In all she does, her Virtue has been try'd.  
 " So much a Saint, I scarce dare call her so,  
 " For fear to wrong her with a Name too low.  
 No Fears, by which our Scepticks are distress,  
 E'er found the least Admittance to her Breast:  
 Wheree'er she turns her View, Sea, Earth and Skies;  
 G O D, in his Works, is present to her Eyes.  
 Unbappy they that see this wondrous Frame,  
 And after, make a Doubt from whence it came!  
 Her Converſe tho' 'twas chearful, ne'er was vain;  
 Her Soul wou'd start to hear a Word profane.

*She is a Mortal Woman angeliz'd,  
In Thought, in Looks, and every Thing beside :  
She's truly P I O U S, Chaste, and free from Blame,  
Not like a Primitive Christian, but the same.*

Her Devotion has more of Seriousness than Pomp, and the Seasons of it many Times stolen to avoid Ostentation; not like those fluttering Women, who will be sure to frequent publick Prayers *Morning and Evening*, and hug their Prayer-Books in their Hands as they walk the Streets, and ruffle them over in their Closets, without any thing else that looks like Religion in the whole Course of their Lives: her Closet is furnish'd with the *Holy Bible*, *Lady's Calling*, *Bishop Kenn's Hymns* \*; and other Practical Books instead of dead lifeless Controversies, Play-Books and Romances; when she comes from her Closet, it is perceptible to her Father, and his whole Family, that she has been with God: Her first Visit in the Morning is to Heaven, and the sweet Smell of that cannot be worn off by any other Visits throughout the Day: She is like *Martha*, not slothful in Business, and at the same Time like *Mary*, fervent in Spirit, serving the Lord.

*Such her Devotion is, as might give Rules  
Of Speculation, to disputing Schools ;  
And teach us equally the Scales to hold,  
Betwixt the two Extreems of Hot and Cold ;  
That pious Heat may mod'rately prevail,  
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd, with Zeal.  
Business might shorten, not disturb her Prayer,  
Heaven had the best, if not the greater Share :  
An active Life, long Oraisons forbids,  
Yet still she prays, for still she prays by Deeds.  
In short she is, I scarce can tell the best,  
Some say an ANGEL, Hamlin did protest,  
A Primitive Saint, or Virgin, was the least.*

She knows her Soul is more excellent than her Body, and therefore does spend the chief of her Time about the Affairs of Eternity; and is more frequent at her Prayers, than at the Toilet, or Glass; the Review of which made her (in her dangerous Sicknes about Ten Years ago) so willing to die: Her Words are far from being idle or affected, but are always useful to the Edification of others; nay, I verily think she has neither a Thought, a Word, nor a Look, contrary to the strict Rules of Virtue. How far is she from receive

\* Late Bishop of Bath and Wells.

or delighting in Tale-bearers, who separate chief  
 ends — or in entertaining Visitors with Censures upon  
 Failures of other Women, which is too much the Pra-  
 ctice now-a-days. Talkativeness, the common Failure of  
 the Sex, is no Blemish of *Philomela's*; she is far from mono-  
 polizing all Conversation to her self, but is readier to  
 listen than to speak; and can bear to hear of her Faults (if  
 she has any) without thinking her self affronted: neither  
 the greatest Abuse make her Implacable, as knowing  
 the Glory of Man and Woman to pass by Infirmities;  
 as we pray daily to God to pass by our own, so God  
 lets the same from us one to another.

Her Visits are not tedious nor trivial, but design'd for  
 the Advantage of Conversation, and the Continuance of  
 Friendship; and when she is visited her self, entertains her  
 Friends, not with a starch'd Formality, or foolish imperti-  
 nent Trifles, but with something that may be useful to their  
 Ends, as well as to exercise their Tongues.

How serious are her Preparations for Publick Worship,  
 how much concern'd to have her Father's Family (for  
 being an only Daughter, she is entrusted with the sole  
 Government of Domestick Affairs) deliver'd from those  
 Circumstances which might hinder them to attend the same.  
 Her Care to have her Soul in readiness, to hear what God  
 has to say, is greater than that of having her Body adorn'd,  
 contrary to the common Practice of our Age. How atten-  
 tive is she when at Sermons? (especially if the ingenious  
*Golden Preach*): And with what Greediness does she suck  
 the sincere Milk of the Word, and how Conscientious to  
 see that her Father's Servants take heed to what they hear,  
 that they perform their Duty to God as well as to him  
 — Neither does she think to compound with Heaven,  
 being thus zealous in religious Duties, that she may  
 Murder, Covet, Lie, and act other Sins with the greater  
 Impunity.

The Extensiveness of her Charity, (as I shew'd before) is  
 another Character, which endears her Friendship and makes  
 her precious to the Poor of *Agford, Frome, Bristol*, as well as  
 to others who feel the Effects of it. How like to the Author  
 of all Good does that excellent Grace make her, and how  
 does it adorn her holy Profession! *Dionysius* the Tyrant won-  
 der'd at his Son, that with all the Gold and Silver he had in  
 his House he had made no Man his Friend; but *Philomela* is  
 so innocently frugal, that she may be bountifully Charitable.  
 And the Truth is, the best and surest Way to have any out-  
 ward Mercy, is to be content to want it, or to make good  
 use of what we have: When Men's Desires are over eager  
 for the World, they must have so much a Year, and a  
 House



House well furnish'd, or else they will not be contented. God usually, if not constantly breaks their Wills, by denying them, or else puts a Sting into them, that a Man had as good have been without them. If a Man have but a little Income, if he have a great Blessing, (and like *Philomela*,) have a Heart to do good with the little he has, that's enough to make it up: Alas! we must not account Mercies by the Bulk. What if another have a Pound for an Ounce, if mine be Gold for his Silver, I will never quarrel with him. 'Tis *Philomela* that crosses the Proverb, *That Fortune sees not where she bestows her Gifts*; that most commonly they fall to the Share of those who have not Hearts to receive them; for her great Charity has brought that excellent Character upon her of being Kind and Generous beyond others. *Philomela* knows, *We brought nothing into this World and shall carry nothing out*; so does all the Good she can whilst she lives, in this imitating *Sir John Frederick*, who made his own Hands his Executors, and his Eyes the Overseers — 'Tis observ'd, that *Covetousness is the only Sin that grows young as Men grow old*: But 'tis not so in *Philomela*, she lives in the World so much above it, as is an Evidence of the real Greatness of her Soul, and that she thinks but a little Thing wherein others place Greatness; this is her Charity so natural to her, that 'tis scarce a Virtue.

A good Bishop (says a late Writer) cou'd have preached an Hour together, in saying nothing but *Beware of Covetousness*; and so charitable is *Philomela*, that her whole Life seems to be one continu'd Satyr against Avarice — She is

*A general Good — the Rich may freely come  
As to a Friend, and to the Poor she's Home;  
To Cloris Loaves the Sick and Needy came.  
The Hunger-starv'd, the Naked, and the Lame;  
Want and Diseases fly before her Name.*

*Sure she has Guests sometimes to entertain,  
Guests in disguise, of her great Master's Train:  
Her Lord himself might come, for ought we know;  
Since in a Servant's Form he liv'd below:  
Beneath her Roof, he might be pleas'd to stay;  
Or some benighted Angel, in his Way  
Might ease his Wings; and seeing Heav'n appear,  
In its best Work of Mercy, think it there,  
Where all the Deeds of Charity and Love  
Are in as constant Method, as Above:  
All carry'd on; all of a Piece with theirs;  
As free her Alms, as diligent her Cares;  
As loud her Praises, and as warm her Prayers.*

Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,  
 And wisely manag'd, that the Stock might last;  
 That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve  
 When Crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve.  
 Which to prevent, she still encreas'd her Store;  
 Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more.  
 Thus Heav'n, though All-sufficient, shows a Thrift  
 In his Oeconomy, and bounds his Gift:  
 Creating for our Day, one single Light;  
 And his Reflection too supplies the Night:  
 Perhaps a Thousand other Worlds, that lie  
 Remote from us, and latent in the Sky,  
 Are lighten'd by his Beams, and kindly nurst;  
 Of which our Earthly Dunghil is the worst.

Now, as all Virtues keep the middle Line,  
 Yet somewhat more to one Extream incline:  
 Such was her Soul; abhorring Avarice,  
 Bounteous, but, almost Bounteous to a Vice.

And as Philomela is truly Charitable to the Poor and  
 needy; so she is as truly Compassionate to the Unfortunate,  
 which my self was a Remarkable Instance; for whilst I  
 pour'd under some Difficulties (occasion'd by the matchless  
 varice of a cruel and cheating Mother-in-law) Philomela  
 like the good Samaritan) pour'd Oil and Wine into my  
 wounds, by sending me the following Letter.

Mr. Dunton,

Am sorry my Name is in the late Collection of Divine  
 Poems, which was the Book I offer'd to procure the Profit of  
 the Copy for you. I offer you one thing more, writ by an  
 acquaintance of mine, viz. A Translation of a Treatise of  
 devotion, writ in French by Mr. Ferieu: 'Tis English'd  
 with a great deal of Spirit, and very good Language, if you think  
 it will be any Advantage to you, I'll procure it; but if not, you  
 may freely refuse it, for I assure you, your Profit is the only Rea-  
 son that I propose this, nor wou'd I advise you to venture  
 printing it your self, but to sell the Copy, therefore pray be free  
 in your Answer, for my Friend can easily dispose of it, not writ-  
 ing himself for Profit. Direct to me as before, and let me  
 have your speedy Answer. ——— Your Friend Mr. Hamlin is

Thus, Reader, you see by this GENERAL CHARACTER of *Madam Singer*, that she seems to have been designed for the Model of all Female, Platonick, Generous and Social Virtues:

She is admirably qualified with natural Endowments both of Body and Mind; she has a good Memory, clear and quick Apprehension; her Passions, Temper and Inclinations, moderate and free from all Excess, least to all Appearance, for her Body is in perfect Subjection to her Soul; she was so happy to choose the Paths of Virtue from her *Infancy*, in a strict Observance of her Duty to her Parents, wherein she plac'd her whole Delight, and an absolute Stranger to all the trifling Pleasures of Vanities and youthful Gaieties: She has a mighty Ambition to outdo the Expectation of her Friends and Relations in all good Qualities, and has such an invincible Courage, and indefatigable Industry; that no Difficulties could ever surmount whereby she got such an early Habit of Virtue and Beneficence, that to do Acts of Mercy and Kindness, is become natural, easie and pleasant to her; not to her Friends only and those she loves, but to all Persons without Exception that need her Help (of which her offering me *Ferieu's* Treatise was a noble Instance) and so great is the Joy and Pleasure she takes in doing good, that for that time she forgets the frail Condition of Mortality, and thinks to live like an Angel without Food or Sleep: And truly, if those come nearest to the Life of Angels (or of the Primitive Christians) that heed the finest Things, she may be justly thought to want little of that Perfection; for 'tis Angelical to live up to the exactest Rules of Temperance, Sobriety, and Chastity, which she does. As to her Temperance in eating and drinking, (tho' she is skillful to the greatest Nicety in preparing *sine Dishes*) she ever chooses for her own eating the plainest Diet, and makes it a Rule she never once transgresses: Her Sobriety also is such, she finds rather a Discom-  
mance than Pleasure in what the World calls Diversion; she seeks no Hours of Mirth to take off sad Thoughts, for her Temper is chearful and contented, with the Satisfaction alone of endeavouring to do her Duty, and then her Love to Chastity appears no less in all her Actions, her *Words and Looks* declare it as well as the exact Modesty she observes in her Dress; and she prefers that Degree of living unmarried, if God sees fit — She is a Person naturally qualify'd for this great *Virgin-Honour* she desires her self of living a Maid; for she has a good discerning Judgment which makes her sensible of her happy Choice as the World now goes: She has a great and lofty Mind



which forbids her to exchange her Liberty for any trifling Advantage of Honour or Riches.

