

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Works of Aphra Behn, Volume VI, by
Aphra Behn and Montague Summers**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: The Works of Aphra Behn, Volume VI

Author: Aphra Behn

Editor: Montague Summers

Release date: May 27, 2014 [EBook #45777]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Richard Tonsing, Wendy Bertsch and the Online
Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE WORKS OF APHRA BEHN, VOLUME VI

**THE WORKS OF
APHRA BEHN.
VOL. VI.**

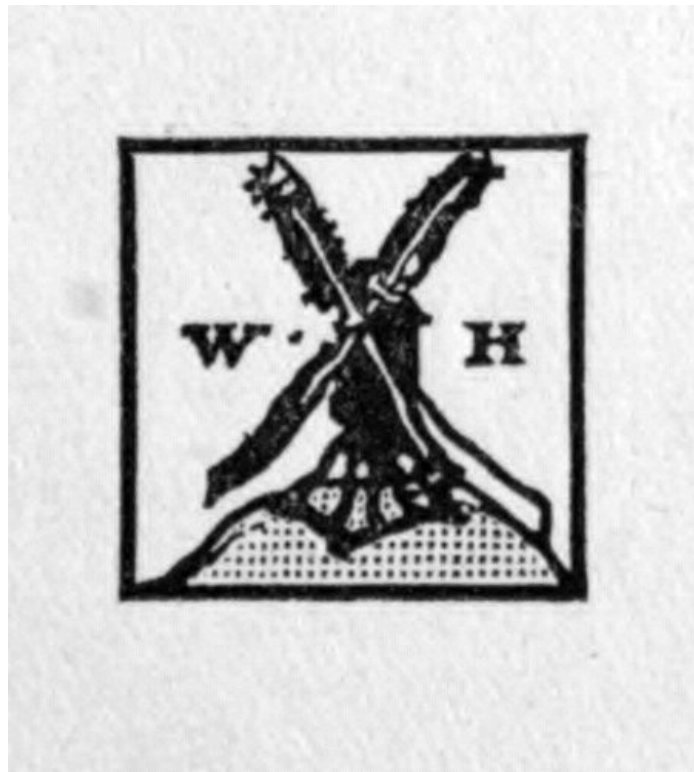
THE WORKS
OF
APHRA BEHN

EDITED BY

MONTAGUE SUMMERS

VOL. VI

THE LOVER'S WATCH
POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS
A VOYAGE TO THE ISLE OF LOVE
LYCIDUS; OR, THE LOVER IN FASHION
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN
STRATFORD-ON-AVON: A. H. BULLEN
MCMXV

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE LOVER'S WATCH	1
POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS (1684)	113
A VOYAGE TO THE ISLE OF LOVE	223
LYCIDUS; OR, THE LOVER IN FASHION (1688)	293
POEMS APPENDED TO LYCIDUS	343
WESTMINSTER DROLLERY (1671)	364
MISCELLANY (1685)	365
GILDON'S MISCELLANY (1692)	387
GILDON'S CHORUS POETARUM (1694)	390
MUSES MERCURY (1707)	391
FAMILIAR LETTERS (1718)	395
PROLOGUE TO ROMULUS	398
EPILOGUE TO ROMULUS	399
SATYR ON DRYDEN	400
PROLOGUE TO VALENTINIAN	401
TO HENRY HIGDEN, ESQ.	403
ON THE DEATH OF E. WALLER, ESQ.	405
A PINDARIC POEM TO DR. BURNET	407
NOTES	411
INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF POEMS	439
GENERAL INDEX	446

THE LOVER'S WATCH.

INTRODUCTION.

[Pg 3]

La Môtre: or, The Lover's Watch, 'Licensed 2 Aug. 1686. R.L.S.' is taken by Mrs. Behn from *La Môtre* of Balthazar de Bonnacorse. After having received an excellent education at Marseilles, where he was born, de Bonnacorse was appointed consul at Cairo, and later transferred to Sidon in the Levant. Whilst at Cairo he composed *La Môtre*, a mixture of prose and verse, which he sent to the great arbiter of Parisian taste, Georges de Scudéri, under whose care it was printed in 1666 at Paris. It was followed in 1671 by the second part, *la Boëte et le Miroir*, dedicated to the Duke de Vivonne. Upon his return to France, de Bonnacorse abridged *La Môtre* and put it wholly into verse, in which form it appears in his collected (yet incomplete) works, 'Chez Theodore Haak.' Leyden, 1720. Bonnacorse died at Marseilles in 1706. He is always piquant and graceful in his madrigals and songs, though both sentiment and verse have faded a little with the passing of time. Boileau immortalized him in *Le Lutrin: la Môtre* is one of the missiles the enraged canons hurl at each other's reverend pates: 'L'un prend *l'Edit d'amour*, l'autre en saisit *la Môtre*.' Bonnacorse's attempted parody on *Le Lutrin, le Lutrigot* (Marseille, 1686), is of no value, and brought a caustic epigram down on his head.

[Pg 4]

To Peter Weston, Esq.; Of The Honourable Society Of The Inner-Temple.

Sir,

When I had ended this little unlaboured Piece, the *Watch*, I resolv'd to dedicate it to some One, whom I cou'd fancy, the nearest approacht the charming *Damon*. Many fine Gentlemen I had in view, of Wit and Beauty; but still, through their Education, or a natural Propensity to Debauchery, I found those Vertues wanting, that should compleat that delicate Character, *Iris* gives her Lover; and which, at first Thought of You, I found center'd there to Perfection.

Yes, Sir, I found You had all the Youth of *Damon*; without the forward noisy Confidence, which usually attends your Sex. You have all the attracting Beauty of my young Hero; all that can charm the Fair; without the Affectation of those, that set out for Conquests (though You make a Thousand, without knowing it, or the Vanity of believing it.) You have our *Damon's* Wit with all his agreeable Modesty: Two Vertues that rarely shine together: And the last makes You conceal the noble Sallies of the first, with that Industry and Care, You wou'd an Amour: And You wou'd no more boast of either of these, than of your undoubted Bravery.

You are (like our Lover too) so discreet, that the bashful Maid may, without Fear or Blushing, venture the soft Confession of the Soul with You; reposing the dear Secret in Yours, with more Safety than with her own Thoughts. You have all the Sweetness of Youth, with the Sobriety and Prudence of Age. You have all the Power of the gay Vices of Man; but the Angel in your Mind, has subdu'd you to the Vertues of a God! And all the vicious and industrious Examples of the roving Wits of the mad Town, have only served to give You the greater Abhorrence to Lewdness. And You look down with Contempt and Pity on that wretched unthinking Number, who pride themselves in their mean Victories over little Hearts; and boast their common Prizes with that Vanity, that declares 'em capable of no higher Joy, than that of the Ruin of some credulous Unfortunate: And no Glory like that, of the Discovery of the brave Achievement, over the next Bottle, to the Fool that shall applaud 'em.

How does the Generosity, and Sweetness of your Disposition despise these false Entertainments, that turns the noble Passion of Love into Ridicule, and Man into Brute.

Methinks I cou'd form another *Watch* (that should remain a Pattern to succeeding Ages) how divinely you pass your more sacred Hours, how nobly and usefully You divide your Time: in which, no precious minute is lost, not one glides idly by; but all turns to wondrous Account. And all Your Life is one continu'd Course of Vertue and Honour. Happy the Parents that have the Glory to own You! Happy the Man, that has the Honour of your Friendship! But, oh! How much more happy the fair She, for whom you shall sigh! Which surely, can never be in vain.

[Pg 5]

There will be such a Purity in Your Flame: All You ask will be so chaste and noble, and utter'd with a Voice so modest, and a Look so charming, as must, by a gentle Force, compel that Heart to yield, that knows the true Value of Wit, Beauty, and Vertue.

Since then, in all the Excellencies of Mind and Body (where no one Grace is wanting) you so resemble the All-perfect *Damon*, suffer me to dedicate this *Watch* to You. It brings You nothing but Rules for Love; delicate as Your Thoughts, and innocent as Your Conversation. And possibly, 'tis the only Vertue of the Mind, You are not perfectly Master of; the only noble Mystery of the Soul, You have not yet studied. And though they are Rules for every Hour, You will find, they will neither rob Heaven, nor Your Friends of ther Due; those so valuable Devoirs of Your Life; They will teach You Love; but Love, so pure, and so devout, that You may mix it, even with Your Religion; and I know, Your fine Mind can admit of no other. When ever the God enters there (fond and wanton as he is, full of Arts and Guiles) he will be reduc'd to that Native Innocency, that made him so ador'd, before inconstant Man corrupted his Divinity, and made him wild and wandring. How happy will *Iris's* Watch be, to inspire such a Heart! How honour'd under the Patronage of so excellent a Man! Whose Wit will credit, whose Goodness will defend it; and whose noble and vertuous Qualities so justly merit the Character *Iris* has given *Damon*: And

which is believed so very much your Due, by

Sir,
Your most Obliged, and
Most Humble Servant,
A. Behn.

[Pg 6]

To the Admir'd ASTREA.

I Never mourn'd my Want of Wit, 'till now;
That where I do so much Devotion vow,
Brightest *Astrea*, to your honour'd Name,
Find my Endeavour will become my Shame.
'Tis you alone, who have the Art, and Wit
T' involve those Praises in the Lines y'have writ,
That we should give you, could we have the Sp'rite,
Vigour, and Force, wherewith your self do write.
Too mean are all th' Applauses we can give:
You in your self, and by your self, shall live;
When all we write will only serve to shew,
How much, in vain Attempt, we flag below.
Some Hands write some things well; are elsewhere lame:
But on all Theams, your Power is the same.
Of Buskin, and of Sock, you know the Pace;
And tread in both, with equal Skill and Grace,
But when you write of Love, *Astrea*, then
Love dips his Arrows, where you wet your pen.
Such charming Lines did never Paper grace;
Soft, as your Sex; and smooth, as Beauty's Face.
And 'tis your Province, that belongs to you:
Men are so rude, they fright when they wou'd sue
You teach us gentler Methods; such as are
The fit and due Proceedings with the Fair.

But why should you, who can so well create,
So stoop, as but pretend, you do translate?
Could you, who have such a luxuriant Vein,
As nought but your own Judgment could restrain;
Who are, your self, of Poesie the Soul,
And whose brave fancy knocks at either Pole;
Descend so low, as poor Translation,
To make an Author, that before was none?
Oh! Give us, henceforth, what is all your own!
Yet we can trace you here, in e'ery Line;
The Texture's good, but some Threds are too fine:
We see where you let in your Silver Springs;
And know the Plumes, with which you imp his Wings.

But I'm too bold to question what you do,
And yet it is my Zeal that makes me so.
Which, in a Lover, you'll not disapprove:
I am too dull to write, but I can love.

Charles Cotton.

[Pg 7]

To the Incomparable Author.

While this poor Homage of our Verse we give,
We own, at least, your just Prerogative:
And tho' the Tribute's needless, which we pay;
It serves to shew, you reign, and we obey.
Which, adding nothing to your perfect Store,
Yet makes your polisht Numbers shine the more:
As Gems in Foils, are with Advantage shown;
No Lustre take from them, but more exert their own.

Male Wits, from Authors of a former Date,
Copy Applause; and but at best, translate;
While you, like the immortal Pow'rs, Create.
Horace and *Pindar* (tho' attempted long
In vain) at last, have learnt the British Tongue;
Not so the Grecian Female Poet's Song.
The Pride of *Greece* we now out-rival'd see:
Greece boasts one *Sappho*; two *Orinda's*, we.

But what unheard Applause shall we impart

To this most new, and happy piece of Art?
 That renders our *Apollo* more sublime
 In Num'rous Prose, but yet more num'rous Rhime;
 And makes the God of Love, the God of Time.
Love's wandering Planet, you have made a Star:
 'Twas bright before, but now 'tis *Regular*.
 While *Love* shall last, this Engine needs must vend:
 Each Nymph, this *Watch* shall to her Lover send,
 That points him out his Hours, and how those Hours to spend.

}
 }
 [Pg 8]
 }
 }
 }

N. Tate.

To the most ingenious ASTREA, upon her Book intituled, La Môtre, or the Lover's Watch.

To celebrate your Praise, no Muse can crown
 You with that Glory, as this Piece hath done.
 This Lover's *Watch*, tho' it was made in *France*,
 By the fam'd *Bonnecorse*; yet you advance
 The Value of its curious Work so far,
 That as it shin'd there like a glitt'ring Star,
 Yet here a Constellation it appears;
 And in *Love's* Orb, with more Applause, it wears
Astrea's Name. Your Prose so delicate,
 Your Verse so smooth and sweet, that they create
 A lovely Wonder in each Lover's Mind:
 The envious Critick dares not be unkind.
La Môtre cannot err, 'tis set so well;
 The Rules for Lovers Hours are like a Spell
 To charm a Mistress with: The God of Love
 Is highly pleas'd; and smiling, does approve
 Of this rare Master piece: His Am'rous Game
 Will more improve: This will support his Fame.
 May your luxuriant Fancy ever flow
 Like a Spring tide; no Bounds, or Limits know.
 May you, in Story, for your Wit, live high:
 And summon'd hence, to blest Eternity,
 Aged with *Nestor's* Years, resign to Fate;
 May your fam'd Works receive an endless Date.

Rich. Faerrar.

To the Divine ASTREA, on her Môtre.

[Pg 9]

Thou Wonder of thy Sex! Thou greatest Good!
 The Ages Glory, if but understood.
 How are the *Britains* bound to bless the Name
 Of great *Astrea*! Whose Eternal Fame,
 To Foreign Clymes, is most deserv'dly spread;
 Where Thou, in thy great Works, shalt live, tho' dead.
 And mighty *France*, with Envy shall look on,
 To see her greatest Wit by thee out-done:
 And all their boasted Trophies are in vain,
 Whilst thou, spight of their Salick Law, shall reign.
 Witness *La Môtre*, from their Rubbish rais'd:
 A Piece, for which, thou shalt be ever prais'd.
 The beauteous Work is with such Order laid,
 And all the Movement so divinely made,
 As cannot of dull Criticks be afraid.
 Such Nature in the Truths of Love thou'st shew'd,
 As the All-loving *Ovid* never cou'd.
 Thy Rules so soft, so modest, and so right,
 The list'ning Youths will follow with Delight:
 To thy blest Name will all their Homage pay,
 Who taught 'em how to love the noblest Way.

}
 }
 }

G. J.

To his admired Friend, the most ingenious Author.

Once more my Muse is blest; her humble Voice
 Does in thy wondrous Works, once more, rejoyce.
 Not the bright Mount, where e'ery sacred Tongue,
 In skilful Choirs, immortal Numbers sung

Not great *Apollo's* own inspiring Beams,
Nor sweet *Castalia's* consecrated Streams,
To thy learn'd Sisters could so charming be.
As are thy Songs, and thou thy self, to me.
Æthereal Air, soft Springs, and verdant Fields;
Cool Shades, and Sunny Banks, thy Presence yields.
Never were Soul and Body better joyn'd;
A Mansion, worthy so divine a Mind!
No wonder e'ery Swain adores thy Name,
And e'ery Tongue proclaims thy Deathless Fame;
For who can such resistless Power controul,
Where Wit and Beauty both invade the Soul?
Beauty, that still does her fresh Conquests find;
And *Sacred Wit*, that ever charms the Mind:
Through all its Forms, that lovely *Proteus* chase;
And e'ery Shape has its Peculiar Grace.
Hail, *Thou Heav'n-Born!* Thou most transcendent *Good!*
If Mortals their chief Blessings understood!
Thou that, while Kingdoms, Thrones, and Pow'rs decay,
Hast, with Eternity, one constant Stay:
Liv'st, and will live, like the great God of *Love*;
For ever young, although as old as *Jove*.
While we, alas! in dark Oblivion lye,
Thou ne'er wilt let thy lov'd *Astrea* dye.
No, my good Friend, Thy Works will mount the Skies,
And see their Author's learned Ashes rise.

[Pg 10]

Much to the Fame of thy fair Sex of Old,
By skilful Writers, has been greatly told:
But all the boasted Titles they have gain'd
By others Labours, weakly are sustain'd;
While thou look'st down, and scorn'st so mean a Praise:
Thy own just Hands do thy own Trophies raise.

Rich is the Soil, and vast thy Native Store;
Yet Thou (Wit's Great *Columbus*) seek'st out more.
Through distant Regions spread'st thy Towing Wings,
And Foreign Treasure to thy Country brings.
This Work let no Censorious Tongue despise,
And judge thee wealthy with unlawful Prize,
We owe to thee, our best Refiner, more
Than him, who first dig'd up the rugged Ore.

[Pg 11]

Tho' this vast Frame were from a *Chaos* rais'd,
The great Creator should not less be prais'd:
By its bright Form, his Pow'rs as much display'd,
As if the World had been from Nothing made.
And if we may compare great Things with Small,
Thou therefore canst not by just Censure fall;
While the rude Heap, which lay before unform'd,
To Life and Sense, is by thy Spirit warm'd.

Geo. Jenkins.

[Pg 12]

La Monstre. **The LOVER's WATCH: or, the ART of making LOVE.**

The ARGUMENT.

'Tis in the most happy and august Court of the best and greatest Monarch of the World, that *Damon*, a young Nobleman, whom we will render under that Name, languishes for a Maid of Quality, who will give us leave to call her *Iris*.

Their Births are equally illustrious; they are both rich, and both young; their Beauty such as I dare not too nicely particularize, lest I should discover (which I am not permitted to do) who these charming Lovers are. Let it suffice, that *Iris* is the most fair and accomplisht Person that ever adorn'd a Court; and that *Damon* is only worthy of the Glory of her Favour; for he has all that can render him lovely in the fair Eyes of the amiable *Iris*. Nor is he Master of those superficial Beauties alone, that please at first sight; he can charm the Soul with a thousand Arts of Wit and Gallantry. And, in a word, I may say, without flattering either, that there is no one Beauty, no one Grace, no Perfection of Mind and Body, that wants to compleat a Victory on both sides.

The agreement of Age, Fortunes, Quality and Humours in the two fair Lovers, made the impatient *Damon* hope, that no thing would oppose his Passion; and if he saw himself every hour languishing for the adorable Maid, he did not however despair: And if *Iris*

sigh'd, it was not for fear of being one day more happy.

In the midst of the Tranquillity of these two Lovers, *Iris* was obliged to go into the Country for some Months, whither 'twas impossible for *Damon* to wait on her, he being oblig'd to attend the King his Master; and being the most amorous of his Sex, suffer'd with extreme Impatience the Absence of his Mistress. Nevertheless, he fail'd not to send to her every day, and gave up all his melancholy Hours to Thinking, Sighing, and Writing to her the softest Letters that Love could inspire. So that *Iris* even blessed that Absence that gave her so tender and convincing Proofs of his Passion; and found this dear way of Conversing, even recompens'd all her Sighs for his Absence.

After a little Intercourse of this kind, *Damon* bethought himself to ask *Iris* a *Discretion* which he had won of her before she left the Town; and in a *Billetdoux* to that purpose, prest her very earnestly for it. *Iris* being infinitely pleas'd with his Importunity, suffer'd him to ask it often; and he never fail'd of doing so.

[Pg 13]

But as I do not here design to relate the Adventures of these two amiable Persons, nor to give you all the *Billet-doux* that past between them; you shall here find nothing but the *Watch* this charming Maid sent her impatient Lover.

IRIS to DAMON.

It must be confest, *Damon*, that you are the most importuning Man in the World. Your Billets have a hundred times demanded a *Discretion*, which you won of me; and tell me, you will not wait my Return to be paid. You are either a very faithless Creditor, or believe me very unjust, that you dun with such impatience. But to let you see that I am a Maid of Honour, and value my Word, I will acquit my self of this Obligation I have to you, and send you a *Watch* of my fashion; perhaps you never saw any so good. It is not one of those that have always something to be mended in it: but one that is without fault, very just and good, and will remain so as long as you continue to love me: But *Damon*, know, the very Minute you cease to do so, the String will break, and it will go no more. 'Tis only useful in my Absence, and when I return 'twill change its Motion: and though I have set it but for the Spring-time, 'twill serve you the whole Year round: and 'twill be necessary only that you alter the Business of the Hours (which my *Cupid*, in the middle of my *Watch*, points you out) according to the length of the Days and Nights. Nor is the Dart of that little God directed to those Hours, so much to inform you how they pass, as how you ought to pass them; how you ought to employ those of your Absence from *Iris*. 'Tis there you shall find the whole Business of a Lover, from his Mistress; for I have design'd it a Rule to all your Actions. The Consideration of the Work-man ought to make you set a Value upon the Work: And though it be not an accomplit and perfect piece; yet, *Damon*, you ought to be grateful and esteem it, since I have made it for you alone. But however I may boast of the Design, I know, as well as I believe you love me, that you will not suffer me to have the Glory of it wholly, but will say in your Heart,

[Pg 14]

*That Love, the great Instructor of the Mind,
That forms anew, and fashions every Soul,
Refines the gross Defects of human Kind;
Humbles the proud and vain, inspires the dull;
Gives Cowards noble Heat in Fight,
And teaches feeble Women how to write:
That doth the Universe Command,
Does from my Iris' Heart direct her Hand.*

I give you the Liberty to say this to your Heart, if you please: And that you may know with what Justice you do so, I will confess in my turn.

The Confession.

*That Love's my Conduct where I go,
And Love instructs me all I do.
Prudence no longer is my Guide,
Nor take I Counsel of my Pride.
In vain does Honour now invade,
In vain does Reason take my part,
If against Love it do persuade,
If it rebel against my Heart.
If the soft Ev'ning do invite,
And I incline to take the Air,
The Birds, the Spring, the Flow'rs no more delight;
'Tis Love makes all the Pleasure there:
Love, which about me still I bear;
I'm charm'd with what I thither bring,
And add a Softness to the Spring.
If for Devotion I design,
Love meets me, even at the Shrine;
In all my Worships claims a part,
And robs even Heaven of my Heart:
All Day does counsel aud controul,
And all the Night employs my Soul.*

[Pg 15]

*No wonder then if all you think be true,
That Love's concern'd in all I do for you.*

And, *Damon*, you, know that *Love* is no ill Master; and I must say, with a Blush, that he has found me no unapt Scholar; and he instructs too agreeably not to succeed in all he undertakes.

*Who can resist his soft Commands?
When he resolves, what God withstands?*

But I ought to explain to you my *Watch*: The naked *Love* which you will find in the middle of it, with his Wings clipp'd, to shew you he is fixed and constant, and will not fly away, points you out with his Arrow the four and twenty Hours that compose the Day and the Night: Over every Hour you will find written what you ought to do, during its Course; and every Half-hour is marked with a Sigh, since the quality of a Lover is, to sigh day and night: Sighs are the Children of Lovers, that are born every Hour. And that my *Watch* may always be just, *Love* himself ought to conduct it; and your Heart should keep time with the Movement:

*My Present's delicate and new,
If by your Heart the Motion's set;
According as that's false or true,
You'll find my Watch will answer it.*

Every Hour is tedious to a Lover separated from his Mistress: and to shew you how good I am, I will have my *Watch* instruct you, to pass some of them without Inquietude; that the force of your Imagination may sometimes charm the Trouble you have for my Absence: [Pg 16]

*Perhaps I am mistaken here,
My Heart may too much Credit give:
But, Damon, you can charm my Fear,
And soon my Error undeceive.*

But I will not disturb my Repose at this time with a Jealousy, which I hope is altogether frivolous and vain; but begin to instruct you in the Mysteries of my *Watch*. Cast then your Eyes upon the eighth Hour in the Morning, which is the Hour I would have you begin to wake: you will find there written,

EIGHT o'CLOCK.

Agreeable Reverie.

Do not rise yet; you may find Thoughts agreeable enough, when you awake, to entertain you longer in Bed. And 'tis in that Hour you ought to recollect all the Dreams you had in the Night. If you had dream'd any thing to my advantage, confirm your self in that thought; but if to my disadvantage, renounce it, and disown the injurious Dream. 'Tis in this Hour also that I give you leave to reflect on all that I have ever said and done, that has been most obliging to you, and that gives you the most tender Sentiments.

The Reflections.

*Remember, Damon, while your Mind
Reflects on things that charm and please,
You give me Proofs that you are kind,
And set my doubting Soul at ease:
For when your Heart receives with Joy
The thoughts of Favours which I give,
My Smiles in vain I not employ,
And on the Square we love and live.
Think then on all I ever did,
That e'er was charming, e'er was dear;
Let nothing from that Soul be hid,
Whose Griefs and Joys I feel and share.
All that your Love and Faith have sought,
All that your Vows and Sighs have bought,
Now render present to your Thought.*

[Pg 17]

And for what's to come, I give you leave, *Damon*, to flatter your self, and to expect, I shall still pursue those Methods, whose Remembrance charms so well: But, if it be possible, conceive these kind Thoughts between sleeping and waking, that all my too forward Complaisance, my Goodness, and my Tenderness, which I confess to have for you, may pass for Half Dreams: for 'tis most certain,

*That tho' the Favours of the Fair
Are ever to the Lover dear;
Yet, lest he should reproach that easy Flame,
That buys its Satisfaction with its Shame;
She ought but rarely to confess
How much she finds of Tenderness;*

}
}
}

*Nicely to guard the yielding part,
And hide the hard-kept Secret in her Heart.*

For, let me tell you, *Damon*, tho' the Passion of a Woman of Honour be ever so innocent, and the Lover never so discreet and honest; her Heart feels I know not what of Reproach within, at the reflection of any Favours she has allow'd him. For my part, I never call to mind the least soft or kind Word I have spoken to *Damon*, without finding at the same instant my Face cover'd over with Blushes, and my Heart with sensible Pain. I sigh at the Remembrance of every Touch I have stolen from his Hand, and have upbraided my Soul, which confesses so much guilty Love, as that secret Desire of touching him made appear. I am angry at the Discovery, though I am pleas'd at the same time with the Satisfaction I take in doing so; and ever disorder'd at the Remembrance of such Arguments of too much Love. And these unquiet Sentiments alone are sufficient to persuade me, that our Sex cannot be reserv'd too much. And I have often, on these occasions, said to my self,

[Pg 18]

The Reserve.

*Tho' Damon every Virtue have,
With all that pleases in his Form,
That can adorn the Just and Brave,
That can the coldest Bosom warm;
Tho' Wit and Honour there abound,
Yet the Pursuer's ne'er pursu'd,
And when my Weakness he has found,
His Love will sink to Gratitude:
While on the asking part he lives,
'Tis she th' Obliger is who gives.*

*And he that at one Throw the Stake has won
Gives over play, since all the Stock is gone.
And what dull Gamester ventures certain Store
With Losers who can set no more?*

NINE o'CLOCK.

Design to please no body.

I should continue to accuse you of that Vice I have often done, that of Laziness, if you remain'd past this Hour in bed: 'tis time for you to rise; my *Watch* tells you 'tis nine o'clock. Remember that I am absent, therefore do not take too much pains in dressing your self, and setting your Person off.

The Question.

*Tell me! What can he design,
Who in his Mistress' absence will be fine?
Why does he cock, and comb, and dress?
Why is his Cravat String in Print?
What does th' Embroider'd Coat confess?
Why to the Glass this long Address,
If there be nothing in't?
If no new Conquest is design'd,
If no new Beauty fill his Mind?
Let Fools and Fops, whose Talents lie
In being neat, in being spruce,
Be drest in Vain, and Tawdery;
With Men of Sense, 'tis out of use:
The only Folly that Distinction sets
Between the noisy fluttering Fools and Wits.
Remember, Iris is away;
And sighing to your Valet cry,
Spare your Perfumes and Care, to-day
I have no business to be gay,
Since Iris is not by.
I'll be all negligent in Dress,
And scarce set off for Complaisance;
Put me on nothing that may please,
But only such as may give no Offence.*

[Pg 19]

Say to your self, as you are dressing, 'Would it please Heaven, that I might see *Iris* to-day! But oh! 'tis impossible: Therefore all that I shall see will be but indifferent Objects, since 'tis *Iris* only that I wish to see.' And sighing, whisper to your self:

The Sigh.

*Ah! charming Object of my wishing Thought!
Ah! soft Idea of a distant Bliss!
That only art in Dreams and Fancy brought,*

*To give short Intervals of Happiness.
But when I waking find thou absent art,
And with thee, all that I adore,
What Pains, what Anguish fills my Heart!
What Sadness seizes me all o'er!
All Entertainments I neglect,
Since Iris is no longer there:
Beauty scarce claims my bare Respect,
Since in the Throng I find not her.
Ah then! how vain it were to dress, and show;
Since all I wish to please, is absent now!*

[Pg 20]

'Tis with these Thoughts, *Damon*, that your Mind ought to be employ'd, during your time of Dressing. And you are too knowing in Love, to be ignorant,

*That when a Lover ceases to be blest
With the dear Object he desires,
Ah! how indifferent are the rest!
How soon their Conversation tires!
Tho' they a thousand Arts to please invent,
Their Charms are dull, their Wit impertinent.*

TEN o'CLOCK.

Reading of Letters.

My *Cupid* points you now to the Hour in which you ought to retire into your Cabinet, having already past an Hour in Dressing: and for a Lover, who is sure not to appear before his Mistress, even that Hour is too much to be so employ'd. But I will think, you thought of nothing less than Dressing while you were about it. Lose then no more Minutes, but open your Scrutore, and read over some of those Billets you have received from me. Oh! what Pleasures a Lover feels about his Heart, in reading those from a Mistress he entirely loves!

The Joy.

*Who, but a Lover, can express
The Joys, the Pleasures, the Tenderness,
That the soft amorous Soul invades,
While the dear Billetdoux he reads:
Raptures Divine the Heart o'erflow,
Which he that loves not cannot know.
A thousand Tremblings, thousand Fears,
The short-breath'd Sighs, the joyful Tears!
The Transport, where the Love's confest;
The Change, where Coldness is express;
The diff'ring Flames the Lover burns,
As those are shy, or kind, by turns.*

[Pg 21]

However you find'em, *Damon*, construe 'em all to my advantage: Possibly, some of them have an Air of Coldness, something different from that Softness they are usually too amply fill'd with; but where you find they have, believe there, that the Sense of Honour, and my Sex's Modesty, guided my Hand a little against the Inclinations of my Heart; and that it was as a kind of an Atonement, I believed I ought to make, for something I feared I had said too kind, and too obliging before. But where-ever you find that Stop, that Check in my Career of Love, you will be sure to find something that follows it to favour you, and deny that unwilling Imposition upon my Heart; which, lest you should mistake, Love shews himself in Smiles again, and flatters more agreeably, disdain the Tyranny of Honour and rigid Custom, that Imposition on our Sex; and will, in spite of me, let you see he reigns absolutely in my Soul.

The reading my *Billetdoux* may detain you an Hour: I have had so much Goodness to write you enow to entertain you for so long at least, and sometimes reproach my self for it; but, contrary to all my Scruples, I find my self disposed to give you those frequent Marks of my Tenderness. If yours be so great as you express it, you ought to kiss my Letters a thousand times; you ought to read them with Attention, and weigh every Word, and value every Line. A Lover may receive a thousand endearing Words from a Mistress, more easily than a Billet. One says a great many kind things of course to a Lover, which one is not willing to write, or to give testify'd under one's Hand, signed and sealed. But when once a Lover has brought his Mistress to that degree of Love, he ought to assure himself, she loves not at the common rate.

[Pg 22]

Love's Witness.

*Slight unpremeditated Words are borne
By every common Wind into the Air;
Carelessly utter'd, die as soon as born,
And in one instant give both Hope and Fear:
Breathing all Contraries with the same Wind,
According to the Caprice of the Mind.*

*But Billetdoux are constant Witnesses,
Substantial Records to Eternity;
Just Evidences, who the Truth confess,
On which the Lover safely may rely;
They're serious Thoughts, digested and resolv'd;
And last, when Words are into Clouds devolv'd.*

I will not doubt, but you give credit to all that is kind in my Letters; and I will believe, you find a Satisfaction in the Entertainment they give you, and that the Hour of reading 'em is not disagreeable to you. I could wish, your Pleasure might be extreme, even to the degree of suffering the Thought of my Absence not to diminish any part of it. And I could wish too, at the end of your Reading, you would sigh with Pleasure, and say to your self—

The Transport.

*O Iris! While you thus can charm,
While at this Distance you can wound and warm;
My absent Torments I will bless and bear,
That give me such dear Proofs how kind you are.
Present, the valu'd Store was only seen,
Now I am rifling the bright Mass within.*

*Every dear, past, and happy Day,
When languishing at Iris' Feet I lay;
When all my Prayers and all my Tears could move
No more than her Permission, I should love:
Vain with my Glorious Destiny,
I thought, beyond, scarce any Heaven cou'd be.*

*But, charming Maid, now I am taught,
That Absence has a thousand Joys to give,
On which the Lover present never thought,
That recompense the Hours we grieve.
Rather by Absence let me be undone,
Than forfeit all the Pleasures that has won.*

With this little Rapture, I wish you wou'd finish the reading my Letters, shut your Scrutore, and quit your Cabinet; for my Love leads to eleven o'clock.

ELEVEN o'CLOCK.

The Hour to write in.

If my *Watch* did not inform you 'tis now time to write, I believe, *Damon*, your Heart wou'd, and tell you also that I should take it kindly, if you would employ a whole Hour that way; and that you should never lose an Occasion of writing to me, since you are assured of the Welcome I give your Letters. Perhaps you will say, an Hour is too much, and that 'tis not the mode to write long Letters. I grant you, *Damon*, when we write those indifferent ones of Gallantry in course, or necessary Compliment; the handsome comprizing of which in the fewest Words, renders 'em the most agreeable: But in Love we have a thousand foolish things to say, that of themselves bear no great Sound, but have a mighty Sense in Love; for there is a peculiar Eloquence natural alone to a Lover, and to be understood by no other Creature: To those, Words have a thousand Graces and Sweetnesses; which, to the Unconcerned, appear Meanness, and easy Sense, at the best. But, *Damon*, you and I are none of those ill Judges of the Beauties of Love; we can penetrate beyond the Vulgar, and perceive the fine Soul in every Line, thro' all the humble Dress of Phrase; when possibly they who think they discern it best in florid Language, do not see it at all. *Love* was not born or bred in Courts, but Cottages; and, nurs'd in Groves and Shades, smiles on the Plains, and wantons in the Streams; all unador'd and harmless. Therefore, *Damon*, do not consult your Wit in this Affair, but *Love* alone; speak all that he and Nature taught you, and let the fine Things you learn in Schools alone: Make use of those Flowers you have gather'd there, when you converse with States-men and the Gown. Let *Iris* possess your Heart in all its simple Innocence, that's the best Eloquence to her that loves: and that is my Instruction to a Lover that would succeed in his Amours; for I have a Heart very difficult to please, and this is the nearest way to it.

Advice to Lovers.

*Lovers, if you wou'd gain a Heart,
Of Damon learn to win the Prize;
He'll shew you all its tend'rest part,
And where its greatest Danger lies;
The Magazine of its Disdain,
Where Honour, feebly guarded, does remain.*

*If present, do but little say;
Enough the silent Lover speaks:
But wait, and sigh, and gaze all day;
Such Rhet'rick more than Language takes.*

*For Words the dullest way do move;
And utter'd more to shew your Wit than Love.*

*Let your Eyes tell her of your Heart;
Its Story is, for Words, too delicate.
Souls thus exchange, and thus impart,
And all their Secrets can relate.
A Tear, a broken Sigh, she'll understand;
Or the soft trembling Pressings of the Hand.*

*Or if your Pain must be in Words express,
Let 'em fall gently, unassur'd and slow;
And where they fail, your Looks may tell the rest:
Thus Damon spoke, and I was conquer'd so.
The witty Talker has mistook his Art;
The modest Lover only charms the Heart.*

*Thus, while all day you gazing sit,
And fear to speak, and fear your Fate,
You more Advantages by Silence get,
Than the gay forward Youth with all his Prate.
Let him be silent here; but when away,
Whatever Love can dictate, let him say.*

*There let the bashful Soul unveil,
And give a loose to Love and Truth:
Let him improve the amorous Tale,
With all the Force of Words, and Fire of Youth:
There all, and any thing let him express;
Too long he cannot write, too much confess.*

O Damon! How well have you made me understand this soft Pleasure! You know my Tenderness too well, not to be sensible how I am charmed with your agreeable long Letters.

The Invention.

*Ah! he who first found out the way
Souls to each other to convey,
Without dull Speaking, sure must be
Something above Humanity.
Let the fond World in vain dispute,
And the first Sacred Mystery impute
Of Letters to the learned Brood,
And of the Glory cheat a God:
'Twas Love alone that first the Art essay'd,
And Psyche was the first fair yielding Maid,
That was by the dear Billetdoux betray'd.*

It is an Art too ingenious to have been found out by Man, and too necessary to Lovers, not to have been invented by the God of Love himself. But, *Damon*, I do not pretend to exact from you those Letters of Gallantry, which, I have told you, are filled with nothing but fine Thoughts, and writ with all the Arts of Wit and Subtilty: I would have yours still all tender unaffected Love, Words unchosen, Thoughts unstudied, and Love unfeign'd. I had rather find more Softness than Wit in your Passion; more of Nature than of Art; more of the Lover than the Poet.

Nor would I have you write any of those little short Letters, that are read over in a Minute; in Love, long Letters bring a long Pleasure: Do not trouble your self to make 'em fine, or write a great deal of Wit and Sense in a few Lines; that is the Notion of a witty Billet, in any Affair but that of Love. And have a care rather to avoid these Graces to a Mistress; and assure your self, dear *Damon*, that what pleases the Soul pleases the Eye, and the Largeness or Bulk of your Letter shall never offend me; and that I only am displeas'd when I find them small. A Letter is ever the best and most powerful Agent to a Mistress, it almost always persuades, 'tis always renewing little Impressions, that possibly otherwise Absence would deface. Make use then, *Damon*, of your Time while it is given you, and thank me that I permit you to write to me: Perhaps I shall not always continue in the Humour of suffering you to do so; and it may so happen, by some turn of Chance and Fortune, that you may be deprived, at the same time, both of my Presence, and of the Means of sending to me. I will believe that such an Accident would be a great Misfortune to you, for I have often heard you say, that, 'To make the most happy Lover suffer Martyrdom, one need only forbid him Seeing, Speaking and Writing to the Object he loves.' Take all the Advantages then you can, you cannot give me too often Marks too powerful of your Passion: Write therefore during this Hour, every Day. I give you leave to believe, that while you do so, you are serving me the most obligingly and agreeably you can, while absent; and that you are giving me a Remedy against all Grief, Uneasiness, Melancholy, and Despair; nay, if you exceed your Hour, you need not be asham'd. The Time you employ in this kind Devoir, is the Time that I shall be grateful for, and no doubt will recompense it. You ought not however to neglect Heaven for me; I will give you time for your Devotion, for my *Watch* tells you 'tis time to go to the Temple.

[Pg 25]

}
}
}
}

[Pg 26]

[Pg 27]

TWELVE o'CLOCK.

Indispensible Duty.

There are certain Duties which one ought never to neglect: That of adoring the Gods is of this nature; and which we ought to pay, from the bottom of our Hearts: And that, *Damon*, is the only time I will dispense with your not thinking on me. But I would not have you go to one of those Temples, where the celebrated Beauties, and those that make a profession of Gallantry, go; and who come thither only to see, and be seen; and whither they repair, more to shew their Beauty and Dress, than to honour the Gods. If you will take my advice, and oblige my wish, you shall go to those that are least frequented, and you shall appear there like a Man that has a perfect Veneration for all things Sacred.

The Instruction.

*Damon, if your Heart and Flame,
You wish, should always be the same,
Do not give it leave to rove,
Nor expose it to new Harms:
Ere you think on't, you may love,
If you gaze on Beauty's Charms:
If with me you wou'd not part,
Turn your Eyes into your Heart.*

*If you find a new Desire
In your easy Soul take fire,
From the tempting Ruin fly;
Think it faithless, think it base:
Fancy soon will fade and die,
If you wisely cease to gaze.
Lovers should have Honour too,
Or they pay but half Love's due.*

*Do not to the Temple go,
With design to gaze or show:
Whate'er Thoughts you have abroad,
Tho' you can deceive elsewhere,
There's no feigning with your God;
Souls should be all perfect there.
The Heart that's to the Altar brought,
Only Heaven should fill its Thought.*

*Do not your sober Thoughts perplex,
By gazing on the Ogling Sex:
Or if Beauty call your Eyes,
Do not on the Object dwell;
Guard your Heart from the Surprize,
By thinking Iris doth excell.
Above all Earthly Things I'd be,
Damon, most belov'd by thee;
And only Heaven must rival me.*

[Pg 28]

}
}
}

ONE o'CLOCK.

Forc'd Entertainment.

I Perceive it will be very difficult for you to quit the Temple, without being surrounded with Compliments from People of Ceremony, Friends, and Newsmongers, and several of those sorts of Persons, who afflict and busy themselves, and rejoice at a hundred things they have no Interest in; Coquets and Politicians, who make it the Business of their whole Lives, to gather all the News of the Town; adding or diminishing according to the Stock of their Wit and Invention, and spreading it all abroad to the believing Fools and Gossips; and perplexing every body with a hundred ridiculous Novels, which they pass off for Wit and Entertainment; or else some of those Recounters of Adventures, that are always telling of Intrigues, and that make a Secret to a hundred People of a thousand foolish things they have heard: Like a certain pert and impertinent Lady of the Town, whose Youth and Beauty being past, sets up for Wit, to uphold a feeble Empire over idle Hearts; and whose Character is this:

The Coquet.

*Melinda, who had never been
Esteem'd a Beauty at fifteen,
Always amorous was, and kind:
To every Swain she lent an Ear;
Free as Air, but false as Wind;
Yet none complain'd, she was severe.
She eas'd more than she made complain;*

[Pg 29]

Was always singing, pert, and vain.