Her *Passions* are so moderate, Fame and Glory can't exalt her, nor unjust Reproach or Contempt deject her; she can see her own Defects with Patience, and own 'em out of love to Truth: She knows the undaunted Spirit of the World surprizes and confounds her, she therefore spares her own *Weakness* (if she has any) by avoiding publick Company and Conversation, where she neither edifies her self or them, she knows her self carry'd more to Speculation than Action, and considers what a Cypher of a Wife she would make if she marry'd a *Platonick Lover* according to the Corporal Ceremony; and I judge this might be one Reason why my *Double Courtship* prov'd unsuccessful, and will do so to other Lovers that shall presume to court her as *Life and Blood*, for,

Hate is the Nobler Passion far  
 When Love is ill repaid;  
 For at one Blow it ends the War,  
 And cures the Love-sick Maid.

*Philomela* loves *Mortification*, but 'tis of the Mind rather than the Body: She always keeps a spare Diet but is no friend to Fasting and Austerities, her Constitution will not bear it: She has a very mean Opinion of the transient pleasures of nice Eating, and the fame of high Living, she values but NEATNESS, and she'll give up all the rest to those that like it.

The Quality *Philomela* esteems as most useful to her is FORWARDNESS; those that constitute Pride for the chief Guard of a Woman's Honour, overlook'd this admirable Quality; for all that can be formidable to a Woman is Shame and Blushing, from all other Injuries the Men protects 'em, but from this Danger nothing but *Cowardice* that fears every thing that threatens Reputation. As to this Quality *Philomela* owes her best Conduct, and makes her avoid the Places of Danger, where the courageous Women expose themselves in Masks, with their agreeable Inter, and dare the World to say or prove any thing against 'em: But *Cloris* is disperited at the Apprehension of any thought such a bold Creature one quarter of an Hour, and wou'd for ever hate the Sight of that Man that shou'd make the Mistake; she cou'd never Glory in a shameful Story: With her the Way to be invincible in that Case is never to contend; neither shall I make any Apology for calling *Cloris* a Coward, for tho' *Cowardice* is a bad Quality in a Man, yet (I think) in a Woman 'tis the best. This Part

of *Philomela's* Character that applauds her Cowardice, is more than I gather from her own Words; for in one of her Letters she writes thus, —

Mr. Dunton,

I Receiv'd your sage Epistle, thank ye, and a fine Pleasant Method of Philosophy 'tis, Heaven give me Grace to digest it; how cou'd one capable of so much Tenderneſs, as you ſometimes expreſs, fall into ſuch a blunt ſtoical Humour of a ſudden, for the ſake of two or three ill ſhap'd Obſtacles you have diſcover'd to me, I'll e'en retire, tho' with a ſullen Brow, that's the Truth on't, tho' 'twas purely your Arguments \*, a little Cowardice of my own, and a certain Accident that has ſince happen'd to S ——— that 'tis to be hop'd will make him the leſs importunate and ſo concludes that Fancy ——— And with thoſe Words ſhe concludes her Letter with only adding ——— So that with a great deal of Penitence for my raſh Deſign, I ſubſcribe,

Your conſtant and oblig'd Friend —

Philomela.

Thus happily diſpoſed, how inconsiderable muſt *Philomela's* Neceſſities needs be? But as little as they are, her Prudence and Humility makes 'em leſs; 'tis with the Aſſiſtance of thoſe Virtues ſhe is able to deny her ſelf every thing that is more than juſt neceſſary to preſerve her Health and well-being, ſo far as to make her uſeful to others ſhe has as much Tenderneſs for all Perſons Frailties and Infirmities, either of Body or Mind, as if ſhe had had full Experience of 'em in her ſelf, and indulges any impatient Satisfaction to others, with as much Pleaſure as for the ſame Reaſon that ſhe denies her ſelf; becauſe ſhe judges it for the good of both; ſhe knows ſhe can be happier without 'em, but thoſe that deſire 'em muſt obtain their Happineſs by the Experience of their Diſappointment. tho' ſhe does good to all, ſhe has a more particular Concern for thoſe that are of the Houſhold of Faith, and only ſuch ſhe chuſes for her Friends; but ſhe is faithful in her Truſt to all that rely on her, and if ever ſhe ſhews any Impatience 'tis when ſome croſs Accident forces her to break her Word.

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\* Argus read that Sentence again [Tho' 'twas purely your Arguments], and if you have one Grain of Honour and Juſtice in you, aſk my Pardon for your ſuppreſſing my Correſpondence with *Cloris*, that I am able to prove by her own Letters (and ſhall be it if further provok'd) was of great Service to her in ſuch Difficulties which ſhe labour'd under.

she hates the very Appearance of Falshood, but to her Friends, she spares no Price or Industry to serve 'em, and her Labour, Care and Diligence, her Purse, her Interest, more than she would do for her self, is not too much for her Friend, for whom she thinks she can never do enough; for 'tis a divine Use she makes of Friendship, to evade the Troubles and Necessities of this Life, that might interrupt the Pursuit of a better, and to animate and encourage each other to a constant Perseverance in the Ways of Virtue and Piety, that if not able to take the Kingdom of Heaven by Violence, yet to arrive there by the easier Steps, being so assisted; and indeed the Crown and Perfection of her Virtues is their having no other Aim than God's Glory: If she avoids Temptation, 'tis that she may do nothing to the Dishonour of God and her Profession: If she denies her self all manner of Indulgence, inuring her self to many Mortifications, 'tis for the Sake of the poor Servants of Jesus Christ, that she may never be out of Capacity of serving them, which is the very Top of her Ambition; and the tender and generous Concern she has for her Friends proceeds from the same Principle, her Love to God's Glory; (for her Friends are to be sure, as far as she can judge, such as fear God) that she may truly say with David, *Thou art my Lord, my Goodness extendeth not to thee, but to the Saints that are in the Earth, and to the Excellent, in whom is all my Delight* — As all these are uncommon Virtues, they may well be observed and proposed to the Imitation of all those that aspire to the Happiness of being a Blessing to all Places where they come, which *Philomela* must needs be, as you see by her nice Method of Living, or will do so before I have finish'd her Character — She exemplifies the Lives of the Primitive Christians in every thing — Now that *Cloris* was thus Pious from her Infancy, thus Generous, Placid, and Self-denying, that strict Observer of her Duty to her Parents, as I hinted before, and consequently that Primitive Christian I describ'd her for in my DOUBLE COURTSHIP, is evidently prov'd by the two Letters she sent to *Iris* and *Philaret* (for there were double Letters, as well as double Courtship between us) of which these are a true Copy.

*Philomela's Letter to Iris.*

YOur Servant, Madam — for I knew as well as cou'd be, you'd have a feminine Itch to break it ope; Women will meet the Devil rather than not see him — Mr. — is at *Hunbridge* it seems — yes — and lies there all Night — come ne'er cry for the Matter, but call for a Candle and put on your Night-dress, and go to Bed, and divert your self



self with one pretty Dream or other ——— you was better half than to stand reading this simple Letter, not that there's any Hurt in it; you need not be jealous, for unless your Spirit be a very Angel, you may keep the kind Philosopher to you for me ——— Therefore dear sweet Lady, seal up the Epistle again, and send it away for Tunbridge, to morrow Morning as soon as you are come down the Stairs; and so I wish you good Night, Madam, soft Sleep, and kind Visions attend ye ——— And now I'll give you the slip and steal away very sullenly to Tunbridge, with more News than perhaps Philaret expects.

Philomela's Letter to Philaret.

**Y**OU need not be in such Hast Sir, you'll know it too soon. I'd fain indulge your Happiness longer; but alas the CRUEL DUTY, (whose Laws by me has ever been most religiously observ'd) forces me from what I prefer to all things that, nor can I without a Sigh reflect on the Loss of such a pleasing and innocent Correspondence (for so I seriously think whatever Constructions the Severity of my Father's Philosophy has put on it, and) to keep you no longer in Suspence, bear the Occasion.

The old Gentleman having no Body else to love but me, and extremely watchful and suspicious, that he's never easie in my Absence, nor secure whilst I'm in his Sight: 'Tis an insufferable Confinement, and yet I do not willingly reflect on my Father's Conduct, for I never met with any thing but Mildness from him; he has been profuse in my Education, and has omitted nothing that came within the Veige of a Female Capacity to accomplish me, nor suffer'd me to live with him for several Years, lest Paternal Awe should depress my Spirits. My Tutors were numerous, and always strove to inspire me with sublime and Rational Principles, and my Father still takes care that I keep no Company but such as are Modest and Honourable, and now, surveying me with Partial Eyes (as every thing in Nature does its own Productions) is afraid every one that speaks to me, has some ill Design or other at the Bottom.

And now I have made way for my Story, and come to tell you the Reason of this Malicious Turn of Fortune, was my Father's seeing a Letter of yours, which by an unlucky Chance happen'd to be in his Way; however he left it in the same Place, and I did not thought any thing of the Matter, 'till about a Week after my Father very civilly warn'd away my conscientious Confident, whom I love extremely, and then told me how ill he liked some certain Letters that lay in my Chamber, and commanded me to break off all Converse with the Gentleman that writ 'em. I was Thunder-struck at the Words, and wonder'd what ill Sense could be put on the Letters; however I made no Reply, only look'd  
with

## Dunton's Character of Madam Singer. 41

the simple, 'till my Father seeing I was not mightily pleas'd with  
Humour of Things, began to speak Complaisant, and then I  
ask'd his Leave to write on some other Subject (which you had  
promis'd); which I obtain'd, but with this hard Condition, not to  
mention the old Theam any more, which tho' we think 'tis  
a pure Friendship — the old Gentleman can't digest such  
alien'd Notions of it; and therefore, Dear Philaret, be satisfy'd,  
since you must inevitably lose all Converse with me, unless you  
submit to this Article. 'Tis no Trick I'll assure you to put you in a  
right, but all Matter of Fact: I solemnly protest, yet believe  
me, I submit to this cruel Imposition with as much Regret as you;  
Friendship's as great, my Sentiments as tender, and Spight  
at these cross Circumstances shall be as Deathless as yours.

Keep your Love true, I dare engage that mine  
Shall like my Soul, Immortal prove;  
In Friendship's ORB how brightly shall we shine,  
Where all shall envy, none divide our Love.

I think you'll be pleas'd now, for I'm resolv'd to be as kind  
I can for Spight, because I'm speaking my EPILOGUE to  
this Subject; but you wou'd not fancy your self oblig'd to For-  
give me for one friendly Expression I write you, if you knew how  
much I was tantalized with your last Letter, which was secretly  
convey'd me in the Company of a young Lady and Gentleman  
with whom I sat in Penance for four or five unconscionable long  
hours after: I could not leave 'em, nor easily stay with them: I  
talk'd a little between sleeping and waking, but could make no  
sense of one Word they spoke to me, and had a scurvy hard Task  
to perswade my self to keep my Hand out of my Pocket till they  
were gone; but take Notice, I tell you this out of meer Spight

And now be sure and observe the Commands I'm going to lay  
on you,

First, You are not to speak one Word to me, beyond the  
common Civility your Sex owes to mine; Nay, ne'er look so sim-  
ple on't, I'm in good earnest.

And what you speak of, Sir, — follow my Example, in  
putting it in a Paper by it self.

Write in Praise of the O W L next, and I'll answer it, and  
use my Subject for another Time.

But I'm just going to be spightful again, and therefore as soon  
as ever I have cou'd to love you till I die, I'll subscribe —

Yours, in the most Virtuous and Lasting  
Tyes of Friendship, —

Philemela

To this Letter Iris return'd the following Answer.

“ **Y**OU was not mistaken (Dear Madam) when you  
 “ believ'd I should break open your Letter; 'tis a  
 “ Freedom we Women take that are blest with such  
 “ obliging Husbands as I have: I read it, took your Ad-  
 “ vice, and sent it that Night for Tunbridge, went to Bed  
 “ and diverted my self with the Thoughts of that Pure and  
 “ Virtuous Friendship, which was begun between Cloris and  
 “ Philaret, and was much concern'd at that unhappy Ac-  
 “ cident which threatned the putting a Stop to it, in  
 “ your Platonick Letters have not been more diverting to  
 “ Philaret, than they have been Satisfactory to

Your Humble Servant,

I R I S.

Iris sent this Answer to Cloris Letter, by the first Post, and in a Week after, Philaret himself writ the following Answer.

Philaret's Answer to Philomela's Letter.

From Mount-Sion, near Tunbridge-Wells, August 20th 1697

Madam,

“ **M**Y Dear Iris sent me your Letter by the first Post, which I shall send you but one little Scrap of an Answer, but that as full as it can hold of Grief for your late Surprise; but don't start when I tell you, 'tis not that Mishap, but only a fear to displease you which forbids me to go on with expressing the most innocent Affection in the World; but tho' I must spend Ink on PLATONICK LOVE for the present, yet I will bottle up a deal for hereafter, for I design, when I have your Leave (for which I'll gladly wait till the Platonick Year, the 36 Thousandth, when all Things must return, forsooth, to their present State) to return a distinct Answer to all your Platonick Letters: As for other Subjects, I only account 'em as Diversions by the by; if you die before you grant this Liberty, then all my PLATONICK LOVE I will send with you to the Grave.

Then can our CORRESPONDENCE have an End!  
 Speak SPIGHTFUL Cloris (yet the kindest Friend)  
 No! There's no Parting, nor can Hearts remove  
 Where SPIGHT's resin'd, till 'tis the purest Love.



Then still write on, but let it be in SPIGHT,  
 What can you fear, when Father bids you write \*?  
 For other Dangers, be above 'em quite :  
 'Twill raise the Price of all our Future Joys,  
 (If that the Price of Joys Immortal rise)  
 To think with how much Hazard they were got,  
 Not cheaply purchas'd at the common Rate.  
 Then PHIL. shall leave ABIDOS every Night,  
 And cross the Seas as SPIGHT and you invite :  
 My Breast the BARK, my Arms I'll make the OARS,  
 To waft me over to the Western Shores ;  
 My Love's as true, and SPIGHTFUL too as yours.  
 For if you were by Locks and Keys kept fast,  
 My SPIGHT shou'd through, and pick 'em all at last :  
 Were you entrench'd in every Place with SPIES,  
 To mark our Meetings, had they ARGUS Eyes,  
 I wou'd procure a Mercury, whose Charms  
 Shou'd in (MEER SPIGHT) caress you in my Arms.  
 Then shew your SPIGHT — that's grant this kind Desire,  
 That PHÆNIX-LIKE, our Love revive by Fire,  
 For true Platonick Love can ne'er expire ;  
 'Tis Love in SPIGHT, and much above Defeat,  
 He never lov'd who ever makes Retreat.

There is a PROLOGUE to your EPILOGUE.  
 Madam, you so nearly resemble Iris, that Heaven  
 seems to have made your Soul as a Copy of Hers; and  
 when (as a Platonick Lover) I court your divine Perfection-  
 ons, I am as 'twere Spiritualiz'd before my Time; and  
 thank Heaven, that it has contracted its greatest Per-  
 fections in a Woman, and (as Fate wou'd have it) in a  
 Woman that is my Friend —

Yes Philomela'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 London, (or Tunbridge, where I now  
 am) or any Part of the Globe, that's a Sanctuary against  
 your Virtuous Image; you eat, you drink, you sit down and  
 walk with me, and I see you (and Dear Iris) every Night  
 in my Sleep — Then recant your Thoughts of Pla-  
 tonick Love, or I'll call you Woman, (very Woman) and  
 sure that's Revenge enough! But perhaps you'll say —

\* i. e. Philomela (as her Letter informs me) “ obtained her  
 Father's leave to continue writing to Philaret, on Condition  
 not to mention the old Theam of Platonick Love.

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'er Orinda \* lov'd.

2.

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

3.

With Care on your last Hour I will attend ;  
 And lest like Souls should me deceive,  
 I closely will embrace my New-Born Friend,  
 And never after my Dear Cloris leave.

“ But I can't go on, for your Misfortune distracts me  
 “ and what is worse, you bid me not mention the d  
 “ *Theam* [ *What can Parthenia not Parthenia be † ?* ] Well the  
 “ Words had kill'd me, but I see there is nothing so hor  
 “ that Love cannot digest : But, Madam, tho' I must no  
 “ write *Platonically*, you may, and I hope will, to c  
 “ vert that Melancholy your last occasion'd, as an Induc  
 “ ment to it, (if a Woman so truly generous can need any  
 “ Rest assured that *Iris* (tho' your Father will not) can c  
 “ gest our most exalted Notions of *Platonick Love* —  
 “ Believe not me but your own Eyes when you read the  
 “ following Lines,

My Dear,

**I** Am' extremely sorry that *Philomela's* Father has disturb'd  
 your Friendship ; 'twould have been a pleasant Diversion for you  
 but observe her Rules that you may write on. All Friends let  
*Johnson* particularly, present their Service to you. Pray write  
 me every Post, for I am, Yours, still more and more,

I R. I S.

“ This was part of my Dears Letter ——— She's a little  
 “ Gipsy, and knows she encreases my Love to her, by this  
 “ generous Confidence ——— Nay, I am so very innocen  
 “ (whatever your Father thinks) that I get her to copy out  
 “ all the Letters I send you, and cou'd trust her with higher  
 “ Flights than I have yet writ, she admires every thing that  
 “ pleases me, and is so very good that I verily think she has  
 “ no Equal ; I must add, that did you but see the Letter  
 “ I sent her since I came to *Tunbridge*, and her Answer to

\* *Alias Philomela.* † See *Argalus and Parthenia*, written  
 by Quarles.

(a Copy of which I will send you if she will consent) you'd say, We lov'd more in one Day, than others do in all their Lives; and would believe my Admiration of you cou'd never lessen my Affection to *his* ———

Madam ——— As to the Rules you lay down for our future Letters, I shall religiously observe 'em, for I'd rather lose my Estate, my Liberty, (I was going to say) my Life, rather than lose a Correspondence with you, which on my Side shall be as lasting as that *innocent Friendship* that supports it. Madam, promise the same, (tho' it be in *Spight*) and I am easie, — I'll not mention Sir ——— (whose Adventures I expect with Impatience) will not so much as think of *Platonick Love*, (that dear Subject) but sure you will not be angry if I am still wishing, that the Sun that sets might rise again.

But I must ha' done, for I have now enclos'd *the Bird of Athens*, (or a Panegyrick on the *Princely Owl*) which being Ten Sheets will quite tire you, but I hope won't miss of your ingenious Remarks, for his GRAVITY comes trutting to kiss your Hand, *Who! Who! Who!* Sir OWL, pray treat the Lady with as much Innocence as I have done ———

Madam, I wou'd fain write on, but you say I must not, however I have this to cheer me, That the Arms of Friendship are long enough to reach you from the one End of the World to the other, and that Fruition and Possession principally appertain to the Imagination: If *Philaret* was to enjoy nothing but what he touches, he might say farewell to the Money in his Closet ——— These Notions (if any thing) will keep me alive till he hears from you again, who is ———

Your Platonick Friend,  
(to the last Breath)

PHILARET.

Thus I have, by inserting the Letters that past between *Clorisa* and *Philaret*, (concerning the Stop that was put to their Correspondence) fairly prov'd that on both Sides their *Platonick Friendship* was as chaste and innocent, as either *ARUS* or her worthy Father cou'd wish it: And I cou'd (shou'd discover that Part of her Character \* that concerns *CORRUS*), as fairly prove (by the Letters that past between upon that Subject) that *CLORIS* is as strictly innocent as her *Corporal* as she is in her *Platonick Love*.

I shall never publish this Part of her Character, without a just and just Provocation.



So firmly she all Sacred Truth believ'd;  
 (O more than Saint!) she ev'ry Mouth receiv'd:  
 Fix'd to that Orb, she kept her Soul in Tune,  
 And thought she never could excell too soon.  
 So easie all Intrusions to forgive;  
 Seizing my Letters cou'd not make her grieve,  
 Ev'n Hermits die less pure than she does live.  
 No Parallel can reach her, Lamb or Dove,  
 Nor this in Innocence, nor that in Love.  
 Angels alone are with like Meekness grac'd,  
 And dying Virgins only are as chaste.  
 Fair without Scorn, and Witty without Pride;  
 A Bliss too often to her Sex deny'd.  
 Chast as Diana, when her Rape's design'd,  
 Yet where she loves, as Billing Turtles kind;  
 Constant to PHIL. yet only so far coy  
 As mayn't create my Pain, but raise my Joy,  
 Her very SPIGHT is Love without alloy.  
 Modest but not reserv'd, tho' free, not vain,  
 Her Garb becoming, neither gay nor plain:  
 Quiet, tho' brisk, Religious, not precise,  
 With more Devotion in her Heart than Eyes:  
 Tho' Saving, yet not covetous, and STILL,  
 Yet not for want of Words but want of Will.  
 And where she does her kind Affections place,  
 Makes LOVE, not MO'NEY, Umpire in the Case,  
 Yet ever thought A Double Courtship base.  
 If such a one, ye Gods on Earth there be,  
 I'll die if Philomela is not she.  
 Yes Cloris is the Glory of our Stage,  
 Crown of her Sex, and Lustre of the Age:  
 Graceful and Fair in Body and in Mind,  
 She taught ev'n sullen Virtue to be kind:  
 Youth to be wise, Mirth to be innocent,  
 Fame to be steady, Argus \* to relent;  
 Love to be cool, and Friendship to be warm,  
 Praise to do good, and Wit to do no Harm.  
 Wise Cloris sure was lent the World to give,  
 The best Example how to Write and Live.  
 The Queen of Poets, whosoe'er's the King,  
 And wreath'd with Laurels fresher than the Spring:  
 That more than MEN conceiv'd and understood,  
 And more than WOMEN knew how to be good:

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\* By ARGUS here is meant the Person that intercepted our Letters, which he found so innocent, that at last he attempted himself a Correspondence with Cloris.