*Where-e'er the Throng was, she was seen,
And swept the Youths along the Green;
With equal Grace she flatter'd all;
And fondly proud of all Address,
Her Smiles invite, her Eyes do call,
And her vain Heart her Looks confess.
She rallies this, to that she bow'd,
Was talking ever, laughing loud.*

*On every side she makes advance,
And every where a Confidence;
She tells for Secrets all she knows,
And all to know she does pretend:
Beauty in Maids she treats as Foes:
But every handsome Youth as Friend.
Scandal still passes off for Truth;
And Noise and Nonsense, Wit and Youth.*

*Coquet all o'er, and every part,
Yet wanting Beauty, even of Art;
Herds with the ugly, and the old;
And plays the Critick on the rest:
Of Men, the bashful, and the bold,
Either, and all, by turns, likes best:
Even now, tho' Youth be langisht, she
Sets up for Love and Gallantry.*

[Pg 30]

This sort of Creature, *Damon*, is very dangerous; not that I fear you will squander away a Heart upon her, but your Hours; for in spite of you, she'll detain you with a thousand Impertinencies, and eternal Tattle. She passes for a judging Wit; and there is nothing so troublesome as such a Pretender. She, perhaps, may get some knowledge of our Correspondence; and then, no doubt, will improve it to my Disadvantage. Possibly she may rail at me; that is her fashion by the way of friendly Speaking; and an aukward Commendation, the most effectual way of Defaming and Traducing. Perhaps she tells you, in a cold Tone, that you are a happy Man to be belov'd by me: That *Iris* indeed is handsome, and she wonders she has no more Lovers; but the Men are not of her mind; if they were, you should have more Rivals. She commends my Face, but that I have blue Eyes, and 'tis pity my Complexion is no better: My Shape but too much inclining to fat. Cries—She would charm infinitely with her Wit, but that she knows too well she is Mistress of it. And concludes,—But all together she is well enough.—Thus she runs on without giving you leave to edge in a word in my defence; and ever and anon crying up her own Conduct and Management: Tells you how she is oppress'd with Lovers, and fatigu'd with Addresses; and recommending her self, at every turn, with a perceivable Cunning: And all the while is jilting you of your good Opinion; which she would buy at the price of any body's Repose, or her own Fame, tho' but for the Vanity of adding to the number of her Lovers. When she sees a new Spark, the first thing she does, she enquires into his Estate; if she find it such as may (if the Coxcomb be well manag'd) supply her Vanity, she makes advances to him, and applies her self to those little Arts she usually makes use of to gain her Fools; and according to his Humour dresses and affects her own. But, *Damon*, since I point to no particular Person in this Character, I will not name who you shall avoid; but all of this sort I conjure you, wheresoever you find 'em. But if unlucky Chance throw you in their way, hear all they say, without credit or regard, as far as Decency will suffer you; hear 'em without approving their Foppery; and hear 'em without giving 'em cause to censure you. But 'tis so much Time lost to listen to all the Novels this sort of People will perplex you with; whose Business is to be idle, and who even tire themselves with their own Impertinencies. And be assur'd after all there is nothing they can tell you that is worth your knowing. And *Damon*, a perfect Lover never asks any News but of the Maid he loves.

[Pg 31]

The Enquiry.

*Damon, if your Love be true
To the Heart that you possess,
Tell me what have you to do
Where you have no Tenderness?
Her Affairs who cares to learn,
For whom he has not some Concern?*

*If a Lover fain would know
If the Object lov'd be true,
Let her but industrious be
To watch his Curiosity;
Tho' ne'er so cold his Questions seem,
They come from warmer Thoughts within.*

*When I hear a Swain enquire
What gay Melinda does to live,*

*I conclude there is some Fire
In a Heart inquisitive;
Or 'tis, at least, the Bill that's set
To shew, The Heart is to be let.*

[Pg 32]

TWO o'CLOCK.

Dinner-Time.

Leave all those fond Entertainments, or you will disoblige me, and make Dinner wait for you; for my *Cupid* tells you 'tis that Hour. *Love* does not pretend to make you lose that; nor is it my Province to order you your Diet. Here I give you a perfect Liberty to do what you please; and possibly, 'tis the only Hour in the whole four and twenty that I will absolutely resign you, or dispense with your even so much as thinking on me. 'Tis true, in seating your self at Table, I would not have you placed over-against a very beautiful Object; for in such a one there are a thousand little Graces in Speaking, Looking, and Laughing that fail not to charm, if one gives way to the Eyes, to gaze and wander that way; in which, perhaps, in spite of you, you will find a Pleasure: And while you do so, tho' without design or concern, you give the fair Charmer a sort of Vanity, in believing you have placed your self there, only for the advantage of looking on her; and she assumes a hundred little Graces and Affectations which are not natural to her, to compleat a Conquest, which she believes so well begun already. She softens her Eyes, and sweetens her Mouth; and in fine, puts on another Air than when she had no Design, and when you did not, by your continual looking on her, rouze her Vanity, and encrease her easy Opinion of her own Charms. Perhaps she knows I have some Interest in your Heart, and prides her self, at least, with believing she has attracted the Eyes of my Lover, if not his Heart; and thinks it easy to vanquish the whole, if she pleases; and triumphs over me in her secret Imaginations. Remember, *Damon*, that while you act thus in the Company and Conversation of other Beauties, every Look or Word you give in favour of 'em, is an Indignity to my Reputation; and which you cannot suffer if you love me truly, and with Honour: and assure your self, so much Vanity as you inspire in her, so much Fame you rob me of; for whatever Praises you give another Beauty, so much you take away from mine. Therefore, if you dine in Company, do as others do: Be generally civil, not applying your self by Words or Looks to any particular Person: Be as gay as you please: Talk and laugh with all, for this is not the Hour for Chagrin.

[Pg 33]

The Permission.

*My Damon, tho' I stint your Love,
I will not stint your Appetite;
That I would have you still improve,
By every new and fresh Delight.
Feast till Apollo hides his Head,
Or drink the Am'rous God to Thetis' Bed.*

*Be like your self: All witty, gay!
And o'er the Bottle bless the Board;
The list'ning Round will, all the Day,
Be charm'd, and pleas'd with every Word.
Tho' Venus' Son inspire your Wit,
'Tis the Silenian God best utters it.*

*Here talk of every thing but me,
Since ev'ry thing you say with Grace:
If not dispos'd your Humour be,
And you'd this Hour in silence pass;
Since something must the Subject prove,
Of Damon's Thoughts, let it be Me and Love.*

*But, Damon, this enfranchised Hour,
No Bounds, or Laws, will I impose;
But leave it wholly in your pow'r,
What Humour to refuse or chuse;
I Rules prescribe but to your Flame;
For I, your Mistress, not Physician, am.*

[Pg 34]

THREE o'CLOCK.

Visits to Friends.

Damon, my *Watch* is juster than you imagine; it would not have you live retired and solitary, but permits you to go and make Visits. I am not one of those that believe Love and Friendship cannot find a place in one and the same Heart: And that Man would be very unhappy, who, as soon as he had a Mistress, should be obliged to renounce the Society of his Friends. I must confess, I would not that you should have so much Concern for them, as you have for me; for I have heard a sort of a Proverb that says, *He cannot be very fervent in Love, who is not a little cold in Friendship*. You are not ignorant, that when *Love* establishes himself in a Heart, he reigns a Tyrant there, and will not suffer even Friendship, if it pretend to share his Empire there.

*Love is a God, whose charming Sway
Both Heaven, and Earth, and Seas obey;
A Power that will not mingled be
With any dull Equality.
Since first from Heaven, which gave him Birth,
He rul'd the Empire of the Earth;
Jealous of Sov'reign Pow'r he rules,
And will be absolute in Souls.*

I should be very angry if you had any of those Friendships which one ought to desire in a Mistress only; for many times it happens that you have Sentiments a little too tender for those amiable Persons; and many times Love and Friendship are so confounded together, that one cannot easily discern one from the other. I have seen a Man flatter himself with an Opinion, that he had but an Esteem for a Woman, when by some turn of Fortune in her Life, as marrying, or receiving the Addresses of Men, he has found by Spite and Jealousies within, that that was Love, which he before took for Complaisance or Friendship. Therefore have a care, for such Amities are dangerous: Not but that a Lover may have fair and generous Female Friends, whom he ought to visit; and perhaps I should esteem you less, if I did not believe you were valued by such, if I were perfectly assured they were Friends and not Lovers. But have a care you hide not a Mistress under this Veil, or that you gain not a Lover by this Pretence: For you may begin with Friendship, and end with Love; and I should be equally afflicted should you give it or receive it. And though you charge our Sex with all the Vanity, yet I often find Nature to have given you as large a Portion of that common Crime, which you would shuffle off, as asham'd to own; and are as fond and vain of the Imagination of a Conquest, as any *Coquet* of us all: tho' at the same time you despise the Victim, you think it adds a Trophy to your Fame. And I have seen a Man dress, and trick, and adjust his Looks and Mein, to make a Visit to a Woman he lov'd not, nor ever could love, as for those he made to his Mistress; and only for the Vanity of making a Conquest upon a Heart, even unworthy of the little Pains he has taken about it. And what is this but buying Vanity at the Expense of Sense and Ease; and with Fatigue to purchase the Name of a conceited Fop, besides that of a dishonest Man? For he who takes pains to make himself beloved, only to please his curious Humour, tho' he should say nothing that tends to it, more than by his Looks, his Sighs, and now and then breaking into Praises and Commendations of the Object; by the care he takes, to appear well drest before her, and in good order; he lyes in his Looks, he deceives with his Mein and Fashion, and cheats with every Motion, and every Grace he puts on: He cozens when he sings or dances; he dissembles when he sighs; and every thing he does, that wilfully gains upon her, is Malice prepense, Baseness, and Art below a Man of Sense or Virtue: and yet these Arts, these Cozenages, are the Common Practices of the Town. What's this but that damnable Vice, of which they so reproach our Sex; that of jilting for Hearts? And 'tis in vain that my Lover, after such foul Play, shall think to appease me, with saying, *He did it to try how easy he could conquer, and of how great force his Charms were: And why should I be angry if all the Town loved him, since he loved none but Iris?* Oh foolish Pleasure! How little Sense goes to the making of such a Happiness! And how little Love must he have for one particular Person, who would wish to inspire it into all the World, and yet himself pretend to be insensible! But this, *Damon*, is rather what is but too much practiced by your Sex, than any Guilt I charge on you: tho' Vanity be an Ingredient that Nature very seldom omits in the Composition of either Sex; and you may be allowed a Tincture of it at least. And, perhaps, I am not wholly exempt from this Leaven in my Nature, but accuse myself sometimes of finding a secret Joy of being ador'd, tho' I even hate my Worshipper. But if any such Pleasure touch my Heart, I find it at the same time blushing in my Cheeks with a guilty Shame, which soon checks the petty Triumphs; and I have a Virtue at soberer Thoughts, that I find surmounts my Weakness and Indiscretion; and I hope *Damon* finds the same: For, should he have any of those Attachments, I should have no pity for him.

[Pg 35]

[Pg 36]

The Example.

*Damon, if you'd have me true,
Be you my Precedent and Guide:
Example sooner we pursue,
Than the dull Dictates of our Pride.
Precepts of Virtue are too weak an Aim:
'Tis Demonstration that can best reclaim.*

*Shew me the Path you'd have me go;
With such a Guide I cannot stray:
What you approve, whate'er you do,
It is but just I bend that way.
If true, my Honour favours your Design;
If false, Revenge is the result of mine.*

*A Lover true, a Maid sincere,
Are to be priz'd as things divine:
'Tis Justice makes the Blessing dear,
Justice of Love without Design.
And she that reigns not in a Heart alone,
Is never safe, or easy, on her Throne.*

[Pg 37]

FOUR o'CLOCK.

General Conversation.

In this Visiting-Hour, many People will happen to meet at one and the same Time together, in a Place: And as you make not Visits to Friends, to be silent, you ought to enter into Conversation with 'em; but those Conversations ought to be general, and of general things: for there is no necessity of making your Friend the Confident of your Amours. 'Twould infinitely displease me, to hear you have reveal'd to them all that I have repos'd in you; tho' Secrets never so trivial, yet since utter'd between Lovers, they deserve to be priz'd at a higher rate: For what can shew a Heart more indifferent and indiscreet, than to declare in any fashion, or with Mirth, or Joy, the tender things a Mistress says to a Lover, and which possibly, related at second hand, bear not the same Sense, because they have not the same Sound and Air they had originally, when they came from the soft Heart of her, who sigh'd 'em first to her lavish Lover? Perhaps they are told again with Mirth, or Joy, unbecoming their Character and Business; and then they lose their Graces: (for Love is the most solemn thing in nature, and the most unsuited with Gaiety.) Perhaps the soft Expressions suit not so well the harsher Voice of the masculine Lover, whose Accents were not form'd for so much Tenderness; at least, not of that sort: for Words that have the same Meaning, are alter'd from their Sense by the least tone or accent of the Voice; and those proper and fitted to my Soul, are not, possibly, so to yours, though both have the same Efficacy upon us; yours upon my Heart, as mine upon yours: and both will be misunderstood by the unjudging World. Beside this, there is a Holiness in Love that's true, that ought not to be profan'd: And as the Poet truly says, at the latter end of an Ode, of which I will recite the whole;

[Pg 38]

The Invitation.

*Aminta, fear not to confess
The charming Secret of thy Tenderness:
That which a Lover can't conceal,
That which, to me, thou shouldst reveal;
And is but what thy lovely Eyes express.
Come, whisper to my panting Heart,
That heaves and meets thy Voice half-way;
That guesses what thou wouldst impart,
And languishes for what thou hast to say.
Confirm my trembling Doubt, and make me know,
Whence all these Blessings, and these Sighings flow.*

*Why dost thou scruple to unfold
A Mystery that does my Life concern?
If thou ne'er speakst, it will be told;
For Lovers all things can discern.
From overy Look, from every bashful Grace,
That still succeed each other in thy Face,
I shall the dear transporting Secret learn:
But 'tis a Pleasure not to be exprest,
To hear it by the Voice confest,
When soft Sighs breath it on my panting Breast.
All calm and silent is the Grove,
Whose shading Boughs resist the Day;
Here thou mayst blush, and talk of Love,
While only Winds, unheeding, stay,
That will not bear the Sound away:
While I with solemn awful Joy,
All my attentive Faculties employ;
List'ning to every valu'd Word;
And in my Soul the secret Treasure hoard:
There like some Mystery Divine,
The wond'rous Knowledge I'll enshrine.
Love can his Joys no longer call his own,
Than the dear Secret's kept unknown.*

}
}
[Pg 39]

There is nothing more true than those two last Lines: and that Love ceases to be a Pleasure, when it ceases to be a Secret, and one you ought to keep sacred: For the World, which never makes a right Judgment of things, will misinterpret Love, as they do Religion; every one judging it, according to the Notion he has of it, or the Talent of his Sense. *Love* (as a great Duke said) *is like Apparitions; every one talks of them, but few have seen 'em*: Every body thinks himself capable of understanding Love, and that he is a Master in the Art of it; when there is nothing so nice, or difficult, to be rightly comprehended; and indeed cannot be, but to a Soul very delicate. Nor will he make himself known to the Vulgar: There must be an uncommon Fineness in the Mind that contains him; the rest he only visits in as many Disguises as there are Dispositions and Natures, where he makes but a short stay, and is gone. He can fit himself to all Hearts, being the greatest Flatterer in the World: And he possesses every one with a Confidence, that they are in the number of his Elect; and they think they know him perfectly, when nothing but the Spirits refined possess him in his Excellency. From this difference of Love, in different Souls, proceed those odd fantastick Maxims, which so many hold of so different kinds: And this makes the most

[Pg 40]

innocent Pleasures pass oftentimes for Crimes, with the unjudging Croud, who call themselves Lovers: And you will have your Passion censur'd by as many as you shall discover it to, and as many several ways. I advise you therefore, *Damon*, to make no Confidants of your Amours; and believe, that Silence has, with me, the most powerful Charm.

'Tis also in these Conversations, that those indiscreetly civil Persons often are, who think to oblige a good Man, by letting him know he is belov'd by some one or other; and making him understand how many good Qualities he is Master of, to render him agreeable to the Fair Sex, if he would but advance where Love and good Fortune call; and that a too constant Lover loses a great part of his Time, which might be manag'd to more advantage, since Youth hath so short a Race to run. This, and a thousand the like indecent Complaisances, give him a Vanity that suits not with that Discretion, which has hitherto acquir'd him so good a Reputation. I would not have you, *Damon*, act on these occasions, as many of the easy Sparks have done before you, who receive such Weakness and Flattery for Truth; and passing it off with a Smile, suffer 'em to advance in Folly, till they have gain'd a Credit with 'em, and they believe all they hear; telling 'em they do so, by consenting Gestures, Silence, or open Approbation. For my part, I should not condemn a Lover that should answer such a sort of civil Brokers for Love, somewhat briskly; and by giving 'em to understand they are already engag'd, or directing 'em to Fools, that will possibly hearken to 'em, and credit such Stuff, shame 'em out of a Folly so infamous and disingenuous. In such a Case only I am willing you should own your Passion; not that you need tell the Object which has charm'd you: And you may say, you are already a Lover, without saying you are belov'd. For so long as you appear to have a Heart unengag'd, you are expos'd to all the little Arts and Addresses of this sort of obliging Procurers of Love, and give way to the hope they have of making you their Proselyte. For your own Reputation then, and my Ease and Honour, shun such Conversations; for they are neither creditable to you, nor pleasing to me: And believe me, *Damon*, a true Lover has no Curiosity, but what concerns his Mistress.

[Pg 41]

FIVE o'CLOCK.

Dangerous Visits.

I foresee, or fear, that these busy impertinent Friends will oblige you to visit some Ladies of their Acquaintance, or yours; my *Watch* does not forbid you. Yet I must tell you, I apprehend Danger in such Visits; and I fear, you will have need of all your Care and Precaution, in these Encounters. That you may give me no cause to suspect you, perhaps you will argue, that Civility obliges you to it. If I were assur'd there would no other Design be carried on, I should believe it were to advance an amorous Prudence too far, to forbid you. Only keep yourself upon your guard; for the Business of most part of the Fair Sex, is, to seek only the Conquest of Hearts: All their Civilities are but so many Interests; and they do nothing without Design. And in such Conversations there is always a *Je ne scay quoy*, that is fear'd, especially when Beauty is accompanied with Youth and Gaiety; and which they assume upon all occasions that may serve their turn. And I confess, 'tis not an easy matter to be just in these Hours and Conversations: The most certain way of being so, is to imagine I read all your Thoughts, observe all your Looks, and hear all your Words.

The Caution.

*My Damon, if your Heart be kind,
Do not too long with Beauty stay;
For there are certain Moments when the Mind
Is hurry'd by the Force of Charms away.
In Fate a Minute critical there lies,
That waits on Love, and takes you by Surprize.*

[Pg 42]

*A Lover pleas'd with Constancy,
Lives still as if the Maid he lov'd were by:
As if his Actions were in view,
As if his Steps she did pursue;
Or that his very Soul she knew.
Take heed; for though I am not present there,
My Love, my Genius waits you every where.*

I am very much pleas'd with the Remedy, you say, you make use of to defend your self from the Attacks that Beauty gives your Heart; which in one of your Billets, you said was this, or to this purpose:

The Charm for Constancy.

*Iris, to keep my Soul entire and true,
It thinks, each Moment of the Day, on you.
And when a charming Face I see,
That does all other Eyes incline,
It has no Influence on me:
I think it ev'n deform'd to thine.
My Eyes, my Soul, and Sense, regardless move
To all, but the dear Object of my Love.*

But, *Damon*, I know all Lovers are naturally Flatterers, tho' they do not think so themselves;

because every one makes a Sense of Beauty according to his own Fancy. But perhaps you will say in your own defence, That 'tis not Flattery to say an unbeautiful Woman is beautiful, if he that says so believes she is so. I should be content to acquit you of the first, provided you allow me the last: And if I appear charming in *Damon's* eyes, I am not fond of the Approbation of any other. 'Tis enough the World thinks me not altogether disagreeable, to justify his Choice; but let your good Opinion give what Increase it pleases to my Beauty, tho' your Approbation give me a Pleasure, it shall not a Vanity; and I am contented that *Damon* should think me a Beauty, without my believing I am one. 'Tis not to draw new Assurances, and new Vows from you, that I speak this; though Tales of Love are the only ones we desire to hear often told, and which never tire the Hearers if address to themselves. But 'tis not to this end I now seem to doubt what you say to my advantage: No, my Heart knows no Disguise, nor can dissemble one Thought of it to *Damon*; 'tis all sincere, and honest as his Wish: 'Tis therefore it tells you, it does not credit every thing you say; tho' I believe you say abundance of Truths in a great part of my Character. But when you advance to that, which my own Sense, my Judgment, or my Glass cannot persuade me to believe, you must give me leave either to believe you think me vain enough to credit you, or pleas'd that your Sentiments and mine are differing in this point. But I doubt I may rather reply in some Verses, a Friend of yours and mine sent to a Person she thought had but indifferent Sentiments for her; yet, who nevertheless flatter'd her, because he imagin'd she had a very great Esteem for him. She is a Woman that, you know, naturally hates Flattery: On the other side she was extremely dissatisfy'd, and uneasy at his Opinion of his being more in her favour than she desir'd he should believe. So that one Night having left her full of Pride and Anger, she next Morning sent him these Verses, instead of a *Billetdoux*.

[Pg 43]

The Defiance.

*By Heaven 'tis false, I am not vain;
And rather would the Subject be
Of your Indifference, or Disdain,
Than Wit or Raillery.
Take back the trifling Praise you give,
And pass it on some easier Fool,
Who may the injuring Wit believe,
That turns her into ridicule.*

[Pg 44]

*Tell her, she's witty, fair and gay,
With all the Charms that can subdue:
Perhaps she'll credit what you say;
But curse me if I do.*

*If your Diversion you design,
On my Good-nature you have prest:
Or if you do intend it mine,
You have mistook the Jest.*

*Philander, fly that guilty Art:
Your charming facile Wit will find,
It cannot play on any Heart,
That is sincere and kind.*

*For Wit with Softness to reside,
Good-nature is with Pity stor'd;
But Flattery's the result of Pride,
And fawns to be ador'd.*

*Nay, even when you smile and bow,
'Tis to be render'd more compleat:
Your Wit, with ev'ry Grace you shew,
Is but a popular Cheat.*

*Laugh on, and call me Coxcomb—do;
And, your Opinion to improve,
Think, all you think of me is true;
And to confirm it, swear I love.*

*Then, while you wreck my Soul with Pain,
And of a cruel Conquest boast,
'Tis you, Philander, that are vain,
And witty at my cost.*

Possibly, the angry *Aminta*, when she writ these Verses, was more offended, that he believed himself belov'd, than that he flatter'd; tho' she wou'd seem to make that a great part of the Quarrel, and Cause of her Resentment: For we are often in an humour to seem more modest in that point, than naturally we are; being too apt to have a favourable Opinion of our selves: And 'tis rather the Effects of a Fear that we are flatter'd, than our own ill Opinion of the Beauty flatter'd; and that the Praisers think not so well of it, as we do our selves, or at least we wish he should. Not but there are Grains of Allowance for the Temper of him that speaks: One Man's Humour is to talk much; and he may be permitted to enlarge upon the Praise he gives the Person

[Pg 45]

he pretends to, without being accus'd of much Guilt. Another hates to be wordy; from such an one, I have known one soft Expression, one tender Thing, go as far as whole Days everlasting Protestations urged with Vows, and mighty Eloquence. And both the one and the other, indeed, must be allow'd in good manners, to stretch the Compliment beyond the bounds of nice Truth: and we must not wonder to hear a Man call a Woman a Beauty, when she is not ugly; or another a great Wit, if she have but common Sense above the Vulgar; well bred, when well drest; and good-natur'd, when civil. And as I should be very ridiculous, if I took all you said for absolute Truth; so I should be very unjust, not to allow you very sincere in almost all you said besides; and those things, the most material to Love, Honour and Friendship. And for the rest (*Damon*) be it true or false, this believe, you speak with such a Grace, that I cannot chuse but credit you; and find an infinite Pleasure in that Faith, because I love you: And if I cannot find the Cheat, I am contented you should deceive me on, because you do it so agreeably.

[Pg 46]

SIX o'CLOCK.

Walk without Design.

You yet have time to walk; and my *Watch* foresaw you cou'd not refuse your Friends. You must to the *Park*, or to the *Mall*; for the Season is fair and inviting, and all the young Beauties love those Places too well, not to be there. 'Tis there that a thousand Intrigues are carry'd on, and as many more design'd: 'Tis there that every one is set out for Conquest; and who aim at nothing less than Hearts. Guard yours well, my *Damon*; and be not always admiring what you see. Do not, in passing by, sigh them silent Praises. Suffer not so much as a guilty Wish to approach your Thoughts, nor a heedful Glance to steal from your fine Eyes: Those are Regards you ought only to have for her you love. But oh! above all, have a care of what you say: You are not reproachable, if you should remain silent all the time of your Walk; nor would those that know you believe it the Effects of Dulness, but Melancholy. And if any of your Friends ask you, Why you are so? I will give you leave to sigh, and say—

The Mal-Content.

*Ah! wonder not if I appear
Regardless of the Pleasures here;
Or that my Thoughts are thus confin'd
To the just Limits of my Mind.
My Eyes take no delight to rove
O'er all the smiling Charmers of the Grove,
Since she is absent whom they love.*

*Ask me not, Why the Flow'ry Spring,
Or the gay little Birds that sing,
Or the young Streams no more delight,
Or Shades and Arbours can't invite?
Why the soft Murmurs of the Wind,
Within the thick-grown Groves confin'd,
No more my Soul transport, or cheer;
Since all that's charming—Iris, is not here;
Nothing seems glorious, nothing fair.*

[Pg 47]

*Then suffer me to wander thus,
With down-cast Eyes, and Arms across:
Let Beauty unregarded go;
The Trees and Flowers unheeded grow.
Let purling Streams neglected glide;
With all the Spring's adorning Pride.
'Tis Iris only Soul can give
To the dull Shades, and Plains, and make 'em thrive;
Nature and my last Joys retrieve.*

I do not, for all this, wholly confine your Eyes: you may look indifferently on all, but with a particular regard on none. You may praise all the Beauties in general, but no single one too much. I will not exact from you neither an intire Silence: There are a thousand Civilities you ought to pay to all your Friends and Acquaintance; and while I caution you of Actions, that may get you the Reputation of a Lover of some of the Fair that haunt those Places, I would not have you, by an unnecessary and uncomplaisant Sullenness, gain that of a Person too negligent or morose. I would have you remiss in no one *Punctilio* of good Manners. I would have you very just, and pay all you owe; but in these Affairs be not over generous, and give away too much. In fine, you may look, speak and walk; but (*Damon*) do it all without design: And while you do so, remember that *Iris* sent you this Advice.

The Warning.

*Take heed, my Damon, in the Grove,
Where Beauties with design do walk;
Take heed, my Damon, how you look and talk,
For there are Ambuscades of Love.
The very Winds that softly blow,*

[Pg 48]

*Will help betray your easy Heart;
And all the Flowers that blushing grow,
The Shades about, and Rivulets below,
Will take the Victor's part.*

*Remember, Damon, all my Safety lies
In the just Conduct of your Eyes.
The Heart, by Nature good and brave,
Is to those treacherous Guards a Slave.
If they let in the fair destructive Foe,
Scarce Honour can defend her noble Seat:
Ev'n she will be corrupted too,
Or driv'n to a Retreat.
The Soul is but the Cully to the Sight,
And must be pleas'd in what that takes delight.*

Therefore examine your self well; and conduct your Eyes, during this Walk, like a Lover that seeks nothing: And do not stay too long in these Places.

SEVEN o'CLOCK.

Voluntary Retreat.

'Tis time to be weary, 'tis Night: Take leave of your Friends and retire home. 'Tis in this Retreat that you ought to recollect in your Thoughts all the Actions of the Day, and all those things that you ought to give me an account of, in your Letter: You cannot hide the least Secret from me, without Treason against sacred Love. For all the World agrees that Confidence is one of the greatest Proofs of the Passion of Love; and that Lover who refuses his Confidence to the Person he loves, is to be suspected to love but very indifferently, and to think very poorly of the Sense and Generosity of his Mistress. But that you may acquit your self like a Man, and a Lover of Honour, and leave me no doubt upon my Soul; think of all you have done this day, that I may have all the Story of it in your next Letter to me: but deal faithfully, and neither add nor diminish in your Relation; the Truth and Sincerity of your Confession will atone even for little Faults that you shall commit against me, in some of those things you shall tell me. For if you have fail'd in any Point or Circumstance of Love, I had much rather hear it from you than another: for 'tis a sort of Repentance to accuse your self; and would be a Crime unpardonable, if you suffer me to hear it from any other: And be assur'd, while you confess it, I shall be indulgent enough to forgive you. The noblest Quality of Man is Sincerity; and (*Damon*) one ought to have as much of it in Love, as in any other Business of one's Life, notwithstanding the most part of Men make no account of it there; but will believe there ought to be Double-dealing, and an Art practised in Love as well as in War. But, Oh! beware of that Notion.

[Pg 49]

Sincerity.

*Sincerity! thou greatest Good!
Thou Virtue which so many boast!
And art so nicely understood!
And often in the searching lost!
For when we do approach thee near,
The fine Idea fram'd of thee,
Appears not now so charming fair
As the more useful Flattery.
Thou hast no Glist'ring to invite;
Nor tak'st the Lover at first sight.*

*The modest Virtue shuns the Croud,
And lives, like Vestals, in a Cell;
In Cities 'twill not be allow'd,
Nor takes delight in Courts to dwell;
'Tis Nonsense with the Man of Wit;
And ev'n a Scandal to the Great:
For all the Young, and Fair, unfit;
And scorn'd by wiser Fops of State.
A Virtue, yet was never known
To the false Trader, or the falser Gown.*

[Pg 50]

*And (*Damon*) tho' thy noble Blood
Be most illustrious, and refin'd;
Tho' ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Good
Adorn thy Person and thy Mind:
Yet, if this Virtue shine not there,
This God-like Virtue, which alone,
Wert thou less witty, brave, or fair,
Wou'd for all these, less priz'd, atone;
My tender Folly I'd controul,
And scorn the Conquest of thy Soul.*

EIGHT o'CLOCK.

Impatient Demands.

After you have sufficiently recollected your self of all the past Actions of the Day, call your Page into your Cabinet, or him whom you trusted with your last Letter to me; where you ought to enquire of him a thousand things, and all of me. Ask impatiently, and be angry if he answers not your Curiosity soon enough: Think that he has a dreaming in his Voice, in these moments more than at other times; and reproach him with Dulness: For 'tis most certain that when one loves tenderly, we would know in a minute, what cannot be related in an hour. Ask him, How I did? How I receiv'd his Letter? And if he examined the Air of my Face, when I took it? If I blush'd or looked pale? If my Hand trembled, or I spoke to him with short interrupting Sighs? If I asked him any Questions about you, while I was opening the Seal? Or if I could not well speak, and was silent? If I read it attentively, and with Joy? And all this, before you open the Answer I have sent you by him: which, because you are impatient to read, you, with the more haste and earnestness, demand all you expect from him; and that you may the better know what Humour I was in, when I writ that to you: For, Oh! a Lover has a thousand little Fears, and Dreads, he knows not why. In fine, make him recount to you all that past, while he was with me; and then you ought to read that which I have sent, that you may inform your self of all that passes in my Heart: for you may assure your self, all that I say to you that way proceeds from thence.

[Pg 51]

The Assurance.

*How shall a Lover come to know,
Whether he's belov'd or no?
What dear things must she impart,
To assure him of her Heart?
Is it when her Blushes rise;
And she languish in her Eyes;
Tremble when he does approach;
Look pale, and faint at ev'ry Touch?*

*Is it, when a thousand ways
She does his Wit and Beauty praise;
Or she venture to explain,
In less moving Words, a Pain;
Tho' so indiscreet she grows,
To confirm it with her Vows?*

*These some short-liv'd Passion moves,
While the Object's by, she loves;
While the gay and sudden Fire
Kindles by some fond Desire:
And a Coldness will ensue,
When the Lover's out of view.
Then she reflects with Scandal o'er
The easy Scene that past before:
Then, with Blushes, would recal
The unconsid'ring Criminal;
In which a thousand Faults she'll find,
And chide the Errors of her Mind.
Such fickle weight is found in Words,
As no substantial Faith affords:
Deceiv'd and baffl'd all may be,
Who trust that frail Security.*

[Pg 52]

*But a well-digested Flame,
That will always be the same;
And that does from Merit grow,
Establish'd by our Reason too;
By a better way will prove,
'Tis th' unerring Fire of Love.
Lasting Records it will give:
And, that all she says may live;
Sacred and authentick stand,
Her Heart confirms it by her Hand.
If this, a Maid, well born, allow;
Damon, believe her just and true.*

NINE o'CLOCK.

Melancholy Reflections.

You will not have much trouble to explain what my *Watch* designs here. There can be no Thought more afflicting, than that of the Absence of a Mistress; and which the Sighings of the Heart will soon make you find. Ten thousand Fears oppress him; he is jealous of every body, and envies those Eyes and Ears that are charmed by being near the Object ador'd. He grows impatient, and

makes a thousand Resolutions, and as soon abandons them all. He gives himself wholly up to the Torment of Uncertainty; and by degrees, from one cruel Thought to another, winds himself up to insupportable Chagrin. Take this Hour then, to think on your Misfortunes, which cannot be small to a Soul that is wholly sensible of Love. And every one knows, that a Lover, deprived of the Object of his Heart, is deprived of all the World, and inconsolable: For tho' one wishes without ceasing for the dear Charmer one loves, and tho' you speak of her every minute; and tho' you are writing to her every day, and tho' you are infinitely pleas'd with the dear and tender Answers; yet, to speak sincerely, it must be confessed, that the Felicity of a true Lover is to be always near his Mistress. And you may tell me, O *Damon*! what you please; and say that Absence inspires the Flame, which perpetual Presence would satiate: I love too well to be of that mind, and when I am, I shall believe my Passion is declining. I know not whether it advances your Love; but surely it must ruin your Repose: And it is impossible to be, at once, an absent Lover, and happy too. For my part, I can meet with nothing that can please in the absence of *Damon*; but on the contrary I see all things with disgust. I will flatter my self, that 'tis so with you; and that the least Evils appear great Misfortunes; and that all those who speak to you of any thing but of what you love, increase your Pain, by a new remembrance of her Absence. I will believe that these are your Sentiments, when you are assur'd not to see me in some weeks; and if your Heart do not betray your Words, all those days will be tedious to you. I would not, however, have your Melancholy too extreme; and to lessen it, you may persuade your self, that I partake it with you: for, I remember, in your last you told me, you would wish we should be both griev'd at the same time, and both at the same time pleas'd; and I believe I love too well not to obey you.

[Pg 53]

Love secur'd.

[Pg 54]

*Love, of all Joys, the sweetest is,
The most substantial Happiness;
The softest Blessing Life can crave,
The noblest Passion Souls can have.
Yet, if no Interruption were,
No Difficulties came between,
'Twou'd not be render'd half so dear:
The Sky is gayest when small Clouds are seen.
The sweetest Flower, the blushing Rose,
Amidst the Thorns securest grows.
If Love were one continu'd Joy,
How soon the Happiness would cloy!
The wiser God did this foresee;
And to preserve the Bliss entire,
Mix'd it with Doubt and Jealousy,
Those necessary Fuels to the Fire;
Sustain'd the fleeting Pleasures with new Fears;
With little Quarrels, Sighs and Tears;
With Absence, that tormenting Smart,
That makes a Minute seem a Day,
A Day a Year to the impatient Heart,
That languishes in the Delay,
But cannot sigh the tender Pain away;
That still returns, and with a greater Force,
Thro' ev'ry Vein it takes its grateful Course.
But whatsoe'er the Lover does sustain,
Tho' he still sigh, complain, and fear;
It cannot be a mortal Pain,
When Two do the Affliction bear.*

TEN o'CLOCK.

Reflections.

After the afflicting Thoughts of my Absence, make some Reflections on your Happiness. Think it a Blessing to be permitted to love me; think it so, because I permit it to you alone, and never could be drawn to allow it any other. The first thing you ought to consider, is, that at length I have suffer'd my self to be overcome, to quit that Nicety that is natural to me, and receive your Addresses; nay, thought 'em agreeable: and that I have at last confess'd, the Present of your Heart is very dear to me. 'Tis true, I did not accept of it the first time it was offer'd me, nor before you had told me a thousand times, that you could not escape expiring, if I did not give you leave to sigh for me, and gaze upon me; and that there was an absolute necessity for me, either to give you leave to love, or die. And all those Rigours my Severity has made you suffer, ought now to be recounted to your Memory, as Subjects of Pleasure; and you ought to esteem and judge of the Price of my Affections, by the Difficulties you found in being able to touch my Heart: Not but you have Charms that can conquer at first sight; and you ought not to have valu'd me less, if I had been more easily gain'd: But 'tis enough to please you, to think and know I am gain'd; no matter when and how. When, after a thousand Cares and Inquietudes, that which we wish for succeeds to our Desires, the remembrance of those Pains and Pleasures we encounter'd in arriving at it, gives us a new Joy.

[Pg 55]

Remember also, *Damon*, that I have preferred you before all those that have been thought worthy

of my Esteem; and that I have shut my Eyes to all their pleading Merits, and could survey none but yours.

Consider then, that you had not only the Happiness to please me, but that you only found out the way of doing it, and I had the Goodness at last to tell you so, contrary to all the Delicacy and Niceness of my Soul, contrary to my Prudence, and all those Scruples, you know, are natural to my Humour.

My Tenderness proceeded further, and I gave you innocent Marks of my new-born Passion, on all occasions that presented themselves: For, after that from my Eyes and Tongue you knew the Sentiments of my Heart, I confirm'd that Truth to you by my Letters. Confess, *Damon*, that if you make these Reflections, you will not pass this Hour very disagreeably.

[Pg 56]

Beginning Love.

*As free as wanton Winds I liv'd,
That unconcern'd do play;
No broken Faith, no Fate I griev'd;
No Fortune gave me Joy.
A dull Content crown'd all my Hours,
My Heart no Sighs opprest;
I call'd in vain on no deaf Pow'rs,
To ease a tortur'd Breast.*

*The sighing Swains regardless pin'd,
And strove in vain to please:
With pain I civilly was kind,
But could afford no Ease.
Tho' Wit and Beauty did abound,
The Charm was wanting still,
That could inspire the tender Wound,
Or bend my careless Will.*

*Till in my Heart a kindling Flame
Your softer Sighs had blown;
Which I, with striving, Love and Shame,
Too sensibly did own.
Whate'er the God before cou'd plead;
Whate'er the Youth's Desert;
The feeble Siege in vain was laid
Against my stubborn Heart.*

*At first my Sighs and Blushes spoke,
Just when your Sighs would rise;
And when you gaz'd, I wish'd to look,
But durst not meet your Eyes.
I trembled when my Hand you press'd,
Nor cou'd my Guilt controul;
But Love prevail'd, and I confess'd
The Secrets of my Soul.*

[Pg 57]

*And when upon the giving part,
My Present to avow,
By all the ways confirm'd my Heart,
That Honour wou'd allow;
Too mean was all that I could say,
Too poorly understood:
I gave my Soul the noblest way,
My Letters made it good.*

You may believe I did not easily, nor suddenly, bring my Heart to this Condescension; but I lov'd, and all things in *Damon* were capable of making me resolve so to do. I could not think it a Crime, where every Grace, and every Virtue justified my Choice: And when once one is assured of this, we find not much difficulty in owning that Passion which will so well commend one's Judgment; and there is no Obstacle that Love does not surmount. I confess'd my Weakness a thousand ways, before I told it you; and I remember all those things with Pleasure, but yet I remember 'em also with Shame.

ELEVEN o'CLOCK.

Supper.

I Will believe, *Damon*, that you have been so well entertained during this Hour, and have found so much Sweetness in these Thoughts, that if one did not tell you that Supper waits, you would lose your self in Reflections so pleasing, many more Minutes. But you must go where you are expected; perhaps, among the fair, the young, the gay; but do not abandon your Heart to too much Joy, tho' you have so much reason to be contented: but the greatest Pleasures are always imperfect, if the Object belov'd do not partake of it. For this reason be chearful and merry with

[Pg 58]

reserve: Do not talk too much, I know you do not love it; and if you do it, 'twill be the effect of too much Complaisance, or with some design of pleasing too well; for you know your own charming Power, and how agreeable your Wit and Conversation are to all the World. Remember, I am covetous of every Word you speak, that is not address'd to me, and envy the happy list'ner, if I am not by. And I may reply to you as *Aminta* did to *Philander*, when he charged her of loving a Talker: and because, perhaps, you have not heard it, I will, to divert you, send it to you; and at the same time assure you, *Damon*, that your more noble Quality, of speaking little, has reduc'd me to a perfect Abhorrence of those wordy Sparks, that value themselves upon their ready and much talking upon every trivial Subject, and who have so good an Opinion of their Talent that way, they will let no body edge in a word, or a reply; but will make all the Conversation themselves, that they may pass for very entertaining Persons, and pure Company. But the Verses

The Reformation.

*Philander, since you'll have it so,
I grant I was impertinent;
And, till this Moment, did not know,
Thro' all my Life what 'twas I meant.
Your kind Opinion was the flattering Glass,
In which my Mind found how deform'd it was.*

*In your clear Sense, which knows no Art,
I saw the Errors of my Soul:
And all the Foibless of my Heart
With one Reflection you controul.
Kind as a God, and gently you chastise:
By what you hate, you teach me to be wise.*

*Impertinence, my Sex's shame,
That has so long my Life pursu'd,
You with such Modesty reclaim,
As all the Women has subdu'd.
To so Divine a Power what must I owe,
That renders me so like the perfect You?*

*That conversable Thing I hate,
Already, with a just Disdain,
That prides himself upon his Prate,
And is, of Words, that Nonsense, vain:
When in your few appears such Excellence,
As have reproach'd, and charm'd me into Sense.*

*For ever may I list'ning sit,
Tho' but each Hour a Word be born;
I would attend the coming Wit,
And bless what can so well inform.
Let the dull World henceforth to Words be damn'd;
I'm into nobler Sense than Talking sham'd.*

I believe you are so good a Lover, as to be of my Opinion; and that you will neither force your self against Nature, nor find much occasion to lavish out those excellent things that must proceed from you, whenever you speak. If all Women were like me, I should have more reason to fear your Silence than your Talk: for you have a thousand ways to charm without speaking, and those which to me shew a great deal more Concern. But, *Damon*, you know the greatest part of my Sex judge the fine Gentleman by the Volubility of his Tongue, by his Dexterity in Repartee, and cry — *Oh! he never wants fine things to say: He's eternally talking the most surprizing things.* But, *Damon*, you are well assur'd, I hope, that *Iris* is none of these *Coquets*: at least, if she had any spark of it once in her Nature, she is by the excellency of your contrary Temper taught to know, and scorn the folly: And take heed your Conduct never give me cause to suspect you have deceiv'd me in your Temper.