That learnt all early Age cou'd e'er attain,  
 Excepting only to be proud in vain:  
 A Primitive Christian, and a Saint in this,  
 She writes like IRIS, and an ANGEL is.  
 In short she is the Glory of our Plains,  
 Joy of the Nymphs and envy of the Swains;  
 Whose charming Voice each melting Passion moves,  
 As gentle Zephyrs bend the yielding Groves.  
 To her even KNIGHTS their easie Hearts resign,  
 For her ev'n Codrus once did kneel, and pine,  
 And DUNTON took her for a Seraphim.  
 serene her Face, as a rejoicing Skie,  
 And Glorious, as a rising Sun her Eye.  
 For every Turn of human Chance prepar'd,  
 Her Vertues ne'er were missing from her Guard;  
 And by a wondrous Mixture you might find,  
 In her the Primitive Saint, and Poet join'd:

But that I might not be too tedious, I'll briefly abridge  
 sum up my GENERAL CHARACTER OF  
 HILOMELA, in these Words, viz. "She has a great  
 and masculine Soul, a strong Memory, a deep Apprehension,  
 capable of the highest Improvement, had she as much Strength of  
 Constitution; but her Body is of a beautiful, tender and deli-  
 cate Make, which cannot endure much Study, Labour or Toil,  
 and which obliges her, for her Health, to indulge to it all innocent  
 Pleasure and Recreation, tho' the Pleasure of the Mind is much  
 dearer to her: She has a large Heart and high Generosity, by  
 which she forms great and noble Designs, that she never is so  
 happy to accomplish, (of which her Mistake in Sir—— is a  
 remarkable Instance) but she is seldom dejected by any Disap-  
 pointment; for she banishes all sad and melancholly Thoughts,  
 and gives a constant Entertainment to Hope, as the best and  
 cheerfullest Companion, whom alone she permits with Impunity  
 to flatter and delude her, for her Nature being exceeding tender  
 and compassionate, all sad Objects make too great an Impression  
 for her to support; that for her Ease she ever chose to hope the  
 best: She has a very modest Opinion of her own Judgment,  
 which makes her very desirous of the Approbation of others, and  
 as she extreamly ambitious the highest Perfection attainable  
 in Virtue, so she studies to overcome all her Frailties and Infir-  
 mities, which she soon conquers when once they appear to be  
 such; in the mean time she keeps them in Subjection, suppressing  
 and concealing them till she has got the Victory: She thinks  
 those that can overcome the Shame of owning their Faults, will  
 take the less Care to mend them—— And to conclude her  
 GENERAL CHARACTER, She is very cheerful and  
 "pleasant

" pleasant in Conversation, but not talkative : She has a full  
 " Way of Repartee, very witty and surprizing, and being possess-  
 " ed of her particular Share in the Favour and Goodness of God  
 " that carries her through all the evil Occurrences of this Life  
 " with an invincible Courage, Patience and Chearfulness;  
 " which Graces will doubtless accompany her to the last Moment  
 " of her Life.

But *Apelles*, the famous Painter of Greece, when he was to  
 draw any curious Picture, wou'd have several celebrated  
 Beauties before him, that he might draw an Eye from this,  
 a Mouth from that, and a Mein from t'other, &c. He  
*Philomela* liv'd in the Time of *Apelles*, he need not have been  
 ted about for Beauties, for he had found 'em all in this  
 virtuous Person: So I'll descend ( for my General Character  
 don't set her in a full Light ) to a more Particular Description  
 of her.

And I'll begin first with her FACE, which is neither  
 oval, nor long; her HAIR is black or near it (and therefore  
 need not tell ye 'tis charming). As to her EYE-BROWS  
 they are a great Ornament to her Face, and look as exact  
 as if the Hand of ART and NATURE had been at work  
 excellently well proportion'd is her NOSE, not sharp, nor  
 big; but gives a Noble Air to her Face. Her MOUTH  
 little and pretty, her LIPS of a charming Red.

*And do, like to the Twins of Cupid's Mother,  
 Still kiss, because in Love with one another.*

Her TEETH are even and well set, and look as white  
 as Snow: Her EYES! (her tempting Eyes!) full of Fire  
 and Briskness, and temper'd with an attractive Languishing  
 As to her NECK and BREASTS, they are the best I ever  
 that ever you saw, and of a dazzling Whiteness, as well as  
 her ARMS and HANDS: As to her BODY 'tis firm  
 and of a curious Shape, and is supported with handsome  
 LEGGS, as I do believe (for I never saw 'em): As to  
 her STATURE she is of a little Pitch; and is so  
 so free, so disengag'd, that there's few like her (save I remember  
 whose Picture she is) and Sir — (who unsuccessfully  
 tempted her Chastity) swears at her Virtue, and once  
 wishes she had fewer Charms: She hath a Noble Air in her  
 Walk, and has the Dress, Looks and Behaviour of a Gentle-  
 woman. In a Word, She has something so distinguish-  
 ing in her whole Person, that the first Glimpse I had of her  
 Face, she more distress'd my Liberty than others could do  
 with all their Art and more curious Dresses; and I tho't (as  
 was now a Widower) that alone was enough to excuse  
 the fighting and dying I shew'd in my Double Courtship —  
 much for her Person. —————



to her Mind (which is the Charm of Charms) she's  
 DUS, but not a jot reserv'd, and (as I said before) has  
 e of Devotion in her Heart than Eyes; I believe (if I  
 trust my Eyes and Ears) she's chaste so much as in  
 ight, and as she's very Innocent, so of Consequence  
 Charitable, and speaks ill of nothing: Upon our first  
 rview, I cou'd not conceive how a Female cou'd have  
 hat mean Village \* where she dwells, all the Politeness and  
 omplishments of a Court: But so it is, for *Cloris* is a  
 on of admirable Perfections of *Body and Mind*, Modest  
 he highest Degree, and of a most agreeable Conversation:  
 has other extraordinary Qualities I cou'd tell you of,  
 t this is but a hasty Draught of that Excellent Person)  
 here's enough to shew what *Philomela* really is, and what  
 er Sex shou'd be ——— Thus have I finish'd my General  
 Particular Character of *Philomela*, and by turning my  
 ble Courtship into a Double Character, I hope this first, (or  
 ble Project) will so *Athenianize* the whole Performance, as  
 make it pass for a *Novelty*: However, my Labour e'nt  
 ally lost, as I have in this Double PICTURE of *Philo-*  
 drawn all the Features that adorn the Body and Mind  
 Primitive Christian, and as such *Philomela* is (as hinted in  
 Title to this Project) *A Nice Pattern of Holy Living*; and  
 she so continue in her OWN PERSON (or in  
 e Sheets) to the Worlds End.

own, Reader, to call a Man or Woman *A Primitive Chri-*  
 is a very *Glorious Character*, and as far as a *Platonick*  
 can soar in the Praise of his divine Mistress: Nay, Dr.  
 ueck tells us, "It is in a Manner impossible to consider the first  
 uring and Original of the Church, and to reflect on the Cra-  
 e it were, and swadling Cloaths of that Body whereof we are  
 bers, without speaking something like Paradoxes and Myste-

uch was the Beginning and first Institution of the Christian  
 ch, that in those early Days of Christianity, the same Piety  
 Moderation did the Primitive Christians maintain in all their  
 ons, and throughout the whole Course of their Lives, they sought  
 no other Greatness, but the Greatness and Nobleness of Spi-  
 coveted no other Riches but their Spritual Treasure, the  
 es of the Inner-man. HOLINESS was their Ornament,  
 Men were counted Great, as they arriv'd to high Degrees of

he Primitive Christians seem'd to be all of the same Kindred;  
 the Aged they honoured as Fathers, and the Youths they ten-  
 as their Children: Those of the same Age call'd one another  
 r Brethren, and these were the Names they gave one another

and in these Titles they glory'd, more than now-adays Men do the lofty Epithets of Duke, Earl, Baron, Knight or Gentleman.

This is one of us (said the Primitive Christians) for we have seen him in our Oratories, we have pray'd with him, we have been at the LORD'S TABLE together, we have heard the Scriptures read together, we have kneeled together, we have been instructed together; O happy Kindred! which comes by Prayer and Communion of the Body and Blood of JESUS! O blessed Relations! where Men are not called Brothers of the Sun, or of the Stars, as the ancient Tyrants stiled themselves, but Brethren of Christ, Children of God, and Citizens of Heaven.

When a Christian, who was a Stranger, came to these Primitive Christians, before ever he shew'd his Testimonials, they knew him by his lean Visage and meager Face, which his frequent Fasting had brought him to; by the Modesty of his Eyes, by the Gravity of his Speech, by his Gait and Habit, and mortified Behaviour, for something divine did shine through their Looks, and one might readily discern the Characters of the Spirit in their Countenance. Nor is it so strange that a good Man shou'd be known by his Carriage, for this Day (of which Madam Singer is a living Instance) a serious Person, though he says nothing, something in his Lineaments, Features, and Postures, will betray the inward Zeal and Sincerity of his Soul; and his Deportment will discover there is something more than ordinary in him, as much as the Roman Secret was betray'd by the Perfumes about him.

By this Brief History of the first Age of the Church, ye see, Reader, to call a Man or Woman *A Primitive Christian* is a very glorious Character; yet *Philomela* does so exemplify this Character in all she says and does, I don't think exceed in her Praise when I call her — *A Primitive Christian* — Neither can any doubt this to be her true Character that considers how NICELY she imitates the Holy Lives of the Primitive Christians in all Things. For,

1. Look into her Conversation with her *Agford* Neighbours, and there you'll find (as was said of the Primitive Christians) Holiness of Life, Platonick Friendship, Religious Wit, and Virgin Modesty, is her chief Ornament.

2. Consider her as an *Heiress*, and a Lady of eminent Qualities, and you'll here find that what ever she may be above others in Title and Riches, she does (like the Primitive Christians) esteem her self equal with the poorest Servant of Christ, and by her humble Carriage one wou'd conclude they had been all of the same Degree and Condition: Her Title and Riches (for if she en't a Lady she merits that Title which is the greater Honour) is more known by her Modesty, and good Deeds, than by her Coat of Arms.



endid Living. Amongst the Primitive Christians, if any  
 were Rich or Noble, they were the readier to express their  
 compassion, and Women of the highest Descent (like *Phi-*  
*lippi*) were the forwardest to assist the Calamitous in their  
 need; for Religion had *mortify'd* in them (as it has in *Clo-*  
*ris*) all Punctilios of Honour and State, and made them re-  
 member that in Christ they were all equal: Their Houses  
 were open to Strangers, as well as to their Friends and  
 Neighbours; and where the Traveller cou'd produce a Cer-  
 tificate that he was a PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN,  
 he cou'd not fail of a most hearty Welcome: *Hospitality*  
 was their Badge; and he that wou'd not receive a Brother in-  
 to his House, because *Poor and Ragged*, was either forbid the  
 Church, or not suffer'd to come to it: There was in the  
 Primitive Times no doing of Kindness, meerly for the sake  
 of Promises, but all was done for the sake of Friendship,  
 and that constant and indispenfible Duty the Rich lay un-  
 der to assist the Poor. She in whose Veins the noblest Blood  
 did run, would say (as *Cloris* does) of her poor distressed  
 Neighbour, " *She is my Mother; if younger, she is my Daughter;*  
 or were these Expressions Names of Course only, but  
 they were written in their Hearts, and their Lips spoke  
 out what their Minds believ'd: Hence it was that the greatest  
 Ladies touch'd their poor Neighbours Sores, and (as *Cloris*  
 does upon the like Occasion) bound up their Wounds, ap-  
 plied Plaisters to them, made their Beds, and tended them  
 like the meanest Servants. Here you might see (says my  
 Author\*) the *Industry* of one, there the *Sweetness* and *Pa-*  
*tience* of another, *one* would turn the sick Sister, the *other*  
 support her up, the *third* dress her, the *fourth* feed her, and in all  
 this the sick Creature saw, as it were, the Face of the  
 LORD JESUS: She that tended the Sick, look'd up-  
 on Christ, in her that was sick, and she that was sick,  
 thought she saw Christ in the Person that tended her. So  
 DIVINE, so heavenly were there Works of Mercy,  
 that one was to the other in God's stead, and that saying of  
 Christ, *What you have done unto the least of these my Brethren,*  
*you have done it unto me*, did not depart from their Memories:  
 which Primitive Piety and Compassionate Carriage to the Sick  
 and Distress'd is eminently *Cloris* Character, as I cou'd prove  
 by many Persons now living at *Agford*; but more especially  
 by a late Letter she sent to me, where are these Words,  
 " *Sir, You do me a very great Injury, I assure you, in believing*  
*your Misfortunes have any Influence on my Opinion of you:*  
*It should be so far from affronting you on that Account, that*  
*it is a Motive to me to treat you with more Respect.*"

\* Dr. Hopperk.



Amongst the Primitive Christians, no Family complain of Barrenness or Unfruitfulness, for they never wanted Children to provide for; and those that had none of their own wou'd be sure to find some to take care of; none want Paternal Care, *while so many Fathers* studied to do good, as Men were readier to give than others were to ask. In this *Philomela* exemplifies the Primitive Christian in nothing more than in this Particular; for tho' she has no Children of her own, yet (like the Primitive Christians) she looks upon her Fellow Christians as *Co-heirs*, and is so well contented that they shou'd inherit with her, that she'd think what she has Burthen, if her *Agford* Neighbours (or adopted Heirs) did not partake of it. This present Life is the least Thing in her minds, while that to come engrosses all her Thoughts: She is so *entirely Christian*, that in a manner she is nothing else, and cares not for being any thing else, lest if she shou'd be something else, she shou'd be suspected of deviating from her Master's Foot-steps.

In the Eye of the World she is a *Pythagorean*, and a kind of dumb Woman; but when she meets with a serious Christian, and CHRIST is named, perfect *Peripatetick*, and a Philosopher is freer in his Discourse than *Philomela*: Her Business (like that of the Primitive Christians) is to live, not to talk great Matters; and the Name CHRISTIAN does not charm her, that though there be various Denominations among them (as Churchmen, Independents, Presbyterians, Anabaptists) yet the Name CHRISTIAN swallows up all; and in this she triumphs beyond all other Titles in the World; which made *Attalus* in *Eusebius*, when the Governor ask'd him, what Countryman he was, who his Father and Mother were, what Trade, Profession and Employment he was of, whether he was Rich or Poor, gave no Answer but this, " *That he was a Christian* : And by this Answer, they gave the World to understand that their Kindred, Pedigree, Nobility, Trade, Profession, Blood, &c. did all consist in this *one thing* (the being a CHRISTIAN) and that beyond this, there cou'd be no greater Honour and Dignity.

The Communications or Answers of the *Primitive Christians* in common Discourses were *Yea, yea, and Nay, nay*; and an Oath they shun'd as much as Perjury, and a Lye among them was more rare than a *Sea Monster* is to the Inhabitants of a Continent; for they said that in their BAPTISM they were sign'd with the Mark of TRUTH, and that they cou'd not be Servants of the *God of Truth* if they shou'd yield to the least Appearance of Falshood. Just such a Primitive Christian is *Philomela*; for tho' she is low in her own Eyes, yet was ever too big to creep under the Little-ness of a Lye: When my Letters were seiz'd, and *Cloris* examin'd

min'd about 'em, her Father did not catch her in one  
 falsehood: She knew Religion was so strict a Law, as to  
 bind the Tongue to the Necessity of a Truth, on all Occa-  
 sions, at all Times, and in all Places. It is said *Augustus*  
*Caesar*, after a long Enquiry into all the Parts of his Empire,  
 found but one Man, who was never accounted to have told  
 a Lye; for which Cause he was deemed capable and worthy  
 to be the Sacrificer in the *Temple of Truth*. Were there such  
 a Search made in *England* for a Woman that had never told a  
 Lye, I verily think (if there is such a Miracle as a Woman  
 without Falshood) *Cloris* wou'd be found to be, that  
 CHARITY.

To the Primitive Christians, *CHRIST* was the charming  
 Word among them, and they heard nothing with greater  
 joy, than that glorious Name: His Death and Sufferings  
 purchas'd their Souls, and his Cross was more precious to them  
 than Rubies: Hereby they learn'd to despise the World;  
 and the Marrow, Virtue, and Efficacy of their Religion,  
 was the Death of *JESUS*: This Death they remembered not  
 only in the *Sacrament*, but at their common Meals, and  
 when they refreshed their Bodies with Meat and Drink, they  
 talk'd of that Meat which wou'd feed them into Everlasting  
 life. Just such a Primitive Christian is *Philomela*, for she not  
 only spiritualizes the most remarkable Occurrences of Life,  
 (of which her *Divine Hymns* are a late Instance) but is a  
 constant and devout Communicant at the Lord's Table, and  
 (as *Mr. Hamlin* told me) is so little BIGOTTED to  
 this or that Way of Worship; she can receive the *Sacrament*  
 as well kneeling as sitting, and in this she IMITATES  
 the great Love and Unity of the Primitive Christians; for  
 (as *Dr. Horneck* tells us) *Tho' their several Assemblies might*  
*differ in Rites and Ceremonies, yet the mighty LOVE they bore*  
*one to another, constrain'd 'em to overlook those Differences; and*  
*tho' they vary'd in some outward Acts of Worship, yet their Affec-  
 tions were so strongly glued together, that nothing but Death could*  
*break the League.* But whether *Cloris* receive the *Sacrament*  
 sitting or kneeling, 'tis enough to prove her a Primitive  
 Christian that she's a constant and devout Communicant;  
 or if she keeps to that Way which she believes to be  
 the most PRIMITIVE, I don't see it lessens her Piety,  
 whether she receive at a Church or a Meeting.

For all your Noisy Zealots but pretend,  
 And under Reverend Names, their Follies vend;  
 They in their Fury loud for Union preach,  
 And the great Law of Love, by Railing teach;  
 Such charge us first with impious Heresy,  
 Then damn us with Religious Charity.



But now the Primitive Saint is only he  
 Who JOYNS with this or that Community  
 That in the FUNDAMENTALS do agree.  
 Who Calm, Impartial, Free and Unperplex'd  
 With the vain Cavils of distinguish'd Sects,  
 Does with a Spirit Catholick and Large,  
 The various Debts of Charity discharge :  
 And while the clam'rous Biggot only talks,  
 In the most rigid Paths of Virtue walks ;  
 Nor lavishly avoids, by any Vice,  
 The foolish Charge of Formal and Precise.

“ Then come to the Holy Sacrament all you that confine your  
 “ Bowels, or Affection to your Kindred, or your Friends, or your  
 “ P A R T Y, or your Country, come that the Commemoration of  
 “ Master praying for his Murderers, and pouring out his Heart  
 “ Blood for a whole World, a World of Enemies and Rebels (for  
 “ such and no better are Sinners) that this may melt you into  
 “ Compassion, enlarge your Disposition to forgive, and convince  
 “ you (as it does Cloris) that a Christian's Charity ought to be  
 “ like his Master's, boundless and universal.

Thus, Reader, you see *Philomela* exemplifies the Holy Lives  
 of the Primitive Christians, not only in her Platonic  
 and D O U B L E Friendship, but even in her Piety, Temperance,  
 Hospitality, and devout receiving the Holy Communion, &c. But in nothing more than in her Contempt of  
 Honours, Riches, Pleasures, &c. This sunk deep into the  
 Hearts of the Primitive Christians, That Here we have no continuing City, but we seek one to come ; that all we see here is  
 but Shadow and Imagery, but the Substance is not yet visible,  
 That the Fashion of this World passeth away, and the Glories below the Moon affor'd no real Satisfaction ; the Primitive Christians were wholly wean'd from this Vain World, and cared  
 for nothing that was superfluous. Hence it was that there was  
 but little striving (among their Kindred and Friends) about  
 what they left ; to lay up much Goods for many Years they  
 thought was fitter for Heathens than for Christians ; and  
 having seen no such Thing in their M A S T E R, they could  
 not tell how it cou'd be proper in his S E R V A N T S. In  
 the same Manner does *Cloris* renounce the Honours, Riches  
 and Pleasures of this World, and (like a true Primitive Christian)  
 does as 'twere live in Contempt of 'em : She is so  
 far from looking upon this World as her Home, (or continuing  
 City) that she uses this World without abusing it, knowing  
 the Fashion of it passeth away \*. She cou'd joyfully

\* 1 Cor. 7. 31.