TWELVE o'CLOCK.

Complaisance.

Nevertheless, *Damon*, Civility requires a little Complaisance after Supper; and I am assur'd, you can never want that, tho' I confess, you are not accus'd of too general a Complaisance, and do not often make use of it to those Persons you have an Indifference for: tho' one is not the less esteemable for having more of this than one ought: and tho' an excess of it be a Fault, 'tis a very excusable one. Have therefore some for those with whom you are: You may laugh with 'em, drink with 'em, dance or sing with 'em; yet think of me. You may discourse of a thousand indifferent things with 'em; and at the same time still think of me. If the Subject be any beautiful Lady, whom they praise, either for her Person, Wit, or Virtue, you may apply it to me: And if you dare not say it aloud, at least, let your Heart answer in this language:

Yes, the fair Object, whom you praise,

*Can give us Love a thousand ways;
Her Wit and Beauty charming are;
But still my Iris is more fair.*

No body ever spoke before me of a faithful Lover, but still I sigh'd, and thought of *Damon*: And ever when they tell me Tales of Love, any soft pleasing Intercourses of an Amour; Oh! with what Pleasures do I listen! and with Pleasure answer 'em, either with my Eyes, or Tongue—

*That Lover may his Sylvia warm,
But cannot, like my Damon, charm.*

If I have not all those excellent Qualities you meet with in those beautiful People, I am however very glad that Love prepossesses your Heart to my advantage: And I need not tell you, *Damon*, that a true Lover ought to persuade himself, that all other Objects ought to give place to her, for whom his Heart sighs—But see, my *Cupid* tells you 'tis One o'Clock, and that you ought not to be longer from your Apartment; where, while you are undressing, I will give you leave to say to your self—

[Pg 61]

The Regret.

*Alas! and must the Sun decline,
Before it have inform'd my Eyes
Of all that's glorious, all that's fine,
Of all I sigh for, all I prize?
How joyful were those happy Days,
When Iris spread her charming Rays,
Did my unwearied Heart inspire
With never-ceasing awful Fire,
And e'ery Minute gave me new Desire!
But now, alas! all dead and pale,
Like Flow'rs that wither in the Shade:
Where no kind Sun-beams can prevail,
To raise its cold and fading Head,
I sink into my useless Bed.
I grasp the senseless Pillow as I lie;
A thousand times, in vain, I sighing cry,
Ah! wou'd to Heaven my Iris were as nigh.*

ONE o'CLOCK.

Impossibility to Sleep.

You have been up long enough; and *Cupid*, who takes care of your Health, tells you, 'tis time for you to go to bed. Perhaps you may not sleep as soon as you are laid, and possibly you may pass an Hour in Bed, before you shut your Eyes. In this impossibility of sleeping, I think it very proper for you to imagine what I am doing where I am. Let your Fancy take a little Journey then, invisible, to observe my Actions and my Conduct. You will find me sitting alone in my Cabinet (for I am one that do not love to go to bed early) and will find me very uneasy and pensive, pleas'd with none of those things that so well entertain others. I shun all Conversation, as far as Civility will allow, and find no Satisfaction like being alone, where my Soul may, without interruption, converse with *Damon*. I sigh, and sometimes you will see my Cheeks wet with Tears, that insensibly glide down at a thousand Thoughts that present themselves soft and afflicting. I partake of all your Inquietude. On other things I think with indifference, if ever my Thoughts do stray from the more agreeable Object. I find, however, a little Sweetness in this Thought, that, during my Absence, your Heart thinks of me, when mine sighs for you. Perhaps I am mistaken, and that at the same time that you are the Entertainment of all my Thoughts, I am no more in yours; and perhaps you are thinking of those things that immortalize the Young and Brave, either by those Glories the Muses flatter you with, or that of *Bellona*, and the God of War; and serving now a Monarch, whose glorious Acts in Arms has out-gone all the feign'd and real Heroes of any Age, who has, himself, out-done whatever History can produce of great and brave, and set so illustrious an Example to the Under-World, that it is not impossible, as much a Lover as you are, but you are thinking now how to render your self worthy the Glory of such a God-like Master, by projecting a thousand things of Gallantry and Danger. And tho', I confess, such Thoughts are proper for your Youth, your Quality, and the Place you have the honour to hold under our Sovereign, yet let me tell you, *Damon*, you will not be without Inquietude, if you think of either being a delicate Poet, or a brave Warrior; for *Love* will still interrupt your Glory, however you may think to divert him either by writing or fighting. And you ought to remember these Verses:

[Pg 62]

Love and Glory.

[Pg 63]

*Beneath the kind protecting Laurel's shade,
For sighing Lovers, and for Warriors made,
The soft Adonis, and rough Mars were laid.*

*Both were design'd to take their Rest;
But Love the gentle Boy opprest,
And false Alarms shook the stern Heroe's Breast.*

*This thinks to soften all his Toils of War,
In the dear Arms of the obliging Fair;
And that, by Hunting, to divert his Care.*

*All Day, o'er Hills and Plains, wild Beasts he chas'd,
Swift as the flying Winds, his eager haste;
In vain, the God of Love pursues as fast.*

*But oh! no Sports, no Toils, divertive prove,
The Evening still returns him to the Grove,
To sigh and languish for the Queen of Love:*

*Where Elegies and Sonnets he does frame,
And to the list'ning Echoes sighs her Name,
And on the Trees carves Records of his Flame.*

*The Warrior in the dusty Camp all day
With rattling Drums and Trumpets, does essay
To fright the tender flatt'ring God away.*

*But still, alas, in vain: whate'er Delight,
What Cares he takes the wanton Boy to fright,
Love still revenges it at night.*

*'Tis then he haunts the Royal Tent,
The sleeping Hours in Sighs are spent,
And all his Resolutions does prevent.*

*In all his Pains, Love mixt his Smart;
In every Wound he feels a Dart;
And the soft God is trembling in his Heart.*

*Then he retires to shady Groves,
And there, in vain, he seeks Repose,
And strives to fly from what he cannot lose.*

*While thus he lay, Bellona came,
And with a gen'rous fierce Disdain,
Upbraids him with his feeble Flame.*

*Arise, the World's great Terror, and their Care;
Behold the glitt'ring Host from far,
That waits the Conduct of the God of War.*

*Beneath these glorious Laurels, which were made
To crown the noble Victor's Head,
Why thus supinely art thou laid?*

*Why on that Face, where awful Terror grew,
Thy Sun-parch'd Cheeks why do I view
The shining Tracks of falling Tears bedew?*

*What God has wrought these universal Harms?
What fatal Nymph, what fatal Charms,
Has made the Heroe deaf to War's Alarms?*

*Now let the conqu'ring Ensigns up be furl'd:
Learn to be gay, be soft, and curl'd;
And idle, lose the Empire of the World.*

*In fond effeminate Delights go on;
Lose all the Glories you have won:
Bravely resolve to love, and be undone.*

*'Tis thus the martial Virgin pleads;
Thus she the am'rous God persuades
To fly from Venus, and the flow'ry Meads.*

You see here that Poets and Warriors are oftentimes in affliction, even under the Shades of their protecting Laurels; and let the Nymphs and Virgins sing what they please to their memory, under the Myrtles, and on flowery Beds, they are much better Days than in the Campagne. Nor do the Crowns of Glory surpass those of Love: The first is but an empty Name, which is won, kept and lost with Hazard; but Love more nobly employs a brave Soul, and all his Pleasures are solid and lasting; and when one has a worthy Object of one's Flame, Glory accompanies Love too. But go to sleep, the Hour is come; and 'tis now that your Soul ought to be entertain'd in Dreams.

I doubt not but you will think it very bold and arbitrary, that my *Watch* should pretend to rule even your sleeping Hours, and that my *Cupid* should govern your very Dreams; which are but Thoughts disordered, in which Reason has no part; Chimera's of the Imagination, and no more. But tho' my *Watch* does not pretend to Counsel unreasonably, yet you must allow it here, if not to pass the Bounds, at least to advance to the utmost Limits of it. I am assur'd, that after having thought so much of me in the Day, you will think of me also in the Night. And the first Dream my *Watch* permits you to make, is to think you are in Conversation with me.

Imagine, *Damon*, that you are talking to me of your Passion, with all the Transport of a Lover, and that I hear you with Satisfaction; that all my Looks and Blushes, while you are speaking, give you new Hopes and Assurances; that you are not indifferent to me; and that I give you a thousand Testimonies of my Tenderness, all innocent and obliging.

While you are saying all that Love can dictate, all that Wit and good Manners can invent, and all that I wish to hear from *Damon*, believe in this Dream, all flattering and dear, that after having shewed me the Ardour of your Flame, I confess to you the Bottom of my Heart, and all the loving Secrets there; that I give you Sigh for Sigh, Tenderness for Tenderness, Heart for Heart, and Pleasure for Pleasure. And I would have your Sense of this Dream so perfect, and your Joy so entire, that if it happen you should awake with the Satisfaction of this Dream, you should find your Heart still panting with the soft Pleasure of the dear deceiving Transport, and you should be ready to cry out,

[Pg 66]

*Ah! how sweet it is to dream,
When charming Iris is the Theme!*

For such, I wish, my *Damon*, your sleeping and your waking Thoughts should render me to your Heart.

THREE o'CLOCK.

Capricious Suffering in Dreams.

It is but just to mix a little Chagrin with these Pleasures, a little Bitter with your Sweet; you may be cloy'd with too long an Imagination of my Favours: and I will have your Fancy in Dreams represent me to it, as the most capricious Maid in the World. I know, here you will accuse my *Watch*, and blame me with unnecessary Cruelty, as you will call it: but Lovers have their little Ends, their little Advantages, to pursue by Methods wholly unaccountable to all, but that Heart which contrives 'em: And, as good a Lover as I believe you, you will not enter into my Design at first sight; and tho', on reasonable Thoughts, you will be satisfied with this Conduct of mine, at its first Approach you will be ready to cry out—

The Request.

*Oh Iris! let my sleeping Hours be fraught
With Joys, which you deny my waking Thought.
Is't not enough you absent are?
Is't not enough I sigh all day,
And languish out my Life in Care,
To e'ery Passion made a Prey?
I burn with Love, and soft Desire;
I rave with Jealousy and Fear:
All Day, for Ease, my Soul I tire;
In vain I search it ev'ry where:
It dwells not with the Witty or the Fair.*

[Pg 67]

*It is not in the Camp or Court,
In Business, Musick, or in Sport;
The Plays, the Park, and Mall afford
No more than the dull Basset-board.
The Beauties in the Drawing-room,
With all their Sweetness, all their Bloom,
No more my faithful Eyes invite,
Nor rob my Iris of a Sigh or Glance,
Unless soft Thoughts of her incite
A Smile, or trivial Complaisance.
Then since my Days so anxious prove,
Ah, cruel Tyrant! give
A little Loose to Joys in Love,
And let your Damon live.*

*Let him in Dreams be happy made,
And let his Sleep some Bliss provide:
The nicest Maid may yield in Night's dark shade,
What she so long by Day-light had deny'd.
There let me think you present are,
And court my Pillow for my Fair.*

*There let me find you kind, and that you give
All that a Man of Honour dares receive.
And may my Eyes eternal Watches keep,
Rather than want that Pleasure when I sleep.*

Some such Complaint as this I know you will make; but, *Damon*, if the little Quarrels of Lovers render the reconciling Moments so infinitely charming, you must needs allow, that these little Chagrin in capricious Dreams must awaken you to more Joy to find 'em but Dreams, than if you had met with no Disorder there. 'Tis for this reason that I would have you suffer a little Pain for a coming Pleasure; nor, indeed is it possible for you to escape the Dreams my *Cupid* points you out. You shall dream that I have a thousand *Foibles*, something of the lightness of my Sex; that my Soul is employ'd in a thousand Vanities; that (proud and fond of Lovers) I make advances for the Glory of a Slave, without any other Interest or Design than that of being ador'd. I will give you leave to think my Heart fickle, and that, far from resigning it to any one, I lend it only for a Day, or an Hour, and take it back at pleasure; that I am a very *Coquet*, even to Impertinence.

[Pg 68]

All this I give you leave to think, and to offend me: but 'tis in sleep only that I permit it; for I would never pardon you the least Offence of this nature, if in any other Kind than in a Dream. Nor is it enough Affliction to you, to imagine me thus idly vain; but you are to pass on to a hundred more capricious Humours: as that I exact of you a hundred unjust Things; that I pretend you should break off with all your Friends, and for the future have none at all; that I will myself do those Things, which I violently condemn in you; and that I will have for others, as well as you, that tender Friendship that resembles Love, or rather that Love which People call Friendship; and that I will not, after all, have you dare complain on me.

In fine, be as ingenious as you please to torment your self; and believe, that I am become unjust, ungrateful, and insensible: But were I so indeed, O *Damon!* consider your awaking Heart, and tell me, would your Love stand the proof of all these Faults in me? But know, that I would have you believe I have none of these Weaknesses, tho' I am not wholly without Faults, but those will be excusable to a Lover; and this Notion I have of a perfect one:

*Whate'er fantastick Humours rule the Fair,
She's still the Lover's Dotage, and his Care.*

FOUR o'CLOCK.

[Pg 69]

Jealousy in Dreams.

Do not think, *Damon*, to wake yet; for I design you shall yet suffer a little more: Jealousy must now possess you, that Tyrant over the Heart, that compels your very Reason, and seduces all your Good-Nature. And in this Dream you must believe That in sleeping, which you could not do me the injustice to do when awake. And here you must explain all my Actions to the utmost disadvantage: Nay, I will wish, that the Force of this Jealousy may be so extreme, that it may make you languish in Grief, and be overcome with Anger.

You shall now imagine, that one of your Rivals is with me, interrupting all you say, or hindering all you would say; that I have no Attention to what you say aloud to me, but that I incline mine Ear to hearken to all that he whispers to me. You shall repine, that he pursues me every where, and is eternally at your heels if you approach me; that I caress him with Sweetness in my Eyes, and that Vanity in my Heart, that possesses the Humours of almost all the Fair; that is, to believe it greatly for my Glory to have abundance of Rivals for my Lovers. I know you love me too well not to be extremely uneasy in the Company of a Rival, and to have one perpetually near me; for let him be belov'd or not by the Mistress, it must be confess'd, a Rival is a very troublesome Person. But, to afflict you to the utmost, I will have you imagine that my Eyes approve of all his Thoughts; that they flatter him with Hopes; and that I have taken away my Heart from you, to make a Present of it to this more lucky Man. You shall suffer, while possess'd with this Dream, all that a cruel Jealousy can make a tender Soul suffer.

The Torment.

[Pg 70]

*O Jealousy! thou Passion most ingrate!
Tormenting as Despair, envious as Hate!
Spightful as Witchcraft, which th' Invoker harms;
Worse than the Wretch that suffers by its Charms.
Thou subtil Poison in the Fancy bred,
Diffus'd thro' every Vein, the Heart and Head,
And over all, like wild Contagion spread.
Thou, whose sole Property is to destroy,
Thou Opposite to Good, Antipathy to Joy;
Whose Attributes are cruel Rage and Fire,
Reason debauch'd, false Sense, and mad Desire.*

}
}
}

In fine, it is a Passion that ruffles all the Senses, and disorders the whole Frame of Nature. It makes one hear and see what was never spoke, and what never was in view. 'Tis the Bane of Health and Beauty, an unmannerly Intruder; and an Evil of Life worse than Death. She is a very cruel Tyrant in the Heart; she possesses and pierces it with infinite Unquiets; and we may lay it down as a certain Maxim—

*She that wou'd rack a Lover's Heart
To the extent of Cruelty,
Must his Tranquillity subvert
To the most tort'ring Jealousy.*

I speak too sensibly of this Passion, not to have lov'd well enough to have been touch'd with it: And you shall be this unhappy Lover *Damon*, during this Dream, in which nothing shall present it self to your tumultuous Thoughts, that shall not bring its Pain. You shall here pass and repass a hundred Designs, that shall confound one another. In fine, *Damon*, Anger, Hatred, and Revenge, shall surround your Heart.

*There they shall all together reign
With mighty Force, with mighty Pain;
In spight of Reason, in contempt of Love:
Sometimes by turns, sometimes united move.*

FIVE o'CLOCK.

[Pg 71]

Quarrels in Dreams.

I perceive you are not able to suffer all this Injustice, nor can I permit it any longer: and tho' you commit no Crime yourself, yet you believe in this Dream, that I complain of the Injuries you do my Fame; and that I am extremely angry with a Jealousy so prejudicial to my Honour. Upon this belief you accuse me of Weakness; you resolve to see me no more, and are making a thousand feeble Vows against Love. You esteem me as a false one, and resolve to cease loving the vain *Coquet*, and will say to me, as a certain Friend of yours said to his false Mistress:

The Inconstant.

*Tho', Silvia, you are very fair,
Yet disagreeable to me;
And since you so inconstant are,
Your Beauty's damn'd with Levity.
Your Wit, your most offensive Arms,
For want of Judgment, wants its Charms.*

*To every Lover that is new,
All new and charming you surprize;
But when your fickle Mind they view,
They shun the danger of your Eyes.
Should you a Miracle of Beauty show,
Yet you're inconstant, and will still be so.*

'Tis thus you will think of me: And in fine, *Damon*, during this Dream, we are in perpetual State of War.

*Thus both resolve to break their Chain,
And think to do't without much Pain,
But Oh! alas! we strive in vain.*

*For Lovers, of themselves, can nothing do;
There must be the Consent of two:
You give it me, and I must give it you.*

And if we shall never be free, till we acquit one another, this Tye between you and I, *Damon*, is likely to last as long as we live; therefore in vain you endeavour, but can never attain your End; and in conclusion you will say, in thinking of me:

[Pg 72]

*Oh! how at ease my Heart would live,
Could I renounce this Fugitive;
This dear, but false, attracting Maid,
That has her Vows and Faith betray'd!
Reason would have it so, but Love
Dares not the dang'rous Tryal prove.*

Do not be angry then, for this afflicting Hour is drawing to an end, and you ought not to despair of coming into my absolute Favour again,

*Then do not let your murm'ring Heart,
Against my Int'rest, take your part.
The Feud was rais'd by Dreams, all false and vain,
And the next Sleep shall reconcile again.*

SIX o'CLOCK.

Accommodation in Dreams.

Tho' the angry Lovers force themselves, all they can, to chase away the troublesom Tenderness of

the Heart, in the height of their Quarrels, Love sees all their Sufferings, pities and redresses 'em: And when we begin to cool, and a soft Repentance follows the Chagrin of the Love-Quarrel, 'tis then that Love takes the advantage of both Hearts, and renews the charming Friendship more forcibly than ever, puts a stop to all our Feuds, and renders the peace-making Minutes the most dear and tender part of our Life. How pleasing 'tis to see your Rage dissolve! How sweet, how soft is every Word that pleads for pardon at my Feet! 'Tis there that you tell me, your very Sufferings are over paid, when I but assure you from my Eyes, that I will forget your Crime: And your Imagination shall here present me the most sensible of your past Pain, that you can wish; and that all my Anger being vanisht, I give you a thousand Marks of my Faith and Gratitude; and lastly, to crown all, that we again make new Vows to one another of inviolable Peace:

[Pg 73]

*After these Debates of Love,
Lovers thousand Pleasures prove,
Which they ever think to taste,
Tho' oftentimes they do not last.*

Enjoy then all the Pleasures that a Heart that is very amorous, and very tender, can enjoy. Think no more on those Inquietudes that you have suffer'd; bless *Love* for his Favours, and thank me for my Graces: and resolve to endure any thing, rather than enter upon any new Quarrels. And however dear the reconciling Moments are, there proceeds a great deal of Evil from these little frequent Quarrels; and I think the best Counsel we can follow, is to avoid 'em as near as we can: And if we cannot, but that, in spite of Love and good Understanding, they should break out, we ought to make as speedy a Peace as possible; for 'tis not good to grate the Heart too long, lest it grow harden'd insensibly, and lose its native Temper. A few Quarrels there must be in Love: Love cannot support it self without 'em: and, besides the Joy of an Accommodation, Love becomes by it more strongly united, and more charming. Therefore let the Lover receive this as a certain Receipt against declining Love:

Love reconcil'd.

*He that would have the Passion be
Entire between the am'rous Pair,
Let not the little Feuds of Jealousy
Be carry'd on to a Despair:
That palls the Pleasure he would raise;
The Fire that he would blow, allays.*

[Pg 74]

*When Understandings false arise,
When misinterpreted your Thought,
If false Conjectures of your Smiles and Eyes
Be up to baneful Quarrels wrought;
Let Love the kind Occasion take,
And straight Accommodations make.*

*The sullen Lover, long unkind,
Ill-natur'd, hard to reconcile,
Loses the Heart he had inclin'd;
Love cannot undergo long Toil;
He's soft and sweet, not born to bear
The rough Fatigues of painful War.*

SEVEN o'CLOCK.

Divers Dreams.

Behold, *Damon*, the last Hour of your Sleep, and of my *Watch*. She leaves you at Liberty now, and you may chuse your Dreams: Trust 'em to your Imaginations, give a Loose to Fancy, and let it rove at will, provided, *Damon*, it be always guided by a respectful *Love*. For thus far I pretend to give bounds to your Imagination, and will not have it pass beyond 'em: Take heed, in sleeping, you give no ear to a flatt'ring *Cupid*, that will favour your slumb'ring Minutes with Lyes too pleasing and vain: You are discreet enough when you are awake; will you not be so in Dreams?

Damon, awake; my *Watch's* Course is done: after this, you cannot be ignorant of what you ought to do during my Absence. I did not believe it necessary to caution you about Balls and Comedies; you know, a Lover depriv'd of his Mistress, goes seldom there. But if you cannot handsomely avoid these Diversions, I am not so unjust a Mistress, to be angry with you for it; go, if Civility, or other Duties oblige you: I will only forbid you, in consideration of me, not to be too much satisfy'd with those Pleasures; but see 'em so, as the World may have reason to say, you do not seek them, you do not make a Business or Pleasure of them; and that 'tis Complaisance, and not Inclination, that carries you thither. Seem rather negligent than concern'd at any thing there; and let every part of you say, *Iris is not here*—

[Pg 75]

I say nothing to you neither of your Duty elsewhere; I am satisfy'd you know it too well; and have too great a Veneration for your glorious Master, to neglect any part of that for even Love it self. And I very well know how much you love to be eternally near his illustrious Person; and that you scarce prefer your Mistress before him, in point of Love: In all things else, I give him leave to take place of *Iris* in the noble Heart of *Damon*.

I am satisfy'd you pass your time well now at *Windsor*, for you adore that Place; and 'tis not, indeed, without great reason: for 'tis most certainly now render'd the most glorious Palace in the Christian World. And had our late Gracious Sovereign, of blessed Memory, had no other Miracles and Wonders of his Life and Reign to have immortaliz'd his Fame (of which there shall remain a thousand to Posterity) this noble Structure alone, this Building (almost Divine) would have eterniz'd the great Name of Glorious *Charles II.* till the World moulder again to its old Confusion, its first *Chaos*. And the Paintings of the famous *Varrio*, and noble Carvings of the unimitable *Gibbon*, shall never die, but remain to tell succeeding Ages, that all Arts and Learning were not confin'd to antient *Rome* and *Greece*, but that *England* too could boast its mightiest Share. Nor is the Inside of this magnificent Structure, immortaliz'd with so many eternal Images of the illustrious *Charles* and *Katharine*, more to be admired than the wondrous Prospects without. The stupendous Heighth, on which the famous Pile is built, renders the Fields, and flowery Meads below, the Woods, the Thickets, and the winding Streams, the most delightful Object that ever Nature produc'd. Beyond all these, and far below, in an inviting Vale, the venerable College, an old, but noble Building, raises it self, in the midst of all the Beauties of Nature, high-grown Trees, fruitful Plains, purling Rivulets, and spacious Gardens, adorn'd with all Variety of Sweets that can delight the Senses.

[Pg 76]

At farther distance yet, on an Ascent almost as high as that to the Royal Structure, you may behold the famous and noble *Clifdon* rise, a Palace erected by the illustrious Duke of *Buckingham*, who will leave this wondrous Piece of Architecture, to inform the future World of the Greatness and Delicacy of his Mind; it being for its Situation, its Prospects, and its marvellous Contrivances, one of the finest *Villa's* of the World; at least, were it finish'd as begun; and would sufficiently declare the magnifick Soul of the Hero that caus'd it to be built, and contriv'd all its Fineness. And this makes up not the least part of the beautiful Prospect from the Palace Royal, while on the other side lies spread a fruitful and delightful Park and Forest well stor'd with Deer, and all that makes the Prospect charming; fine Walks, Groves, distant Valleys, Downs and Hills, and all that Nature could invent, to furnish out a quiet soft Retreat for the most fair and most charming of Queens, and the most Heroick, Good, and Just of Kings: And these Groves alone are fit and worthy to divert such earthly Gods.

Nor can Heaven, Nature, or human Art contrive an Addition to this earthly Paradise, unless those great Inventors of the Age, Sir *Samuel Morland*, or Sir *Robert Gorden*, cou'd by the power of Engines, convey the Water so into the Park and Castle, as to furnish it with delightful Fountains, both useful and beautiful. These are only wanting, to render the Place all Perfection, and without Exception.

This, *Damon*, is a long Digression from the Business of my Heart; but, you know I am so in love with that charming Court, that when you gave me an occasion, by your being there now, but to name the Place, I could not forbear transgressing a little, in favour of its wondrous Beauty; and the rather, because I would, in recounting it, give you to understand how many fine Objects there are, besides the Ladies that adorn it, to employ your vacant Moments in; and I hope you will, without my Instructions, pass a great part of your idle time in surveying these Prospects, and give that Admiration you should pay to living Beauty, to those more venerable Monuments of everlasting Fame.

[Pg 77]

Neither need I, *Damon*, assign you your waiting Times: your Honour, Duty, Love, and Obedience, will instruct you when to be near the Person of the King; and, I believe, you will omit no part of that Devoir. You ought to establish your Fortune and your Glory: for I am not of the mind of those critical Lovers, who believe it a very hard matter to reconcile Love and Interest, to adore a Mistress, and serve a Master at the same Time. And I have heard those, who on this Subject, say, *Let a Man be never so careful in these double Duties, 'tis ten to one but he loses his Fortune or his Mistress.* These are Errors that I condemn: And I know that Love and Ambition are not incompatible, but that a brave Man may preserve all his Duties to his Sovereign, and his Passion and his Respect for his Mistress. And this is my Notion of it.

Love and Ambition.

*The nobler Lover, who would prove
Uncommon in Address,
Let him Ambition join with Love;
With Glory, Tenderness:
But let the Virtues so be mixt,
That when to Love he goes,
Ambition may not come betwixt,
Nor Love his Power oppose.*

*The vacant Hours from softer Sport,
Let him give up to Int'rest and the Court.*

*'Tis Honour shall his Bus'ness be,
And Love his noblest Play:
Those two should never disagree,
For both make either gay.
Love without Honour were too mean
For any gallant Heart;
And Honour singly, but a Dream,
Where Love must have no Part.*

[Pg 78]

*A Flame like this you cannot fear,
Where Glory claims an equal Share.*

Such a Passion, *Damon*, can never make you quit any Part of your Duty to your Prince. And the Monarch you serve is so gallant a Master, that the Inclination you have to his Person obliges you to serve him, as much as your Duty; for *Damon's* loyal Soul loves the Man, and adores the Monarch: for he is certainly all that compels both, by a charming Force and Goodness, from all Mankind.

The KING.

*Darling of Mars! Bellona's Care!
The second Deity of War!
Delight of Heaven, and Joy of Earth!
Born for great and wondrous things,
Destin'd at his auspicious Birth
T' out-do the num'rous Race of long-past Kings.
Best Representative of Heaven,
To whom its chiefest Attributes are given!
Great, Pious, Stedfast, Just, and Brave!
To Vengeance slow, but swift to save!
Dispensing Mercy all abroad!
Soft and forgiving as a God!*

*Thou saving Angel who preserv'st the Land
From the just Rage of the avenging Hand;
Stopt the dire Plague, that o'er the Earth was hurl'd,
And sheathing thy Almighty Sword,
Calm'd the wild Fears of a distracted World,
(As Heaven first made it) with a sacred Word!*

[Pg 79]

But I will stop the low Flight of my humble Muse, who when she is upon the wing, on this glorious Subject, knows no Bounds. And all the World has agreed to say so much of the Virtues and Wonders of this great Monarch, that they have left me nothing new to say; tho' indeed he every Day gives us new Themes of his growing Greatness, and we see nothing that equals him in our Age. Oh! how happy are we to obey his Laws; for he is the greatest of Kings, and the best of Men!

You will be very unjust, *Damon*, if you do not confess I have acquitted my self like a Maid of Honour, of all the Obligations I owe you, upon the account of the *Discretion* I lost to you. If it be not valuable enough, I am generous enough to make it good: And since I am so willing to be just, you ought to esteem me, and to make it your chiefest Care to preserve me yours; for I believe I shall deserve it, and wish you should believe so too. Remember me, write to me, and observe punctually all the Motions of my *Watch*: The more you regard it, the better you will like it; and whatever you think of it at first sight, 'tis no ill Present. The Invention is soft and gallant; and *Germany*, so celebrated for rare *Watches*, can produce nothing to equal this.

*Damon, my Watch is just and new;
And all a Lover ought to do,
My Cupid faithfully will shew.
And ev'ry Hour he renders there,
Except l'heure du Bergere.*

}
}
}

The CASE for the WATCH.

[Pg 80]

DAMON to IRIS.

Expect not, Oh charming *Iris*! that I should chuse Words to thank you in; (Words, that least Part of Love, and least the Business of the Lover) but will say all, and every thing that a tender Heart can dictate, to make an Acknowledgment for so dear and precious a Present as this of your charming *Watch*: while all I can say will but too dully express my Sense of Gratitude, my Joy, and the Pleasure I receive in the mighty Favour. I confess the Present too rich, too gay, and too magnificent for my Expectation: and tho' my Love and Faith deserve it, yet my humbler Hope never durst carry me to a Wish of so great a Bliss, so great an Acknowledgment from the Maid I adore. The Materials are glorious, the Work delicate, and the Movement just, and even gives Rules to my Heart, who shall observe very exactly all that the *Cupid* remarks to me; even to the Minutes, which I will point with Sighs, tho' I am obliged to 'em there but every half Hour.

You tell me, fair *Iris*, that I ought to preserve it tenderly, and yet you have sent it me without a Case. But that I may obey you justly, and keep it dear to me, as long as I live, I will give it a Case of my Fashion: It shall be delicate, and suitable to the fine Present; of such Materials too. But because I would have it perfect, I will consult your admirable Wit and Invention in an Affair of so curious a Consequence.

The FIGURE of the CASE.

I design to give it the Figure of the Heart. Does not your *Watch*, *Iris*, rule the Heart? It was your Heart that contrived it, and 'twas your Heart you consulted in all the Management of it; and 'twas your Heart that brought it to so fine a Conclusion. The Heart never acts without Reason, and all the Heart projects, it performs with Pleasure.

[Pg 81]

Your *Watch*, my lovely Maid, has explain'd to me a World of rich Secrets of Love: And where should Thoughts so sacred be stored, but in the Heart, where all the Secrets of the Soul are treasur'd up, and of which only *Love* alone can take a view? 'Tis thence he takes his Sighs and Tears, and all his little Flatteries and Arts to please; all his fine Thoughts, and all his mighty Raptures; nothing is so proper as the Heart to preserve it, nothing so worthy as the Heart to contain it: and it concerns my Interest too much, not to be infinitely careful of so dear a Treasure: And believe me, charming *Iris*, I will never part with it.

The Votary.

*Fair Goddess of my just Desire,
Inspirer of my softest Fire!
Since you, from out the num'rous Throng
That to your Altars do belong,
To me the Sacred Myst'ry have reveal'd,
From all my Rival-Worshippers conceal'd;
And toucht my Soul with heav'nly Fire,
Refin'd it from its grosser Sense,
And wrought it to a higher Excellence;
It can no more return to Earth,
Like things that thence receive their Birth;
But still aspiring, upward move,
And teach the World new Flights of Love;
New Arts of Secrecy shall learn,
And render Youth discreet in Love's Concern.*

*In his soft Heart, to hide the charming things
A Mistress whispers to his Ear;
And e'ery tender Sigh she brings,
Mix with his Soul, and hide it there.
To bear himself so well in Company,
That if his Mistress present be,
It may be thought by all the Fair,
Each in his Heart does claim a Share,
And all are more belov'd than she.
But when with the dear Maid apart,
Then at her Feet the Lover lies;
Opens his Soul, shews all his Heart,
While Joy is dancing in his Eyes.
Then all that Honour may, or take, or give,
They both distribute, both receive.
A Looker-on wou'd spoil a Lover's Joy;
For Love's a Game where only two can play.
And 'tis the hardest of Love's Mysteries,
To feign Love where it is not, hide it where it is.*

[Pg 82]

After having told you, my lovely *Iris*, that I design to put your *Watch* into a Heart, I ought to shew you the Ornaments of the Case. I do intend to have 'em crown'd Cyphers: I do not mean those Crowns of Vanity, which are put indifferently on all sorts of Cyphers; no, I must have such as may distinguish mine from the rest, and may be true Emblems of what I would represent. My four Cyphers therefore shall be crown'd with these four Wreaths, of Olive, Laurel, Myrtle, and Roses: and the Letters that begin the Names of *Iris* and *Damon* shall compose the Cyphers; tho' I must intermix some other Letters that bear another Sense, and have another Signification.

The First CYPHER.

The first Cypher is compos'd of an *I* and a *D*, which are join'd by an *L* and an *E*; which signifies *Love Extreme*. And 'tis but just, Oh adorable *Iris*! that Love should be mixt with our Cyphers, and that Love alone should be the Union of 'em.

*Love ought alone the Mystick Knot to tie;
Love, that great Master of all Arts:
And this dear Cypher is to let you see,
Love unites Names as well as Hearts.*

[Pg 83]

Without this charming Union, our Souls could not communicate those invisible Sweetnesses, which compleat the Felicity of Lovers, and which the most tender and passionate Expressions are too feeble to make us comprehend. But, my adorable *Iris*, I am contented with the vast Pleasure I feel in loving well, without the care of expressing it well; if you will imagine my Pleasure, without expressing it: For I confess, 'twould be no Joy to me to adore you, if you did not perfectly believe I did adore you. Nay, tho' you lov'd me, if you had no Faith in me, I should languish, and love in as

much Pain, as if you scorn'd; and at the same time believ'd I dy'd for you: For surely, *Iris*, 'tis a greater Pleasure to please than to be pleas'd; and the glorious Power of Giving is infinitely a greater Satisfaction, than that of Receiving: there is so Great and God-like a Quality in it. I would have your Belief therefore equal to my Passion, extreme; as indeed all Love should be, or it cannot bear that Divine Name: it can pass but for an indifferent Affection. And these Cyphers ought to make the World find all the noble Force of delicate Passion: for, Oh my *Iris*! what would Love signify, if we did not love fervently? Sisters and Brothers love; Friends and Relations have Affections: but where the Souls are join'd, which are fill'd with eternal soft Wishes, Oh! there is some Excess of Pleasure, which cannot be express'd!

Your Looks, your dear obliging Words, and your charming Letters, have sufficiently persuaded me of your Tenderness; and you might surely see the Excess of my Passion by my Cares, my Sighs, and entire Resignation to your Will. I never think of *Iris*, but my Heart feels double Flames, and pants and heaves with double Sighs; and whose Force makes its Ardours known, by a thousand Transports: And they are very much to blame, to give the Name of Love to feeble easy Passions. Such transitory tranquil Inclinations are at best but Well-wishers to Love; and a Heart that has such Heats as those, ought not to put it self into the Rank of those nobler Victims that are offer'd at the Shrine of Love. But our Souls, *Iris*, burn with a more glorious Flame, that lights and conducts us beyond a Possibility of losing one another. 'Tis this that flatters all my Hopes; 'tis this alone makes me believe my self worthy of *Iris*: And let her judge of its Violence, by the Greatness of its Splendour.

[Pg 84]

Does not a Passion of this nature, so true, so ardent, deserve to be crown'd? And will you wonder to see, over this Cypher, a Wreath of Myrtles, those Boughs so sacred to the Queen of Love, and so worshipp'd by Lovers? 'Tis with these soft Wreaths, that those are crown'd, who understand how to love well and faithfully.

*The Smiles, the Graces, and the Sports,
That in the Secret Groves maintain their Courts,
Are with these Myrtles crown'd:
Thither the Nymphs their Garlands bring;
Their Beauties and their Praises sing,
While Echoes do the Songs resound.*

*Love, tho' a God, with Myrtle Wreaths
Does his soft Temples bind;
More valu'd are those consecrated Leaves,
Than the bright Wealth in Eastern Rocks confin'd:
And Crowns of Glory less Ambition move,
Than those more sacred Diadems of Love.*

The Second CYPHER,

Is crown'd with Olives; and I add to the two Letters of our Names an *R* and an *L*, for *Reciprocal Love*. Every time that I have given you, O lovely *Iris*, Testimonies of my Passion, I have been so blest, as to receive some from your Bounty; and you have been pleased to flatter me with a Belief, that I was not indifferent to you. I dare therefore say, that being honour'd with the Glory of your Tenderness and Care, I ought, as a Trophy of my illustrious Conquest, to adorn the *Watch* with a Cypher that is so advantageous to me. Ought I not to esteem my self the most fortunate and happy of Mankind, to have exchanged my Heart with so charming and admirable a Person as *Iris*? Ah! how sweet, how precious is the Change; and how vast a Glory arrives to me from it! Oh! you must not wonder if my Soul abandon it self to a thousand Extasies! In the Merchandize of Hearts, Oh, how dear it is to receive as much as one gives; and barter Heart for Heart! Oh! I would not receive mine again, for all the Crowns the Universe contains! Nor ought you, my Adorable, make any Vows or Wishes, ever to retrieve yours; or shew the least Repentance for the Blessing you have given me. The Exchange we made, was confirm'd by a noble Faith; and you ought to believe, you have bestow'd it well, since you are paid for it a Heart that is so conformable to yours, so true, so just, and so full of Adoration: And nothing can be the just Recompence of Love, but Love: and to enjoy the true Felicity of it, our Hearts ought to keep an equal Motion; and, like the Scales of Justice, always hang even.

[Pg 85]

'Tis the Property of Reciprocal Love, to make the Heart feel the Delicacy of Love, and to give the Lover all the Ease and Softness he can reasonably hope. Such a Love renders all things advantageous and prosperous: Such a Love triumphs over all other Pleasures. And I put a Crown of Olives over the Cypher of *Reciprocal Love*, to make known, that two Hearts, where Love is justly equal, enjoy a Peace that nothing can disturb.

*Olives are never fading seen;
But always flourishing, and green.
The Emblem 'tis of Love and Peace;
For Love that's true, will never cease:
And Peace does Pleasure still increase.
Joy to the World, the Peace of Kings imparts;
And Peace in Love distributes it to Hearts.*

[Pg 86]

}
}
}

The Third CYPHER.

The *C* and the *L*, which are join'd to the Letters of our Names in this Cypher crown'd with Laurel, explains a *Constant Love*. It will not, my fair *Iris*, suffice, that my Love is extreme, my Passion violent, and my Wishes fervent, or that our Loves are reciprocal; but it ought also to be constant: for in Love, the Imagination is oftner carried to those things that may arrive, and which we wish for, than to things that Time has robbed us of. And in those agreeable Thoughts of Joys to come, the Heart takes more delight to wander, than in all those that are past; tho' the Remembrance of 'em be very dear, and very charming. We should be both unjust, if we were not persuaded we are possest with a Virtue, the Use of which is so admirable as that of Constancy. Our Loves are not of that sort that can finish, or have an end; but such a Passion, so perfect, and so constant, that it will be a Precedent for future Ages, to love perfectly; and when they would express an extreme Passion, they will say, *They lov'd, as Damon did the charming Iris*. And he that knows the Glory of constant Love, will despise those fading Passions, those little Amusements, that serve for a Day. What Pleasure or Dependance can one have in a Love of that sort? What Concern? What Raptures can such an Amour produce in a Soul? And what Satisfaction can one promise one's self in playing with a false Gamester; who tho' you are aware of him, in spite of all your Precaution, puts the false Dice upon you, and wins all?

*Those Eyes that can no better Conquest make,
Let 'em ne'er look abroad:
Such, but the empty Name of Lovers take,
And so profane the God.*

[Pg 87]

*Better they never should pretend,
Than, ere begun, to make an end.*

*Of that fond Flame what shall we say,
That's born and languisht in a Day?
Such short-liv'd Blessings cannot bring
The Pleasure of an Envy'ing.
Who is't will celebrate that Flame,
That's damn'd to such a scanty Fame?
While constant Love the Nymphs and Swains
Still sacred make, in lasting Strains
And chearful Lays throughout the Plains.*

*A constant Love knows no Decay:
But still advancing ev'ry Day,
Will last as long as Life can stay,
With ev'ry Look and Smile improves,
With the same Ardour always moves,
With such as Damon charming Iris loves!*

}
}
}
}
}
}
}

Constant Love finds it self impossible to be shaken; it resists the Attacks of Envy, and a thousand Accidents that endeavour to change it: Nothing can disoblige it but a known Falseness, or Contempt: Nothing can remove it; tho' for a short moment it may lie sullen and resenting, it recovers, and returns with greater Force and Joy. I therefore, with very good reason, crown this *Cypher of Constant Love* with a Wreath of *Laurel*; since such Love always triumphs over Time and Fortune, tho' it be not her Property to besiege: for she cannot overcome, but in defending her self; but the Victories she gains are never the less glorious.

*For far less Conquest we have known
The Victor wear the Laurel Crown.
The Triumph with more Pride let him receive;
While those of Love, at least, more Pleasures give.*

The Fourth CYPHER.

[Pg 88]

Perhaps, my lovely Maid, you will not find out what I mean by the *S* and the *L*, in this last Cypher, that is crown'd with Roses. I will therefore tell you, I mean *Secret Love*. There are very few People who know the Nature of that Pleasure, which so divine a Love creates: And let me say what I will of it, they must feel it themselves, who would rightly understand it, and all its ravishing Sweets. But this there is a great deal of Reason to believe, that the Secrecy in Love doubles the Pleasures of it. And I am so absolutely persuaded of this, that I believe all those Favours that are not kept secret, are dull and pall'd, very insipid and tasteless Pleasures: And let the Favours be never so innocent that a Lover receives from a Mistress, she ought to value 'em, set a price upon 'em, and make the Lover pay dear; while he receives 'em with Difficulty, and sometimes with Hazard. A Lover that is not secret, but suffers every one to count his Sighs, has at most but a feeble Passion, such as produces sudden and transitory Desires, which die as soon as born: A true Love has not this Character; for whensoever 'tis made publick, it ceases to be a Pleasure, and is only the Result of Vanity. Not that I expect our Loves should always remain a Secret: No, I should never, at that rate, arrive to a Blessing, which, above all the Glories of the Earth, I aspire to; but even then there are a thousand Joys, a thousand Pleasures that I shall be as careful to conceal from the foolish World, as if the whole Preservation of that Pleasure depended on my Silence; as indeed it does in a great measure.

To this Cypher I put a Crown of Roses, which are not Flowers of a very lasting Date. And 'tis to

let you see, that 'tis impossible Love can be long hid. We see every Day, with what fine Dissimulation and Pains, People conceal a thousand Hates and Malices, Disgusts, Disobligations, and Resentments, without being able to conceal the least part of their Love: but Reputation has an Odour as well as Roses; and a Lover ought to esteem that as the dearest and tenderest thing: not only that of his own, which is, indeed, the least part; but that of his Mistress, more valuable to him than Life. He ought to endeavour to give People no occasion to make false Judgments of his Actions, or to give their Censures; which most certainly are never in the Favour of the Fair Person: for likely, those false Censurers are of the busy Female Sex, the *Coquets* of that number; whose little Spites and Railleries, join'd to that fancy'd Wit they boast of, sets 'em at odds with all the Beautiful and Innocent. And how very little of that kind serves to give the World a Faith, when a thousand Virtues, told of the same Persons, by more credible Witnesses and Judges, shall pass unregarded! so willing and inclin'd is all the World to credit the Ill, and condemn the Good! And yet, Oh! what pity 'tis we are compell'd to live in Pain, to oblige this foolish scandalous World! And tho' we know each other's Virtue and Honour, we are oblig'd to observe that Caution (to humour the talking Town) which takes away so great a part of the Pleasure of Life! 'Tis therefore that among those Roses, you will find some Thorns; by which you may imagine, that in Love, Precaution is necessary to its Secrecy: And we must restrain our selves, upon a thousand occasions, with so much Care, that, Oh *Iris!* 'tis impossible to be discreet, without Pain; but 'tis a Pain that creates a thousand Pleasures.

[Pg 89]

*Where should a Lover hide his Joys,
Free from Malice, free from Noise;
Where no Envy can intrude;
Where no busy Rival's Spy,
Made, by Disappointment, rude,
May inform his Jealousy?
The Heart will the best Refuge prove;
Which Nature meant the Cabinet of Love.
What would a Lover not endure,
His Mistress' Fame and Honour to secure?
Iris, the Care we take to be discreet,
Is the dear Toil that makes the Pleasure sweet:
The Thorn that does the Wealth inclose,
That with less saucy Freedom we may touch the Rose.*

[Pg 90]

The CLASP of the WATCH.

Ah, charming *Iris!* Ah, my lovely Maid! 'tis now, in a more peculiar manner, that I require your Aid in the finishing of my Design, and compleating the whole Piece to the utmost Perfection; and without your Aid it cannot be perform'd. It is about the Clasp of the *Watch*; a Material, in all appearance, the most trivial of any part of it. But that it may be safe for ever, I design it the Image, or Figure of two Hands; that fair one of the adorable *Iris*, join'd to mine; with this Motto, *Inviolable Faith*: For in this *Case*, this Heart ought to be shut up by this eternal Clasp. Oh! there is nothing so necessary as this! Nothing can secure Love, but Faith.

That Virtue ought to be a Guard to all the Heart thinks, and all the Mouth utters: Nor can *Love* say he triumphs without it. And when that remains not in the Heart, all the rest deserves no Regard. Oh! I have not lov'd so ill to leave one Doubt upon your Soul. Why then, will you want that Faith, Oh unkind Charmer, that my Passion and my Services so justly merit?

*When two Hearts entirely love,
And in one Sphere of Honour move,
Each maintains the other's Fire,
With a Faith that is entire.
For, what heedless Youth bestows,
On a faithless Maid, his Vows?
Faith without Love, bears Virtue's Price;
But Love without her Mixture, is a Vice.
Love, like Religion, still should be,
In the Foundation, firm and true;
In Points of Faith should still agree,
Tho' Innovations vain and new,
Love's little Quarrels, may arise;
In Fundamentals still they're just and wise.*

[Pg 91]

*Then, charming Maid, be sure of this;
Allow me Faith, as well as Love:
Since that alone affords no Bliss,
Unless your Faith your Love improve.
Either resolve to let me die
By fairer Play, your Cruelty;
Than not your Love with Faith impart,
And with your Vows to give your Heart.
In mad Despair I'd rather fall,
Than lose my glorious Hopes of conquering all.*

So certain it is, that Love without Faith, is of no value.

In fine, my adorable *Iris*, this Case shall be, as near as I can, like those delicate ones of *Filligrin* Work, which do not hinder the Sight from taking a View of all within: You may therefore see, thro' this Heart, all your *Watch*. Nor is my Desire of preserving this inestimable Piece more, than to make it the whole Rule of my Life and Actions. And my chiefest Design in these Cyphers, is to comprehend in them the principal Virtues that are most necessary to Love. Do not we know that Reciprocal Love is Justice? Constant Love, Fortitude? Secret Love, Prudence? Tho' 'tis true that extreme Love, that is, Excess of Love, in one sense, appears not to be Temperance; yet you must know, my *Iris*, that in Matters of Love, Excess is a Virtue, and that all other Degrees of Love are worthy Scorn alone. 'Tis this alone that can make good the glorious Title: 'Tis this alone that can bear the Name of Love; and this alone that renders the Lovers truly happy, in spite of all the Storms of Fate, and Shocks of Fortune. This is an Antidote against all other Grievs: This bears up the Soul in all Calamity; and is the very Heaven of Life, the last Refuge of all worldly Pain and Care, and may well bear the Title of *Divine*.

[Pg 92]

The Art of Loving well.

*That Love may all Perfection be,
Sweet, charming to the last degree,
The Heart, where the bright Flame does dwell,
In Faith and Softness should excel:
Excess of Love should fill each Vein,
And all its sacred Rites maintain.*

*The tend'rest Thoughts Heav'n can inspire,
Should be the Fuel to its Fire:
And that, like Incense, burn as pure;
Or that in Urns should still endure,
No fond Desire should fill the Soul,
But such as Honour may controul.*

*Jealousy I will allow:
Not the amorous Winds that blow,
Should wanton in my Iris' Hair,
Or ravish Kisses from my Fair.
Not the Flowers that grow beneath,
Should borrow Sweetness of her Breath.*

*If her Bird she do caress,
How I grudge its Happiness,
When upon her snowy Hand
The Wanton does triumphing stand!
Or upon her Breast she skips,
And lays her Beak to Iris' Lips!
Fainting at my ravished Joy,
I could the Innocent destroy.
If I can no Bliss afford
To a little harmless Bird,
Tell me, Oh thou dear-lov'd Maid!
What Reason could my Rage persuade,
If a Rival should invade?*

[Pg 93]

*If thy charming Eyes should dart
Looks that sally from the Heart;
If you sent a Smile, or Glance,
To another tho' by Chance;
Still thou giv'st what's not thy own,
They belong to me alone.*

*All Submission I would pay:
Man was born the Fair t' obey.
Your very Look I'd understand,
And thence receive your least Command:
Never your Justice will dispute;
But like a Lover execute.*

*I would no Usurper be,
But in claiming sacred Thee.
I would have all, and every part;
No Thought would hide within thy Heart.
Mine a Cabinet was made,
Where Iris' Secrets should be laid.*

*In the rest, without controul,
She should triumph o'er the Soul!
Prostrate at her Feet I'd lie,*

*Despising Power and Liberty;
Glorying more by Love to fall,
Than rule the universal Ball.*

*Hear me, O you saucy Youth!
And from my Maxims learn this Truth:
Would you great and powerful prove?
Be an humble Slave to Love.
'Tis nobler far a Joy to give,
Than any Blessing to receive.*

The *LADY'S* LOOKING-GLASS, to Dress her self by: or, The Art of Charming.

[Pg 94]

Sent from DAMON to IRIS.

How long, Oh charming *Iris*! shall I speak in vain of your adorable Beauty? You have been just, and believe I love you with a Passion perfectly tender and extreme, and yet you will not allow your Charms to be infinite. You must either accuse my Flames to be unreasonable, and that my Eyes and Heart are false Judges of Wit and Beauty; or allow that you are the most perfect of your Sex. But instead of that, you always accuse me of Flattery, when I speak of your infinite Merit; and when I refer you to your Glass, you tell me, that flatters as well as *Damon*: tho' one would imagine, that should be a good Witness for the Truth of what I say, and undeceive you of the Opinion of my Injustice. Look—and confirm your self that nothing can equal your Perfections. All the World says it, and you must doubt it no longer. Oh *Iris*! will you dispute against the whole World?

But since you have so long distrusted your own Glass, I have here presented you with one, which I know is very true; and having been made for you only, can serve only you. All other Glasses present all Objects, but this reflects only *Iris*: Whenever you consult it, it will convince you; and tell you how much Right I have done you, when I told you, you were the fairest Person that ever Nature made. When other Beauties look into it, it will speak to all the Fair Ones: but let 'em do what they will, 'twill say nothing to their advantage.

*Iris, to spare what you call Flattery,
Consult your Glass each Hour of the Day:
'Twill tell you where your Charms and Beauties lie,
And where your little wanton Graces play:
Where Love does revel in your Face and Eyes;
What Look invites your Slaves, and what denies.*

[Pg 95]

*Where all the Loves adorn you with such Care,
Where dress your Smiles, where arm your lovely Eyes;
Where deck the flowing Tresses of your Hair:
How cause your snowy Breasts to fall and rise.
How this severe Glance makes a Lover die;
How that, more soft, gives Immortality.*

*Where you shall see what 'tis enslaves the Soul;
Where e'ery Feature, e'ery Look combines:
When the adorning Air, o'er all the whole,
To so much Wit, and so nice Virtue joins.
Where the Belle Taille, and Motion still afford
Graces to be eternally adored.*

But I will be silent now, and let your Glass speak.

IRIS's *LOOKING-GLASS.*

Damon (Oh charming *Iris*!) has given me to you, that you may sometimes give your self the Trouble, and me the Honour of consulting me in the great and weighty Affairs of Beauty. I am, my adorable Mistress! a faithful Glass; and you ought to believe all I say to you.

The *SHAPE* of IRIS.

I must begin with your Shape, and tell you without Flattery, 'tis the finest in the World, and gives Love and Admiration to all that see you. Pray observe how free and easy it is, without Constraint, Stiffness, or Affectation; those mistaken Graces of the Fantastick, and the Formal, who give themselves pain to shew their Will to please, and whose Dressing makes the greatest part of its Fineness, when they are more oblig'd to the Taylor than to Nature; who add or diminish, as occasion serves, to form a Grace, where Heaven never gave it: And while they remain on this Wreck of Pride, they are eternally uneasy, without pleasing any body. *Iris*, I have seen a Woman of your Acquaintance, who, having a greater Opinion of her own Person than any body else, has screw'd her Body into so fine a Form (as she calls it) that she dares no more stir a Hand, lift up an Arm, or turn her Head aside, than if, for the Sin of such a Disorder, she were to be turn'd into

[Pg 96]

a Pillar of Salt; the less stiff and fix'd Statue of the two. Nay, she dares not speak or smile, lest she should put her Face out of that Order she had set it in her Glass, when she last look'd on her self: And is all over such a *Lady Nice* (excepting in her Conversation) that ever made a ridiculous Figure. And there are many Ladies more, but too much tainted with that nauseous Formality, that old-fashion'd Vice: But *Iris*, the charming, the all-perfect *Iris*, has nothing in her whole Form that is not free, natural, and easy; and whose every Motion cannot but please extremely; and which has not given *Damon* a thousand Rivals.

*Damon, the young, the am'rous, and the true,
Who sighs incessantly for you;
Whose whole Delight, now you are gone,
Is to retire to Shades alone,
And to the Echoes make his moan.
By purling Streams the wishing Youth is laid,
Still sighing Iris! lovely charming Maid!
See, in thy Absence, how thy Lover dies!
While to his Sighs the Echo still replies.*

*Then with the Stream he holds Discourse:
O thou that bend'st thy liquid Force
To lovely Thames! upon whose Shore
The Maid resides whom I adore!
My Tears of Love upon thy Surface bear:
And if upon thy Banks thou seest my Fair:
In all thy softest Murmurs sing,
From Damon I this Present bring;
My e'ery Curl contains a Tear!
Then at her Feet thy Tribute pay:
But haste, O happy Stream! away;
Lest charm'd too much, thou shouldst for ever stay.
And thou, Oh gentle, murm'ring Breeze!
That plays in Air, and wantons with the Trees;
On thy young Wings, where gilded Sun-beams play,
To Iris my soft Sighs convey,
Still as they rise, each Minute of the Day:
But whisper gently in her Ear;
Let not the ruder Winds thy Message bear,
Nor ruffle one dear Curl of her bright Hair.
Oh! touch her Cheeks with sacred Reverence,
And stay not gazing on her lovely Eyes!
But if thou bear'st her rosy Breath from thence,
'Tis Incense of that Excellence,
That as thou mount'st, 'twill perfume all the Skies.*

[Pg 97]

IRIS 's COMPLEXION.

Say what you will, I am confident, if you will confess your Heart, you are, every time you view your self in me, surpris'd at the Beauty of your Complexion; and will secretly own, you never saw any thing so fair. I am not the first Glass, by a thousand, that has assur'd you of this. If you will not believe me, ask *Damon*; he tells it you every Day, but that Truth from him offends you: and because he loves too much, you think his Judgment too little; and since this is so perfect, that must be defective. But 'tis most certain your Complexion is infinitely fine, your Skin soft and smooth as polisht Wax, or Ivory, extreamly white and clear; tho' if any body speaks but of your Beauty, an agreeable Blush casts it self all over your Face, and gives you a thousand new Graces.

*And then two Flowers newly born.
Shine in your Heav'nly Face;
The Rose that blushes in the Morn,
Usurps the Lilly's place:
Sometimes the Lilly does prevail.
And makes the gen'rous Crimson pale.*

[Pg 98]

IRIS 's HAIR.

Oh, the beautiful Hair of *Iris*! it seems as if Nature had crown'd you with a great quantity of lovely fair brown Hair, to make us know that you were born to rule, and to repair the Faults of Fortune that has not given you a Diadem: And do not bewail the Want of that (so much your Merit's due) since Heaven has so gloriously recompens'd you with what gains more admiring Slaves.

*Heav'n for Sovereignty has made your Form:
And you were more than for dull Empire born;
O'er Hearts your Kingdom shall extend,
Your vast Dominion know no End.
Thither the Loves and Graces shall resort;*

*To Iris make their Homage, and their Court.
 No envious Star, no common Fate,
 Did on my Iris' Birth-day wait;
 But all was happy, all was delicate.
 Here Fortune would inconstant be in vain:
 Iris, and Love eternally shall reign.*

}
 }
 }

Love does not make less use of your Hair for new Conquests, than of all the rest of your Beauties that adorn you. If he takes our Hearts with your fine Eyes, it ties 'em fast with your Hair; and of it weaves a Chain, not easily broken. It is not of those sorts of Hair, whose Harshness discovers Ill-Nature; nor of those, whose Softness shews us the Weakness of the Mind; not that either of these Arguments are without exception: but 'tis such as bears the Character of a perfect Mind, and a delicate Wit; and for its Colour, the most faithful, discreet, and beautiful in the World: such as shews a Complexion and Constitution, neither so cold to be insensible, nor so hot to have too much Fire: that is, neither too white, nor too black; but such a mixture of the two Colours, as makes it the most agreeable in the World.

[Pg 99]

*'Tis that which leads those captivated Hearts,
 That bleeding at your Feet do lie;
 'Tis that the Obstinate converts,
 That dare the Power of Love deny:
 'Tis that which Damon so admires;
 Damon, who often tells you so.
 If from your Eyes Love takes his Fires,
 'Tis with your Hair he strings his Bow:
 Which touching but the feather'd Dart,
 It never mist the destin'd Heart.*

IRIS' s EYES.

I believe, my fair Mistress, I shall dazzle you with the Lustre of your own Eyes. They are the finest Blue in World: They have all the Sweetness that ever charm'd the Heart, with a certain Languishment that's irresistible; and never any look'd on 'em, that did not sigh after 'em. Believe me, *Iris*, they carry unavoidable Darts and Fires; and whoever expose themselves to their Dangers, pay for their Imprudence.

*Cold as my solid Chrystal is,
 Hard and impenetrable too;
 Yet I am sensible of Bliss,
 When your charming Eyes I view:
 Even by me their Flames are felt;
 And at each Glance I fear to melt.*

*Ah, how pleasant are my Days!
 How my glorious Fate I bless!
 Mortals never knew my Joys,
 Nor Monarchs guest my Happiness.
 Every Look that's soft and gay,
 Iris gives me every Day.*

[Pg 100]

*Spight of her Virtue and her Pride,
 Every Morning I am blest
 With what to Damon is deny'd;
 To view her when she is undrest.
 All her Heaven of Beauty's shown
 To triumphing Me——alone.*

*Scarce the prying Beams of Light,
 Or th' impatient God of Day,
 Are allow'd so near a Sight,
 Or dare profane her with a Ray;
 When she has appear'd to me,
 Like Venus rising from the Sea.*

*But Oh! I must those Charms conceal,
 All too divine for vulgar Eyes:
 Should I my secret Joys reveal,
 Of sacred Trust I break the Ties;
 And Damon would with Envy die,
 Who hopes one Day to be as blest as I.*

Extravagant with my Joys, I have stray'd beyond my Limits; for I was telling you of the wond'rous Fineness of your Eyes, which no Mortal can resist, nor any Heart stand the Force of their Charms, and the most difficult Conquest they gain, scarce cost 'em the expence of a Look. They are modest and tender, chaste and languishing. There you may take a view of the whole Soul, and see Wit and Good-Nature (those two inseparable Virtues of the Mind) in an extraordinary

measure. In fine, you see all that fair Eyes can produce, to make themselves ador'd. And when they are angry, they strike an irresistible Awe upon the Soul; And those Severities *Damon* wishes may perpetually accompany them, during their Absence from him; for 'tis with such Eyes, he would have you receive all his Rivals.

[Pg 101]

*Keep, lovely Maid, the Softness In your Eyes,
To flatter Damon with another Day:
When at your Feet the ravish'd Lover lies,
Then put on all that's tender, all that's gay:
And for the Griefs your Absence makes him prove,
Give him the softest, dearest Looks of Love.*

*His trembling Heart with sweetest Smiles caress,
And in your Eyes soft Wishes let him find;
That your Regret of Absence may confess,
In which no Sense of Pleasure you could find:
And to restore him, let your faithful Eyes
Declare, that all his Rivals you despise.*

The MOUTH of IRIS.

I perceive your Modesty would impose Silence on me: But, Oh fair *Iris!* do not think to present your self before a Glass, if you would not have it tell you all your Beauties. Content your self that I only speak of 'em, *en passant*; for should I speak what I would, I should dwell all Day upon each Particular, and still say something new. Give me liberty then to speak of your fine Mouth: You need only open it a little, and you will see the most delicate Teeth that ever you beheld; the whitest, and the best set. Your Lips are the finest in the World; so round, so soft, so plump, so dimpled, and of the loveliest Colour. And when you smile, Oh! what Imagination can conceive how sweet it is, that has not seen you smiling? I cannot describe what I so admire; and 'tis in vain to those who have not seen *Iris*.

*Oh Iris! boast that one peculiar Charm,
That has so many Conquests made;
So innocent, yet capable of Harm;
So just it self, yet has so oft betray'd:
Where a thousand Graces dwell,
And wanton round in ev'ry Smile.*

[Pg 102]

*A thousand Loves do listen when you speak,
And catch each Accent as it flies:
Rich flowing Wit, whene'er you Silence break,
Flows from your Tongue, and sparkles in your Eyes.
Whether you talk, or silent are,
Your Lips immortal Beauties wear.*

The NECK of IRIS.

All your Modesty, all your nice Care, cannot hide the ravishing Beauties of your Neck; we must see it, coy as you are; and see it the whitest, and finest shaped, that ever was form'd. Oh! why will you cover it? You know all handsome Things would be seen. And Oh! how often have you made your Lovers envy your Scarf, or any thing that hides so fine an Object from their Sight. *Damon* himself complains of your too nice Severity. Pray do not hide it so carefully. See how perfectly turn'd it is! with small blue Veins, wand'ring and ranging here and there, like little Rivulets, that wanton o'er the flowery Meads! See how the round white rising Breasts heave with every Breath, as if they disdain'd to be confin'd to a Covering; and repel the malicious Cloud that would obscure their Brightness!

*Fain I would have leave to tell
The Charms that on your Bosom dwell;
Describe it like some flow'ry Field,
That does ten thousand Pleasures yield;
A thousand gliding Springs and Groves;
All Receptacles for Loves:
But Oh! what Iris hides, must be
Ever sacred kept by me.*

The ARMS and HANDS of IRIS.

[Pg 103]

I shall not be put to much trouble to shew you your Hands and Arms, because you may view them without my Help; and you are very unjust, if you have not admir'd 'em a thousand times. The beautiful Colour and Proportion of your Arm is unimitable, and your Hand is dazzling, fine, small, and plump; long-pointed Fingers delicately turned; dimpled on the snowy out-side, but adorned within with Rose, all over the soft Palm. Oh *Iris!* nothing equals your fair Hand; that Hand, of which *Love* so often makes such use to draw his Bow, when he would send the Arrow home with

more Success; and which irresistibly wounds those, who possibly have not yet seen your Eyes: And when you have been veil'd, that lovely Hand has gain'd you a thousand Adorers. And I have heard *Damon* say, *Without the Aid of more Beauties, that alone had been sufficient to have made an absolute Conquest, o'er his Soul.* And he has often vow'd, *It never toucht him but it made his Blood run with little irregular Motions in his Veins, his Breath beat short and double, his Blushes rise, and his very Soul dance.*

*Oh! how the Hand the Lover ought to prize
'Bove any one peculiar Grace,
While he is dying for the Eyes
And doating on the lovely Face!
The Unconsid'ring little knows,
How much he to this Beauty owes.*

*That, when the Lover absent is,
Informs him of his Mistress' Heart;
'Tis that which gives him all his Bliss,
When dear Love-Secrets 'twill impart,
That plights the Faith the Maid bestows;
And that confirms the tim'rous Vows.*

*'Tis that betrays the Tenderness,
Which the too bashful Tongue denies:
'Tis that which does the Heart confess,
And spares the Language of the Eyes.
'Tis that which Treasure gives so vast;
Ev'n Iris 'twill to Damon give at last.*

[Pg 104]

The GRACE and AIR of IRIS.

'Tis I alone, O charming Maid! that can shew you that noble part of your Beauty: That generous Air that adorns all your lovely Person, and renders every Motion and Action perfectly adorable. With what a Grace you walk!—How free, how easy, and how unaffected! See how you move!—for only here you can see it. *Damon* has told you a thousand times, that never any Mortal had so glorious an Air: but he cou'd not half describe it, nor would you credit even what he said; but with a careless Smile pass it off for the Flattery of a Lover. But here behold, and be convinc'd, and know, no part of your Beauty can charm more than this. O *Iris!* confess, Love has adorn'd you with all his Art and Care. Your Beauties are the Themes of all the Muses; who tell you in daily Songs, that the Graces themselves have not more than *Iris.* And one may truly say, that you alone know how to join the Ornaments and Dress with Beauty; and you are still adorn'd, as if that Shape and Air had a peculiar Art to make all Things appear gay and fine. Oh! how well drest you are! How every Thing becomes you! Never singular, never gawdy; but always suiting with your Quality.

*Oh! how that Negligence becomes your Air!
That careless Flowing of your Hair,
That plays about with wanton Grace,
With every Motion of your Face:
Disdaining all that dull Formality,
That dares not move the Lip, or Eye,
But at some fancy'd Grace's cost;
And think, with it, at least, a Lover lost.
But the unlucky Minute to reclaim,
And ease the Coquet of her Pain,
The Pocket-Glass adjusts the Face again:
Re-sets the Mouth, and languishes the Eyes;
And thinks, the Spark that ogles that way—dies.*

[Pg 105]

*Of Iris learn, Oh ye mistaken Fair!
To dress your Face, your Smiles, your Air:
Let easy Nature all the Bus'ness do,
She can the softest Graces shew;
Which Art but turns to ridicule,
And where there's none serves but to shew the Fool.*

*In Iris you all Graces find;
Charms without Art, a Motion unconfin'd;
Without Constraint, she smiles, she looks, she talks;
And without Affectation, moves and walks.
Beauties so perfect ne'er were seen:
O ye mistaken Fair! Dress ye by Iris' Mein.*

The DISCRETION of IRIS.

But, O *Iris!* the Beauties of the Body are imperfect, if the Beauties of the Soul do not advance

themselves to an equal Height. But, O *Iris!* what Mortal is there so damn'd to Malice, that does not, with Adoration, confess, that you, O charming Maid, have an equal Portion of all the Braveries and Virtues of the Mind? And who is it, that confesses your Beauty, that does not at the same time acknowledge and bow to your Wisdom? The whole World admires both in you; and all with impatience ask, Which of the two is most surprizing, your Beauty, or your Discretion? But we dispute in vain on that excellent Subject; for after all, 'tis determin'd, that the two Charms are equal. 'Tis none of those idle Discretions that consists in Words alone, and ever takes the Shadow of Reason for the Substance; and that makes use of all the little Artifices of Subtlety, and florid Talking, to make the Out-side of the Argument appear fine, and leave the Inside wholly misunderstood; who runs away with Words, and never thinks of Sense. But you, O lovely Maid! never make use of these affected Arts; but without being too brisk or too severe, too silent or too talkative, you inspire in all your Hearers a Joy, and a Respect. Your Soul is an Enemy to that usual Vice of your Sex, of using little Arguments against the Fair; or, by a Word or Jest, making your self and Hearers pleasant at the expence of the Fame of others.

[Pg 106]

Your Heart is an Enemy to all Passions, but that of Love. And this is one of your noble Maxims, *That every one ought to love, in some part of his Life; and that in a Heart truly brave, Love is without Folly: That Wisdom is a Friend to Love, and Love to perfect Wisdom.* Since these Maxims are your own, do not, O charming *Iris!* resist that noble Passion: and since *Damon* is the most tender of Lovers, answer his Passion with a noble Ardour. Your Prudence never fails in the Choice of your Friends; and in chusing so well your Lover, you will stand an eternal Precedent to all unreasonable Fair Ones.

*O thou that dost excel in Wit and Youth!
Be still a Precedent for Love and Truth.
Let the dull World say what it will,
A noble Flame's unblameable.
Where a fine Sent'ment and soft Passion rules,
They scorn the Censure of the Fools.*

*Yield, Iris, then; Oh, yield to Love!
Redeem your dying Slave from Pain;
The World your Conduct must approve:
Your Prudence never acts in vain.*

The GOODNESS and COMPLAISANCE of IRIS.

[Pg 107]

Who but your Lovers, fair *Iris!* doubts but you are the most complaisant Person in the World; and that with so much Sweetness you oblige all, that you command in yielding: And as you gain the Heart of both Sexes, with the Affability of your noble Temper; so all are proud and vain of obliging you. And, *Iris,* you may live assur'd, that your Empire is eternally established by your Beauty and your Goodness: Your Power is confirm'd, and you grow in Strength every Minute: Your Goodness gets you Friends, and your Beauty Lovers.

This Goodness is not one of those, whose Folly renders it easy to every Desirer; but a pure Effect of the Generosity of your Soul; such as Prudence alone manages, according to the Merit of the Person to whom it is extended; and those whom you esteem, receive the sweet Marks of it, and only your Lovers complain; yet even then you charm. And tho' sometimes you can be a little disturb'd, yet thro' your Anger your Goodness shines; and you are but too much afraid, that that may bear a false Interpretation: For oftentimes Scandal makes that pass for an Effect of Love, which is purely that of Complaisance.

Never had any body more Tenderness for their Friends, than *Iris:* Their Presence gives her Joy, their Absence Trouble; and when she cannot see them, she finds no Pleasure like speaking of them obligingly. Friendship reigns in your Heart, and Sincerity on your Tongue. Your Friendship is so strong, so constant, and so tender, that it charms, pleases, and satisfies all, that are not your Adorers. *Damon* therefore is excusable, if he be not contented with your noble Friendship alone; for he is the most tender of that Number.

*No! give me all, th' impatient Lover cries;
Without your Soul I cannot live:
Dull Friendship cannot mine suffice,
That dies for all you have to give.
The Smiles, the Vows, the Heart must all be mine;
I cannot spare one Thought, or Wish of thine.*

[Pg 108]

*I sigh, I languish all the Day;
Each Minute ushers in my Groans:
To ev'ry God in vain I pray;
In ev'ry Grove repeat my Moans.
Still Iris' Charms are all my Sorrows Themes!
They pain me waking, and they rack in Dreams.*

*Return, fair Iris! Oh, return!
Lest sighing long your Slave destroys.
I wish, I rave, I faint, I burn;
Restore me quickly all my Joys:*

*Your Mercy else will come too late;
Distance in Love more cruel is than Hate.*

The WIT of IRIS.

You are deceiv'd in me, fair *Iris*, if you take me for one of those ordinary Glasses, that represent the Beauty only of the Body; I remark to you also the Beauties of the Soul: And all about you declares yours the finest that ever was formed; that you have a Wit that surprizes, and is always new: 'Tis none of those that loses its Lustre when one considers it; the more we examine yours, the more adorable we find it. You say nothing that is not at once agreeable and solid; 'tis always quick and ready, without Impertinence, that little Vanity of the Fair: who, when they know they have Wit, rarely manage it so, as not to abound in Talking; and think, that all they say must please, because luckily they sometimes chance to do so. But *Iris* never speaks, but 'tis of use; and gives a Pleasure to all that hear her: She has the perfect Air of penetrating, even the most secret Thoughts. How often have you known, without being told, all that has past in *Damon's* Heart? For all great Wits are Prophets too.

[Pg 109]

*Tell me; Oh, tell me! Charming Prophetess;
For you alone can tell my Love's Success.
The Lines in my dejected Face,
I fear, will lead you to no kind Result:
It is your own that you must trace;
Those of your Heart you must consult.
'Tis there my Fortune I must learn,
And all that Damon does concern.*

*I tell you that I love a Maid,
As bright as Heav'n, of Angel-hue;
The softest Nature ever made,
Whom I with Sighs and Vows pursue.
Oh, tell me, charming Prophetess!
Shall I this lovely Maid possess?*

*A thousand Rivals do obstruct my Way;
A thousand Fears they do create:
They throng about her all the Day,
Whilst I at awful Distance wait.
Say, Will the lovely Maid so fickle prove,
To give my Rivals Hope, as well as Love?*

*She has a thousand Charms of Wit,
With all the Beauty Heav'n e'er gave:
Oh! let her not make use of it,
To flatter me into the Slave.
Oh! tell me Truth, to ease my Pain;
Say rather, I shall die by her Disdain.*

The MODESTY of IRIS.

I perceive, fair *Iris*, you have a mind to tell me, I have entertain'd you too long with a Discourse on your self. I know your Modesty makes this Declaration an Offence, and you suffer me, with Pain, to unveil those Treasures you would hide. Your Modesty, that so commendable a Virtue in the Fair, and so peculiar to you, is here a little too severe. Did I flatter you, you should blush: Did I seek, by praising you, to shew an Art of speaking finely, you might chide. But, O *Iris*, I say nothing but such plain Truths, as all the World can witness are so: And so far I am from Flattery, that I seek no Ornament of Words. Why do you take such Care to conceal your Virtues? They have too much Lustre, not to be seen, in spite of all your Modesty: Your Wit, your Youth, and Reason, oppose themselves against this dull Obstructor of our Happiness. Abate, O *Iris*, a little of this Virtue, since you have so many others to defend your self against the Attacks of your Adorers. You your self have the least Opinion of your own Charms: and being the only Person in the World, that is not in love with 'em, you hate to pass whole Hours before your *Looking-Glass*; and to pass your Time, like most of the idle Fair, in dressing, and setting off those Beauties, which need so little Art. You more wise, disdain to give those Hours to the Fatigue of Dressing, which you know so well how to employ a thousand ways. The Muses have blest you, above your Sex; and you know how to gain a Conquest with your Pen, more absolutely than all the industrious Fair, who trust to Dress and Equipage.

[Pg 110]

I have a thousand Things to tell you more, but willingly resign my Place to *Damon*, that faithful Lover; he will speak more ardently than I: For let a Glass use all its Force, yet, when it speaks its best, it speaks but coldly.

If my Glass, O charming *Iris*, have the good Fortune (which I could never entirely boast) to be believ'd, 'twill serve at least to convince you I have not been so guilty of Flattery, as I have a thousand Times been charg'd. Since then my Passion is equal to your Beauty (without Comparison, or End) believe, O lovely Maid! how I sigh in your Absence; and be persuaded to lessen my Pain, and restore me to my Joys: for there is no Torment so great, as the Absence of a

[Pg 111]

Lover from his Mistress; of which this is the *Idea*.

The Effects of Absence from what we love.

*Thou one continu'd Sigh! all over Pain!
Eternal Wish! but Wish, alas, in vain!
Thou languishing, impatient Hoper on;
A busy Toiler, and yet still undone!
A breaking Glimpse of distant Day,
Inticing on, and leading more astray!
Thou Joy in Prospect, future Bliss extreme;
Never to be possess'd, but in a Dream!
Thou fab'lous Goddess, which the ravisht Boy
In happy Slumbers proudly did enjoy;
But waking, found an airy Cloud he prest;
His Arms came empty to his panting Breast.
Thou Shade, that only haunt'st the Soul by night;
And when thou shouldst inform thou fly'st the Sight:
Thou false Idea of the thinking Brain,
That labours for the charming Form in vain:
Which if by chance it catch, thou'rt lost again.*

}
}
}

[Pg 112]
[Pg 113]

**POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS:
WITH A VOYAGE TO THE ISLAND OF LOVE.**

**To the Right Honourable,
JAMES,
Earl of *Salisbury*, Viscount *Cramborn*, and Baron of *Islington*.**

[Pg 114]

[Pg 115]

My Lord,

Who should one celebrate with Verse and Song, but the Great, the Noble and the Brave? where dedicate an *Isle of Love*, but to the Gay, the Soft and Young? and who amongst Men can lay a better claim to these than Your Lordship? who like the Sun new risen with the early Day, looks round the World and sees nothing it cannot claim an interest in (for what cannot Wit, Beauty, Wealth and Honour claim?) The violent storms of Sedition and Rebellion are hush'd and calm'd; black Treason is retir'd to its old abode, the dark Abyss of Hell; the mysterious Riddles of Politick Knaves and Fools, which so long amused and troubled the World's repose, are luckily unfolded; and Your Lordship is saluted at Your first coming forth, Your first setting out for the glorious and happy Race of Life, by a Nation all glad, gay and smiling; and you have nothing before you but a ravishing prospect of eternal Joys, and everlasting inviting Pleasures, and all that Love and Fortune can bestow on their darling Youth, attend You in the noble pursuit; and nothing can prevent Your being the most happy of her Favourites, but a too eager flight, a too swift speed o'er the charming flowry Meads and Plains that lie in view, between Your setting out and the end of Your glorious Chase. A long and illustrious race of Nobility has attended Your great Name, but none I believe ever came into the World with Your Lordship's advantages; amongst which, my Lord, 'tis not the least that You have the glory to be truly Loyal, and to be adorn'd with those excellent Principles, which render Nobility so absolutely worth the Veneration which is paid 'em; 'tis those, my Lord, and not the Title that make it truly great: Grandeur in any other serves but to point 'em out more particularly to the World, and shew their Faults with the greater magnitude, and render 'em more liable to contempt and that Reward which justly persues Ingratitude; nor is it, my Lord, the many unhappy Examples this Age has produc'd that has deterr'd you from herding with the busie Unfortunates, and bringing Your powerful aid to their detestable cause, but a noble Honesty in Your Nature, a Generosity in Your Soul. That even part of Your Education had the good fortune not to be able to corrupt; no Opinion cou'd bypass You, no Precedent debauch You; though all the fansied Glories of Power were promis'd You, though all the Contempt thrown on good and brave Men, all the subtle Arguments of the old Serpent, were us'd against the best of Kings and his illustrious Successor, still You were unmov'd; Your young stout Heart with a Gallantry and Force unusual resisted and defied the gilded Bait, laugh'd at the industrious Politicks of the busie Wise, and stubbornly Loyal, contemn'd the Counsels of the Grave. Go on, my Lord, advance in Noble resolution, grow up in strength of Loyalty, settle it about Your Soul, root it there like the first Principles of Religion, which nothing ever thoroughly defaces, and which in spite of even Reason the Soul retains, whatever little Debaucheries the Tongue may commit; You that are great, are born the Bulwarks of sacred Majesty, its defence against all the storms of Fate, the Safety of the People in the Supporters of the Throne; and sure none that ever obey'd the Laws of God and the Dictates of Honour ever paid those Duties to a Sovereign that more truly merited the Defence and Adorations of his People than this of ours; and tis a blessing (since we are oblig'd to render it to the worst of Tyrant Kings) that we have one who so well justifies that intire Love and Submission we ought to pay him. You, my Lord, are one whom Thousands of good Men look up to with wondrous Veneration and Joy, when 'tis said Your Lordship amongst Your other Vertues is Loyal too, a true Tory! (a word of Honour now, the Royal Cause has sanctified it,) and though Your Lordship needs no encouragement to a good that rewards it self, yet I am confident You are not only rank'd in the esteem of the best of Monarchs, but we shall behold you as one of our Preservers, and all *England* as one of its great Patrons, when Ages that shall come shall find Your noble Name inroll'd amongst the Friends to Monarchy in an Age of so villainous Corruption: Yes, my Lord, they will find it there and bless You. 'Tis this, my Lord, with every other Grace and Noble Vertue that adorns You, and gives the World such promises of Wonders in You, that makes me ambitious to be the first in the Croud of Your Admirers, that shall have the honour to celebrate Your great Name. Be pleased then, my Lord, to accept this Little Piece, which lazy Minutes begot and hard Fate has oblig'd me to bring forth into the censuring World, to which if any thing can reconcile it, 'twill be the glory it has to bear Your Noble Name in the front, and to be Patronized by so great and good a Man: Permit but my Zeal for Your Lordship to atone for the rest of my Faults, and Your Lordship will extremely oblige,

[Pg 116]

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most Humble,
and most Obedient Servant,
A. BEHN.

**To Mrs. BEHN,
on the publishing her Poems.**

[Pg 117]

Madam,

Long has Wit's injur'd Empire been oppress'd
By Rhiming Fools, this Nations common Jest,

And sunk beneath the *weight* of heavy *stafes*,
 In *Tory Ballads* and *Whig Epitaphs*;
 The *Ogs* and *Doegs* reign'd, nay *Baxter's* zeal,
 Has not been wanting too in writing *Ill*;
 Yet still in spight of what the dull can doe,
 'Tis here *asserted* and *adorn'd* by you.
 This Book come forth, their credit must decay,
 Ill Spirits vanish at th'approach of day:
 And justly we before your envy'd *feet*,
 There where our *Hearts* are due our *Pens* submit;
 Ne'er to resume the baffled things again,
 Unless in Songs of *Triumph* to thy Name;
 Which are out-done by every *Verse* of thine,
 Where thy own *Fame* does with more lustre shine, }
 Than all that we can give who in thy *Praises* join. }
 Fair as the face of Heaven, when no thick *Cloud* }
 Or darkning *Storm* the glorious prospect shroud;
 In all its beauteous parts shines thy bright style,
 And beyond Humane Wit commends thy skill;
 With all the *thought* and *vigour* of our Sex
 The moving *softness* of your own you mix.
 The *Queen* of Beauty and the *God* of Wars
 Imbracing lie in thy due temper'd Verse, }
Venus her sweetness and the force of *Mars*. }
 Thus thy luxuriant Muse her pleasure takes, }
 As *God* of old in *Eden's* blissful walks; }
 The Beauties of her new Creation view'd, }
 Full of content She sees that it is *good*. }
 [Pg 118]

Come then you inspir'd *Swains* and join your Verse,
 Though all in vain to add a Fame to hers;
 But then your Song will best *Apollo* please,
 When it is fraught with this his *Favourite's* praise.
 Declare how when her learned Harp she strung,
 Our joyfull *Island* with the Musick rung;
 Descending *Graces* left their Heavenly seat,
 To take their place in every Line she writ;
 Where sweetest Charms as in her Person smile,
 Her Face's Beauty's copy'd in her style.
 Say how as she did her just skill improve
 In the best Art and in soft Tales of Love.
 Some well sung Passion with success she crown'd,
 The melting Virgins languish'd at the sound.
 And envying Swains durst not the Pipe inspire,
 They'd nothing then to doe but to *admire*.
Shepherds and *Nymphs*, to *Pan* direct-your Prayer,
 If peradventure he your Vows will hear, }
 To make you *sing*, and make you *look* like her. }
 But, *Nymphs* and *Swains*, your hopes are all in vain, }
 For such bright *Eyes*, and such a tunefull *Pen*. }

How many of her Sex spend half their days,
 To catch some *Fool* by managing a Face?
 But she secure of *charming* has confin'd
 Her wiser care t'*adorn* and *dress* the Mind.
Beauty may fade, but everlasting *Verse*
 Exempts the better portion from the *Hearse*.
 The matchless *Wit* and *Fancy* of the Fair,
 Which moves our *envy* and our Sons *despair*.
 Long they shall live a *monument* of her *Fame*,
 And to *Eternity* extend her *Name*;
 While After-times deservedly approve }
 The choicest object of this Ages Love. }
 For when they reade, gheasing how far she charm'd,
 With that bright *Body* with such *Wit* inform'd;
 They will give *heed* and *credit* to our Verse,
 When we the *Wonders* of her *Face* rehearse. }
 [Pg 119]

J. Cooper.

Buckden, Nov. 25.
1683.