ave all to follow Christ; her Thoughts are big with the  
 omises of the Gospel; and consequently, with hopes  
 Everlasting Joy, she is so far from being pleas'd with  
 e vain Customs and Fashions of this World, that *strange*  
*and*, *ma'd* Dancing, Gossipping, Theaters, and seeing of  
 y, she hates as a Thing contrary to her Protection. I  
 ould name a Time when she cou'd have visited the Tavern  
 nd Play-house every Day Incognito, (with a light Wig,  
 word, and a Page, and all the Equipage of a young Noble-  
 an) which (like a Primitive Christian) she refus'd with the  
 most Disdain, telling the Tempter, she *would* *his* *Pro-*  
*id* (tho' *was* *in* *the* *Way* *of* *her* *own* *honor*) and *for* *her*  
*her* *Honor*, *so* *much* *as* *in* *a* *Day*. So that 'tis Plain, *Cloris*  
 a Primitive Christian, and triumphs more in a good Con-  
 science, than the Voluptuous in all the Vanities and Glories  
 of this present World; *Pharisee* (like the Primitive Christian)  
 as set her Affections on Things above, and won't be tempt-  
 ed by either Honours, Riches, or Pleasures; she shews a  
 certain Sign that she has no Portion in Christ, if she should  
 love God and Mammon: To be in the World, and not of  
 the World, is her MOTTO. Tho' she has never studied  
*Logicas*, yet both her Faith and Reason tells her, that as  
 the Body waxes stronger by the Death of the Soul, so the  
 soul becomes more valiant and lively by the Death of the  
 body; 'tis this hopes of a better Country, makes her vo-  
 luntarily dedicate her self to God and marry to none but  
 Him.— In a Word, the *Primitive Cloris* is so mortify'd to this  
 World, that she looks upon her self every Day as a Stranger  
 and Pilgrim that must suffer many Inconveniences, Troubles  
 and Injuries, 'till she comes to her Journey's End; and for  
 that Reason ever looks upon the MORROW, as the Day  
 wherein she shall be deliver'd from the Burden of the Flesh,  
 and from all Possibility of Sinning, and so bears up under  
 all the Temptations and Crosses that befall her. Thus, Rea-  
 der, you see how *Cloris* renounces the Honours, Riches and  
 Pleasures of this World, and (like a Primitive Christian)  
 as 'twere buries her self alive in a poor Cottage\*, studies  
 the Scriptures, contemplates Heaven, and lives to God.  
 I cou'd give other Instances wherein *Madam Singer* imi-  
 tates (or rather exceeds) that great Piety that was found in  
 the Lives of the Primitive Christians: But I won't proceed,  
 Or, Reader, 'tis very likely (Primitive Piety is so great a  
 Rarity in this Age) you may look upon what I have alrea-  
 dy said as a Sort of SPIRITUAL ROMANCE, an  
 Emblem of what *Madam Singer* and the Primitive Christians  
 might be, were they in a more perfect State than of what

\* *Agford*.

they really were: But they that shall pass this Censure either on Madam Singer, or the Primitive Christians, do but betray their Ignorance, or Malice, for I need but send 'em to Dr. Horneck's Character of the Primitive Christians, and they'll find that the *First Age of the Church* was adorn'd with such Jewels as I have here named, or at least if they'll go to AGFORD, they'll there find a Lady (I mean the incomparable *Philomela*) that exemplifies all those Graces of Body and Mind that I have here describ'd; but if People to favour their *Lusts*, will neither believe nor take Pains to search into the Truth of Things, to use Dr. Horneck's Words: "They are resolute in their Infidelity. But, Reader, I do not question your Belief of what I have here advanc'd in my *Double Character of Madam Singer*, and I heartily wish her Primitive Piety may be your Pattern, and her Pious Actions the great Rule of your Life; for I do (without Flattery) assert,

*If Mercy shou'd some humane Likeness take,  
 She cou'd not a more glorious Figure make;  
 Cou'd not our Souls more pleasingly allure,  
 Or scarce more Blessings to those Souls procure:  
 No Sweetness, nor no Charm that Heav'n cou'd prize,  
 But sits triumphant in Her conqu'ring Eyes!  
 To gaze but on HER struck so bright a Flame  
 Up in my Heart, it yet does want a Name!  
 Not such with which weak Beauties blind our Sight,  
 At once 'twas Love, Amazement and Delight;  
 The Primitive Christians were but half so bright.  
 In Her soft Aspect, and Her easie Mien  
 Were all the Beauties, Loves and Graces seen.  
 Others they might to our Esteem prefer,  
 But they themselves had their Esteem from HER:  
 They flow'd not to Her, but did from Her run,  
 As Light from Flame, or Brightness from the Sun.  
 Then, when She spoke, She charm'd the Air around:  
 Musick no more was an harmonious Sound.  
 But where now sings this Western Nightingal,  
 That some call ANGEEL, others PHILOMEL!  
 I fear She's dead—— tho' WATTS did hear her sound  
 Harmonious Notes upon the Western Ground:  
 But were She living, FROME wou'd hear her sing  
 Some NEW PINDARICKS to the welcome Spring.*

\* From whom I transcrib'd this Account of the Lives of the Primitive Christians.

† As you'll find in his Poem inserted in P. 58.

Dunton's Character of Madam Singer. 57

But here's her PHIZ \*, True, Bright, and free from Stain,  
And may it SHINE whilst AGFORD has a Name.

What tho' our Correspondence has an End,  
JOHN DUNTON's still her true and DOUBLE }  
And what he says of Cloris will defend : ( Friend, }

For Double Courtship will for ever move,  
Whilst there's a SOUL and BODY too to love.

But wou'd but Cloris give new leave to write,  
We'd once more try how Spirits do indite,  
When strip'd of Flesh and ev'ry carnal Flight. }

But Angel-Pacquets are so seldom given,  
This scarce will be 'till we both get to Heaven.

This Double Courtships are too hot to last,  
They spring from Fancy, and they change as fast.

This makes me ease, for my Heart's at Rest,  
( I can't deserve a NEW Platonick Feast ) }

It does suffice that DUNTON once was blest.

Now if peevish ARGUS, the Reverend S—— ( who deli-  
one of my Letters to Cloris with his own Hand ) or her  
Agford Friends ( Madam Whit——ch, and Madam Sh——te )  
dislike any thing in this Character of Philomela, either  
the Sake of the DOUBLE COURTSHIP, or for  
Private Letters inserted in it, or else for the sake of some  
Flights that their scrupulous Consciences can't digest ;  
Answer to their Cavils is this following,

As to my intermixing Cloris Character with my Double  
Courtship, I hope this will need no Apology, as I cou'd  
publish any Character of Philomela in any other Method,  
was by Means of that Double Courtship I came to obtain  
General and Particular Knowledge of her.

As to my inserting those Private Letters that pass be-  
tween Philomela and Philaret, they are publish'd for no other  
purpose but to justify the Double Courtship, and shew the Inno-  
cence of it ; and therefore as Philomela is a Lady of great  
Honour and Justice, I hope she'll easily pardon a PRE-  
EMPTION which is so absolutely necessary to the  
vindication of my Innocence, and her own too, for she  
don't forget how abusive Argus was upon [ D R Y S U B-  
JECTS, ] and I have long waited for an Opportunity  
to reckon with him for his SAUCY TREATMENT :  
and I have now done it effectually ; or if I han't, I will cer-  
tainly do so, if either he, Mr. Singer, or Philomela dislike  
any thing in this Character, which I have writ with as much  
respect to Honour and Friendship as if I were now writing my  
own ; and therefore whatever Philomela ( or the World ) may  
say, I shall make no Apology for my inserting her



*Private Letters* in this Character ; and I the rather assert it as I have a *General Leave* ( in one of those Letters that *Philomela* sent me ) to publish whatever she sent me that I thought proper for publick View ; and I have inserted nothing in the Character of *Philomela*, but what I think highly proper, and ( which is more ) absolutely Necessary : But perhaps *Cloris* may say, she long since repented that *General Leave* she gave me of publishing whatever I thought proper, and did desire that those Letters again that she sent to me : 'Tis true she did ; but this *D E S I R E* can be no ways defended \* ; and therefore as her *General Leave* ( for publishing whatever I thought proper ) was the first Condition of our Correspondence 'twixt *Madam Singer's* meeting with New Correspondents ( tho' as very Angels as *W——ts*, *B——den*, or the *MORRIS* ) or the Inconstancy of a Woman's Friendship, can render her former leave of publishing whatever I thought proper, less authentick than it was when she gave it : However, if she can rest contented with the Justice I have done my self, and her in this *Double Courtship*, I will publish nothing further about her ; and so much by Way of Apology for inserting *Cloris's* Character and Letters in  
**DOUBLE COURTSHIP.**

As to those *HIGH FLIGHTS* that some scrupulous Consciences may dislike in *Philomela's* Character, I think an Apology enough to say that in my highest Flights in *Philomela's* Praise, I do but follow the Example of the most Ingenious Person of this Age, ( I need not tell you *Mr. Wats*, his pious, and Learned Character is so well known ) who *OUT-FLIES* me abundantly in all I have yet said in *Philomela's* Praise ; for in his Poem to *Madam Singer* †, on the Sight of some of her Divine Poems reprinted—— He writes thus,

I.

On the fair Banks of gentle Thames  
 I tun'd my Harp ; nor did Celestial Themes  
 Refuse to dance upon my Strings :  
 There beneath the Evening Sky  
 I sung my Cares asleep, and rais'd my Wishes high  
 To everlasting Things.  
 Sudden from Albion's Western Coast  
 Harmonious Notes came gliding by,

\* As I can prove by a Letter *Mr. Hamlin* sent me upon the Subject.

† To be found in the second Edition of his Volume of Poems entitled *Horæ Lyricæ*.

The neighbouring Shepherds knew the Silver Sound;  
 'Tis PHILOMELA's Voice, the neighb'ring Shepherds  
 At once my Strings all silent lie, (cry;  
 At once my fainting Muse was lost  
 In the superiour Sweetness drown'd.  
 In vain I bid my tuneful Powers unite;  
 My Soul retir'd, and left my Tongue,  
 I was all Ear, and PHILOMELA's Song  
 Was all Divine Delight.

II.

Now be my Harp for ever dumb,  
 My Muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago  
 I bid adieu to mortal Things,  
 To Grecian Tales, and Wars of Rome,  
 'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal Strings;  
 Now those immortal Strings have no Employ,  
 Since a fair Angel dwells below  
 To Tune the Notes of Heav'n, and propagate thè Joy.  
 Let all my Powers with Awe profound  
 While PHILOMELA sings  
 Attend the Rapture of the Sound,  
 And my Devotion rise on her Seraphick Wings.