To ASTRÆA, on her Poems.

'Tis not enough to reade and to admire,
 Thy sacred Verse does nobler thoughts inspire, }

Striking on every breast Poetick fire:
 The God of Wit attends with chearfull Rays,
 Warming the dullest Statue into praise.
 Hail then, delight of Heaven and pride of Earth,
 Blest by each Muse at thy auspicious birth;
 Soft Love and Majesty have fram'd thy Mind,
 To shew the Beauties of both Sexes join'd:
 Thy Lines may challenge, like young *David's* face,
 A Female Sweetness and a Manly Grace;
 Thy tender notions in loose numbers flow,
 With a strange power to charm where e'er they go:
 And when in stronger sounds thy voice we hear,
 At all the skilfull points you arm'd appear.
 Which way so'er thou dost thy self express,
 We find thy Beauty out in every dress;
 Such work so gently wrought, so strongly fine,
 Cannot be wrought by hands all Masculine.
 In vain proud Man weak Woman wou'd controul,
 No Man can argue now against a Woman's Soul.

J. C.

To the excellent Madam Behn, on her Poems.

[Pg 120]

'Twas vain for Man the Laurels to persue,
 (E'en from the God of Wit bright *Daphne* flew)
 Man, Whose course compound damps the Muses fire,
 It does but touch our Earth and soon expire;
 While in the softer kind th'Ætherial flame,
 Spreads and rejoices as from Heaven it came:
 This *Greece* in *Sappho*, in *Orinda* knew
 Our Isle; though they were but low types to you;
 But the faint dawn to your illustrious day,
 To make us patient of your brighter Ray.

Oft may we see some wretched story told;
 In ductile sense spread thin as leaves of Gold.
 You have ingrost th'ineestimable Mine;
 Which in well polisht Numbers you refine,
 While still the solid Mass shines thick in every Line.

Yet neither sex do you surpass alone,
 Both in your Verse are in their glory shown,
 Both *Phæbus* and *Minerva* are your own.
 While in the softest dress you Wit dispense,
 With all the Nerves of Reason and of Sense.
 In mingled Beauties we at once may trace
 A Female Sweetness and a Manly Grace.
 No wonder 'tis the *Delphian* God of old
 Wou'd have his Oracles by Women told.
 But oh! who e'er so sweetly could repeat
 Soft lays of Love, and youths delightfull heat?
 If Love's Misfortunes be your mournfull Theme,
 No dying Swan on fair *Cayster's* stream,
 Expires so sweet, though with his numerous Moan,
 The fading Banks and suffering Mountains groan.
 If you the gentle Passions wou'd inspire,
 With what resistless Charms you breathe desire?
 No Heart so savage, so relentless none,
 As can the sweet Captivity disown:
 Ah, needs must she th'unwary Soul surprise,
 Whose Pen sheds Flames as dangerous as her Eyes.

J. Adams.

To the Authour, on her Voyage to the Island of Love.

To speak of thee no Muse will I invoke,
 Thou onely canst inspire what shou'd be spoke;
 For all their wealth the Nine have given to thee,
 Thy rich and flowing stream has left them dry:
Cupid may throw away his useless Darts,
 Thou'st lent him one will massacre more Hearts
 Than all his store, thy Pen disarms us so,
 We yield our selves to the first beauteous Foe;
 The easie softness of thy thoughts surprise,
 And this new way Love steals into our Eyes;

[Pg 121]

Thy gliding Verse comes on us unawares,
 No rumbling Metaphors alarm our Ears,
 And puts us in a posture of defence;
 We are undone and never know from whence.
 So to th' *Assyrian* Camp the Angel flew,
 And in the silent Night his Millions slew.
 Thou leadst us by the Soul amongst thy Loves,
 And bindst us all in thy enchanting Groves;
 Each languishes for thy *Aminta's* Charms,
 Sighs for thy fansied Raptures in her Armes,
 Sees her in all that killing posture laid,
 When *Love* and fond *Respect* guarded the sleeping Maid,
 Persues her to the very Bower of Bliss,
 Times all the wrecking joys and thinks 'em his;
 In the same Trance with the young pair we lie,
 And in their amorous Ecstasies we die.
 You Nymphs, who deaf to Love's soft lays have been,
 Reade here, and suck the sweet destruction in:
 Smooth is the stream and clear is every thought,
 And yet you cannot see with what you're caught;
 Or else so very pleasing is the Bait,
 With careless heed you play and leap at it:
 She poisons all the Floud with such an art,
 That the dear Philter trickles to the Heart,
 With such bewitching pleasure that each sup
 Has all the joys of life in every drop.
 I see the Banks with Love-sick Virgins strow'd,
 Their Bosoms heav'd with the young fluttering Gods;
 Oh, how they pant and struggle with their pain!
 Yet cannot wish their former health again:
 Within their Breasts thy warmth and spirit glows,
 And in their Eyes thy streaming softness flows;
 Thy Raptures are transfus'd through every vein,
 And thy blest hour in all their heads does reign;
 The Ice that chills the Soul thou dost remove,
 And meltst it into tenderness and Love;
 The flints about their Hearts dance to thy lays,
 Till the quick motion sets 'em on a Blaze.
Orpheus and you the stones do both inspire,
 But onely you out of those flints strike fire,
 Not with a sudden Spark, a short liv'd Blaze,
 Like Womens Passions in our Gilting days;
 But what you fire burns with a constant flame,
 Like what you write, and always is the same.
 Rise, all ye weeping Youth, rise and appear,
 Whom gloomy Fate has damn'd to black Despair;
 Start from the ground and throw your Mourning by,
 Loves great *Sultana* says you shall not die:
 The dismal dark half year is over past,
 The Sea is op'd, the Sun shines out at last,
 And Trading's free, the storms are husht as death,
 Or happy Lovers ravisht out of breath;
 And listen to *Astræa's* Harmony,
 Such power has elevated Poetry.

[Pg 122]

[Pg 123]

T. C.

To the Lovely Witty ASTRÆA, on her Excellent Poems.

Oh, wonder of thy Sex! Where can we see,
 Beauty and Knowledge join'd except in thee?
 Such pains took Nature with your Heav'nly Face,
 Form'd it for Love, and moulded every Grace;
 I doubted first and fear'd that you had been
 Unfinish'd left like other She's within:
 I see the folly of that fear, and find
 Your Face is not more beauteous than your Mind:
 Whoe'er beheld you with a Heart unmov'd,
 That sent not sighs, and said within he lov'd?
 I gaz'd and found, a then, unknown delight,
 Life in your looks, and Death to leave the sight.
 What joys, new Worlds of joys has he possest,
 That gain'd the sought-for welcome of your Breast?
 Your Wit wou'd recommend the homeliest Face,
 Your Beauty make the dullest Humour please;

But where they both thus gloriously are join'd,
 All Men submit, you reign in every Mind.
 What Passions does your Poetry impart?
 It shews th'unfathom'd thing a Woman's Heart,
 Tells what Love is, his Nature and his Art,
 Displays the several Scenes of Hopes and Fears,
 Love's Smiles, his Sighs, his Laughing and his Tears.
 Each Lover here may reade his different Fate,
 His Mistress kindness or her scornfull hate.
 Come all whom the blind God has led astray,
 Here the bewildred Youth is shew'd his way:
 Guided by this he may yet love and find
 Ease in his Heart, and reason in his Mind.
 Thus sweetly once the charming *W*—*lr* strove
 In Heavenly sounds to gain his hopeless Love:
 All the World list'ned but his scornfull Fair,
 Pride stopt her ears to whom he bent his prayer.
 Much happier you that can't desire in vain,
 But what you wish as soon as wish'd obtain.

}
}
}

[Pg 124]

Upon these and other Excellent Works of the Incomparable ASTRÆA.

Ye bold Magicians in Philosophy,
 That vainly think (next the Almighty three)
 The brightest *Cherubin* in all the Hierarchy
 Will leave that Glorious Sphere
 And to your wild enchantments will appear;
 To the fond summons of fantastick Charms,
 As Barbarous and inexplicable Terms:
 As those the trembling Sorcerer dreads,
 When he the Magick Circle treads:
 And as he walks the Mystick rounds,
 And mutters the detested sounds,
 The *Stygian* fiends exalt their wrathfull heads;
 And all ye bearded Drudges of the Schools,
 That sweat in vain to mend predestin'd fools,
 With senseless Jargon and perplexing Rules;
 Behold and with amazement stand,
 Behold a blush with shame and wonder too,
 What Divine Nature can in Woman doe.
 Behold if you can see in all this fertile Land
 Such an Anointed head, such an inspired hand.

II.

Rest on in peace, ye blessed Spirits, rest,
 With Imperial bliss for ever blest:
 Upon your sacred Urn she scorns to tread,
 Or rob the Learned Monuments of the dead:
 Nor need her Muse a foreign aid implore,
 In her own tunefull breast there's wonderous store.
 Had she but flourisht in these times of old,
 When Mortals were amongst the Gods inrolld,
 She had not now as Woman been Ador'd,
 But with Diviner sacrifice Implor'd;
 Temples and Altars had preserv'd her name
 And she her self been thought Immortal as her fame.

[Pg 125]

III.

Curst be the balefull Tongue that dares abuse
 The rightfull offspring of her God-like Muse:
 And doubly Curst be he that thinks her Pen
 Can be instructed by the best of men.
 The times to come (as surely she will live,
 As many Ages as are past,
 As long as Learning, Sense, or wit survive,
 As long as the first principles of Bodies last.)
 The future Ages may perhaps believe
 One soft and tender Arm cou'd ne'er atchieve
 The wonderous deeds that she has done
 So hard a prize her Conqu'ring Muse has won.
 But we that live in the great Prophetesses days
 Can we enough proclaim her praise,
 We that experience every hour

The blest effects of her Miraculous power?
 To the sweet Musick of her charming tongue,
 In numerous Crowds the ravisht hearers throng:
 And even a Herd of Beasts as wild as they
 That did the *Thracian* Lyre obey,
 Forget their Madness and attend her song.
 The tunefull Shepherds on the dangerous rocks
 Forsake their Kinds and leave their bleating Flocks,
 And throw their tender Reeds away,
 As soon as e'er her softer Pipe begins to play.
 No barren subject, no unfertile soil
 Can prove ungratefull to her Muses Toil,
 Warm'd with the Heavenly influence of her Brain,
 Upon the dry and sandy plain,
 On craggy Mountains cover'd o'er with Snow,
 The blooming Rose and fragrant Jes'min grow:
 When in her powerful Poetick hand,
 She waves the mystick wand,
 Streight from the hardest Rocks the sweetest numbers flow.

[Pg 126]

IV.

Hail bright *Urania!* *Erato* hail!
Melpomene, Polymnia, Euterpe, hail!
 And all ye blessed powers that inspire
 The Heaven-born Soul with intellectual fire;
 Pardon my humble and unhallow'd Muse,
 If she too great a veneration use,
 And prostrate at your best lov'd Darling's feet
 Your holy Fane with sacred honour greet:
 Her more than *Pythian* Oracles are so divine,
 You sure not onely virtually are
 Within the glorious Shrine,
 But you your very selves must needs be there.
 The *Delian* Prophet did at first ordain,
 That even the mighty Nine should reign,
 In distant Empires of different Clime;
 And if in her triumphant Throne,
 She rules those learned Regions alone,
 The fam'd *Pyerides* are out-done by her omnipotent Rhime.
 In proper Cells her large capacious Brain
 The images of all things does contain,
 As bright almost as were th'Ideas laid,
 In the last model e'er the World was made.
 And though her vast conceptions are so strong,
 The powerfull eloquence of her charming tongue
 Does, clear as the resistless beams of day,
 To our enlightned Souls the noble thoughts convey
 Well chosen, well appointed, every word
 Does its full force and natural grace afford;
 And though in her rich treasury,
 Confus'd like Elements great Numbers lie,
 When they their mixture and proportion take,
 What beauteous forms of every kind they make!
 Such was the Language God himself infus'd,
 And such the style our great Forefather us'd,
 From one large stock the various sounds he fram'd,
 And every Species of the vast Creation nam'd.
 While most of our dull Sex have trod
 In beaten paths of one continued Road,
 Her skilfull and well manag'd Muse
 Does all the art and strength of different paces use:
 For though sometimes with slackned force,
 She wisely stops her fleetest course,
 That slow but strong Majestick pace
 Shews her the swiftest steed of all the chosen Race.

[Pg 127]

V.

Well has she sung the learned *Daphnis* praise,
 And crown'd his Temple with immortal Bays;
 And all that reade him must indeed confess,
 Th'effects of such a cause could not be less.
 For ne'er was (at the first bold heat begun)
 So hard and swift a Race of glory run,

But yet her sweeter Muse did for him more,
 Than he himself or all *Apollo's* sons before;
 For shou'd th' insatiate lust of time
 Root out the memory of his sacred Rhime,
 The polish'd armour in that single Page
 Wou'd all the tyranny and rage
 Of Fire and Sword defie,
 For *Daphnis* can't but with *Astræa* die.
 And who can dark oblivion fear,
 That is co-eval with her mighty Works and Her?
 Ah learned Chymist, 'tis she onely can
 By her almighty arm,
 Within the pretious salt collect,
 The true essential form,
 And can against the power of death protect
 Not onely Herbs and Trees, but raise the buried Man.

[Pg 128]

VI.

Wretched [*OE*]none's inauspicious fate,
 That she was born so soon, or her blest Muse so late!
 Cou'd the poor Virgin have like her complain'd,
 She soon her perjur'd Lover had regain'd,
 In spite of all the fair Seducers tears,
 In spite of all her Vows and Prayers;
 Such tender accents through his Soul had ran,
 As wou'd have pierc'd the hardest heart of Man.
 At every Line the fugitive had swore
 By all the Gods, by all the Powers divine,
 My dear [*OE*]none, I'll be ever thine,
 And ne'er behold the flattering Grecian more.
 How does it please the learned *Roman's* Ghost
 (The sweetest that th' *Elysian* Field can boast)
 To see his noble thoughts so well exprest,
 So tenderly in a rough Language drest;
 Had she there liv'd, and he her *Genius* known,
 So soft, so charming, and so like his own,
 One of his Works had unattempted been,
 And *Ovid* ne'er in mournfull Verse been seen;
 Then the great *Cæsar* to the *Scythian* plain,
 From *Rome's* gay Court had banish'd him in vain,
 Her plenteous Muse had all his wants supplied,
 And he had flourish'd in exalted pride:
 No barbarous *Getans* had deprav'd his tongue,
 For he had onely list'ned to her Song,
 Not as an exile, but proscib'd by choice,
 Pleas'd with her Form, and ravish'd with her voice.

[Pg 129]

His last and dearest part of Life,
 Free from noise and glorious strife,
 He there had spent within her softer Armes,
 And soon forgot the Royal *Julia's* charmes.

VII.

Long may she scourge this mad rebellious Age,
 And stem the torrent of Fanatick rage,
 That once had almost overwhelm'd the Stage.
 O'er all the Land the dire contagion spread,
 And e'en *Apollo's* Sons apostate fled:
 But while that spurious race employ'd their parts
 In studying strategems and subtile arts,
 To alienate their Prince's Subjects hearts,
 Her Loyal Muse still tun'd her loudest strings,
 To sing the praises of the best of Kings.
 And, O ye sacred and immortal Gods,
 From the blest Mansions of your bright abodes,
 To the first *Chaos* let us all be hurld,
 E'er such vile wretches should reform the World,
 That in all villany so far excell,
 If they in sulphurous flames must onely dwell,
 The Cursed Caitiffs hardly merit Hell.
 Were not those vile *Achitophels* so lov'd,
 (The blind, the senseless and deluded Crowd)
 Did they but half his Royal Vertues know,
 But half the blessings which to him they owe,

}
 }
 }

}
 }
 }

}
 }
 }

His long forbearance to provoking times,
And God-like mercy to the worst of crimes:
Those murmuring *Shimei's*, even they alone,
Cou'd they bestow a greater than his own,
Wou'd from a Cottage raise him to a Throne.

VIII.

See, ye dull Scriblers of this frantick Age,
That load the Press, and so o'erwhelm the Stage,
That e'en the noblest art that e'er was known,
As great as an *Egyptian* Plague is grown:
Behold, ye scrawling Locusts, what ye've done,
What a dire judgment is brought down,
By your curst Dogrel Rhimes upon the Town;
On Fools and Rebels hangs an equal Fate,
And both may now repent too late,
For the great Charter of your Wit as well as Trade is gone.
Once more the fam'd *Astræa's* come;
'Tis she pronounc'd the fatal doom,
And has restor'd it to the rightfull Heirs,
Since Knowledge first in Paradise was theirs.

IX.

Never was Soul and Body better joyn'd,
A Mansion worthy of so blest a Mind;
See but the Shadow of her beauteous face,
The pretious minitures of every Grace,
There one may still such Charms behold,
That as Idolaters of old,
The works of their own hands ador'd,
And Gods which they themselves had made implor'd;
Jove might again descend below,
And, with her Wit and Beauty charm'd, to his own Image bow.
But oh, the irrevocable doom of Nature's Laws!
How soon the brightest Scene of Beauty draws!
Alas, what's all the glittering Pride
Of the poor perishing Creatures of a day,
With what a violent and impetuous Tide,
E'er they're flow'd in their glories ebb away?
The Pearl, the Diamond and Sapphire must
Be blended with the common Pebbles dust,
And even *Astræa* with all her sacred store,
Be wreckt on Death's inevitable Shore,
Her Face ne'er seen and her dear Voice be heard no more.
And wisely therefore e'er it was too late,
She has revers'd the sad Decrees of Fate,
And in deep Characters of immortal Wit,
So large a *memorandum's* writ,
That the blest memory of her deathless Name
Shall stand recorded in the Book of Fame;
When Towns inter'd in their own ashes lie,
And Chronicles of Empires die,
When Monuments like Men want Tombs to tell
Where the remains of the vast ruines fell.

To the excellent ASTRÆA.

We all can well admire, few well can praise
Where so great merit does the Subject raise:
To write our Thoughts alike from dulness free,
On this hand, as on that from flattery;
He who wou'd handsomly the *Medium* hit,
Must have no little of *Astræa's* Wit.
Let others in the noble Task engage,
Call you the *Phœnix*, wonder of the Age,
The Glory of your Sex, the Shame of ours,
Crown you with Garlands of Rhetorick Flowers;
For me, alas, I nothing can design,
To render your soft Numbers more divine,
Than by comparison with these of mine:
As beauteous paintings are set off by shades,
And some fair Ladies by their dowdy Maids;
Yet after all, forgive me if I name

One Fault where, *Madam*, you are much to blame,
To wound with Beauty's fighting on the square,
But to o'ercome with Wit too is not fair;
'Tis like the poison'd *Indian* Arrows found,
For thus you're sure to kill where once you wound.

J.W.

To Madam A. Behn on the publication of her Poems.

[Pg 132]

When the sad news was spread,
The bright, the fair *Orinda's* dead,
We sigh'd, we mourn'd, we wept, we griev'd,
And fondly with our selves conceiv'd,
A loss so great could never be retriev'd.
The Ruddy Warriour laid his Truncheon by,
Sheath'd his bright sword, and glorious Arms forgot,
The sounds of Triumph, braggs of Victory,
Rais'd in his Breast no emulative thought;
For pond'ring on the common Lot,
Where is, said He the Diff'rence in the Grave,
Betwixt the Coward and the Brave?
Since She, alas, whose inspir'd Muse should tell
To unborn Ages how the Hero fell,
From the Impoverisht Ignorant World is fled,
T'inhance the mighty mighty Number of the dead.

II.

The trembling Lover broke his tuneless Lute,
And said be thou for ever mute:
Mute as the silent shades of night,
Whither *Orinda's* gone,
Thy musicks best instructress and thy musicks song;
She that could make
Thy inarticulated strings to speak,
In language soft as young desires,
In language chaste as *Vestal* fires;
But she hath ta'n her Everlasting flight:
Ah! cruel Death,
How short's the date of Learned breath!
No sooner do's the blooming Rose,
Drest fresh and gay,
In the embroy'dries of her Native May,
Her odorous sweets expose,
But with thy fatal knife,
The fragrant flow'r is crop't from off the stalk of life.

[Pg 133]

III.

Come, ye *Stoicks*, come away,
You that boast an Apathy,
And view our *Golgotha*;
See how the mourning Virgins all around,
With Tributary Tears bedew the sacred ground;
And tell me, tell me where's the Eye
That can be dry,
Unless in hopes (nor are such hopes in vain)
Their universal cry,
Should mount the vaulted sky,
And of the Gods obtain,
A young succeeding *Phœnix* might arise
From *Orinda's* spicy obsequies.
In Heaven the voice was heard,
Heaven does the Virgins pray'rs regard;
And none that dwells on high,
If once the beauteous Ask, the beauteous can deny.

IV.

'Tis done, 'tis done, th' imperial grant is past,
We have our wish at last,
And now no more with sorrow be it said,
Orinda's dead;
Since in her seat *Astræa* does Appear,

The God of Wit has chosen her,
To bear *Orinda's* and his Character.
The Laurel Chaplet seems to grow
On her more gracefull Brow;
And in her hand
Look how she waves his sacred Wand:
Loves Quiver's tyde
In an Azure Mantle by her side,
And with more gentle Arts
Than he who owns the Aureal darts,
At once she wounds, and heals our hearts.

[Pg 134]

V.

Hark how the gladdened Nymphs rejoyce,
And with a gracefull voice,
Commend *Apollo's* Choice.
The gladdened Nymphs their Guardian Angel greet,
And chearfully her name repeat,
And chearfully admire and praise,
The Loyal musick of her layes;
Whilst they securely sit,
Beneath the banners of her wit,
And scorn th'ill-manner'd Ignorance of those,
Whose Stock's so poor they cannot raise
To their dull Muse one subsidy of praise,
Unless they're dubb'd the Sexes foes,
These squibbs of sense themselves expose.
Or if with stolen light
They shine one night,
The next their earth-born Lineage shows,
They perish in their slime,
And but to name them, wou'd defile *Astræa's* Rhime.

IV.

But you that would be truely wise,
And vertues fair *Idea* prize;
You that would improve
In harmless Arts of not indecent Love:
Arts that *Romes* fam'd Master never taught,
Or in the Shops of fortune's bought.
Would you know what Wit doth mean,
Pleasant wit yet not obscene,
The several garbs that Humours wear,
The dull, the brisk, the jealous, the severe?
Wou'd you the pattern see
Of spotless and untainted Loyalty,
Deck't in every gracefull word
That language that afford;
Tropes and Figures, Raptures and Conceits that ly,
Disperst in all the pleasant Fields of poesie?
Reade you then *Astræa's* lines,
'Tis in those new discover'd Mines,
Those golden Quarries that this Ore is found
With which in Worlds as yet unknown *Astræa* shall be crown'd.

[Pg 135]

VII.

And you th' Advent'rous sons of fame,
You that would sleep in honours bed
With glorious Trophies garnished;
You that with living labours strive
Your dying Ashes to survive;
Pay your Tributes to *Astræa's* name,
Her Works can spare you immortality,
For sure her Works shall never dye.
Pyramids must fall and Mausolean Monuments decay,
Marble Tombs shall crumble into dust,
Noisie Wonders of a short liv'd day,
That must in time yield up their Trust;
And had e'er this been perisht quite
Ith' ruines of Eternal night,
Had no kind Pen like her's,
In powerfull numbers powerfull verse,
Too potent for the gripes of Avaritious fate,

To these our ages lost declar'd their pristine State.

VIII.

But time it self, bright Nymph, shall never conquer thee,
For when the Globe of vast Eternity;
Turns up the wrong-side of the World,
And all things are to their first *Chaos* hurl'd,
Thy lasting praise in thy own lines inroll'd,
With *Roman* and with the *British* Names shall Equal honour hold.
And surely none 'midst the Poetick Quire,
But justly will admire
The Trophies of thy wit,
Sublime and gay as e'er were yet
In Charming Numbers writ.
Or *Virgil's* Shade or *Ovid's* Ghost,
Of Ages past the pride and boast;
Or *Cowley* (first of ours) refuse
That thou shouldst be Companion of their Muse.
And if 'twere lawfull to suppose
(As where's the Crime or Incongruity)
Those awfull Souls concern'd can be
At any sublunary thing,
Alas, I fear they'll grieve to see,
That whilst I sing,
And strive to praise, I but disparage thee.

[Pg 136]

By F. N. W.

To Madam Behn, on her Poems.

When th'Almighty Powers th'Universe had fram'd,
And Man as King, the lesser World was nam'd.
The Glorious Consult soon his joys did bless.
And sent him Woman his chief happiness.
She by an after-birth Heaven did refine,
And gave her Beauty with a Soul divine;
She with delight was Natures chiefest pride,
Dearer to Man than all the World beside;
Her soft embraces charm'd his Manly Soul,
And softer Words his Roughness did controul:
So thou, great *Sappho*, with thy charming Verse,
Dost here the Soul of Poetry rehearse;
From your sweet Lips such pleasant Raptures fell,
As if the Graces strove which shou'd excell.
Th'admiring World when first your Lute you strung.
Became all ravisht with th' immortal Song;
So soft and gracefull Love in you is seen,
As if the Muses had design'd you Queen.
For thee, thou great *Britannia* of our Land,
How does thy Praise our tunefull Feet command?
With what great influence do thy Verses move?
How hast thou shewn the various sense of Love?
Admir'd by us, and blest by all above.
To you all tribute's due, and I can raise
No glory but by speaking in your praise.
Go on and bless us dayly with your Pen,
And we shall oft return thee thanks again.

[Pg 137]

}
}
}

H. Watson.

POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

[Pg 138]

The Golden Age.

A Paraphrase on a Translation out of French.

I.

Blest Age! when ev'ry Purling Stream
Ran undisturb'd and clear,
When no scorn'd Shepherds on your Banks were seen,
Tortur'd by Love, by Jealousie, or Fear;
When an Eternal Spring drest ev'ry Bough,
And Blossoms fell, by new ones disposses't;

These their kind Shade affording all below,
And those a Bed where all below might rest.
The Groves appear'd all drest with Wreaths of Flowers,
And from their Leaves dropt Aromatick Showers,
Whose fragrant Heads in Mystick Twines above,
Exchang'd their Sweets, and mix'd with thousand Kisses,
As if the willing Branches strove
To beautifie and shade the Grove
Where the young wanton Gods of Love
Offer their Noblest Sacrifice of Blissess.

II.

Calm was the Air, no Winds blew fierce and loud,
The Skie was dark'ned with no sullen Cloud;
But all the Heav'ns laugh'd with continued Light,
And scattered round their Rays serenely bright.
No other Murmurs fill'd the Ear
But what the Streams and Rivers purl'd,
When Silver Waves o'er Shining Pebbles curl'd;
Or when young *Zephirs* fan'd the Gentle Breez,
Gath'ring fresh Sweets from Balmy Flow'rs and Trees,
Then bore 'em on their Wings to perfume all the Air:
While to their soft and tender Play,
The Gray-Plum'd Natives of the Shades
Unwearied sing till Love invades,
Then Bill, then sing again, while Love and Musick makes the Day.

[Pg 139]

III.

The stubborn Plough had then,
Made no rude Rapes upon the Virgin Earth;
Who yielded of her own accord her plentious Birth,
Without the Aids of men;
As if within her Teeming Womb,
All Nature, and all Sexes lay,
Whence new Creations every day
Into the happy World did come:
The Roses fill'd with Morning Dew,
Bent down their loaded heads,
T'Adorn the careless Shepherds Grassy Beds
While still young opening Buds each moment grew
And as those withered, drest his shaded Couch a new;
Beneath who's boughs the Snakes securely dwelt,
Not doing harm, nor harm from others felt;
With whom the Nymphs did Innocently play,
No spiteful Venom in the wantons lay;
But to the touch were Soft, and to the sight were Gay.

IV.

Then no rough sound of Wars Alarms,
Had taught the World the needless use of Arms:
Monarchs were uncreated then,
Those Arbitrary Rulers over men:
Kings that made Laws, first broke 'em, and the Gods
By teaching us Religion first, first set the World at Odds:
Till then Ambition was not known,
That Poyson to Content, Bane to Repose;
Each Swain was Lord o'er his own will alone,
His Innocence Religion was, and Laws.
Nor needed any troublesome defence
Against his Neighbours Insolence.
Flocks, Herds, and every necessary good
Which bounteous Nature had design'd for Food,
Whose kind increase o'er-spread the Meads and Plaines,
Was then a common Sacrifice to all th'agreeing Swaines.

[Pg 140]

V.

Right and Property were words since made,
When Power taught Mankind to invade:
When Pride and Avarice became a Trade;
Carri'd on by discord, noise and wars,
For which they barter'd wounds and scarrs;
And to Inhaunce the Merchandize, miscall'd it, Fame,

And Rapes, Invasions, Tyrannies,
 Was gaining of a Glorious Name:
 Stiling their salvage slaughters, Victories;
 Honour, the Error and the Cheat
 Of the Ill-natur'd Bus'ey Great,
 Nonsense, invented by the Proud,
 Fond Idol of the slavish Crowd,
 Thou wert not known in those blest days
 Thy Poyson was not mixt with our unbounded Joyes;
 Then it was glory to pursue delight,
 And that was lawful all, that Pleasure did invite,
 Then 'twas the Amorous world injoy'd its Reign;
 And Tyrant Honour strove t' usurp in Vain.

VI.

The flowry Meads, the Rivers and the Groves,
 Were fill'd with little Gay-wing'd Loves:
 That ever smil'd and danc'd and Play'd,
 And now the woods, and now the streames invade,
 And where they came all things were gay and glad:
 When in the Myrtle Groves the Lovers sat
 Opprest with a too fervent heat;
 A Thousands Cupids fann'd their wings aloft,
 And through the Boughs the yielded Ayre would waft:
 Whose parting Leaves discovered all below,
 And every God his own soft power admir'd,
 And smil'd and fann'd, and sometimes bent his Bow;
 Where e'er he saw a Shepherd uninspir'd.
 The Nymphs were free, no nice, no coy disdain;
 Deny'd their Joyes, or gave the Lover pain;
 The yielding Maid but kind Resistance makes;
 Trembling and blushing are not marks of shame,
 But the Effect of kindling Flame:
 Which from the sighing burning Swain she takes,
 While she with tears all soft, and down-cast-eyes,
 Permits the Charming Conqueror to win the prize.

[Pg 141]

VII.

The Lovers thus, thus uncontroul'd did meet,
 Thus all their Joyes and Vows of Love repeat:
 Joyes which were everlasting, ever new
 And every Vow inviolably true:
 Not kept in fear of Gods, no fond Religious cause,
 Nor in obedience to the duller Laws.
 Those Fopperies of the Gown were then not known,
 Those vain, those Politick Curbs to keep man in,
 Who by a fond mistake Created that a Sin;
 Which freeborn we, by right of Nature claim our own.
 Who but the Learned and dull moral Fool
 Could gravely have forseen, man ought to live by Rule?

VIII.

Oh cursed Honour! thou who first didst damn,
 A Woman to the Sin of shame;
 Honour! that rob'st us of our Gust,
 Honour! that hindred mankind first,
 At Loves Eternal Spring to squench his amorous thirst.
 Honour! who first taught lovely Eyes the art,
 To wound, and not to cure the heart:
 With Love to invite, but to forbid with Awe,
 And to themselves prescribe a Cruel Law;
 To Veil 'em from the Lookers on,
 When they are sure the slave's undone,
 And all the Charmingst part of Beauty hid;
 Soft Looks, consenting Wishes, all deny'd.
 It gathers up the flowing Hair,
 That loosely plaid with wanton Air.
 The Envious Net, and stinted order hold,
 The lovely Curls of Jet and shining Gold;
 No more neglected on the Shoulders hurl'd:
 Now drest to Tempt, not gratify the World:
 Thou, Miser Honour, hord'st the sacred store,
 And starv'st thy self to keep thy Votaries poor.

[Pg 142]

IX.

Honour! that put'st our words that should be free
 Into a set Formality.
 Thou base Debaucher of the generous heart,
 That teachest all our Looks and Actions Art;
 What Love design'd a sacred Gift,
 What Nature made to be possess;
 Mistaken Honour, made a Theft,
 For Glorious Love should be confest:
 For when confin'd, all the poor Lover gains,
 Is broken Sighs, pale Looks, Complaints and Pains.
 Thou Foe to Pleasure, Nature's worst Disease,
 Thou Tyrant over mighty Kings,
 What mak'st thou here in Shepherds Cottages;
 Why troublest thou the quiet Shades and Springs?
 Be gone, and make thy Fam'd resort
 To Princes Pallaces;
 Go Deal and Chaffer in the Trading Court,
 That busie Market for Phantastick Things;
 Be gone and interrupt the short Retreat,
 Of the Illustrious and the Great;
 Go break the Politicians sleep,
 Disturb the Gay Ambitious Fool,
 That longs for Scepters, Crowns, and Rule,
 Which not his Title, nor his Wit can keep;
 But let the humble honest *Swain* go on,
 In the blest Paths of the first rate of man;
 That nearest were to Gods Alli'd,
 And form'd for love alone, disdain'd all other Pride.

[Pg 143]

X.

Be gone! and let the Golden age again,
 Assume its Glorious Reign;
 Let the young wishing Maid confess,
 What all your Arts would keep conceal'd:
 The Mystery will be reveal'd,
 And she in vain denies, whilst we can guess,
 She only shows the Jilt to teach man how,
 To turn the false Artillery on the Cunning Foe.
 Thou empty Vision hence, be gone,
 And let the peaceful *Swain* love on;
 The swift pac'd hours of life soon steal away:
 Stint not, yee Gods, his short liv'd Joy.
 The Spring decays, but when the Winter's gone,
 The Trees and Flowers a new comes on;
 The Sun may set, but when the night is fled,
 And gloomy darkness does retire,
 He rises from his Watry Bed:
 All Glorious, Gay, all drest in Amorous Fire.
 But *Sylvia* when your Beauties fade,
 When the fresh Roses on your Cheeks shall die
 Like Flowers that wither in the Shade,
 Eternally they will forgotten lye,
 And no kind Spring their sweetness will supply.
 When Snow shall on those lovely Tresses lye.
 And your fair Eyes no more shall give us pain,
 But shoot their pointless Darts in vain.
 What will your duller honour signifie?
 Go boast it then! and see what numerous Store
 Of Lovers will your Ruin'd Shrine Adore.
 Then let us, *Sylvia*, yet be wise,
 And the Gay hasty minutes prize:
 The Sun and Spring receive but our short Light,
 Once sett, a sleep brings an Eternal Night.

[Pg 144]

}
 }
 }

A Farewel to Celladon, On his Going into Ireland.

Pindarick.

Farewell the Great, the Brave and Good,
 By all admir'd and understood;
 For all thy vertues so extensive are,

Writ in so noble and so plain a Character,
 That they instruct humanity what to do,
 How to reward and imitate 'em too,
 The mighty *Cesar* found and knew,
 The Value of a Swain so true:
 And early call'd the Industrious Youth from Groves
 Where unambitiously he lay,
 And knew no greater Joyes, nor Power then Loves;
 Which all the day
 The careless and delighted *Celladon* Improves;
 So the first man in Paradice was laid,
 So blest beneath his own dear fragrant shade,
 Till false Ambition made him range,
 So the Almighty call'd him forth,
 And though for Empire he did *Eden* change;
 Less Charming 'twas, and far less worth.

II.

[Pg 145]

Yet he obeyes and leaves the peaceful Plains,
 The weeping Nymphs, and sighing Swains,
 Obeys the mighty voice of *Jove*.
 The Dictates of his Loyalty pursues,
 Bus'ness Debauches all his hours of Love;
 Bus'ness, whose hurry, noise and news
 Even Natures self subdues;
 Changes her best and first simplicity,
 Her soft, her easie quietude
 Into mean Arts of cunning Policy,
 The Grave and Drudging Coxcomb to Delude.
 Say, mighty *Celladon*, oh tell me why,
 Thou dost thy nobler thoughts employ
 In bus'ness, which alone was made
 To teach the restless States-man how to Trade
 In dark Cabals for Mischief and Design,
 But n'ere was meant a Curse to Souls like thine.
 Business the *Check* to Mirth and Wit,
 Business the Rival of the Fair,
 The Bane to Friendship, and the Lucky Hit,
 Onely to those that languish in Dispair;
 Leave then that wretched troublesome Estate
 To him to whom forgetful Heaven,
 Has no one other vertue given,
 But dropt down the unfortunate,
 To Toyl, be Dull, and to be Great.

III.

But thou whose nobler Soul was fram'd,
 For Glorious and Luxurious Ease,
 By Wit adorn'd, by Love inflam'd;
 For every Grace, and Beauty Fam'd,
 Form'd for delight, design'd to please,
 Give, Give a look to every Joy,
 That youth and lavish Fortune can invent,
 Nor let Ambition, that false God, destroy
 Both Heaven and Natures first intent.
 But oh in vain is all I say,
 And you alas must go,
 The Mighty *Cæsar* to obey,
 And none so fit as you.
 From all the Envyng Croud he calls you forth,
 He knows your Loyalty, and knows your worth;
 He's try'd it oft, and put it to the Test,
 It grew in Zeal even whilst it was opprest,
 The great, the God-like *Celladon*,
 Unlike the base Examples of the times,
 Cou'd never be Corrupted, never won,
 To stain his honest blood with Rebel *Crimes*.
 Fearless unmov'd he stood amidst the tainted Crowd,
 And justify'd and own'd his Loyalty aloud.

[Pg 146]

IV.

Hybernia hail! Hail happy Isle,
 Be glad, and let all Nature smile.

Ye Meads and Plains send forth your Gayest Flowers;
 Ye Groves and every Purling Spring,
 Where Lovers sigh, and Birds do sing,
 Be glad and gay, for *Celladon* is yours;
 He comes, he comes to grace your Plains.
 To Charm the Nymphs, and bless the Swains,
 Ecchoes repeat his Glorious Name
 To all the Neighbouring Woods and Hills;
 Ye Feather'd Quire chant forth his Fame,
 Ye Fountains, Brooks, and Wand'ring Rills,
 That through the Meadows in Meanders run,
 Tell all your Flowry Brinks, the generous Swain is come.

VI.

Divert him all ye pretty Solitudes,
 And give his Life some softning Interludes:
 That when his wearid mind would be,
 From Noise and Rigid Bus'ness free;
 He may upon your Mossey Beds lye down,
 Where all is Gloomy, all is Shade,
 With some dear Shee, whom Nature made,
 To be possess'd by him alone;
 Where the soft tale of Love She breathes,
 Mixt with the rushing of the wind-blown leaves,
 The different Notes of Cheerful Birds,
 And distant Bleating of the Herds:
 Is Musick far more ravishing and sweet,
 Then all the Artful Sounds that please the noisey Great.

[Pg 147]

VII.

Mix thus your Toiles of Life with Joyes,
 And for the publick good, prolong your days:
 Instruct the World, the great Example prove,
 Of Honour, Friendship, Loyalty, and Love.
 And when your busier hours are done,
 And you with *Damon* sit alone;
Damon the honest, brave and young;
 Whom we must Celebrate where you are sung,
 For you (by Sacred Friendship ty'd,)
 Love nor Fate can nere divide;
 When your agreeing thoughts shall backward run,
 Surveying all the Conquests you have won,
 The Swaines you've left, the sighing Maids undone;
 Try if you can a fatal prospect take,
 Think if you can a soft *Idea* make:
 Of what we are, now you are gone,
 Of what we feel for *Celladon*.

VIII.

'Tis *Celladon* the witty and the gay,
 That blest the Night, and cheer'd the world all Day:
 'Tis *Celladon*, to whom our Vows belong,
 And *Celladon* the Subject of our Song.
 For whom the Nymphs would dress, the Swains rejoice,
 The praise of these, of those the choice;
 And if our Joyes were rais'd to this Excess,
 Our Pleasures by thy presence made so great:
 Some pittying God help thee to guess,
 (What fancy cannot well Express.)
 Our Languishments by thy Retreat;
 Pitty our Swaines, pitty our Virgins more,
 And let that pitty haste thee to our shore;
 And whilst on happy distant Coasts you are,
 Afford us all your sighs, and *Cesar* all your care.

[Pg 148]

On a Juniper-Tree, cut down to make Busks.

Whilst happy I Triumphant stood,
 The Pride and Glory of the Wood;
 My Aromatick Boughs and Fruit,
 Did with all other Trees dispute.
 Had right by Nature to excel,

In pleasing both the tast and smell:
 But to the touch I must confess,
 Bore an Ungrateful Sullenness.
 My Wealth, like bashful Virgins, I
 Yielded with some Reluctancy;
 For which my vallue should be more,
 Not giving easily my store.
 My verdant Branches all the year
 Did an Eternal Beauty wear; }
 Did ever young and gay appear. }
 Nor needed any tribute pay, }
 For bounties from the God of Day:
 Nor do I hold Supremacy,
 (In all the Wood) o'er every Tree.
 But even those too of my own Race,
 That grow not in this happy place.
 But that in which I glory most,
 And do my self with Reason boast,
 Beneath my shade the other day, [Pg 149]
 Young *Philocles* and *Cloris* lay,
 Upon my Root she lean'd her head,
 And where I grew, he made their Bed: }
 Whilst I the Canopy more largely spread. }
 Their trembling Limbs did gently press, }
 The kind supporting yielding Grass:
 Ne'er half so blest as now, to bear
 A Swain so Young, a Nimph so fair:
 My Grateful Shade I kindly lent,
 And every aiding Bough I bent.
 So low, as sometimes had the blisse,
 To rob the Shepherd of a kiss,
 Whilst he in Pleasures far above
 The Sence of that degree of Love:
 Permitted every stealth I made,
 Unjealous of his Rival Shade.
 I saw 'em kindle to desire,
 Whilst with soft sighs they blew the fire;
 Saw the approaches of their joy,
 He growing more fierce, and she less Coy,
 Saw how they mingled melting Rays,
 Exchanging Love a thousand ways.
 Kind was the force on every side,
 Her new desire she could not hide: }
 Nor wou'd the Shepherd be deny'd. }
 Impatient he waits no consent }
 But what she gave by Languishment,
 The blessed Minute he pursu'd;
 And now transported in his Arms,
 Yeilds to the Conqueror all her Charmes,
 His panting Breast, to hers now join'd,
 They feast on Raptures unconfin'd;
 Vast and Luxuriant, such as prove
 The Immortality of Love.
 For who but a Divinitie, [Pg 150]
 Could mingle Souls to that Degree; }
 And melt 'em into Extasie? }
 Now like the *Phenix*, both Expire, }
 While from the Ashes of their Fire, }
 Sprung up a new, and soft desire. }
 Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke, }
 The God! and thrice new vigor took. }
 Nor had the Mysterie ended there,
 But *Cloris* reassum'd her fear,
 And chid the Swain, for having prest,
 What she alas wou'd not resist:
 Whilst he in whom Loves sacred flame,
 Before and after was the same,
 Fondly implor'd she wou'd forget
 A fault, which he wou'd yet repeat.
 From Active Joyes with some they hast,
 To a Reflexion on the past;
 A thousand times my Covert bless,
 That did secure their Happiness:
 Their Gratitude to every Tree
 They pay, but most to happy me;

The Shepherdess my Bark carest,
 Whilst he my Root, Love's Pillow, kist;
 And did with sighs, their fate deplore,
 Since I must shelter them no more;
 And if before my Joyes were such,
 In having heard, and seen too much,
 My Grief must be as great and high,
 When all abandon'd I shall be,
 Doom'd to a silent Destinie.
 No more the Charming strife to hear,
 The Shepherds Vows, the Virgins fear:
 No more a joyful looker on,
 Whilst Loves soft Battel's lost and won.

}
 }
 }

With grief I bow'd my murmering Head,
 And all my Christal Dew I shed.
 Which did in *Cloris* Pity move,
 (*Cloris* whose Soul is made of Love;) [Pg 151]
 She cut me down, and did translate,
 My being to a happier state.
 No Martyr for Religion di'd
 With half that Unconsidering Pride;
 My top was on that Altar laid.
 Where Love his softest Offerings paid:
 And was as fragrant Incense burn'd,
 My body into Busks was turn'd:
 Where I still guard the Sacred Store,
 And of Loves Temple keep the Door.

On the Death of Mr. Grinhil, the Famous Painter.

I.

What doleful crys are these that fright my sence,
 Sad as the Groans of dying Innocence?
 The killing Accents now more near Aproach,
 And the Infectious Sound,
 Spreads and Inlarges all around;
 And does all Hearts with Grief and Wonder touch.
 The famous *Grinhil* dead! even he,
 That cou'd to us give Immortalitie;
 Is to the Eternal silent Groves withdrawn,
 Those sullen Groves of Everlasting Dawn;
 Youthful as Flowers, scarce blown, whose opening Leaves,
 A wond'rous and a fragrant Prospect gives,
 Of what it's Elder Beauties wou'd display,
 When they should flourish up to ripning *May*.
 Witty as *Poets*, warm'd with Love and Wine,
 Yet still spar'd Heaven and his Friend,
 For both to him were Sacred and Divine:
 Nor could he this no more then that offend.
 Fixt as a *Martyr* where he friendship paid, [Pg 152]
 And Generous as a God,
 Distributing his Bounties all abroad;
 And soft and gentle as a Love-sick Maid.

II.

Great Master of the Noblest Mysterie,
 That ever happy Knowledge did inspire;
 Sacred as that of Poetry,
 And which the wond'ring World does equally admire.
 Great Natures work we do contemn,
 When on his Glorious Births we meditate:
 The Face and Eies, more Darts receiv'd from him,
 Then all the Charms she can create.
 The Difference is, his Beauties do beget
 In the inamour'd Soul a Vertuous Heat:
 While Natures Grosser Pieces move,
 In the course road of Common Love:
 So bold, yet soft, his touches were;
 So round each part's so sweet and fair.
 That as his Pencil mov'd men thought it prest,
 The Lively imitating rising Breast,
 Which yield like Clouds, where little Angels rest:
 The Limbs all easy as his Temper was;

Strong as his Mind, and manly too;
Large as his Soul his fancy was, and new:
And from himself he copyed every Grace,
For he had all that cou'd adorn a Face,
All that cou'd either Sex subdue.

III.

Each Excellence he had that Youth has in its Pride,
And all Experienc'd Age cou'd teach,
At once the vigorous fire of this,
And every vertue which that cou'd Express.
In all the heights that both could reach;
And yet alas, in this Perfection di'd.
Dropt like a Blossom with the Northern blast,
(When all the scatter'd Leaves abroad were cast;)
As quick as if his fate had been in hast:
So have I seen an unfixt Star,
Out-shine the rest of all the Numerous Train,
As bright as that which Guides the Marriner,
Dart swiftly from its darken'd Sphere:
And nere shall sight the World again.

[Pg 153]

IV.

Ah why shou'd so much knowledge die!
Or with his last kind breath,
Why cou'd he not to some one friend bequeath
The Mighty Legacie!
But 'twas a knowledge given to him alone,
That his eternis'd Name might be
Admir'd to all Posteritie,
By all to whom his grateful Name was known.
Come all ye softer Beauties, come;
Bring Wreaths of Flowers to deck his tomb;
Mixt with the dismal *Cypress* and the *Yew*,
For he still gave your Charmes their due:
And from the injuries of Age and Time,
Preserv'd the sweetness of your Prime:
And best knew how t' adore that Sweetness too;
Bring all your Mournful Tributes here,
And let your Eyes a silent sorrow wear,
Till every Virgin for a while become
Sad as his Fate, and like his Picture's Dumb.

A Ballad on Mr. J. H. to Amoret, asking why I was so sad.

My Amoret, since you must know,
The Grief you say my Eyes do show:
Survey my Heart, where you shall find,
More Love then for your self confin'd.
And though you chide, you'll Pity too,
A Passion which even Rivals you.

[Pg 154]

Amyntas on a Holyday
As fine as any Lord of *May*,
Amongst the Nymphs, and jolly Swaines,
That feed their Flocks upon the Plaines:
Met in a Grove beneath whose shade,
A Match of Dancing they had made.

His Cassock was of Green, as trim
As Grass upon a River brim;
Untoucht or sullied with a spot,
Unprest by either Lamb or Goat:
And with the Air it loosely play'd,
With every motion that he made.

His Sleeves a-many Ribbons ties,
Where one might read Love-Mysteries:
As if that way he wou'd impart,
To all, the Sentiments of his Heart,
Whose Passions by those Colours known,
He with a Charming Pride wou'd own.

His Bonnet with the same was Ti'd,

A Silver Scrip hung by his Side:
His Buskins garnisht A-la-mode,
Were grac'd by every step he Trod;
Like *Pan*, a Majesty he took,
And like *Apollo* when he spoke.

His Hook a Wreath of Flowers Braid,
The Present of some Love-sick Maid,
Who all the morning had bestow'd,
And to her Fancy now compos'd:
Which fresher seem'd when near that place,
To whom the Giver Captive was.

His Eyes their best Attracts put on,
Designing some should be undone;
For he could at his pleasure move,
The Nymphs he lik'd to fall in Love:
Yet so he order'd every Glance,
That still they seem'd but Wounds of Chance.

[Pg 155]

He well cou'd feign an Innocence,
And taught his Silence Eloquence;
Each Smile he us'd, had got the force,
To Conquer more than soft Discourse:
Which when it serv'd his Ends he'd use,
And subtilly thro' a heart infuse.

His Wit was such it cou'd controul
The Resolutions of a Soul;
That a Religious Vow had made,
By Love it nere wou'd be betra'd:
For when he spoke he well cou'd prove
Their Errors who dispute with Love.

With all these Charms he did Address
Himself to every Shepherdess:
Until the Bag-pipes which did play,
Began the Bus'ness of the day;
And in the taking forth to Dance,
The Lovely Swain became my Chance.

To whom much Passion he did Vow,
And much his Eyes and Sighs did show;
And both imploy'd with so much Art,
I strove in vain to guard my Heart;
And ere the Night our Revels crost,
I was intirely won and lost.

Let me advise thee, *Amoret*,
Fly from the Baits that he has set
In every grace; which will betray
All Beauties that but look that way:
But thou hast Charms that will secure
A Captive in this Conquerour.

Our Cabal.

[Pg 156]

Come, my fair *Cloris*, come away,
Hast thou forgot 'tis Holyday?
And lovely *Silvia* too make haste,
The Sun is up, the day does waste:
Do'st thou not hear the Musick loud,
Mix'd with the murmur of the Crowd?
How can thy active Feet be still,
And hear the Bag-pipes chearful Trill?

Mr. V. U.

Urania's drest as fine and gay,
As if she meant t' out-shine the day;
Or certain that no Victories
Were to be gain'd but by her Eyes;
Her Garment's white, her Garniture
The springing Beauties of the Year,
Which are in such nice Order plac'd,

That Nature is by Art disgrac'd:
Her natural Curling Ebon Hair,
Does loosly wanton in the Air.

Mr. G. V.

With her the young *Alexis* came,
Whose Eyes dare only speak his Flame:
Charming he is, as fair can be,
Charming without Effeminacy;
Only his Eyes are languishing,
Caus'd by the Pain he feels within;
Yet thou wilt say that Languishment
Is a peculiar Ornament.
Deck'd up he is with Pride and Care,
All Rich and Gay, to please his Fair:
The Price of Flocks h' has made a Prey
To th' Usual Vanity of this day.

My dear Brother J. C.

[Pg 157]

After them *Damon* Piping came,
Who laughs at *Cupid* and his Flame;
Swears, if the Boy should him approach,
He'd burn his Wings with his own Torch:
But he's too young for Love t' invade,
Though for him languish many a Maid.
His lovely Ayr, his chearful Face,
Adorn'd with many a Youthful Grace,
Beget more Sighs then if with Arts
He should design to conquer Hearts:
The Swains as well as Nymphs submit
To's Charms of Beauty and of Wit.
He'll sing, he'll dance, he'll pipe and play,
And wanton out a Summer's day;
And wheresoever *Damon* be,
He's still the Soul o'th' Companie.

My dear Amoret, Mrs. B.

Next *Amoret*, the true Delight
Of all that do approach her sight:
The Sun in all its Course ne'er met
Ought Fair or Sweet like *Amoret*.
Alone she came, her Eyes declin'd,
In which you'll read her troubled Mind;
Yes, *Silvia*, for she'l not deny
She loves, as well as thou and I.
'Tis *Philocles*, that Proud Ingrate,
That pays her Passion back with Hate;
Whilst she does all but him despise,
And clouds the lustre of her Eyes:
But once to her he did address,
And dying Passion too express;
But soon the Amorous Heat was laid,
He soon forgot the Vows he'd made;
Whilst she in every Silent Grove,
Bewails her easie Faith and Love.
Numbers of Swains do her adore,
But she has vow'd to love no more.

[Pg 158]

Mr. J. B.

Next Jolly *Thirsis* came along,
With many Beauties in a Throng.

Mr. Je. B.

With whom the young *Amyntas* came,
The Author of my Sighs and Flame:
For I'll confess that Truth to you,
Which every Look of mine can show.
Ah how unlike the rest he appears!
With Majesty above his years!

His Eyes so much of Sweetness dress,
 Such *Wit*, such *Vigour* too express;
 That 'twou'd a wonder be to say,
 I've seen the Youth, and brought my Heart away.
 Ah *Cloris*! Thou that never wert
 In danger yet to lose a Heart,
 Guard it severely now, for he
 Will startle all thy Constancy:
 For if by chance thou do'st escape
 Unwounded by his Lovely Shape,
 Tempt not thy Ruine, lest his Eyes
 Joyn with his Tongue to win the Prize:
 Such Softness in his Language dwells,
 And Tales of Love so well he tells,
 Should'st thou attend their Harmony,
 Thou'dst be Undone, as well as I;
 For sure no Nymph was ever free,
 That could *Amyntas* hear and see.

Mr. N. R. V.

With him the lovely *Philocless*,
 His Beauty heightned by his Dress,
 If any thing can add a Grace
 To such a Shape, and such a Face,
 Whose Natural Ornaments impart
 Enough without the help of Art.
 His Shoulders cover'd with a Hair,
 The Sun-Beams are not half so fair;
 Of which the Virgins Bracelets make,
 And where for *Philocless's* sake:
 His Beauty such, that one would swear
 His face did never take the Air.
 On's Cheeks the blushing Roses show,
 The rest like whitest Daisies grow:
 His Lips, no Berries of the Field,
 Nor Cherries, such a Red do yield.
 His Eyes all Love, Soft'ning Smile;
 And when he speaks, he sighs the while:
 His Bashful Grace, with Blushes too,
 Gains more then Confidence can do.
 With all these Charms he does invade
 The Heart, which when he has betray'd,
 He slights the Trophies he has won,
 And weeps for those he has Undone;
 As if he never did intend
 His Charms for so severe an End.
 And all poor *Amoret* can gain,
 Is pitty from the Lovely Swain:
 And if Inconstancy can seem
 Agreeable, 'tis so in him.
 And when he meets Reproach for it,
 He does excuse it with his Wit.

[Pg 159]

Mr. E. B. and Mrs. F. M.

Next hand in hand the smiling Pair,
Martillo, and the Lovely Fair:
 A Bright-Ey'd *Phillis*, who they say,
 Ne'er knew what Love was till to day:
 Long has the Gen'rous Youth in vain
 Implor'd some Pity for his Pain.
 Early abroad he would be seen,
 To wait her coming on the Green,
 To be the first that t' her should pay
 The Tribute of the New-born Day;
 Presents her Bracelets with their Names,
 And Hooks carv'd out with Hearts and Flames.
 And when a stragling Lamb he saw,
 And she not by to give it Law,
 The pretty Fugitive he'd deck
 With Wreaths of Flowers around its Neck;
 And gave her ev'ry mark of Love,
 Before he could her Pity move.

[Pg 160]

But now the Youth no more appears
Clouded with Jealousies and Fears:
Nor yet dares *Phyllis* softer Brow
Wear Unconcern, or Coldness now;
But makes him just and kind Returns;
And as He does, so now She burns.

Mr. J. H.

Next *Lysidas*, that haughty Swain,
With many Beauties in a Train,
All sighing for the Swain, whilst he
Barely returns Civility.
Yet once to each much Love he Vowd,
And strange Fantastique Passion show'd.
Poor *Doris*, and *Lucinda* too,
And many more whom thou dost know,
Who had not power his Charms to shun,
Too late do find themselves Undone.
His Eyes are Black, and do transcend
All Fancy e'er can comprehend;
And yet no Softness in 'em move.
They kill with Fierceness, not with Love:
Yet he can dress 'em when he list,
With Sweetness none can e'er resist.
His Tongue no Amorous Parley makes,
But with his Looks alone he speaks.
And though he languish yet he'l hide,
That grateful knowledge with his Pride;
And thinks his Liberty is lost,
Not in the Conquest, but the Boast.
Nor will but Love enough impart,
To gain and to secure a heart:
Of which no sooner he is sure,
And that its Wounds are past all Cure.
But for New Victories he prepares,
And leaves the Old to its Despairs:
Success his Boldness does renew,
And Boldness helps him Conquer too,
He having gain'd more hearts than all
Th' rest of the Pastoral Cabal.

[Pg 161]

Mr. Ed. Bed.

With him *Philander*, who nere paid
A Sigh or Tear to any Maid:
So innocent and young he is,
He cannot guess what Passion is.
But all the Love he ever knew,
On *Lycidas* he does bestow:
Who pays his Tenderness again,
Too Amorous for a Swain to a Swain.
A softer Youth was never seen,
His Beauty Maid; but Man, his Mein:
And much more gay than all the rest;
And but *Alexis* finest Dress'd.
His Eyes towards *Lycidas* still turn,
As sympathising Flowers to the Sun;
Whilst *Lycidas* whose Eyes dispense
No less a grateful Influence,
Improves his Beauty, which still fresher grows:
Who would not under two such Suns as those?
Cloris you sigh, what Amorous grown?
Pan grant you keep your heart a home:
For I have often heard you Vow,
If any cou'd your heart subdue,
Though *Lycidas* you nere had seen,
It must be him, or one like him:
Alas I cannot yet forget,
How we have with *Amyntas* sat
Beneath the Boughs for Summer made,
Our heated Flocks and Us to shade;
Where thou wou'dst wond'rous Stories tell,
Of this Agreeable Infidel.

[Pg 162]

By what Devices, Charms and Arts,
He us'd to gain and keep his Hearts:
And whilst his Falsehood we wou'd Blame,
Thou woud'st commend and praise the same.
And did no greater pleasure take,
Then when of *Lycidas* we spake;
By this and many Sighs we know,
Thou'rt sensible of Loving too.
Come *Cloris*, come along with us,
And try thy power with *Lycidas*;
See if that Vertue which you prize,
Be proof against those Conquering Eyes.
That Heart that can no Love admit,
Will hardly stand his shock of Wit;
Come deck thee then in all that's fine,
Perhaps the Conquest may be thine;
They all attend, let's hast to do,
What Love and Musick calls us to.

SONG.
The Willing Mistriss.

[Pg 163]

Amyntas led me to a Grove,
Where all the Trees did shade us;
The Sun it self, though it had Strove,
It could not have betray'd us:
The place secur'd from humane Eyes,
No other fear allows,
But when the Winds that gently rise,
Doe Kiss the yeilding Boughs.

Down there we satt upon the Moss,
And did begin to play
A Thousand Amorous Tricks, to pass
The heat of all the day.
A many kisses he did give:
And I return'd the same
Which made me willing to receive
That which I dare not name.

His Charming Eyes no Aid requir'd
To tell their softning Tale;
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas Easy to prevaile.
He did but Kiss and Clasp me round,
Whilst those his thoughts Exprest:
And lay'd me gently on the Ground;
Ah who can guess the rest?

SONG.
Love Arm'd.

Love in Fantastique Triumph satt,
Whilst Bleeding Hearts a round him flow'd,
For whom Fresh paines he did Create,
And strange Tryanick power he show'd;
From thy Bright Eyes he took his fire,
Which round about, in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desire,
Enough to undo the Amorous World.

[Pg 164]

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his Pride and Crueltie;
From me his Languishments and Feares,
And every Killing Dart from thee;
Thus thou and I, the God have arm'd,
And sett him up a Deity;
But my poor Heart alone is harm'd,
Whilst thine the Victor is, and free.

SONG.
The Complaint.

Amyntas that true hearted Swaine,

Upon a Rivers Banck was lay'd,
Where to the Pittying streames he did Complaine
On *Silvia* that false Charming Maid
While shée was still regardless of his paine.

Ah! Charming *Silvia*, would he cry;
And what he said, the *Echoes* wou'd reply:
Be kind or else I dy: *Ech*:—I dy.
Be kind or else I dy: *Ech*:—I dy.

Those smiles and Kisses which you give,
Remember *Silvia* are my due;
And all the Joyes my Rivall does receive,
He ravishes from me not you:

Ah *Silvia*! can I live and this believe?
Insensibles are toucht to see
My Languishments, and seem to pittie me:
Which I demand of thee: *Ech*:—of thee.
Which I demand of thee: *Ech*:—of thee.

Set by Mr. Banister.

SONG.
The Invitation.

[Pg 165]

Damon I cannot blame your will,
'Twas Chance and not Design did kill;
For whilst you did prepare your Charmes,
On purpose *Silvia* to subdue:
I met the Arrows as they flew,
And sav'd her from their harms.

Alas she cannot make returnes,
Who for a Swaine already Burnes;
A Shepherd whom she does Caress:
With all the softest marks of Love,
And 'tis in vaine thou seek'st to move
The cruel Shepherdess.

Content thee with this Victory,
Think me as faire and young as she:
I'll make thee *Garlands* all the day,
And in the Groves we'll sit and sing;
I'll Crown thee with the pride o'th' Spring,
When thou art Lord of *May*.

SONG.

When *Jemmy* first began to Love,
He was the Gayest Swaine
That ever yet a Flock had drove,
Or danc't upon the Plaine.
'Twas then that I, weys me poor Heart,
My Freedom threw away;
And finding sweets in every smart,
I cou'd not say him nay.

And ever when he talkt of Love,
He wou'd his Eyes decline;
And every sigh a Heart would move,
Gued Faith and why not mine?
He'd press my hand, and Kiss it oft,
In silence spoke his Flame.
And whilst he treated me thus soft,
I wisht him more to Blame.

[Pg 166]

Sometimes to feed my Flocks with him,
My *Jemmy* wou'd invite me:
Where he the Gayest Songs wou'd sing,
On purpose to delight me.
And *Jemmy* every Grace displayd,
Which were enough I trow,
To Conquer any Princely Maid,
So did he me I Vow.

But now for *Jemmy* must I mourn,

Who to the Warrs must go;
His Sheephook to a Sword must turne:
Alack what shall I do?
His Bag-pipe into War-like Sounds,
Must now Exchanged bee:
Instead of Braceletts, fearful Wounds;
Then what becomes of me?

**To Mr. Creech (under the Name of Daphnis) on his Excellent Translation
of Lucretius.**

Thou great Young Man! Permit amongst the Crowd
Of those that sing thy mighty Praises lowd,
My humble *Muse* to bring its Tribute too.

Inspir'd by thy vast flight of Verse,
Methinks I should some wondrous thing rehearse,
Worthy Divine *Lucretius*, and Diviner Thou.

But I of Feebler Seeds design'd,
Whilst the slow moving Atomes strove,
With careless heed to form my Mind:
Compos'd it all of Softer Love.

In gentle Numbers all my Songs are Drest,
And when I would thy Glories sing,
What in strong manly Verse I would express,
Turns all to Womannish Tenderness within,
Whilst that which Admiration does inspire,
In other Souls, kindles in mine a Fire.

Let them admire thee on—Whilst I this newer way

Pay thee yet more than they:
For more I owe, since thou hast taught me more,
Then all the mighty Bards that went before.
Others long since have Pal'd the vast delight;
In duller *Greek* and *Latin* satisfy'd the Appetite:
But I unlearn'd in Schools, disdain that mine
Should treated be at any Feast but thine.
Till now, I curst my Birth, my Education,
And more the scanted Customes of the Nation:
Permitting not the Female Sex to tread,
The mighty Paths of Learned Heroes dead.
The God-like *Virgil*, and great *Homers* Verse,
Like Divine Mysteries are conceal'd from us.

We are forbid all grateful Theams,
No ravishing thoughts approach our Ear,
The Fulsom Gingle of the times,
Is all we are allow'd to understand or hear.

But as of old, when men unthinking lay,
Ere Gods were worshipt, or ere Laws were fram'd
The wiser Bard that taught 'em first t' obey,
Was next to what he taught, ador'd and fam'd;
Gentler they grew, their words and manners chang'd,
And salvage now no more the Woods they rang'd.
So thou by this Translation dost advance
Our Knowledg from the State of Ignorance,
And equals us to Man! Ah how can we,
Enough Adore, or Sacrifice enough to thee.

The Mystick Terms of Rough Philosophy,
Thou dost so plain and easily express;
Yet Deck'st them in so soft and gay a Dress:
So intelligent to each Capacity,
That they at once Instruct and Charm the Sense,
With heights of Fancy, heights of Eloquence;
And Reason over all Unfetter'd plays,
Wanton and undisturb'd as Summers Breeze;

That gliding murmurs o're the Trees:
And no hard Notion meets or stops its way.

It Pierces, Conquers and Compels,
Beyond poor Feeble Faith's dull Oracles.

Faith the despairing Souls content,
Faith the Last Shift of Routed Argument.

Hail Sacred *Wadham*! whom the Muses Grace
And from the Rest of all the Reverend Pile;
Of Noble Pallaces, design'd thy Space:

[Pg 167]

[Pg 168]

Where they in soft retreat might dwell.
 They blest thy Fabrick, and said—Do thou,
 Our Darling Sons contain;
 We thee our Sacred Nursery Ordain,
 They said and blest, and it was so.
 And if of old the Fanes of Silvan Gods,
 Were worshipt as Divine *Abodes*;
 If Courts are held as Sacred Things,
 For being the Awful Seats of Kings.
 What Veneration should be paid,
 To thee that hast such wondrous Poets made.
 To Gods for fear, Devotion was design'd,
 And Safety made us bow to Majesty;
 Poets by Nature Aw and Charm the Mind,
 Are born not made by dull Religion or Necessity.

The Learned *Thirsis* did to thee belong,
 Who *Athens* Plague has so divinely Sung.
Thirsis to wit, as sacred friendship true,
 Paid Mighty *Cowley's* Memory its due.
Thirsis who whilst a greater Plague did reign,
 Then that which *Athens* did Depopulate:
 Scattering Rebellious Fury o're the Plain,
 That threaten'd Ruine to the Church and State,
 Unmov'd he stood, and fear'd no Threats of Fate.
 That Loyal Champion for the Church and Crown,
 That Noble Ornament of the Sacred Gown,
 Still did his Sovereign's Cause Espouse,
 And was above the Thanks of the mad Senate-house.
Strephon the Great, whom last you sent abroad,
 Who Writ, and Lov'd, and Lookt like any God;
 For whom the Muses mourn, the Love-sick Maids
 Are Languishing in Melancholly Shades.
 The *Cupids* flag their Wings, their Bows untie,
 And useless Quivers hang neglected by,
 And scatter'd Arrows all around 'em lye.
 By murmuring Brooks the careless Deities are laid,
 Weeping their rifled power now Noble *Strephon's* Dead.

[Pg 169]

Ah Sacred *Wadham!* should'st thou never own
 But this delight of all Mankind and thine;
 For Ages past of Dulness, this alone,
 This Charming Hero would Attone.
 And make thee Glorious to succeeding time;
 But thou like Natures self disdain'st to be,
 Stinted to Singularity.
 Even as fast as she thou dost produce,
 And over all the Sacred Mystery infuse.
 No sooner was fam'd *Strephon's* Glory set,
Strephon the Soft, the Lovely and the Great;
 But *Daphnis* rises like the Morning-Star,
 That guides the Wandring Traveller from afar.
Daphnis whom every Grace, and Muse inspires,
 Scarce *Strephons* Ravishing Poetic Fires
 So kindly warm, or so divinely Cheer.
 Advance Young *Daphnis*, as thou hast begun,
 So let thy Mighty Race be run.
 Thou in thy large Poetick Chace,
 Begin'st where others end the Race.
 If now thy Grateful Numbers are so strong,
 If they so early can such Graces show,
 Like Beauty so surprizing, when so Young,
 What *Daphnis* will thy Riper Judgment do,
 When thy Unbounded Verse in their own Streams shall flow!
 What Wonder will they not produce,
 When thy Immortal Fancy's loose;
 Unfetter'd, Unconfi'd by any other Muse!
 Advance Young *Daphnis* then, and mayst thou prove
 Still sacred in thy Poetry and Love.
 May all the Groves with *Daphnis* Songs be blest,
 Whilst every Bark is with thy Disticks drest.
 May Timerous Maids learn how to Love from thence
 And the Glad Shepherd *Arts of Eloquence*.
 And when to Solitude thou would'st Retreat,
 May their tun'd Pipes thy Welcome celebrate.

[Pg 170]

}
 }
 }

And all the Nymphs strow Garlands at thy Feet.
 May all the Purling Streams that murmuring pass,
 The Shady Groves and Banks of Flowers,
 The kind reposing Beds of Grass,
 Contribute to their Softer Hours.
 Mayst thou thy Muse and Mistress there Caress,
 And may one heighten to 'thers Happiness.
 And whilst thou so divinely dost Converse,
 We are content to know and to admire thee in thy Sacred Verse.

To Mrs. W. On her Excellent Verses (Writ in Praise of some I had made on the Earl of Rochester) Written in a Fit of Sickness.

[Pg 171]

Enough kind Heaven! to purpose I have liv'd,
 And all my Sighs and Languishments surviv'd.
 My Stars in vain their sullen influence have shed,
 Round my till now Unlucky Head:
 I pardon all the Silent Hours I've griev'd,
 My Weary Nights, and Melancholy Days;
 When no Kind Power my Pain Reliev'd,
 I lose you all, ye sad Remembrancers,
 I lose you all in New-born Joys,
 Joys that will dissipate my Falling Tears.
 The Mighty Soul of *Rochester's* reviv'd,
 Enough Kind Heaven to purpose I have liv'd.
 I saw the Lovely *Phantom*, no Disguise,
 Veil'd the blest Vision from my Eyes,
 'Twas all o're *Rochester* that pleas'd and did surprize.
 Sad as the Grave I sat by Glimmering Light,
 Such as attends Departing Souls by Night.
 Pensive as absent Lovers left alone,
 Or my poor Dove, when his Fond Mate was gone.
 Silent as Groves when only Whispering Gales,
 Sigh through the Rushing Leaves,
 As softly as a Bashful Shepherd Breaths,
 To his Lov'd Nymph his Amorous Tales.
 So dull I was, scarce Thought a Subject found,
 Dull as the Light that gloom'd around;
 When lo the Mighty Spirit appear'd,
 All Gay, all Charming to my sight;
 My Drooping Soul it Rais'd and Cheer'd,
 And cast about a Dazling Light.
 In every part there did appear,
 The Great, the God-like *Rochester*,
 His Softness all, his Sweetness everywhere.
 It did advance, and with a Generous Look,
 To me Address, to worthless me it spoke:
 With the same wonted Grace my Muse it prais'd,
 With the same Goodness did my Faults Correct;
 And careful of the Fame himself first rais'd,
 Obligingly it School'd my loose Neglect.
 The soft, the moving Accents soon I knew
 The gentle Voice made up of Harmony;
 Through the Known Paths of my glad Soul it flew;
 I knew it straight, it could no others be,
 'Twas not Alie'd but very very he.
 So the All-Ravisht Swain that hears
 The wondrous Musick of the Sphears,
 For ever does the grateful Sound retain,
 Whilst all his Oaten Pipes and Reeds,
 The Rural Musick of the Groves and Meads,
 Strive to divert him from the Heavenly Song in vain.
 He hates their harsh and Untun'd Lays,
 Which now no more his Soul and Fancy raise.
 But if one Note of the remembered Air
 He chance again to hear,
 He starts, and in a transport cries,— '*Tis there*.
 He knows it all by that one little taste,
 And by that grateful Hint remembers all the rest.
 Great, Good, and Excellent, by what new way
 Shall I my humble Tribute pay,
 For this vast Glory you my Muse have done,
 For this great Condescension shown!
 So Gods of old sometimes laid by

[Pg 172]

Their Awful Trains of Majesty,
And chang'd ev'n Heav'n a while for Groves and Plains,
And to their Fellow-Gods preferr'd the lowly Swains,
And Beds of Flow'rs would oft compare
To those of Downey Clouds, or yielding Air;
At purling Streams would drink in homely Shells,
Put off the God, to Revel it in Woods and Shepherds Cells;
Would listen to their Rustick Songs, and show
Such Divine Goodness in Commending too,
Whilst the transported Swain the Honour pays
With humble Adoration, humble Praise.

[Pg 173]

The Sence of a Letter sent me, made into Verse; To a New Tune.

I.

In vain I have labour'd the Victor to prove
Of a Heart that can ne'er give Admittance to Love:
 So hard to be won
 That nothing so young
Could e'er have resisted a Passion so long.

II.

But nothing I left unattempted or said,
To soften the Heart of the Pityless Maid;
 Yet still she was shy,
 And would blushing deny,
Whilst her willinger Eyes gave her Language the Lye.

III.

When before the Impregnable Fort I lay down,
I resolv'd or to die, or to Purchase Renown,
 But how vain was the Boast!
 All the Glory I lost,
And now vanquish'd and sham'd I've quitted my Post.

The Return.

I.

Amyntas, whilst you
Have an Art to subdue,
And can conquer a Heart with a Look or a Smile;
 You Pityless grow,
 And no Faith will allow;
'Tis the Glory you seek when you rifle the Spoil.

II.

Your soft warring Eyes,
When prepar'd for the Prize,
Can laugh at the Aids of my feeble Disdain;
 You can humble the Foe,
 And soon make her to know
Tho' she arms her with Pride, her Efforts are but vain.

III.

But Shepherd beware,
Though a Victor you are;
A Tyrant was never secure in his Throne;
 Whilst proudly you aim
 New Conquests to gain,
Some hard-hearted Nymph may return you your own.

[Pg 174]

***On a Copy of Verses made in a Dream, and sent to me in a Morning before
I was Awake.***

Amyntas, if your Wit in Dreams
Can furnish you with Theams,
What must it do when your Soul looks abroad,
Quick'nd with Agitations of the Sence,
And dispossesst of Sleeps dull heavy Load,

When ev'ry Syllable has Eloquence?
And if by Chance such Wounds you make,
And in your Sleep such welcome Mischiefs do;
What are your Pow'rs when you're awake,
Directed by Design and Reason too?

I slept, as duller Mortals use,
Without the Musick of a Thought,
When by a gentle Breath, soft as thy Muse,
Thy Name to my glad Ear was brought:
Amyntas! cry'd the Page—And at the Sound,
My list'ning Soul unusual Pleasure found.
So the Harmonius *Spheres* surprize,
Whilst the All-Ravish'd *Shepherd* gazes round,
And wonders whence the Charms should rise,
That can at once both please and wound.
Whilst trembling I unript the *Seal*
Of what you'd sent,
My Heart with an Impatient Zeal,
Without my Eyes, would needs reveal
Its Bus'ness and Intent.

[Pg 175]

But so beyond the *Sence* they were
Of ev'ry scribbling Lovers common Art,
That now I find an equal share
Of Love and Admiration in my Heart.
And while I read, in vain I strove
To hide the Pleasure which I took;
Bellarion saw in ev'ry Look
My smiling Joy and blushing Love.
Soft ev'ry word, easie each Line, and true;
Brisk, witty, manly, strong and gay;
The Thoughts are tender all, and new,
And Fancy ev'ry where does gently play,
Amyntas, if you thus go on,
Like an unwearied Conqueror day and night,
The World at last must be undone.
You do not only kill at sight,
But like a *Parthian* in your flight,
Whether you Rally or Retreat,
You still have Arrows for Defeat.

To my Lady Morland at Tunbridge.

As when a Conqu'rour does in Triumph come,
And proudly leads the vanquish'd Captives home,
The Joyful People croud in ev'ry Street,
And with loud shouts of Praise the Victor greet;
While some whom Chance or Fortune kept away,
Desire at least the Story of the Day;
How brave the Prince, how gay the Chariot was,
How beautiful he look'd, with what a Grace;
Whether upon his Head he Plumes did wear;
Or if a Wreath of Bays adorn'd his Hair:
They hear 'tis wondrous fine, and long much more
To see the *Hero* then they did before.
So when the Marvels by Report I knew,
Of how much Beauty, *Cloris*, dwelt in you;
How many *Slaves* your Conqu'ring Eyes had won,
And how the gazing Crowd admiring throng:
I wish'd to see, and much a Lover grew
Of so much Beauty, though my Rivals too.
I came and saw, and blest my Destiny;
I found it Just you should out-Rival me.
'Twas at the Altar, where more Hearts were giv'n
To you that day, then were address'd to Heav'n.
The Rev'rend Man whose Age and Mystery
Had rendred Youth and Beauty Vanity,
By fatal Chance casting his Eyes your way,
Mistook the duller Bus'ness of the Day,
Forgot the Gospel, and began to Pray.
Whilst the Enamour'd Crowd that near you prest,
Receiving *Darts* which none could e'er resist,
Neglected the Mistake o'th' Love-sick Priest.
Ev'n my Devotion, *Cloris*, you betray'd,

[Pg 176]

}
}
}
}
}
}

And I to Heaven no other Petition made,
But that you might all other Nymphs out-do
In Cruelty as well as Beauty too.
I call'd *Amyntas* Faithless *Swain* before,
But now I find 'tis Just he should Adore.
Not to love you, a wonder sure would be,
Greater then all his Perjuries to me.
And whilst I Blame him, I Excuse him too;
Who would not venture Heav'n to purchase you?
But Charming *Cloris*, you too meanly prize
The more deserving Glories of your Eyes,
If you permit him on an Amorous score,
To be your *Slave*, who was my *Slave* before.
He oft has Fetters worn, and can with ease
Admit 'em or dismiss 'em when he please.
A Virgin-Heart you merit, that ne'er found
It could receive, till from your Eyes, the *Wound*;
A Heart that nothing but your Force can fear,
And own a *Soul* as Great as you are Fair.

[Pg 177]

Song to Ceres. In the Wavering Nymph, or Mad Amyntas.

I.

Ceres, Great Goddess of the bounteous Year,
Who load'st the Teeming Earth with Gold and Grain,
Blessing the Labours of th' Industrious *Swain*,
And to their Plaints inclin'st thy gracious Ear:
Behold two fair *Cicilian* Lovers lie
Prostrate before thy Deity;
Imploring thou wilt grant the Just Desires
Of two Chaste Hearts that burn with equal Fires.

II.

Amyntas he, brave, generous and young;
Whom yet no Vice his Youth has e'er betray'd:
And Chaste *Urania* is the Lovely Maid;
His Daughter who has serv'd thy Altars long,
As thy High Priest: A *Dowry* he demands
At the young Amorous Shepherds hands:
Say, gentle Goddess, what the Youth must give,
E'er the Bright Maid he can from thee receive.

Song in the same Play, by the Wavering Nymph.

Pan, grant that I may never prove
So great a *Slave* to fall in love,
And to an Unknown *Deity*
Resign my happy Liberty:
I love to see the Amorous *Swains*
Unto my Scorn their Hearts resign:
With Pride I see the Meads and Plains
Throng'd all with *Slaves*, and they all mine:
Whilst I the whining Fools despise,
That pay their Homage to my Eyes.

[Pg 178]

The Disappointment.

I.

One day the Amorous *Lysander*
By an impatient Passion sway'd,
Surpriz'd fair *Cloris*, that lov'd Maid,
Who could defend her self no longer.
All things did with his Love conspire;
The gilded Planet of the Day,
In his gay Chariot drawn by Fire,
Was now descending to the Sea,
And left no Light to guide the World,
But what from *Cloris* Brighter Eyes was hurld.

II.

In a lone Thicket made for Love,

Silent as yielding Maids Consent,
She with a Charming Languishment,
Permits his Force, yet gently strove;
Her Hands his Bosom softly meet,
But not to put him back design'd,
Rather to draw 'em on inclin'd:
Whilst he lay trembling at her Feet,
Resistance 'tis in vain to show;
She wants the pow'r to say—*Ah! What d'ye do?*

III.

Her Bright Eyes sweet, and yet severe,
Where Love and Shame confus'dly strive,
Fresh Vigor to *Lysander* give;
And breathing faintly in his Ear,
She cry'd—*Cease, Cease—your vain Desire,*
Or I'll call out—What would you do?
My Dearer Honour ev'n to You
I cannot, must not give—Retire,
Or take this Life, whose chiefest part
I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.

[Pg 179]

IV.

But he as much unus'd to Fear,
As he was capable of Love,
The blessed minutes to improve,
Kisses her Mouth, her Neck, her Hair;
Each Touch her new Desire Alarms,
His burning trembling Hand he prest
Upon her swelling Snowy Brest,
While she lay panting in his Arms.
All her Unguarded Beauties lie
The Spoils and Trophies of the Enemy.

V.

And now without Respect or Fear,
He seeks the Object of his Vows,
(His Love no Modesty allows)
By swift degrees advancing—where
His daring Hand that Altar seiz'd,
Where Gods of Love do sacrifice:
That Awful Throne, that Paradise
Where Rage is calm'd, and Anger pleas'd;
That Fountain where Delight still flows,
And gives the Universal World Repose.

VI.

Her Balmy Lips encount'ring his,
Their Bodies, as their Souls, are joyn'd;
Where both in Transports Unconfi'd
Extend themselves upon the Moss.
Cloris half dead and breathless lay;
Her soft Eyes cast a Humid Light,
Such as divides the Day and Night;
Or falling Stars, whose Fires decay:
And now no signs of Life she shows,
But what in short-breath'd Sighs returns and goes.

[Pg 180]

VII.

He saw how at her Length she lay;
He saw her rising Bosom bare;
Her loose thin *Robes*, through which appear
A Shape design'd for Love and Play;
Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame.
She does her softest Joys dispence,
Off'ring her Virgin-Innocence
A Victim to Loves Sacred Flame;
While the o'er-Ravish'd Shepherd lies
Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

VIII.

Ready to taste a thousand Joys,
The too transported hapless Swain
Found the vast Pleasure turn'd to Pain;
Pleasure which too much Love destroys
The willing Garments by he laid,
And Heaven all open'd to his view.
Mad to possess, himself he threw
On the Defenceless Lovely Maid.
But Oh what envying God conspires
To snatch his Power, yet leave him the Desire!

IX.

Nature's Support, (without whose Aid
She can no Humane Being give)
It self now wants the Art to live;
Faintness its slack'ned Nerves invade:
In vain th' intraged Youth essay'd
To call its fleeting Vigor back,
No motion 'twill from Motion take;
Excess of Love his Love betray'd:
In vain he Toils, in vain Commands
The Insensible fell weeping in his Hand.

[Pg 181]

X.

In this so Amorous Cruel Strife,
Where Love and Fate were too severe,
The poor *Lysander* in despair
Renounc'd his Reason with his Life:
Now all the brisk and active Fire
That should the Nobler Part inflame,
Serv'd to increase his Rage and Shame,
And left no Spark for New Desire:
Not all her Naked Charms cou'd move
Or calm that Rage that had debauch'd his Love.

XI.