In this POEM (written by Mr. Watts) we find Philome-  
 all'd— A Fair Angel— That his Soul retir'd and  
 his Tongue upon hearing Philomela's Voice [That is, was  
 Speechless.] — That he was all Ear to hear her har-  
 monious Notes— That she tunes the Notes of Heaven—  
 her Song is all Divine Delight— That his Devotion rises  
 on her Seraphick Wings—

Now, Reader, if but seeing ONE of Philomela's Divine  
 Poems cou'd put the Reverend Mr. J. Watts into Admirati-  
 on and unusual Transports, I think my highest Flights  
 in Philomela's Praise (as I saw ALL the Poems she writ for  
 many Years, and was my self honour'd so far as to be made  
 Subject of that which she entitles PLATONICK  
 LOVE\*) are very excusable, as they fall short of Mr.  
 Watts's Panegyrick: Surely if a Pious Dissenting Minister cou'd  
 see Philomela— A Fair Angel— Be all Ear to hear her har-  
 monious Notes— And say she tunes the Notes of Heaven—  
 I can blame me that, after the Death of Iris; I turn'd

As appears by a Letter she sent to me, and by the first Edi-  
 tion of her Poems, where that Poem (entitled Platonick Love) is  
 inserted.

my *Platonick* into a *Double Courtship*, that I might (if possible) be spiritualiz'd in this World by an *ANGEL* - Will. So that (as I said before) you see, Reader, Mr. *OUT-FLIES* me in praising of *Philomela*; and yet to Justice to that truly *Pious and Learned Divine*, he has in the Poem before mention'd, given us but a Glimpse of so much greater Perfections than he has yet named; and this a *first Rate Muse* as Mr. *Watts's*, ought to Rhime a *little* time in *Philomela's* Praise (if he'll do Justice to that *five Saint*) none can blame me, that having lost the best Wives in *his*, I endeavour'd to find her again in *Philomela* which cou'd never have been, had I not turn'd my *Platonick* into a *Double Courtship*; and I hope as I only attempt to imitate that best of Men and Poets, Mr. *J. Watts*, in praising of *Philomela*, there en't so much as the Appearance of Evil (which we are commanded to fly) either in my *Double Courtship*. But lest any good Man should be of another Opinion, I'll conclude this *LOVE*, or (*Double Project*) with the following Poem——

[ *DUNTON's* Confession. ]

**T**hen *Double Courtship*, Rhiming Sin,  
Shadow no more my Door;  
I will no longer Cobwebs spin,  
I'm too much on the Score.

*Blind Foolish Muse*, you study how  
To dress and trim our Shame;  
You Gild Rank Poison, and allow  
Vice in a fairer Name.

You rise from *Youthful Blood and Bowls*,  
*LUST* in the Robes of *LOVE*,  
The *Double Cant* of *Fear'ish Souls*,  
Sick with a Scarf or Glove.

Let it suffice my *Dancing Days*  
Trifled and Fool'd with you,  
Twist not my *Cyprus* with your *Bays*,  
Or *Roses* with my *Yew*.

*COURTSHIP* —— seek out some greener Things  
It snows and freezeth here;  
*Nightingals* attend the Spring,  
Winter is all my Year.



[DUNTON's Prayer for Absolution.]

**T**hen for those Double Loving Rhimes,  
 Writ in my wild unthinking Times,  
 For every Sentence, Clause and Word,  
 That's not inlaid with thee (my Lord)  
 Forgive me God, and blot each Line  
 Out of my LOVE that is not thine:  
 'Tis LUST — when 'tis not all Divine.  
 But if 'mongst all thou findest one  
 Worth thy Benediction,  
 That ONE, of all the rest shall be  
 The Glory of my LOVE and me.  
 If such a Line shou'd but arise,  
 ( In spite of such as Criticise )  
 'Trow'd make this Double Courtship wise.

PROJECT II.

nify'd and Distinguish'd: or, a Character  
 of the most EMINENT Conformists  
 in the Queen's Dominions.

The Second Edition corrected and enlarg'd.

PRINCES ( says DRYDEN ) shine not on their  
 Unless supported by Apollo's Sons; (Thrones,  
 King Lewis had the Muse of fam'd Boileau,  
 Our Royal William had his Congreve too;  
 Every CLERGY did but dully shine,  
 Learned NORRIS did their Sense refine;  
 Poets make the Clergy-men DIVINE.  
 MUSE bestow ( you scorn to write for Bread )  
 Character on PRIESTS that are INSPIR'D,  
 are Dignify'd, and so Distinguished.

Draw the PRIMATE — he's that pious Rule  
 Priest's mind, that wou'd not play the Fool.

Paint.

Paint Tenison — (No Sir) it is in vain !  
 His Merit baulks the Muses humble Aim,  
 She's yet unfledg'd for the bright Tracts of Fame.  
 A shining Host of Virtues round him wait,  
 And vindicate his Name from Time and Fate :  
*No Church was e'er in Danger, where such Bishops sate.*  
 Great — yet not Vain ; tho' Just, he's not severe,  
 At once he wins with Love, and wounds with Fear ;  
 His Eyes diffuse a venerable Grace,  
 And Charity it self sits in his Face.  
 He Prays himself to Soul, to curb the Sense,  
 And makes (almost) a Sin of A B S T I N E N C E :  
 All Pulpit-Fools might learn true Wisdom hence.  
 Learning and Piety the P A T R I A R C H lead,  
 And Moderation crowns his aged Head :  
 He was Distinguish'd for this Cause alone,  
*To reconcile and make two Nations one* \*.  
 Awful as Shade, yet like a Comet bright,  
 Where e'er he goes he sheds a Stream of Light,  
 The Pulpit-Fools run trembling from his Sight :  
 His Looks and Preaching all in Conquest lies,  
 You cannot hear him, but we find you W I S E.  
 His Aspect shines with Temper and with Love,  
 His Mind's as active, as you Fires above ;  
 His Aims are pious as his Post is high,  
 'Twas Virtue alone that gave him Dignity,  
 Born with auspicious Stars and happy Fate,  
 But more in Merit than in Fortune great ;  
 He's an Arch-bishop in the wisest Sense,  
 For Use, not Grandeur, he the S E E maintains :  
 A Father in God — As G O D does bless  
 His Toils and Province with such great Success,  
 There's not one Pulpit-Fool in all his Diocess.  
 Eusebia smiles beneath his gentle Hand,  
 That waves with such Success the Sacred Wand :  
 His tender Care his Rev'rend Children shares,  
 As he the just return — their Praise and Prayers :  
 Swift may the Guardian speed the Course he bends,  
 And drop his M A N T L E as he late ascends :  
 He's dignify'd to make the Nation Friends.

The next A R C H B I S H O P here shall be describ'd,  
 Was truly Pious, Learn'd, and Dignify'd,

\* Alluding to the uniting the two Kingdoms, (England & Scotland) in which his Grace the Present Arch-bishop of Canterbury was very Instrumental.

So Distinguish'd by his healing Tongue,  
 Not King William Mit'ed Tenison,  
 Other Prelate cou'd ha' fill'd his Room:  
 He is dead even Tillotson must die;  
 Patent's seal'd for Immortality:  
 Ne'er so base, or never so sublime,  
 All Things must be the Spoil of Time:  
 King and Heroe with the rest must go;  
 If Fame may mount, their Dust must lie as low.  
 Dignify'd, is Tillotson expir'd,  
 In Bee'ridge, who lately has retir'd,  
 Much lamented, and as much admir'd.  
 If we enjoy'd him, on his tuneful Tongue,  
 Ears and Hearts with the same Rapture hung,  
 As on Royal MARY, while she sung.  
 His STYLE does so much Strength and Sweetness bear,  
 If it but once, and you'd for ever hear!  
 Thus his SERMONS, yet they joyntly warm,  
 Spirit, Life, and every Line a Charm;  
 Sweet throughout, so exquisitely penn'd,  
 If he had Finish'd, nothing else cou'd mend.  
 If in soft Notes like dying Swans he'd sing,  
 How low'r aloft, like Eagles on the Wing.  
 If GOUGE's Charity in such a Strain\*,  
 Albut Burnet † wou'd attempt in vain.  
 His SERMONS this peculiar Glory claim,  
 Sprung with something more than Mortal Flame:  
 Judgment, Fancy, and a Heat divine,  
 Throughout each Page, throughout the whole does shine:  
 Expression clear, the Thought sublime and high,  
 Nothing but with even Wing he glides along the Sky.  
 In long Disputes he daily sought to cure,  
 Thought't the Hell || the Damned did endure.  
 When both Whig and Tory shew'd their Spight,  
 Smoke and Flame involv'd, they did not fight  
 If so much Force and Fire as he did write.

---

Mr. Gouge's Funeral Sermon, preach'd by Arch-bishop  
 Tenison is here meant.

Bishop Burnet preach'd Arch-bishop Tillotson's Funeral  
 Sermon.

Arch-bishop Tillotson in the Preface to one of his Books tells  
 He is apt to think that furious Disputing and Quar-  
 reling is Part of the Torment in Hell.



But where *distinguish'd Prelate*, is that He  
Surviving now to do the same for thee ?

At such a *T H E A M* my conscious Muse retires,  
Unable to attempt thy Praise she silently admires.

Nor did old Age damp his *Seraphick Flame*,  
Loaded with Threescore Years 'twas still the same.

Some we may see, who in their Youth have writ  
Good Sense, at Fifty take their Leave of *Wit* ;

*Chimæra's*, and incongruous Fables fain,  
Tedious, insipid, impudent and vain :

But he knew no Decay ; the Sacred Fire,  
Bright to the last, did with himself expire.

Such was the *M A N*, whose Loss we now deplore,

Such was the *M A N*, but we shou'd call him more ;

Immortal in himself, we need not strive,

To keep his *Sacred Memory* alive.

Just, Loyal, Brave, Obliging, Humble, Kind,

The *E N G L I S H* he has to the Height refin'd, (his

And the best Standard of it leaves (his *Sermon Notes* )

Having done the *PRIMATE* Justice, 'tis my Place

To do those Right, that Copy from his *GRACE* ;

Then *D U N T O N*, place *S A R U M* in the second Seat,

In Wisdom, Alms and Moderation great,

And all Things else that make a *Saint* compleat :

How he the Orbs of Courts and Councils mov'd !

But *M U S E S*— how he preach'd and how he lov'd !

What Spirit keeps his Purse, your Wit defines ;

Amongst the *S T A R S* how Bishop *Burnet* shines.

In this great Man does sparkle ev'ry Grace,

Angel in Tongue, and *Venus* in his Face ;

He honours *Lawn-Sleeves*, and makes the *Mitre* blaze.

A Thousand *Cherubs* round his Pulpit Play,

And *Seraphs* spread their Garments in his Way,

All Heav'n inspires, when he does Preach or Pray.

Pth' Pulpit you see his Soul in Raptures pass,

Clear as the *Lilly* in the *Chrystal Glass*,

And Heav'n gives all this fair *Extatick* Grace.

Each Atome of his Body is so fine,

In ev'ry Part it has the Stamp Divine.

The *Greek* that strove to make a Piece so high,

As might the Works of Nature's self out-vie,

---

\* *These Sermons are Printed in Fourteen Volumes in Obedience*  
*by that Eminent Bookseller, and truly honest Man, Mr. Richard*  
*Chiswell ; who has printed so many Excellent Books, written*  
*both by the present and late Arch-bishop of Canterbury, Dr.*  
*Patrick, Bishop Burnet, Bishop Wake, and other Eminent Divines,*  
*as will perpetuate his Name to the End of Time.*

all the rarest Patterns which he knew,  
 best Perfections which they had he drew:  
 After all, it prov'd so ill, he swore  
 never strive to perfect Nature more:  
 He view'd *Suum* with impartial Eye,  
 look no further for Divinity,  
 by Grace that charms the Soul or Eye.  
 His Hearers, late a listning Throng;  
 Prais'd the Pious Beauties of his Tongue:  
 Charms are in his Pulpit-Oratory,  
 the R E J O Y C E — Heav'ns in that Extacy;  
 Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought,  
 his Sermon of the Truths he taught:  
 His unblemish'd Life, divinely pure,  
 his own Heav'nly Innocence secure,  
 Teeth of Time; the Blasts of Envy shall endure.  
 As are the Brighter Heav'ns! His Mind  
 flows with Bounty, and is unconfin'd:  
 Only *Pulpit Fools* that have his Frown,  
 scorn no *High-Church* but the *Church of Rome* †.  
 Loves Religion, but he hates Extreams,  
 Persecution and *Occasional* Dreams.  
 His Life's an equal Thread correctly spun,  
 are his Interest when his Days are done.