Cloris returning from the Trance
Which Love and soft Desire had bred,
Her timorous Hand she gently laid
(Or guided by Design or Chance)
Upon that Fabulous *Priapus*;
That Potent God, as Poets feign;
But never did young *Shepherdess*,
Gath'ring of Fern upon the Plain,
More nimbly draw her Fingers back,
Finding beneath the verdant Leaves a Snake:

XII.

Than *Cloris* her fair Hand withdrew,
Finding that God of her Desires
Disarm'd of all his Awful Fires,
And Cold as Flow'rs bath'd in the Morning Dew.
Who can the *Nymph's* Confusion guess?
The Blood forsook the hinder Place,
And strew'd with Blushes all her Face,
Which both Disdain and Shame exprest:
And from *Lysander's* Arms she fled,
Leaving him fainting on the Gloomy Bed.

[Pg 182]

XIII.

Like Lightning through the Grove she hies,
Or *Daphne* from the *Delphick God*,
No Print upon the grassey Road
She leaves, t' instruct Pursuing Eyes.
The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,
And with her Ruffled Garments plaid,
Discover'd in the Flying Maid
All that the Gods e'er made, if Fair.
So *Venus*, when her *Love* was slain,
With Fear and Haste flew o'er the Fatal Plain.

The *Nymph's* Resentments none but I
 Can well Imagine or Condole:
 But none can guess *Lysander's* Soul,
 But those who sway'd his Destiny.
 His silent Griefs swell up to Storms,
 And not one God his Fury spares;
 He curs'd his Birth, his Fate, his Stars;
 But more the *Shepherdess's* Charms,
 Whose soft bewitching Influence
 Had Damn'd him to the *Hell* of Impotence.

On a Locket of Hair Wove in a True-Loves Knot, given me by Sir R. O.

What means this Knot, in Mystick Order Ty'd,
 And which no Humane Knowledge can divide?
 Not the Great Conqu'rouns Sword can this undo
 Whose very Beauty would divert the Blow.

Bright Relique! Shrouded in a Shrine of Gold!
 Less Myst'ry made a Deity of Old.

Fair Charmer! Tell me by what pow'rful Spell
 You into this Confused Order fell?

If Magick could be wrought on things Divine,
 Some *Amorous Sybil* did thy Form design
 In some soft hour, which the Prophetick Maid
 In Nobler Mysteries of Love employ'd.

Wrought thee a Hieroglyphick, to express
 The wanton God in all his Tenderness;
 Thus shaded, and thus all adorn'd with Charms,
 Harmless, Unfletch'd, without Offensive Arms,
 He us'd of Old in shady Groves to Play,
 E'er *Swains* broke Vows, or *Nymphs* were vain and coy,
 Or Love himself had Wings to fly away.

Or was it (his Almighty Pow'r to prove)
 Design'd a Quiver for the God of Love?
 And all these shining Hairs which th'inspir'd Maid
 Has with such strange Mysterious Fancy laid,
 Are meant his Shafts; the subt'lest surest Darts
 That ever Conqu'red or Secur'd his Hearts;
 Darts that such tender Passions do convey,
 Not the young Wounder is more soft than they.

'Tis so; the Riddle I at last have learn'd:
 But found it when I was too far concern'd.

The Dream. A Song.

I.

The Grove was gloomy all around,
 Murm'ring the Streams did pass,
 Where fond *Astrae* laid her down
 Upon a Bed of Grass.

I slept and saw a piteous sight,
Cupid a weeping lay,
 Till both his little Stars of Light
 Had wept themselves away.

II.

Methought I ask'd him why he cry'd,
 My Pity led me on:
 All sighing the sad Boy reply'd,
 Alas I am undone!

As I beneath yon Myrtles lay,
 Down by *Diana's* Springs,
Amyntas stole my Bow away,
 And Pinion'd both my Wings.

III.

Alas! cry'd I, 'twas then thy Darts
 Wherewith he wounded me:

[Pg 183]

}
 }
 }

[Pg 184]

Thou Mighty *Deity* of Hearts,
He stole his Pow'r from thee.

Revenge thee, if a God thou be,
Upon the *Amorous Swain*;
I'll set thy Wings at Liberty,
And thou shalt fly again.

IV.

And for this Service on my Part,
All I implore of thee,
Is, That thou't wound *Amyntas* Heart,
And make him die for me.

His Silken Fetters I Unty'd,
And the gay Wings display'd;
Which gently fann'd, he mounts and cry'd,
Farewel fond easy Maid.

V.

At this I blush'd, and angry grew
I should a God believe;
And waking found my Dream too true,
Alas I was a Slave.

A letter to a Brother of the Pen in Tribulation.

[Pg 185]

Poor *Damon*! Art thou caught? Is't e'vn so?
Art thou become a ^[1]*Tabernacler* too?
Where sure thou dost not mean to Preach or Pray,
Unless it be the clean contrary way:
This holy^[2] time I little thought thy sin
Deserv'd a *Tub* to do its Penance in.
O how you'll for th' *Egyptian Flesh-pots* wish,
When you'r half-famish'd with your Lenten-dish,
Your *Almonds, Currans, Biskets* hard and dry,
Food that will Soul and Body mortifie:
Damn'd Penetential Drink, that will infuse
Dull Principles into thy Grateful Muse.
—Pox on't that you must needs be fooling now,
Just when the Wits had greatest^[3] need of you.
Was Summer then so long a coming on,
That you must make an Artificial one?
Much good may't do thee; but 'tis thought thy Brain
E'er long will wish for cooler Days again.
For Honesty no more will I engage:
I durst have sworn thou'dst had thy Pusillage.
Thy Looks the whole Cabal have cheated too;
But thou wilt say, most of the Wits do so.
Is this thy writing^[4] Plays? who thought thy Wit
An Interlude of Whoring would admit?
To Poetry no more thou'lt be inclin'd,
Unless in Verse to damn all Womankind:
And 'tis but Just thou shouldst in Rancor grow
Against that Sex that has Confin'd thee so.

All things in Nature now are Brisk and Gay
At the Approaches of the *Blooming May*:
The new-fletch'd Birds do in our Arbors sing
A Thousand Airs to welcome in the Spring;
Whilst ev'ry Swain is like a Bridegroom drest,
And ev'ry Nymph as going to a Feast:
The Meadows now their flowry Garments wear,
And ev'ry Grove does in its Pride appear:
Whilst thou poor *Damon* in close Rooms are pent,
Where hardly thy own Breath can find a vent.
Yet that too is a Heaven, compar'd to th' Task
Of Codling every Morning in a Cask.

Now I could curse this Female, but I know,
She needs it not, that thus cou'd handle you.
Besides, that Vengeance does to thee belong.
And 'twere Injustice to disarm thy Tongue.
Curse then, dear Swain, that all the Youth may hear,

[Pg 186]

And from thy dire Mishap be taught to fear.
Curse till thou hast undone the Race, and all
That did contribute to thy Spring and Fall.

[1] *So he called a Sweating-Tub.*

[2] *Lent.*

[3] *I wanted a Prologue to a Play.*

[4] *He pretended to Retire to Write.*

The Reflection: A Song.

I.

Poor Lost *Serena*, to Bemoan
The Rigor of her Fate,
High'd to a Rivers-side alone,
Upon whose Brinks she sat.
Her Eyes, as if they would have spar'd,
The Language of her Tongue,
In Silent Tears a while declar'd
The Sense of all her wrong.

II.

But they alas too feeble were,
Her Grief was swoln too high
To be Exprest in Sighs and Tears;
She must or speak or dye.
And thus at last she did complain,
Is this the Faith, said she,
Which thou allowest me, *Cruel Swain*,
For that I gave to thee?

III.

[Pg 187]

Heaven knows with how much Innocence
I did my Soul Incline
To thy Soft Charmes of Eloquence,
And gave thee what was mine.
I had not one Reserve in Store,
But at thy Feet I lay'd
Those Arms that Conquer'd heretofore,
Tho' now thy Trophies made.

IV.

Thy Eyes in Silence told their Tale
Of Love in such a way,
That 'twas as easie to Prevail,
As after to Betray.
And when you spoke my Listning Soul,
Was on the Flattery Hung:
And I was lost without Controul,
Such Musick grac'd thy Tongue.

V.

Alas how long in vain you strove
My coldness to divert!
How long besieg'd it round with Love,
Before you won the Heart.
What Arts you us'd, what Presents made,
What Songs, what Letters writ:
And left no Charm that cou'd invade,
Or with your Eyes or Wit.

VI.

Till by such Obligations Prest,
By such dear Perjuries won:
I heedlesly Resign'd the rest,
And quickly was undone.
For as my Kindling Flames increase,
Yours glimmeringly decay:
The Rifled Joys no more can Please,
That once oblig'd your Stay.

[Pg 188]

VII.

Witness ye Springs, ye Meads and Groves,
 Who oft were conscious made
 To all our Hours and Vows of Love;
 Witness how I'm Betray'd.
 Trees drop your Leaves, be Gay no more,
 Ye Rivers waste and drye:
 Whilst on your Melancholy Shore,
 I lay me down and dye.

SONG. To Pesibles Tune.

I.

'Twas when the Fields were gay,
 The Groves and every Tree:
 Just when the God of Day,
 Grown weary of his Sway,
 Descended to the Sea,
 And Gloomy Light around did all the World survey.
 'Twas then the Hapless Swain,
Amyntas, to Complain
 Of *Silvia's* cold Disdain,
 Retir'd to Silent Shades;
 Where by a Rivers Side,
 His Tears did swell the Tide,
 As he upon the Brink was lay'd.

II.

Ye Gods, he often cry'd,
 Why did your Powers design
 In *Silvia* so much Pride,
 Such Falshood too beside,
 With Beauty so Divine?
 Why should so much of Hell with so much Heaven joyn?
 Be witness every Shade,
 How oft the lovely Maid
 Her tender Vows has paid;
 Yet with the self-same Breath,
 With which so oft before,
 And solemnly she swore,
 Pronounces now *Amyntas* Death.

[Pg 189]

III.

But, Charming *Nymph*, beware,
 Whilst *I* your Victim die,
 Some One, my Perjur'd Fair,
 Revenging my Despair,
 Will prove as false to thee;
 Which yet my wandring Ghost wou'd look more pale to see.
 For I shall break my Tomb,
 And nightly as I rome,
 Shall to my *Silvia* come,
 And show the Piteous Sight;
 My bleeding Bosom too,
 Which wounds were given by you;
 Then vanish in the Shades of Night.

SONG.

On her Loving Two Equally. Set by Captain Pack.

I.

How strongly does my Passion flow,
 Divided equally 'twixt two?
Damon had ne'er subdu'd my Heart,
 Had not *Alexis* took his part;
 Nor cou'd *Alexis* pow'rful prove.
 Without my *Damons* Aid, to gain my Love.

II.

When my *Alexis* present is,
Then I for *Damon* sigh and mourn;
But when *Alexis* I do miss,
Damon gains nothing but my Scorn.
But if it chance they both are by,
For both alike I languish, sigh, and die.

[Pg 190]

III.

Cure then, thou mighty winged God,
This restless Feaver in my Blood;
One Golden-Pointed Dart take back:
But which, O *Cupid*, wilt thou take?
If *Damons*, all my Hopes are crost;
Or that of my *Alexis*, I am lost.

The Counsel. A Song. Set by Captain Pack.

I.

A Pox upon this needless Scorn:
Sylvia, for shame the Cheat give o'er:
The End to which the Fair are born,
Is not to keep their Charms in store:
But lavishly dispose in haste
Of Joys which none but Youth improve;
Joys which decay when Beauty's past;
And who, when Beauty's past, will love?

II.

When Age those Glories shall deface,
Revenging all your cold Disdain;
And *Sylvia* shall neglected pass,
By every once-admiring Swain;
And we no more shall Homage pay:
When you in vain too late shall burn,
If Love increase, and Youth decay,
Ah *Sylvia*! who will make Return?

III.

[Pg 191]

Then haste, my *Sylvia*, to the Grove,
Where all the Sweets of *May* conspire
To teach us ev'ry Art of Love,
And raise our Joys of Pleasure higher:
Where while embracing we shall lie
Loosly in Shades on Beds of Flow'rs,
The duller World while we defie,
Years will be Minutes, Ages Hours.

SONG.

The Surprize. Set by Mr. Farmer.

I.

Phillis, whose Heart was Unconfin'd,
And free as Flow'rs on Meads and Plains,
None boasted of her being Kind,
'Mong'st all the languishing and amorous Swains.
No Sighs or Tears the *Nymph* cou'd move,
To pity or return their Love.

II.

Till on a time the hapless Maid
Retir'd to shun the Heat o'th' Day
Into a Grove, beneath whose shade
Strephon the careless *Shepherd* sleeping lay:
But O such Charms the Youth adorn,
Love is reveng'd for all her Scorn.

III.

Her Cheeks with Blushes cover'd were,
And tender Sighs her Bosom warm,

A Softness in her Eyes appear;
Unusual Pain she feels from ev'ry Charm:
To Woods and Ecchoes now she cries,
For Modesty to speak denies.

SONG.

[Pg 192]

I.

Ah! what can mean that eager Joy
Transports my Heart when you appear?
Ah, *Strephon!* you my Thoughts imploy
In all that's Charming, all that's Dear.
When you your pleasing Story tell,
A Softness does invade each Part,
And I with Blushes own I feel
Something too tender at my Heart.

II.

At your approach my Blushes rise,
And I at once both wish and fear;
My wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes,
As it would prattle Stories there.
Take, take that Heart that needs must go;
But, *Shepherd,* see it kindly us'd:
For who such Presents will bestow,
If this, alas! should be abus'd?

The Invitation: A Song.

To a New Scotch Tune.

I.

Come, my *Phillis,* let us improve
Both our Joyes of Equal Love:
While we in yonder Shady Grove,
Count Minutes by our Kisses.
See the Flowers how sweetly they spread,
And each Resigns his Gawdy Head,
To make for us a Fragrant Bed,
To practice o'er New Blissess.

II.

The Sun it self with Love does conspire,
And sends abroad his ardent Fire,
And kindly seems to bid us retire,
And shade us from his Glory;
Then come, my *Phillis,* do not fear;
All that your Swain desires there,
Is by those Eyes anew to swear
How much he does adore ye.

[Pg 193]

III.

Phillis, in vain you shed those Tears;
Why do you blush? Oh speak your Fears!
There's none but your *Amyntas* hears:
What means this pretty Passion?
Can you fear your Favours will cloy
Those that the Blessing does enjoy?
Ah no! such needless Thoughts destroy:
This Nicety's out of Fashion.

IV.

When thou hast done, by *Pan* I swear,
Thou wilt unto my Eyes appear
A thousand times more Charming and Fair,
Then thou wert to my first Desire:
That Smile was kind, and now thou'rt wise,
To throw away this Coy Disguise,
And by the vigor of thy Eyes,
Declare thy Youth and Fire.

Silvio's Complaint: A Song.

To a Fine Scotch Tune.

I.

In the Blooming Time o'th' year,
In the Royal Month of *May*:
Au the Heaves were glad and clear,
Au the Earth was Fresh and Gay.
A noble Youth but all Forlorn,
Lig'd Sighing by a Spring:
'Twere better I's was nere Born,
Ere wisht to be a King.

[Pg 194]

II.

Then from his Starry Eyne,
Muckle Showers of Christal Fell:
To bedew the Roses Fine,
That on his Cheeks did dwell.
And ever 'twixt his Sighs he'd cry,
How Bonny a Lad I'd been,
Had I, weys me, nere Aim'd high,
Or wisht to be a King.

III.

With Dying Cloudy Looks,
Au the Fields and Groves he kens:
Au the Gleeding Murmuring Brooks,
(Noo his Unambitious Friends)
Tol which he eance with Mickle Cheer
His Bleating Flocks woud bring:
And crys, woud God I'd dy'd here,
Ere wisht to be a King.

IV.

How oft in Yonder Mead,
Cover'd ore with Painted Flowers:
Au the Dancing Youth I've led,
Where we past our Blether Hours.
In Yonder Shade, in Yonder Grove,
How Blest the *Nymphs* have been:
Ere I for Pow'r Debaucht Love,
Or wisht to be a King.

V.

Not add the *Arcadian Swains*,
In their Pride and Glory Clad:
Not au the Spacious Plains,
Ere cou'd Boast a Bleether Lad.
When ere I Pip'd, or Danc'd, or Ran,
Or leapt, or whirl'd the Sling:
The Flowry Wreaths I still won,
And wisht to be a King.

[Pg 195]

VI.

But Curst be yon Tall Oak,
And Old *Thirsis* be accurst:
There I first my peace forsook,
There I learnt Ambition first.
Such Glorious Songs of *Hero's* Crown'd,
The Restless Swain woud Sing:
My Soul unknown desires found,
And Languisht to be King.

VII.

Ye Garlands, wither now,
Fickle Glories, vanish all:
Ye Wreaths that deckt my Brow,
To the ground neglected fall.

No more my sweet Repose molest,
Nor to my Fancies bring
The Golden Dreams of being Blest
With Titles of a King.

VIII.

Ye Noble Youths, beware,
Shun Ambitious powerful Tales:
Destructive, False, and Fair,
Like the Oceans Flattering Gales.
See how my Youth and Glories lye,
Like Blasted Flowers i'th' Spring:
My Fame, Renown, and all dye,
For wishing to be King.

In Imitation of Horace.

I.

What mean those Amorous Curles of Jet?
For what Heart-Ravisht Maid
Dost thou thy Hair in order set,
Thy Wanton Tresses Braid?
And thy vast Store of Beauties open lay,
That the deluded Fancy leads astray.

[Pg 196]

II.

For pittty hide thy Starry eyes,
Whose Languishments destroy:
And look not on the Slave that dyes
With an Excess of Joy.
Defend thy Coral Lips, thy Amber Breath;
To taste these Sweets lets in a Certain Death.

III.

Forbear, fond Charming Youth, forbear,
Thy words of Melting Love:
Thy Eyes thy Language well may spare,
One Dart enough can move.
And she that hears thy voice and sees thy Eyes
With too much Pleasure, too much Softness dies.

IV.

Cease, Cease, with Sighs to warm my Soul,
Or press me with thy Hand:
Who can the kindling fire controul,
The tender force withstand?
Thy Sighs and Touches like wing'd Lightning fly,
And are the Gods of Loves Artillery.

To Lysander, who made some Verses on a Discourse of Loves Fire.

I.

In vain, dear Youth, you say you love,
And yet my Marks of Passion blame:
Since Jealousie alone can prove,
The surest Witness of my Flame:
And she who without that, a Love can vow,
Believe me, *Shepherd*, does not merit you.

II.

[Pg 197]

Then give me leave to doubt, that Fire
I kindle, may another warm:
A Face that cannot move Desire,
May serve at least to end the Charm:
Love else were Witchcraft, that on malice bent,
Denies ye Joys, or makes ye Impotent.

III.

'Tis true, when Cities are on Fire,
Men never wait for Christal Springs;
But to the Neighb'ring Pools retire;
Which nearest, best Assistance brings;
And serves as well to quench the raging Flame,
As if from God-delighting Streams it came.

IV.

A Fancy strong may do the Feat
Yet this to Love a Riddle is,
And shows that Passion but a Cheat;
Which Men but with their Tongues Confess.
For 'tis a Maxime in Loves learned School,
Who blows the Fire, the flame can only Rule.

V.

Though Honour does your Wish deny,
Honour! the Foe to your Repose;
Yet 'tis more Noble far to dye,
Then break Loves known and Sacred Laws:
What Lover wou'd pursue a single Game,
That cou'd amongst the Fair deal out his flame?

VI.

Since then, *Lysander*, you desire,
Amynta only to adore;
Take in no Partners to your Fire,
For who well Loves, that Loves one more?
And if such Rivals in your Heart I find,
Tis in My Power to die, but not be kind.

A Dialogue for an Entertainment at Court, between Damon and Sylvia.

[Pg 198]

Damon.

Ah, *Sylvia*! if I still pursue,
Whilst you in vain your Scorn improve;
What wonders might your Eies not do:
If they would dress themselves in *Love*.

Sylvia.

Shepherd, you urge my Love in vain,
For I can ne'er Reward your pain;
A *Slave* each Smile of mine can win,
And all my softning Darts,
When e'er I please, can bring me in
A Thousand Yeilding Hearts.

Damon.

Yet if those *Slaves* you treat with Cruelty,
'Tis an Inglorious Victory;
And those unhappy *Swaines* you so subdue,
May Learn at last to scorn, as well as you;
Your Beauty though the Gods design'd
Shou'd be Ador'd by all below;
Yet if you want a God-like Pittying Mind,
Our Adoration soon will colder grow:
'Tis Pitty makes a Deity,
Ah, *Sylvia*! daine to pitty me,
And I will worship none but thee.

Sylvia.

Perhaps I may your Councel take,
And Pitty, tho' not Love, for *Damons* sake;
Love is a Flame my Heart ne'er knew,
Nor knows how to begin to burn for you.

Damon.

[Pg 199]

Ah, *Sylvia*, who's the happy *Swain*,
For whom that Glory you ordain!

Has *Strephon, Pithius, Hilus*, more
Of Youth, of Love, or Flocks a greater store?
My flame pursues you too, with that Address,
Which they want Passion to Profess:
Ah then make some Returns my Charming *Shepherdess*.

Sylvia.

Too Faithful *Shepherd*, I will try my Heart,
And if I can will give you part.

Damon.

Oh that was like your self exprest,
Give me but part, and I will steal the rest.

Sylvia.

Take care, *Young Swain*, you treat it well,
If you wou'd have it in your Bosom dwell;
Now let us to the Shades Retreat,
Where all the *Nymphs* and *Shepherds* meet.

Damon.

And give me there your leave my Pride to show,
For having but the hopes of Conquering you;
Where all the *Swaines* shall Passion learn of me:
And all the *Nymphs* to bless like thee.

Sylvia.

Where every Grace I will bestow,
And every Look and Smile, shall show
How much above the rest I value you.

Damon.

And I those Blessings will improve;
By constant Faith, and tender Love.

[A Chorus of Satyrs and Nymphs made by another hand.]

On Mr. J. H. In a Fit of Sickness.

[Pg 200]

I.

If when the God of Day retires,
The Pride of all the Spring decays and dies:
Wanting those Life-begetting Fires
From whence they draw their Excellencies;
Each little Flower hangs down its Gawdy Head,
Losing the Luster which it did Retain;
No longer will its fragrant face be spread,
But Languishes into a Bud again:
So with the Sighing Crowd it fares
Since you, *Amyntas*, have your Eies withdrawn,
Ours Lose themselves in Silent Tears,
Our days are Melancholy Dawn;
The *Groves* are Unfrequented now,
The Shady Walks are all Forlorn;
Who still were throng to gaze on you:
With *Nymphs*, whom your Retirement has undone.

II.

Our Bag-pipes now away are flung,
Our Flocks a Wandering go;
Garlands neglected on the Boughs are hung,
That us'd to adorn each Chearful Brow,
Forsaken looks the enameld *May*:
And all its wealth Uncourted dies;
Each little Bird forgets its wonted Lay,
That Sung Good Morrow to the welcome Day.
Or rather to thy Lovely Eies.
The Cooling Streams do backward glide:
Since on their Banks they saw not thee,

Losing the Order of their Tide,
And Murmuring chide thy Cruelty;
Then hast to lose themselves i'th' Angry Sea.

III.

[Pg 201]

Thus every thing in its Degree,
Thy sad Retreat Deplore;
Hast then *Amyntas*, and Restore;
The whole Worlds Loss in thee.
For like an Eastern Monarch, when you go,
(If such a Fate the World must know)
A Beautious and a Numerous Host
Of Love-sick Maids, will wait upon thy Ghost;
And Death that Secret will Reveal,
Which Pride and Shame did here Conceal;
Live then thou Loveliest of the Plaines,
Thou Beauty of the Envyng *Swaines*;
Whose Charms even Death it self wou'd court,
And of his Solemn Business make a Sport.

IV.

In Pity to each Sighing Maid,
Revive, come forth, be Gay and Glad;
Let the Young God of Love implore,
In Pity lend him Darts,
For when thy Charming Eies shall shoot no more;
He'll lose his Title of the God of Hearts.
In Pity to *Astrea* live,
Astrea, whom from all the Sighing Throng,
You did your oft-won Garlands give:
For which she paid you back in Grateful Song:
Astrea who did still the Glory boast,
To be ador'd by thee, and to adore thee most.

V.

With Pride she saw her Rivals Sigh and Pine,
And vainly cry'd, The lovely Youth is mine!
By all thy Charms *I* do Conjure thee, live;
By all the Joys thou canst receive, and give:
By each Recess and Shade where thou and I,
Loves Secrets did Unfold;
And did the dull Unloving World defy:
Whilst each the Hearts fond Story told.
If all these Conjurations nought Prevail,
Not Prayers or Sighs, or Tears avail,
But Heaven has Destin'd we Depriv'd must be,
Of so much *Youth, Wit, Beauty*, and of Thee;
I will the Deaf and Angry Powers defie,
Curse thy Decease, Bless thee, and with thee die.

[Pg 202]

***To Lysander, on some Verses he writ, and asking more for his Heart then
'twas worth.***

I.

Take back that Heart, you with such Caution give,
Take the fond valu'd Trifle back;
I hate Love-Merchants that a Trade wou'd drive;
And meanly cunning Bargains make.

II.

I care not how the busy Market goes,
And scorn to Chaffer for a price:
Love does one Staple Rate on all impose,
Nor leaves it to the Traders Choice.

III.

A Heart requires a Heart Unfeign'd and True,
Though Subt'ly you advance the Price,
And ask a Rate that Simple Love ne'er knew:
And the free Trade Monopolize.

IV.

An Humble *Slave* the Buyer must become,
 She must not bate a Look or Glance,
 You will have all, or you'll have none;
 See how Loves Market you inhaunce.

V.

Is't not enough, I gave you Heart for Heart,
 But I must add my Lips and Eies;
 I must no friendly Smile or Kiss impart;
 But you must *Dun* me with Advice.

[Pg 203]

VI.

And every Hour still more unjust you grow,
 Those Freedoms you my life deny,
 You to *Adraste* are oblig'd to show,
 And give her all my Rifled Joy.

VII.

Without Controul she gazes on that Face,
 And all the happy Envyed Night,
 In the pleas'd Circle of your fond imbrace:
 She takes away the Lovers Right.

VIII.

From me she Ravishes those silent hours,
 That are by Sacred Love my due;
 Whilst *I* in vain accuse the angry Powers,
 That make me hopeless Love pursue.

IX.

Adrastes Ears with that dear Voice are blest,
 That Charms my Soul at every Sound,
 And with those *Love-Inchanting* Touches prest,
 Which *I* ne'er felt without a Wound.

X.

She has thee all: whilst *I* with silent Greif,
 The Fragments of thy Softness feel,
 Yet dare not blame the happy licenc'd Thief:
 That does my Dear-bought Pleasures steal.

XI.

Whilst like a Glimering Taper still *I* burn,
 And waste my self in my own flame,
Adraste takes the welcome rich Return:
 And leaves me all the hopeless Pain.

XII.

Be just, my lovely *Swain*, and do not take
 Freedoms you'll not to me allow;
 Or give *Amynta* so much Freedom back:
 That she may Rove as well as you.

[Pg 204]

XIII.

Let us then love upon the honest Square,
 Since Interest neither have design'd,
 For the sly Gamester, who ne'er plays me fair,
 Must Trick for Trick expect to find.

To the Honourable Edward Howard, on his Comedy called The New Utopia.

I.

Beyond the Merit of the Age,
 You have adorn'd the Stage;

So from rude Farce, to Comick Order brought,
 Each Action, and each Thought;
 To so Sublime a Method, as yet none
 (But Mighty *Ben* alone)
 Cou'd e'er arive, and he at distance too;
 Were he alive he must resign to you:
 You have out-done what e'er he writ,
 In this last great Example of your Wit.
 Your *Solymour* does his *Morose* destroy,
 And your *Black Page* undoes his *Barbers Boy*;
 All his Collegiate Ladies must retire,
 While we thy braver *Heroins* do admire.
 This new *Utopia* rais'd by thee,
 Shall stand a Structure to be wondered at,
 And men shall cry, this—this—is he
 Who that Poetick City did create:
 Of which *Moor* only did the Model draw,
 You did Compleat that little World, and gave it Law.

II.

[Pg 205]

If you too great a Prospect doe allow
 To those whom Ignorance does at distance Seat,
 'Tis not to say, the Object is less great,
 But they want sight to apprehend it so:
 The ancient Poets in their times,
 When thro' the Peopl'd Streets they sung their Rhimes,
 Found small applause; they sung but still were poor;
 Repeated Wit enough at every door.
 T'have made 'em demy Gods! but 'twou'd not do,
 Till Ages more refin'd esteem'd 'em so.
 The Modern Poets have with like Success,
 Quitted the Stage, and Sallyed from the Press.
 Great *Johnson* scarce a Play brought forth,
 But Monster-like it frighted at its Birth:
 Yet he continued still to write,
 And still his Satyr did more sharply bite.
 He writ tho certain of his Doom,
 Knowing his Pow'r in Comedy:
 To please a wiser Age to come:
 And though he Weapons wore to Justify
 The reasons of his Pen; he cou'd not bring,
 Dull Souls to Sense by Satyr, nor by Cudgelling.

III.

In vain the Errors of the Times,
 You strive by wholesom Precepts to Confute,
 Not all your Pow'r in Prose or Rhimes,
 Can finish the Dispute:
 'Twixt those that damn, and those that do admire:
 The heat of your Poetick fire.
 Your Soul of Thought you may employ
 A Nobler way,
 Then in revenge upon a Multitude,
 Whose Ignorance only makes 'em rude.
 Shou'd you that Justice do,
 You must for ever bid adieu,
 To Poetry divine,
 And ev'ry Muse o'th' Nine:
 For Malice then with Ignorance would join,
 And so undo the World and You:
 So ravish from us that delight,
 Of seeing the Wonders which you Write:
 And all your Glories unadmir'd must lye,
 As Vestal Beauties are Intomb'd before they dye.

[Pg 206]

IV.

Consider and Consult your Wit,
 Despise those Ills you must indure:
 And raise your Scorne as great as it,
 Be Confident and then Secure.
 And let your rich-fraught Pen,
 Adventure our again;
 Maugre the Stormes that do oppose its course,

Stormes that destroy without remorse:
 It may new Worlds decry,
 Which Peopl'd from thy Brain may know
 More than the Universe besides can show:
 More Arts of Love, and more of Gallantry.
 Write on! and let not after Ages say,
 The Whistle or rude Hiss cou'd lay
 Thy mighty Spright of Poetry,
 Which but the Fools and Guilty fly;
 Who dare not in thy Mirror see
 Their own Deformity:
 Where thou in two, the World dost Character,
 Since most of Men Sir *Graves*, or *Peacocks* are.

V.

And shall that Muse that did ere while,
 Chant forth the Glories of the British Isle,
 Shall shee who lowder was than Fame;
 Now useless lie, and tame?
 Shee who late made the *Amazons* so Great,
 And shee who Conquered *Scythia* too;
 (Which *Alexander* ne're cou'd do)
 Will you permitt her to retreat?
 Silence will like Submission show:
 And give Advantage to the Foe!
 Undaunted let her once gain appear,
 And let her lowdly Sing in every Ear:
 Then like thy Mistris Eyes, who have the skill,
 Both to preserve and kill;
 So thou at once maist be revenged on those
 That are thy Foes,
 And on thy Friends such Obligations lay,
 As nothing but the Deed the Doer can repay.

[Pg 207]

To Lysander at the Musick-Meeting.

It was too much, ye Gods, to see and hear;
 Receiving wounds both from the Eye and Ear:
 One Charme might have secur'd a Victory,
 Both, rais'd the Pleasure even to Extasie:
 So Ravisht Lovers in each others Armes,
 Faint with excess of Joy, excess of Charmes:
 Had I but gaz'd and fed my greedy Eyes,
 Perhaps you'd pleas'd no farther than surprize.
 That Heav'nly Form might Admiration move,
 But, not without the *Musick*, charm'd with *Love*:
 At least so quick the Conquest had not been;
 You storm'd without, and Harmony within:
 Nor cou'd I listen to the sound alone,
 But I alas must look—and was undone:
 I saw the Softness that compos'd your Face,
 While your Attention heightend every Grace:
 Your Mouth all full of Sweetness and Content,
 And your fine killing Eyes of Languishment:
 Your Bosom now and then a sigh wou'd move,
 (For *Musick* has the same effects with *Love*.)
 Your Body easey and all tempting lay,
 Inspiring wishes which the Eyes betray,
 In all that have the fate to glance that way:
 A careless and a lovely Negligence,
 Did a new Charm to every Limb dispence:
 So look young Angels, Listening to the sound,
 When the Tun'd Spheres Glad all the Heav'ns around:
 So Raptur'd lie amidst the wondering Crowd,
 So Charmingly Extended on a Cloud.

[Pg 208]

When from so many ways Loves Arrows storm,
 Who can the heedless Heart defend from harm?
 Beauty and *Musick* must the Soul disarm;
 Since Harmony, like Fire to Wax, does fit
 The softned Heart Impressions to admit:
 As the brisk sounds of Warr the Courage move,
 Musick prepares and warms the Soul to Love.
 But when the kindling Sparks such Fuel meet,
 No wonder if the Flame inspir'd be great.

}
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }

An Ode to Love.

I.

Dull Love no more thy Senceless Arrows prize,
Damn thy Gay Quiver, break thy Bow;
'Tis only young *Lysanders* Eyes,
That all the Arts of Wounding know.

II.

A Pox of Foolish Politicks in Love,
A wise delay in Warr the Foe may harme:
By Lazy Siege while you to Conquest move;
His fiercer Beautys vanquish by a Storme.

III.

Some wounded God, to be reveng'd on thee,
The Charming Youth form'd in a *lucky* houre,
Drest him in all that fond Divinity,
That has out-Rivall'd thee, a God, in Pow'r.

[Pg 209]

IV.

Or else while thou supinely laid
Basking beneath som Mirtle shade,
In careless sleepe, or tir'd with play,
When all thy Shafts did scatterd ly;
Th'unguarded Spoyles he bore away,
And Arm'd himself with the Artillery.

V.

The Sweetness from thy Eyes he took,
The Charming Dimples from thy Mouth,
That wonderous Softness when you spoke;
And all thy Everlasting Youth.

VI.

Thy bow, thy Quiver, and thy Darts:
Even of thy Painted Wing has rifled thee,
To bear him from his Conquer'd broken Hearts,
To the next Fair and Yeilding She.

Love Reveng'd, A Song.

I.

Celinda who did Love Disdain,
For whom had languisht many a Swain;
Leading her Bleating Flock to drink,
She spy'd upon the Rivers Brink
A Youth, whose Eyes did well declare,
How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

II.

At first she Laught, but gaz'd the while,
And soon she lessen'd to a Smile;
Thence to Surprize and Wonder came,
Her Breast to heave, her Heart to flame:
Then cry'd she out, Now, now I prove,
Thou art a God, Almighty Love.

[Pg 210]

III.

She would have spoke, but shame deny'd,
And bid her first consult her Pride;
But soon she found that Aid was gone;
For Love alas had left her none:
Oh how she burns, but 'tis too late,
For in her Eyes she reads her Fate.

SONG.

To a New Scotch Tune.

I.

Young Jemmy was a Lad,
Of Royal Birth and Breeding,
With ev'ry Beauty Clad:
And ev'ry Grace Exceeding;
A face and shape so wondrous fine,
So Charming ev'ry part:
That every Lass upon the Green:
For *Jemmy* had a Heart.

II.

In *Jemmy's* Powerful Eyes,
Young Gods of Love are playing,
And on his Face there lies
A Thousand Smiles betraying.
But Oh he dances with a Grace,
None like him e'er was seen;
No God that ever fancy'd was,
Has so Divine a Miene.

III.

To *Jemmy* ev'ry Swaine
Did lowly doff his Bonnet;
And every Nymph would strain,
To praise him in her Sonnet:
The Pride of all the Youths he was,
The Glory of the Groves,
The Joy of ev'ry tender Lass:
The Theam of all our Loves.

[Pg 211]

IV.

But Oh Unlucky Fate,
A Curse upon Ambition:
The Busie Fopps of State
Have ruin'd his Condition.
For Glittering Hopes he'as left the Shade,
His Peaceful Hours are gone:
By flattering Knaves and Fools betray'd,
Poor *Jemmy* is undone.

The Cabal at Nickey Nackeys.

I.

A *Pox* of the States-man that's witty,
Who watches and Plots all the Sleepless Night:
For Seditious Harangues, to the Whiggs of the City;
And Maliciously turns a Traytor in Spight.
Let him Wear and Torment his lean Carrion:
To bring his Sham-Plots about,
Till at last King Bishop and Barron,
For the Publick *Good* he have quite rooted out.

II.

But we that are no *Polliticians*,
But Rogues that are Impudent, Barefac'd and Great,
Boldly head the *Rude Rable* in times of Sedition;
And bear all down before us, in Church and in State.
Your Impudence is the best State-Trick;
And he that by Law meanes to rule,
Let his History with ours be related;
And tho' we are the Knaves, we know who's the Fool.

A Paraphrase on the Eleventh Ode Out of the first Book of Horace.

[Pg 212]

Dear *Silvia*, let's no farther strive,
To know how long we have to Live;
Let Busy Gown-men search to know
Their Fates above, while we

Contemplete Beauties greater Power below,
 Whose only Smiles give Immortality;
 But who seeks Fortune in a Star,
 Aims at a Distance much too far,
 She's more inconstant than they are.
 What though this year must be our last,
 Faster than Time our Joys let's hast;
 Nor think of Ills to come, or past.
 Give me but Love and Wine, I'll ne'er
 Complain my Destiny's severe.
 Since Life bears so uncertain Date,
 With Pleasure we'll attend our Fate,
 And Chearfully go meet it at the Gate.
 The Brave and Witty know no Fear or Sorrow,
 Let us enjoy to day, we'll dye to Morrow.

}
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }

A Translation.

I.

Lydia, Lovely Maid, more fair
 Than Milk or whitest Lilies are,
 Than Polisht *Indian* Iv'ry shows,
 Or the fair unblushing Rose.

II.

Open, Maid, thy Locks that hold
 Wealth more bright than shining Gold,
 Over thy white shoulders laid,
 Spread thy Locks, my Charming Maid.

III.

[Pg 213]

Lydia, ope' thy starry Eyes,
 Shew the Beds where *Cupid* lies,
 Open, Maid, thy Rosie-Cheeks,
 Red as Sun-declining streaks.

IV.

Shew thy Coral Lips, my Love,
 Kiss me softer than the Dove,
 Till my Ravisht Soul does lie
 Panting in an Ecstasie.

V.

Oh hold—and do not pierce my Heart,
 Which beats, as life wou'd thence depart,
 Hide thy Breasts that swell and rise,
 Hide 'em from my wishing Eyes.

VI.

Shut thy Bosome, white as Snow,
 Whence *Arabian* perfumes flow;
 Hide it from my Raptur'd Touch,
 I have gaz'd—and kist too much.

VII.

Cruel Maid—on Malice bent,
 Seest thou not my Languishment?
Lydia!—Oh I faint!—I die!
 With thy Beauties Luxury.

A Paraphrase on OVID'S Epistle of CENONE to PARIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hecuba, being with Child of Paris, dream'd she was delivered of a Firebrand: Priam, consulting the Prophets, was answer'd the Child shou'd be the Destruction of Troy, wherefore Priam commanded it should be deliver'd to wild Beasts as soon as born; but Hecuba conveys it secretly to Mount Ida, there to be foster'd by the Shepherds, where he falls in love with the Nymph [OE]none, but at last being known and own'd, he sails

[Pg 214]

into Greece, and carries Helen to Troy, which [OE]none understanding, writes him this Epistle.

To thee, dear *Paris*, Lord of my Desires,
Once tender Partner of my softest Fires;
To thee I write, mine, while a Shepherd's Swain,
But now a Prince, that Title you disdain.
Oh fatal Pomp, that cou'd so soon divide
What Love, and all our sacred Vows had ty'd!
What God, our Love industrious to prevent,
Curst thee with power, and ruin'd my Content?
Greatness, which does at best but ill agree
With Love, such Distance sets 'twixt Thee and Me.
Whilst thou a Prince, and I a Shepherdess,
My raging Passion can have no redress.
Wou'd God, when first I saw thee, thou hadst been
This Great, this Cruel, Celebrated thing.
That without hope I might have gaz'd and bow'd,
And mixt my Adorations with the Crowd;
Unwounded then I had escap'd those Eyes,
Those lovely Authors of my Miseries.
Not that less Charms their fatal pow'r had drest,
But Fear and Awe my Love had then suppress:
My unambitious Heart no Flame had known,
But what Devotion pays to Gods alone.
I might have wondr'd, and have wisht that He,
Whom Heaven shou'd make me love, might look like Thee.
More in a silly Nymph had been a sin,
This had the height of my Presumption been.
But thou a Flock didst feed on *Ida's* Plain,
And hadst no Title, but *The lovely Swain*.
A Title! which more Virgin Hearts has won,
Than that of being own'd King *Priam's* Son.
Whilst me a harmless Neighbouring Cotager
You saw, and did above the rest prefer.
You saw! and at first sight you lov'd me too,
Nor cou'd I hide the wounds receiv'd from you.
Me all the Village Herdsmen strove to gain,
For me the Shepherds sigh'd and su'd in vain,
Thou hadst my heart, and they my cold disdain.
Not all their Offerings, Garlands, and first born
Of their lov'd Ewes, cou'd bribe my Native scorn.
My Love, like hidden Treasure long conceal'd,
Cou'd onely where 'twas destin'd, be reveal'd.
And yet how long my Maiden blushes strove
Not to betray my easie new-born Love.
But at thy sight the kindling Fire wou'd rise,
And I, unskill'd, declare it at my Eyes.
But oh the Joy! the mighty Ecstasie
Possess thy Soul at this Discovery.
Speechless, and panting at my feet you lay,
And short breath'd Sighs told what you cou'd not say.
A thousand times my hand with Kisses prest,
And look'd such Darts, as none cou'd e'er resist.
Silent we gaz'd, and as my Eyes met thine,
New Joy fill'd theirs, new Love and shame fill'd mine!
You saw the Fears my kind disorder show'd
And breaking Silence Faith anew you vow'd!
Heavens, how you swore by every Pow'r Divine
You wou'd be ever true! be ever mine!
Each God, a sacred witness you invoke,
And wish'd their Curse when e'er these Vows you broke.
Quick to my Heart each perjur'd Accent ran,
Which I took in, believ'd, and was undone.
"Vows are Love's poyson'd Arrows, and the heart
So wounded, rarely finds a Cure from Art."
At least this heart which Fate has destin'd yours,
This heart unpractis'd in Love's mystick pow'rs,
For I am soft and young as *April* Flowers.
Now uncontroll'd we meet, uncheck'd improve
Each happier Minute in new Joys of Love!
Soft were our hours! and lavishly the Day
We gave intirely up to Love, and Play.
Oft to the cooling Groves our Flocks we led,
And seated on some shaded, flowery Bed,

[Pg 215]

}
}
}

}
}

[Pg 216]

}

Watch'd the united Wantons as they fed. }
 And all the Day my list'ning Soul I hung }
 Upon the charming Musick of thy Tongue, }
 And never thought the blessed hours too long. }
 No Swain, no God like thee cou'd ever move, }
 Or had so soft an Art in whisp'ring Love. }
 No wonder for thou art Ally'd to *Jove!* }
 And when you pip'd, or sung, or danc'd, or spoke, }
 The God appear'd in every Grace, and Look. }
 Pride of the Swains, and Glory of the Shades, }
 The Grief, and Joy of all the Love-sick Maids. }
 Thus whilst all hearts you rul'd without Controul, }
 I reign'd the absolute Monarch of your Soul. }

Each Beach my Name yet bears, carv'd out by thee,
Paris, and his [OE]none fill each Tree;
 And as they grow, the Letters larger spread,
 Grow still a witness of my Wrongs when dead!