Will here attempt a shining Character  
 of that Great Man the Learned *Rochester* †.  
 Fame will live he is so *Dignify'd*,  
 Merit, Place, and ev'ry Thing beside;  
 a First-Rate in the *Distinguish'd* Tribe.  
 matchless *Stile*, and *Royal History* †;  
 flowing Wit, Commission — *Loyalty* ††  
 shall be admir'd, 'till Time it self shall die.  
 He thinks so D E E P, and does so much excel,  
 so *distinguish'd* by his writing well.  
 France we scorn, nor envy Italy,  
 only *universal Wit* is He.

Viz. That Royal and Noble Auditory, that heard him  
 preach the Thanksgiving Sermon for that Glorious Victory ob-  
 tain'd at Ramellies by the Duke of Marlborough. † See Bishop  
 Huet's Speech to the House of Lords, concerning Occasional  
 Conformity. † Dr. Sprat, now Bishop of Rochester. † The  
 History of the Royal Society is here meant; a matchless Work  
 of Learning, Wit and Language. †† Alluding to his Book en-  
 titled, A Letter from the Bishop of Rochester, to the Right  
 Honourable the Earl of Dorset, concerning his sitting in the  
 Ecclesiastical Commission —

Anger is mad, and Choler meer Disease;  
 His *Muse* sought what was sweet, and what would please;  
 Still led where Nature's Beauteous Rays entice;  
 Not touching vile Deformities, or Vice.  
 Here no *Chimera* skips, no *Goblin* frights;  
 No *Satyr's* here, nor *Monster* else, that bites.  
 Sweetness his very *Vinegar* allay'd;  
 And all his *Snakes* in *Ladies Bosoms* play'd.  
 Nature rejoyc'd beneath his charming Power;  
 His lucky Hand makes every thing a Flower.  
 So every *Shrub* to *Jessamin* improves;  
 And barren *Trees* to goodly *Myrtle Groves*.  
 Some, from a *Sprig* he carelessly had thrown,  
 Have furnish'd a whole *Garden* of their own.  
 Some, by a *Spark* that from his *Chariot* came,  
 Take *Fire*, and a *blaze*, and raise a *deathless Name*.  
 This Character is to his Merit due,  
 On *Earth* the *King of Wits*, (they are but few)  
 And tho' a *BISHOP*, he's a *Preacher* too.

The next *distinguish'd* Clergyman I'll Name,  
 Is *Bishop Blackball*, free from ev'ry Stain;  
 His Life and Sermons *dignifie* his Fame:  
 He's Pious, Learned, Humble, truly Wise,  
 He grasps *Short-liv'd Occasion* e'er she dies,  
 Prevents *Address*, and *Rescues* by *Surprize*.  
 Others *DEVOTION* only comes and flits,  
 And their *Zeal* warms them but like *Ague fits*:  
 His constant is, its Motion still the same,  
 Nimble and Restless, like aspiring Flame.  
 So the *Sun's Heat* and active Influence,  
 Do Life and Vigour constantly dispence.  
 At *Blackball's Name*, my languish'd *Muse* revives,  
 And a new *Spark* in the dull *Ashes* strives:  
 I hear his tuneful Voice, his *Song Divine*,  
 And am inspir'd by every charming *Line*.  
 Oh *HOADLY!* Pious *HOADLY!* How cou'd you see  
 Of Sermons studied by so Great a Man? (plain  
 They are so fine, no *Orator* can reach  
 Their Excellence, or so divinely Preach.  
 What Life! What Doctrine blest *St. Mary's Chair* †!  
 (It was no Church if *Blackball* was not there)  
 He's dignify'd by many a *Convert's Prayer*.

\* Alluding to the Book lately published, entituled, An Answer to the Sermon preach'd by the Bishop of Exeter, &c.

† The Pulpit belonging to *St. Mary-Aldermary Church* (where *Bishop Blackball* preach'd) is here meant.



# The Eminent Conformists.

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do don't believe what Bishop *Blackball* said,  
then at *Boyl's Lecture* he both preach'd and pray'd)  
would not believe— a Spirit from the Dead \*.  
short, he is a *Preaching-Cherubim*,  
his Sermons in his Conversation shine.

*Sir William Daws* shou'd next distinguish'd be,  
his Learning, Noble Birth, and Piety.

but heremy Muse has lost her Pinions quite,  
Pen the Praise he merits can indite,  
myself to represent Himself must write.

*William*— does in ev'ry Church display  
Air of something NEW and something Gay;  
Heaven ( at least ) to hear him Preach or Pray.  
dignifies his Pulpit, See, and Lawn,  
and is a very ANGEL of a Man.

And now I talk of ANGELS, if we'd hear  
ANGEL indeed, St. George's Chappel's near † :  
here each Sunday Morning I repair

to hear a Man, but find an ANGEL there,  
that wears a GOWN to dignifie the Place,  
(or Dr. *Marshall's* Nature's Master-piece.)

like AMPHION, when he form'd a Town,  
his Life in every Stock, and ev'ry Stone.

we are so WHORISH, or so fear'd with Vice;  
on hearing him does melt their Hearts and Eyes;  
and cannot hear him but he sighs.

PIETY he ever did encline,  
forsook the LAW || to follow the DIVINE;

like the Serpent change into a Dove,  
he Faction with Perswasive Rhetorick move,  
and shews the Furious Tacker how to love.

Stubborn of each Sex to Reason bring,  
like *Blackball* he can Preach, like *Cowley* sing,  
and is a distinguish'd Man in ev'ry Thing.

WIS E— as the best, will the learn'd *Stanhope* seem,  
in St. Lawrence Pulpit, Picture him;  
DUNTON, 'tis there you'll find the Seraphim.

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*Bishop Blackhall* Preach'd several Excellent Sermons at *Mr. Boyle's* Lecture upon those Words, If they hear not Moses and Prophets, neither will they be perswaded though one come from the Dead. Luke 16. 31. † 'Tis the New Chappel erect-  
ed at the upper End of Ormond-Street, near Lambs-Conduit-  
Lands. || I have heard Dr. *Marshall* forsook the Law to study  
Divinity, and he Preaches like one in earnest for Heaven.

Devotion is the Empress in his Breast,  
 Learning and Zeal below divide the rest ;  
 He loaths the Fools that dare to Preach in Jest.  
 His Temper is Harmonious as the Spheres,  
 Copious his WIT, yet sparkling as the Stars.  
*Athens and Rome*, when Learning flourish'd most,  
 Cou'd never such a Famous Preacher boast ;  
 Whose matchless Beauties in the *English* Tongue,  
 Does even Rival the Fam'd *Tillotson*.  
*Judgment* does some to Reputation raise,  
 And for *Invention* others wear the *Bays* :  
*Stanhope* has both, with such a Talent still,  
 As shews not only Force of Wit, but Skill.  
 So Faultless are his WORKS, 'tis hard to know,  
 If he does more to Art, or Nature owe.  
 Read where you will, he's Musick all along,  
 And his Sense easie as his Thought is strong.  
 Some striving to be clear, fall flat and low,  
 And when they think to mount, Obscure they grow.  
 He is not darker for his lofty Flight,  
 Nor does his Easiness depress his Height ;  
 But still perspicuous, wherefoe'er he fly,  
 And like the SUN, is brightest when he's high.  
 He's dignify'd by all the Books he writes,  
 And so distinguish'd by his Learned Flights ;  
 His meer *Translations* shine and far excel,  
 What others write, tho' an ORIGINAL.  
 Some Men a luckless Imitation try ;  
 And whilst they soar, and whilst they venture high,  
 Flutter and Flounce, but have not Wing to fly.  
 Some in loose Words their empty Fancies bind,  
 Which whirl about like Chaff before the Wind.  
 Here brave Conceits in the Expression fail,  
 There, big the Words, but with no Sense at all.  
 Still *Stanhope's* Sense might *Stanhope's* Language trust,  
 Both pois'd, and always bold and always just.  
 None e'er may reach that strange Felicity,  
 Where Thoughts are easie, Words so sweet and free,  
 Yet not descend one Step from Majesty.  
 I'll add but this, lest while I think to raise  
 His Fame, I kindly injure him with Praise.  
*Spotless his Pulpit, and his Sermons quaint,*  
*A Finish'd Preacher, and an equal Saint.*

Make Famous *Savage* \* with the next Advance,  
 Charming at every Word, with every Glance.

\* Now Minister of Black-Friars.

weet as his Temper, Paint his Heavenly Face ;  
 draw him but like, you give your Piece a Grace :  
 For he's distinguish'd with a Thousand Rays )  
 lend for him Learning, Wit and Piety ;  
 draw him— *A Living University.*

ut hold—— to make him most divinely Fair,  
 onfult himself, you'll find all Beauties there,  
 e's not advanc'd, but Bishopricks are near.

Let Pious *Hoildly* next his Station find,  
 crown Man in Body now, but more in Mind ;  
 his Looks are in the Mother's Beauty dress'd,  
 and Moderation has inform'd his Breast \*.

he Preach'd— ( when he did Ruling Fools detest ).  
 ut here *John Duxton* is thy Skill confin'd,  
 thou can'st not Paint his Grave Polemick Mind,  
 that Task is for W I S E *Calamy* assign'd.

he Painter's Pencil cannot make a Draught  
 of Things unseen, nor dares he paint a Thought :  
 his neither Art nor Nature can amend him,  
 shou'd but wrong him if I shou'd commend him ;  
 I only add, that *Hoildly's* dignify'd

Wit, and Grace, and han't one Spark of Pride.  
 erit has made him great, and spread his Fame,  
 he is distinguish'd by a Life that's clean,  
 his Answer to *Blackball* is his only Stain.

With him let *Norris* be for ever joyn'd,  
 like in Metaphysicks, and in Mind :  
 he search'd *Malbranch* †, and now the *Rabbi* knows,  
 the secret Springs whence Truth and Error flows.

irected by his Leading-Light we pass,  
 through Nature's Rooms, and tread in ev'ry Maze ;  
 Throng of Virtues in his Soul repose,  
 which single, wou'd as many Saints compose :  
 if all Graces you wou'd see in one,  
 view his HUMILITY for there 'tis found †.

he is distinguish'd by his *Low Retreat*  
 at *Bennerton*, far from a Bishop's Seat,  
 yet dignify'd, for Learning makes him Great.  
 When Pulpit-Fools to *Norris* all submit,  
 or here, or no where, you will meet with Wit :

\* He lately Publish'd a Sermon upon that Subject. † This is  
 a Book which Mr. Norris does so greatly admire. † Viz. A  
 Book lately publish'd, entituled A Practical Discourse con-  
 cerning Humility.