Close by a silent silver Brook there grows }
 A Poplar, under whose dear gloomy Boughs }
 A thousand times we have exchang'd our Vows! }
 Oh may'st thou grow! t' an endless date of Years! }
 Who on thy Bark this fatal Record bears; }
When Paris to [OE]none proves untrue,
Back Xanthus Streams shall to their Fountains flow.
 Turn! turn your Tides! back to your Fountains run!
 The perjurd Swain from all his Faith is gone!

Curst be that day, may Fate appoint the hour,
 As Ominous in his black Kalendar;
 When *Venus, Pallas*, and the Wife of *Jove*
 Descended to thee in the Mirtle Grove,
 In shining Chariots drawn by winged Clouds: [Pg 217]
 Naked they came, no Veil their Beauty shrouds;
 But every Charm, and Grace expos'd to view,
 Left Heav'n to be survey'd, and judg'd by you.
 To bribe thy voice *Juno* wou'd Crowns bestow,
Pallas more gratefully wou'd dress thy Brow
 With Wreaths of Wit! *Venus* propos'd the choice
 Of all the fairest *Greeks!* and had thy Voice.
 Crowns, and more glorious Wreaths thou didst despise,
 And promis'd Beauty more than Empire prize!
 This when you told, Gods! what a killing fear
 Did over all my shivering Limbs appear? }
 And I presag'd some ominous Change was near! }
 The Blushes left my Cheeks, from every part }
 The Bloud ran swift to guard my fainting heart. }
 You in my Eyes the glimmering Light perceiv'd }
 Of parting Life, and on my pale Lips breath'd }
 Such Vows, as all my Terrors undeceiv'd. }
 But soon the envying Gods disturb'd our Joy, }
 Declar'd thee Great! and all my Bliss destroy! }

And now the Fleet is Anchor'd in the Bay,
 That must to *Troy* the glorious Youth convey.
 Heavens! how you look'd! and what a God-like Grace
 At their first Homage beautify'd your Face!
 Yet this no Wonder, or Amazement brought,
 You still a Monarch were in Soul, and thought!
 Nor cou'd I tell which most the News augments,
 Your Joys of Pow'r, or parting Discontents.
 You kist the Tears which down my Cheeks did glide,
 And mingled yours with the soft falling Tide,
 And 'twixt your Sighs a thousand times you said,
Cease, my [OE]none! Cease, my charming Maid!
If Paris lives his Native Troy to see,
My lovely Nymph, thou shalt a Princess be!
 But my Prophetick Fears no Faith allow'd,
 My breaking Heart resisted all you vow'd.
Ah must we part, I cry'd! that killing word [Pg 218]
No farther Language cou'd to Grief afford.
 Trembling, I fell upon thy panting Breast,
 Which was with equal Love, and Grief opprest, }
 Whilst sighs and looks, all dying spoke the rest. }
 About thy Neck my feeble Arms I cast, }
 Not *Vines*, nor *Ivy* circle *Elms* so fast. }
 To stay, what dear Excuses didst thou frame,
 And fansiedst Tempests when the Seas were calm?

How oft the Winds contrary feign'd to be,
When they, alas, were onely so to me!
How oft new Vows of lasting Faith you swore,
And 'twixt your Kisses all the old run o'er?

But now the wisely Grave, who Love despise,
(Themselves past hope) do busily advise.
Whisper Renown, and Glory in thy Ear,
Language which Lovers fright, and Swains ne'er hear.
For *Troy*, they cry! these Shepherds Weeds lay down,
Change Crooks for Scepters! Garlands for a Crown!
"But sure that Crown does far less easie sit,
Than Wreaths of Flow'rs, less innocent and sweet.
Nor can thy Beds of State so gratefull be,
As those of Moss, and new faln Leaves with me!"

Now tow'rds the Beach we go, and all the way
The Groves, the Fern, dark Woods, and springs survey;
That were so often conscious to the Rites
Of sacred Love, in our dear stoln Delights.
With Eyes all languishing, each place you view,
And sighing cry, *Adieu, dear Shades, Adieu!*
Then 'twas thy Soul e'en doubted which to doe,
Refuse a Crown, or those dear Shades forego!
Glory and Love! the great dispute pursu'd,
But the false Idol soon the God subdu'd.

And now on Board you go, and all the Sails
Are loosned, to receive the flying Gales.
Whilst I, half dead on the forsaken Strand,
Beheld thee sighing on the Deck to stand,
Wafting a thousand Kisses from thy Hand.
And whilst I cou'd the lessening Vessel see,
I gaz'd, and sent a thousand Sighs to thee!
And all the Sea-born *Nereids* implore
Quick to return thee to our Rustick shore.

Now like a Ghost I glide through ev'ry Grove,
Silent, and sad as Death, about I rove,
And visit all our Treasuries of Love!
This Shade th'account of thousand Joys does hide,
As many more this murmuring Rivers side,
Where the dear Grass, still sacred, does retain
The print, where thee and I so oft have lain.
Upon this Oak thy Pipe, and Garland's plac'd,
That Sicamore is with thy Sheephook grac'd.
Here feed thy Flock, once lov'd though now thy scorn,
Like me forsaken, and like me forlorn!

A Rock there is, from whence I cou'd survey
From far the blewish Shore, and distant Sea,
Whose hanging top with toyl I climb'd each day,
With greedy View the prospect I ran o'er,
To see what wish'd for ships approach'd our shore.
One day all hopeless on its point I stood,
And saw a Vessel bounding o'er the Flood,
And as it nearer drew, I cou'd discern
Rich Purple Sails, Silk Cords, and Golden Stern;
Upon the Deck a Canopy was spread
Of Antique work in Gold and Silver made,
Which mix'd with Sun-beams dazling Light display'd.
But oh! beneath this glorious Scene of State
(Curst be the sight) a fatal Beauty sate.
And fondly you were on her Bosome lay'd,
Whilst with your perjur'd Lips her Fingers play'd;
Wantonly curl'd and dally'd with that hair,
Of which, as sacred Charms, I Bracelets wear.

Oh! hadst thou seen me then in that mad state,
So ruin'd, so desig'd for Death and Fate,
Fix'd on a Rock, whose horrid Precipice
In hollow Murmurs wars with Angry Seas;
Whilst the bleak Winds aloft my Garments bear,
Ruffling my careless and dishevel'd hair,
I look'd like the sad Statue of Despair.
With out-strech'd voice I cry'd, and all around
The Rocks and Hills my dire complaints resound.
I rent my Garments, tore my flattering Face,
Whose false deluding Charms my Ruine was.
Mad as the Seas in Storms, I breathe Despair,
Or Winds let loose in unresisting Air.

[Pg 219]

}
}
}

}
}
}

}
}
}

}
}
}

[Pg 220]

}
}
}

Raging and Frantick through the Woods I fly,
 And *Paris!* lovely, faithless *Paris* cry.
 But when the Echos sound thy Name again,
 I change to new variety of Pain.
 For that dear name such tenderness inspires,
 And turns all Passion to Loves softer Fires:
 With tears I fall to kind Complaints again,
 So Tempests are allay'd by Show'rs of Rain.
 Say, lovely Youth, why wou'dst thou thus betray
 My easie Faith, and lead my heart astray?
 I might some humble Shepherd's Choice have been,
 Had I that Tongue ne'er heard, those Eyes ne'er seen.
 And in some homely Cott, in low Repose,
 Liv'd undisturb'd with broken Vows and Oaths:
 All day by shaded Springs my Flocks have kept,
 And in some honest Arms at night have slept.
 Then unbraided with my wrongs thou'dst been
 Safe in the Joys of the fair Grecian Queen:
 What Stars do rule the Great? no sooner you
 Became a Prince, but you were Perjur'd too.
 Are Crowns and Falshoods then consistent things?
 And must they all be faithless who are Kings?
 The Gods be prais'd that I was humbly born,
 Even thô it renders me my *Paris* scorn.
 For I had rather this way wretched prove,
 Than be a Queen and faithless in my Love.
 Not my fair Rival wou'd I wish to be,
 To come prophan'd by others Joys to thee.
 A spotless Maid into thy Arms I brought,
 Untouch'd in Fame, ev'n Innocent in thought;
 Whilst she with Love has treated many a Guest,
 And brings thee but the leavings of a Feast:
 With *Theseus* from her Country made Escape,
 Whilst she miscall'd the willing Flight, a Rape.
 So now from *Atreus* Son, with thee is fled,
 And still the Rape hides the Adult'rous Deed.
 And is it thus Great Ladies keep intire
 That Vertue they so boast, and you admire?
 Is this a Trick of Courts, can Ravishment
 Serve for a poor Evasion of Consent?
 Hard shift to save that Honour priz'd so high,
 Whilst the mean Fraud's the greater Infamy.
 How much more happy are we Rural Maids,
 Who know no other Palaces than Shades?
 Who wish no Title to inslave the Croud,
 Lest they shou'd babble all our Crimes aloud;
 No Arts our Good to shew, our Ill to hide,
 Nor know to cover faults of Love with Pride.
 I lov'd, and all Love's Dictates did pursue,
 And never thought it cou'd be Sin with you.
 To Gods, and Men, I did my Love proclaim;
 For one soft hour with thee, my charming Swain,
 Wou'd Recompence an Age to come of Shame,
 Cou'd it as well but satisfie my Fame.
 But oh! those tender hours are fled and lost,
 And I no more of Fame, or Thee can boast!
 'Twas thou wert Honour, Glory, all to me:
 Till Swains had learn'd the Vice of Perjury,
 No yielding Maids were charg'd with Infamy.
 'Tis false and broken Vows make Love a Sin,
 Hadst thou been true, We innocent had been.
 But thou less faith than *Autumn* leaves do'st show,
 Which ev'ry Blast bears from their native Bough.
 Less Weight, less Constancy, in thee is born,
 Than in the slender mildew'd Ears of Corn.
 Oft when you Garlands wove to deck my hair,
 Where mystick Pinks, and Dazies mingled were,
 You swore 'twas fitter Diadems to bear:
 And when with eager Kisses prest my hand,
 Have said, *How well a Scepter 'twou'd command!*
 And when I danc'd upon the Flow'ry Green,
 With charming, wishing Eyes survey my Mien,
 And cry! the Gods design'd thee for a Queen!
 Why then for *Helen* dost thou me forsake?
 Can a poor empty Name such difference make?

[Pg 221]

}
 }
 [Pg 222]

}
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }

Besides if Love can be a Sin, thine's one,
To *Menelaus Helen* does belong.
Be Just, restore her back, She's none of thine,
And, charming *Paris*, thou art onely mine.
'Tis no Ambitious Flame that makes me sue
To be again belov'd, and blest by you;
No vain desire of being ally'd t' a King,
Love is the onely Dowry I can bring,
And tender Love is all I ask again;
Whilst on her dang'rous Smiles fierce War must wait
With Fire and Vengeance at your Palace gate,
Rouze your soft Slumbers with their rough Alarms,
And rudely snatch you from her faithless Arms:
Turn then, fair Fugitive, e'er 'tis too late,
E'er thy mistaken Love procures thy Fate;
E'er a wrong'd Husband does thy Death design,
And pierce that dear, that faithless Heart of thine.

}
}
}

A Voyage to the Isle of Love.

INTRODUCTION.

Le Voyage de l'Isle d'Amour, that dainty fantasy which has been so admirably translated by Mrs. Behn, is the work of Paul Tallemant, a graceful French littérateur, who was born at Paris, 18 June, 1642. He was brought up in circumstances of affluence and even prodigal luxury until the extravagances and dissipations of both grandfather and father left him whilst yet young in a state of indigence. He thereupon took orders, but, as was not unusual at the time, devoted much attention to art and literature, becoming well known in society for his songs, ballads, idylls, pastorals, and even gallant little operas in which he never ceased to burn incense to the King. He proved so successful that at twenty-four in 1666 he succeeded to the place of Gombaud in the Academy. His chief title to literary renown at that date was none other than *Le Voyage de l'Isle d'Amour*. Colbert, his patron, procured for him a pension of 500 crowns, the abbey of Ambierle and Saint-Albin, together with various other posts affording no small emoluments. Tallemant became a popular preacher and society flocked to hear his fashionable discourses. He frequently counted the Queen and Princes of the blood amongst his auditors. He died of an apoplexy in his seventy-first year. His poems, always neat and elegant, can hardly be claimed to have any great value, although they never fail to please. Mrs. Behn has indeed greatly improved upon her original. *Le Voyage de l'Isle d'Amour* was first printed at Paris, 12mo, 1663. It was reprinted in *Le Recueil de pièces galantes*; Cologne, 12mo, 1667; again, 'A Leyde. Chez Abraham Gogat.' 12mo, 1671. *Le Voyage et la Conquête de l'Isle d'Amour, le Passe-Partout des Coeurs* appeared at Paris 'chez Augustin Besoigne' 1675. With the sub-title *La Clef des Coeurs* it was issued from van Bulderen's press at the Hague in 1713, 12mo. So it will be seen that the little book enjoyed no small popularity. The best edition is that in volume XXVI of the collection entitled *Voyages Imaginaires, Songes, Visions, et Romans Cabalistiques*. Amsterdam, 1788. It is illustrated by an exquisitely graceful plate of C. P. Marillier at the lines

Celui que tu vois si sévère,
Est le Respect, fils de l'Amour.

Him whom you see so awful and severe,
Is call'd Respect, the Eldest Son of Love.

A VOYAGE to the ISLE OF LOVE.

[Pg 224]

An Account from Lisander to Lysidas his Friend.

At last, dear *Lysidas*, I'll set thee Free,
From the disorders of Uncertainty;
Doubt's the worst Torment of a generous Mind,
Who ever searching what it cannot find,
Is roving still from wearied thought to thought,
And to no settled Calmness can be brought:
The Cowards Ill, who dares not meet his Fate,
And ever doubting to be Fortunate,
Falls to that Wretchedness his fears Create.

I should have dy'd silent, as Flowers decay,
Had not thy Friendship stopt me on my way,
That friendship which our Infant hearts inspir'd,
E're them Ambition or false Love had fir'd:
Friendship! which still enlarg'd with years and sense
Till it arriv'd to perfect Excellence;
Friendship! Mans noblest bus'ness! without whom
The out-cast Life finds nothing it can own,
But Dully dyes unknowing and unknown.
Our searching thought serves only to impart
It's new gain'd knowledge to anothers Heart;
The truly wise, and great, by friendship grow,
That, best instructs 'em how they should be so,
That, only sees the Error of the Mind,
Which by its soft reproach becomes Refin'd;
Friendship! which even Loves mighty power controuls,
When that but touches; this Exchanges Souls.
The remedy of Grief, the safe retreat
Of the scorn'd Lover, and declining great.

This sacred tye between thy self and me,
Not to be alter'd by my Destiny;
This tye, which equal to my new desires
Preserv'd it self amidst Loves softer Fires,
Obliges me (without reserve) t' impart
To *Lycidas* the story of my Heart;
Tho' 'twill increase its present languishment,
To call to its remembrance past content:

[Pg 225]

So drowning Men near to their native shore
(From whence they parted ne'er to visit more)
Look back and sigh, and from that last Adieu,
Suffer more pain than in their Death they do:
That grief, which I in silent Calms have born,
It will renew, and rowse into a Storm.

The Truce.

*With you, unhappy Eyes, that first let in
To my fond Heart the raging Fire,
With you a Truce I will begin,
Let all your Clouds, let all your Show'rs retire,
And for a while become serene,
And you, my constant rising Sighs, forbear,
To mix your selves with flying Air,
But utter Words among that may express,
The vast degrees of Joy and Wretchedness.
And you, my Soul! forget the dismal hour,
When dead and cold Aminta lay,
And no kind God, no pitying Power
The hasty fleeting Life would stay;
Forget the Mad, the Raving pain.
That seiz'd Thee at a sight so new,
When not the Wind let loose, nor raging Main
Was so destructive and so wild as thou.
Forget thou saw'st the lovely yielding Maid,
Dead in thy trembling Arms
Just in the Ravishing hour, when all her Charms
A willing Victim to thy Love was laid,
Forget that all is fled thou didst Adore,
And never, never, shall return to bless Thee more.*

[Pg 226]

Twelve times the *Moon* has borrow'd Rays; that Night
Might favour Lovers stealths by Glimmering Light:
Since I imbarqu'd on the inconstant Seas
With people of all Ages and Degrees,
All well dispos'd and absolutely bent,
To visit a far Country call'd *Content*.
The Sails were hoisted, and the Streamers spread,
And cheerfully we cut the yielding Floud;
Calm was the Sea, and peaceful every Wind,
As if the Gods had with our Wishes joyn'd
To make us prosperous; All the whispering Air
Like Lovers Joys, was soft, and falsly fair.
The ruffling Winds were hush'd in wanton sleep,
And all the Waves were silenc'd in the deep:
No threatning Cloud, no angry Curl was found,
But bright, serene, and smooth, 'twas all around:
But yet believe false *Iris* if she weep,
Or Amorous *Layis* will her promise keep,
Before the Sea that Flatters with a Calm,
Will cease to ruin with a rising Storm;
For now the Winds are rows'd, the Hemisphere
Grows black, and frights the hardy Mariner,
The Billows all into Disorder hurl'd,
As if they meant to bury all the World;
And least the Gods on us should pity take,
They seem'd against them, too, a War to make.

Now each affrighted to his Cabin Flyes,
And with Repentance Load the angry Skyes;
Distracted Prayers they all to Heaven Address,
While Heaven best knows, they think of nothing less;
To quit their Interest in the World's their fear,
Not whether,—but to go,—is all their Care,
And while to Heav'n their differing crimes they mount,
Their vast disorders doubles the account;
All pray, and promise fair, protest and weep,
And make those Vows they want the pow'r to keep,
And sure with some the angry Gods were pleas'd;
For by degrees their Rage and Thunder ceas'd:
In the rude War no more the Winds engage,
And the destructive Waves were tir'd with their own Rage;
Like a young Ravisher, that has won the day,

[Pg 227]

O're-toil'd and Panting, Calm and Breathless lay,
 While so much Vigour in the Incounter's lost,
 They want the pow'r a second Rape to Boast.
 The Sun in Glory daignes again t' appear;
 But we who had no Sense, but that of fear,
 Cou'd scarce believe, and lessen our dispair.
 Yet each from his imagin'd Grave gets out,
 And with still doubting Eyes looks round about.
 Confirm'd they all from Prayer to Praises hast,
 And soon forgot the sense of dangers past;
 And now from the recruited Top-mast spy'd,
 An Island that discover'd Natures Pride:
 To which was added, all that Art could do
 To make it Tempting and Inviting too;
 All wondering Gaz'd upon the happy place,
 But none knew either where, or what it was:
 Some thought, th'Inaccessible Land 't had been,
 And others that Inchantment they had seen,
 At last came forth a Man, who long before
 Had made a Voyage to that fatal shoar,
 Who with his Eyes declin'd, as if dismaid,
 At sight of what he dreaded: Thus he said.—

}
 }
 }

[Pg 228]

*This is the Coast of Africa,
 Where all things sweetly move;
 This is the Calm Atlantick Sea,
 And that the Isle of Love;*

*To which all Mortals Tribute pay,
 Old, Young, the Rich and Poor;
 Kings do their awful Laws obey,
 And Shepherds do Adore.*

*There's none its forces can resist,
 Or its Decrees Evince,
 It Conquers where, and whom it list,
 The Cottager and Prince.*

*In entering here, the King resigns,
 The Robe and Crown he wore;
 The Slave new Fetters gladly joyns
 To those he dragg'd before.*

*All thither come, early or late,
 Directed by Desire,
 Not Glory can divert their fate,
 Nor quench the Amorous fire.*

*The Enterances on every side,
 Th' Attracts and Beauties Guard,
 The Graces with a wanton Pride,
 By turn secure the Ward.*

*The God of Love has lent 'em Darts,
 With which they gently Greet,
 The heedless undefended Hearts
 That pass the fatal Gate.*

*None e're escapt the welcom'd blow,
 Which ner'e is sent in vain;
 They Kiss the Shaft, and Bless the Foe,
 That gives the pleasing Pain.*

[Pg 229]

Thus whilst we did this grateful story learn,
 We came so near the Shoar, as to discern
 The Place and Objects, which did still appear
 More Ravishing, approaching 'em more near.
 There the vast Sea, with a smooth calmness flows
 As are the Smiles on happy Lovers Brows:
 As peaceably as Rivulets it glides,
 Imbracing still the shaded Islands sides;
 And with soft Murmurs on the Margent flows,
 As if to Nature it design'd Repose;
 Whose Musick still is answer'd by the Breeze,
 That gently plays with the soft rufld Trees.
 Fragrant and Flowry all the Banks appear

Whilst others from her Motion take their Fires:
 Some the Imbroider'd Vail and Train do bear,
 And some around her fan the gentle Air,
 Whilst others flying, scatter fragrant Show'rs,
 And strow the paths she treads with painted flow'rs,
 The rest are all employ'd to dress her Bow'rs;
 While she does all, the smiling Gods carress,
 And they new Attributes receive from each Address.

}
 }
 }

The CHARACTER.

*Such Charms of Youth, such Ravishment
 Through all her Form appear'd,
 As if in her Creation Nature meant,
 She shou'd alone be ador'd and fear'd:
 Her Eyes all sweet, and languishingly move,
 Yet so, as if with pity Beauty strove,
 This to decline, and that to charm with Love.
 A cheerful Modesty adorn'd her Face,
 And bashful Blushes spread her smiling Cheeks;
 Witty her Air; soft every Grace,
 And 'tis eternal Musick when she speaks,
 From which young listening Gods the Accents take
 And when they wou'd a perfect Conquest make,
 Teach their young favourite Lover so to speak.*

}
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }

[Pg 232]

2.

*Her Neck, on which all careless fell her Hair,
 Her half discover'd rising Bosome bare,
 Were beyond Nature formed; all Heavenly fair.
 Tempting her dress, loose with the Wind it flew,
 Discovering Charms that wou'd alone subdue;
 Her soft white slender Hands whose touches wou'd
 Beget desire even in an awful God;
 Long Winter'd Age to tenderness wou'd move,
 And in his Frozen Blood, bloom a new spring of Love.*

}
 }
 }

All these at once my Ravisht Senses charm'd,
 And with unusual Fires my Bosome warm'd.
 Thus my fixt Eyes pursu'd the lovely Maid,
 Till they had lost her in the envied Glade;
 Yet still I gaz'd, as if I still had view'd
 The Object, which my new desires pursu'd.
 Lost while I stood; against my Will, my sight
 Conducted me unto a new delight.
 Twelve little Boats were from the Banks unty'd,
 And towards our Vessel sail'd with wondrous Pride,
 With wreathes of Flowers and Garlands they were drest,
 Their Cordage all of Silk and Gold consist,
 Their Sails of silver'd Lawn, and Tinsel were,
 Which wantonly were ruffled in the Air.
 As many little Cupids gayly clad,
 Did Row each Boat, nor other guides they had.
 A thousand *Zephiroes* Fann'd the moving Fleet,
 Which mixing with the Flow'rs became more sweet,
 And by repeated Kisses did assume
 From them a scent that did the Air perfume.
 So near us this delightful Fleet was come,
 We cou'd distinguish what the *Cupid's* sung,
 Which oft with charming Notes they did repeat,
 With Voices such as I shall ne're forget.

[Pg 233]

*You that do seek with Amorous desires,
 To tast the Pleasures of the Life below,
 Land on this Island, and renew your Fires,
 For without Love, there is no joy, you know.*

Then all the *Cupids* waiting no Commands,
 With soft inviting Smiles present their Hands,
 And in that silent Motion seem'd to say,
You ought to follow, where Love leads the way.
 Mad with delight, and all transported too,
 I quitted Reason, and resolv'd to go;
 For that bright charming Beauty I had seen,

And burnt with strange desire to see again,
 Fill'd with new hope, I laught at Reasons force,
 And towards the Island, bent my eager Course;
 The *Zephiroes* at that instant lent their Aid,
 And I into Loves Fleet was soon convey'd,
 And by a thousand Friendships did receive,
 Welcomes which none but God's of Love cou'd give.
 Many possest with my Curiosity,
 Tho' not inspir'd like me, yet follow'd me,
 And many staid behind, and laught at us:
 And in a scoffing tone reproacht us thus,

*Farewel, Adventurers, go search the Joy,
 Which mighty Love inspires, and you shall find,
 The treatment of the wond'rous Monarch Boy,
 In's Airy Castle always soft and kind.*

We on the fragrant Beds of Roses laid,
 And lull'd with Musick which the *Zephiroes* made,
 When with the Amorous silken Sails they plaid,
 Rather did them as wanting Wit account
 Then we in this affair did Judgment want,
 With Smiles of pity only answer'd them,
 Whilst they return'd us pitying ones again.
 Now to the wisht for Shoar, with speed we high;
 Vain with our Fate, and eager of our Joy,
 And as upon the Beach we landed were,
 An awful Woman did to us repair.
 Goddess of *Prudence!* who with grave advice,
 Counsels the heedless Stranger to be Wise;
 She guards this Shoar, and Passage does forbid,
 But now blind Sense her Face from us had hid;
 We pass'd and dis-obey'd the heavenly Voice,
 Which few e'er do, but in this fatal place.

Now with impatient hast, (but long in vain)
 I seek the Charming Author of my Pain,
 And haunt the Woods, the Groves, and ev'ry Plain.
 I ask each Chrystal Spring, each murmuring Brook,
 Who saw my fair, or knows which way she took?
 I ask the Eccho's, when they heard her Name?
 But they cou'd nothing but my Moans proclaim;
 My Sighs, the fleeting Winds far off do bear,
 My Charmer, cou'd no soft complaining hear:
 At last, where all was shade, where all was Gay;
 On a Brooks Brink, which purling past away,
 Asleep the lovely Maid extended lay;
 Of different Flowers the *Cupids* made her Bed,
 And Rosey Pillows did support her Head.
 With what transported Joy my Soul was fill'd,
 When I, the Object of my wish beheld!
 My greedy View each lovely part survey'd;
 On her white Hand, her Blushing Cheek was laid
 Half hid in Roses; yet did so appear
 As if with those, the Lillys mingled were;
 Her thin loose Robe did all her shape betray,
 (Her wondrous shape that negligently lay)
 And every Tempting Beauty did reveal,
 But what young bashful Maids wou'd still conceal;
 Impatient I, more apt to hope than fear,
 Approacht the Heav'nly sleeping Maid more near;
 The place, my flame, and all her Charms invite
 To tast the sacred Joys of stoln delight.
 The Grove was silent, and no Creature by,
 But the young smiling God of Love and I;
 But as before the awful shrine, I kneel'd,
 Where Loves great Mystery was to be reveal'd,
 A Man from out the Groves recess appears,
 Who all my boasted Vigor turn'd to fears,
 He slackt my Courage by a kind surprize,
 And aw'd me with th' Majesty of his Eyes;
 I bow'd, and blusht, and trembling did retire,
 And wonder'd at the Pow'r that checkt my fire;
 So excellent a Mean, so good a Grace,
 So grave a Look, such a commanding Face;
 In modest Speech, as might well subdue,

}
 }
 }

[Pg 234]

}
 }
 }

}
 }
 }

[Pg 235]

Youth's native wildness; yet 'twas gracious too.
A little *Cupid* waiting by my side,
(Who was presented to me for a guide,)
Beholding me decline, the Sleeping Maid,
To gaze on this Intruder,—Thus he said.

RESPECT.

I.

*Him whom you see so awful and severe,
Is call'd Respect, the Eldest Son of Love;
Esteem his Mother is; who every where
Is the best Advocate to all the fair,
And knows the most obliging Arts to move:
Him you must still carress, and by his Grace,
You'll conquer all the Beauties of the Place;
To gain him 'tis not Words will do,
His Rhetorick is the Blush and Bow.*

II.

*He even requires that you shou'd silent be,
And understand no Language but from Eyes,
Or Sighs, the soft Complaints on Cruelty;
Which soonest move the Heart they wou'd surprize:
They like the Fire in Limbecks gently move.
What words (too hot and fierce) destroy;
These by degrees infuse a lasting Love;
Whilst those do soon burn out the short blaz'd Joy.
These the all-gaining Youth requires,
And bears to Ladies Hearts the Lambent Fires;
And He that wou'd against despair be proof,
Can never keep him Company enough.*

Instructed thus, I did my steps direct,
Towards the necessary Grave *Respect*,
Whom I soon won to favour my design,
To which young LOVE his promis'd aid did joyn.

This wak't *Aminta*, who with trembling fear,
Wonder'd to see a stranger enter'd there;
With timorous Eyes the Grove she does survey,
Where are my LOVES, she crys! all fled away?
And left me in this gloomy shade alone?
And with a Man! Alas, I am undone.
Then strove to fly; but I all prostrate lay,
And grasping fast her Robe, oblig'd her stay;
Cease, lovely Charming Maid, Oh cease to fear,
I faintly cry'd,—There is no *Satyr* near;
I am of humane Race, whom Beauty Aws,
And born an humble Slave to all her Laws;
Besides we're not alone within the Grove,
Behold *Respect*, and the young God of LOVE:
How can you fear the Man who with these two,
In any Shade or hour approaches you?
Thus by degrees her Courage took its place;
And usual Blushes drest again her Face,
Then with a Charming Air, her Hand she gave,
She bade me rise, and said she did believe.

And now my Conversation does permit;
But oh the entertainment of her Wit,
Beyond her Beauty did my Soul surprize,
Her Tongue had Charms more pow'rful than her Eyes!
Ah *Lysidas*, hadst thou a list'ner been
To what she said; tho' her thou ne're had'st seen,
Without that Sense, thou hadst a Captive been.
Guess at my Fate,—but after having spoke,
Many indifferent things: Her leave she took.

The Night approach't, and now with Thoughts opprest,
I minded neither where, nor when to Rest,
When my Conductor LOVE! whom I pursu'd,
Led to a Palace call'd *Inquietude*.

INQUIETUDE.

[Pg 236]

[Pg 237]

}
}
}

*A Neighbouring Villa which derives its name,
 From the rude sullen Mistress of the same;
 A Woman of a strange deform'd Aspect;
 Peevishly pensive, fond of her neglect;
 She never in one posture does remain,
 Now leans, lyes down, then on her Feet again;
 Sometimes with Snails she keeps a lazy pace,
 And sometimes runs like Furies in a Chase;
 She seldom shuts her watchful Eyes to sleep,
 Which pale and languid does her Visage keep;
 Her loose neglected Hair disorder'd grows;
 Which undesign'd her Fingers discompose;
 Still out of Humour, and deprav'd in Sense,
 And Contradictive as Impertinence;
 Distrustful as false States-men, and as nice
 In Plots, Intrigues, Intelligence and Spies.*

To her we did our Duty pay, but she
 Made no returns to our Civility.
 Thence to my Bed; where rest in vain I sought,
 For prating LOVE still entertain'd my thought,
 And to my Mind, a thousand Fancies brought:
Aminta's Charms and Pow'rful Attractions,
 From whence I grew to make these soft Reflections.

[Pg 238]

}
 }
 }

The REFLECTION.

I.

*What differing Passions from what once I felt,
 My yielding Heart do melt,
 And all my Blood as in a Feaver burns,
 Yet shivering Cold by turns.
 What new variety of hopes and fears?
 What suddain fits of Smiles and Tears?
 Hope! Why dost thou sometimes my Soul employ
 With Prospects of approaching Joy?
 Why dost thou make me pleas'd and vain,
 And quite forget last minutes pain?
 What Sleep wou'd calm, *Aminta* keeps awake;
 And I all Night soft Vows and Wishes make.
 When to the Gods I would my Prayers address,
 And sue to be forgiven,
Aminta's name, I still express,
 And Love is all that I confess,
 Love and *Aminta!* Ever out Rival Heaven!*

II.

*Books give me no content at all;
 Unless soft Cowly entertain my Mind,
 Then every pair in Love I find;
 Lysander him, *Aminta* her, I call:
 Till the bewitching Fewel raise the fire;
 Which was design'd but to divert,
 Then to cool Shades I ragingly retire,
 To ease my hopeless panting Heart,
 Yet thereto every thing begets desire.
 Each flowry Bed, and every loanly Grove,
 Inspires new Wishes, new impatient Love.*

[Pg 239]

[Sidenote A: Little Arts to please.]

Thus all the Night in vain I sought repose,
 And early with the Sun next day, I rose;
 Still more impatient grew my new desires,
 To see again the Author of my Fires,
 Love leads me forth, to little [A]CARES we pass,
 Where Love instructed me *Aminta* was;
 Far from *Inquietude* this Village stands,
 And for its Beauty all the rest commands;
 In all the *Isle of Love*, not one appears,
 So ravishingly Gay as *Little Cares*.

Little CARES, or Little Arts to please.

I.

*Thither all the Amorous Youth repair,
To see the Objects of their Vows;
No Jealousies approach 'em there;
They Banish Dulness and Despair;
And only Gayety and Mirth allow.
The Houses cover'd o're with flow'rs appear,
Like fragrant Arbours all the year,
Where all the dear, the live-long day,
In Musick, Songs, and Balls is past away:
All things are form'd for pleasure and delight,
Which finish not but with the Light;
But when the Sun returns again,
They hold with that bright God an equal Reign.*

II.

*There no Reproaches dwell; that Vice
Is banisht with the Coy and Nice.
The Froward there learn Compliance;
There the Dull Wise his Gravity forsakes,
The Old dispose themselves to Dance,
And Melancholy wakens from his Trance,
And against Nature sprightly Humour takes.
The formal States-man does his Int'rest quit,
And learns to talk of Love and Wit;
There the Philosopher speaks Sense,
Such as his Mistress Eyes inspire;
Forgets his learned Eloquence,
Nor now compares his Flame to his own Chimick fire.*

[Pg 240]

III.

*The Miser there opens his Golden heaps,
And at Love's Altar offers the rich Prize;
His needless fears of want does now despise,
And as a lavish Heir, he Treats and Reaps
The Blessings that attend his grateful Sacrifice.
Even the Fluttering Coxcomb there
Does less ridiculous appear:
For in the Crowd some one unlucky Face,
With some particular Grimmas,
Has the ill fate his Heart to gain,
Which gives him just the Sense to know his pain;
Whence he becomes less talkative and vain.
There 'tis the Muses dwell! that sacred Nine,
Who teach the enlarged Soul to prove,
No Arts or Sciences Divine,
But those inspired by Them and Love!
Gay Conversation, Feast, and Masquerades,
Agreeable Cabals, and Serinades;
Eternal Musick, Gladness, Smiles and Sport,
Make all the bus'ness of this Little Court.*

}
}
}

At my approach new Fires my Bosom warm;
New vigor I receive from every Charm:
I found invention with my Love increase;
And both instruct me with new Arts to please;
New Gallantrys I sought to entertain,
And had the Joy to find 'em not in vain;
All the Extravagance of Youth I show,
And pay'd to Age the Dotage I shall owe;
All a beginning Passion can conceive,
What beauty Merits, or fond Love can give.
With diligence I wait *Aminta's* look,
And her decrees from Frowns or Smiles I took,
To my new fixt resolves, no stop I found,
My Flame was uncontroul'd and knew no bound;
Unlimited Expences every day
On what I thought she lik'd, I threw away:
My Coaches, and my Liverys, rich and new,
In all this Court, none made a better show.
Aminta here was unconfin'd and free,
And all a well-born Maid cou'd render me
She gave: My early Visits does allow,

[Pg 241]

And more engagingly receives me now,
 Her still increasing Charms, Her soft Address,
 Partial Lover cannot well Express,
 Her Beautys with my flame each hour increase.
 'Twas here my Soul more true content receiv'd,
 Then all the Duller hours of Life I'd liv'd.
 —But with the envying Night I still repair
 To *Inquietude*; none lodge at *Little Care*.
 The hasty Minutes summon me away,
 While parting pains surmount past hours of Joy,
 And Nights large Reckoning over-pays the day.
 The GOD of *Sleep* his wonted Aid denys;
 Lends no Repose, or to my Heart or Eyes:
 Only one hour of Rest the breaking Morning brought,
 In which this happy Dream Assail'd my Thought,

}
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }

The DREAM.

*All Trembling in my Arms Aminta lay,
 Defending of the Bliss I strove to take;
 Raising my Rapture by her kind delay,
 Her force so charming was and weak.
 The soft resistance did betray the Grant,
 While I prest on the Heaven of my desires;
 Her rising Breasts with nimbler Motions Pant;
 Her dying Eyes assume new Fires.
 Now to the height of languishment she grows,
 And still her looks new Charms put on;
 —Now the last Mystery of Love she knows,
 We Sigh, and Kiss: I wak'd, and all was done.*

[Pg 242]

'Twas but a Dream, yet by my Heart I knew,
 Which still was Panting, part of it was true:
 Oh how I strove the rest to have believ'd;
 Asham'd and Angry to be undeceiv'd!
 But now LOVE calls me forth; and scarce allows
 A moment to the Gods to pay my Vows:
 He all Devotion has in disesteem,
 But that which we too fondly render him:
 LOVE drest me for the day; and both repair,
 With an impatient hast to *Little Care*;
 Where many days m' advantage I pursu'd,
 But Night returns me to *Inquietude*;
 There suffer'd all that absent Lovers griev'd,
 And only knew by what I felt I liv'd;
 A thousand little Fears afflict my Heart,
 And all its former order quite subvert;
 The Beauty's which all day my hope employ'd,
 Seem now too excellent to be enjoy'd.
 I number all my RIVALS over now,
 Then Raving Mad with Jealousie I grow,
 Which does my Flame to that vast height increase;
 That here I found, I lov'd to an Excess:
 These wild Distractions every Night increase,
 But day still reconciles me into Peace;
 And I forget amidst their soft Delights,
 The unimag'd torment of the Nights.

'Twas thus a while I liv'd at *Little Care*,
 Without advance of Favour or of fear,
 When fair *Aminta* from that Court departs,
 And all her Lovers leave with broken Hearts,
 On me alone she does the Grace confer,
 In a Permission I shou'd wait on her.
 Oh with what eager Joy I did obey!
 Joy, which for fear it shou'd my Flame betray,
 I Veil'd with Complisance; which Lovers Eyes
 Might find transported through the feign'd disguise;
 But hers were unconcern'd; or wou'd not see,
 The Trophies of their new gain'd Victory:
Aminta now to *Good Reception* goes;
 A place which more of Entertainment shows
 Then State or Greatness; where th'Inhabitants,
 Are Civil to the height of Complisance;
 They Treat all Persons with a chearful Grace,

[Pg 243]

And show 'em all the pleasures of the Place;
 By whose Example bright *Aminta* too,
 Confirm'd her self, and more obliging grew.
 Her Smiles and Air more Gracious now appear;
 And her Victorious Eyes more sweetness wear:
 The wonderous Majesty that drest her Brow,
 Becomes less Awful, but more Charming now:
 Her Pride abating does my Courage warm,
 And promises success from every Charm.
 She now permits my Eyes, with timorous Fears,
 To tell her of the Wounds she'as made by hers,
 Against her Will my Sighs she does approve,
 And seems well pleas'd to think they come from Love.
 Nothing oppos'd it self to my delight,
 But absence from *Aminta* every Night.
 But LOVE, who recompences when he please,
 And has for every Cruelty an ease;
 Who like to bounteous Heaven, assigns a share
 Of future Bliss to those that suffer here:
 Led me to HOPE! A City fair and large,
 Built with much Beauty, and Adorn'd with Charge.

[Pg 244]

HOPE.

*'Tis wonderous Populous from the excess,
 Of Persons from all parts that thither press:
 One side of this magnifick City stands,
 On a foundation of unfaithful Sands;
 Which oftentimes the glorious Load destroys,
 Which long designing was with Pomp and Noise;
 The other Parts well founded neat and strong,
 Less Beautiful, less Business, and less Throng.
 'Tis built upon a Rivers Bank, who's clear
 And Murmuring Glide delights the Eye and Ear.*

The River of PRETENSION.

*This River's call'd Pretension; and its source
 T' a bordering Mountain owes, from whence with force,
 It spreads into the Arms of that calm space,
 Where the proud City dayly sees her face;
 'Tis treacherously smooth and falsly fair,
 Inviting, but undoing to come near;
 'Gainst which the Houses there find no defence,
 But suffer undermining Violence;
 Who while they stand, no Palaces do seem
 In all their Glorious Pomp to equal them.*

This River's Famous for the fatal Wrecks,
 Of Persons most Illustrious of both Sex,
 Who to her Bosom with soft Whispers drew,
 Then basely smil'd to see their Ruin too.
 'Tis there so many Monarchs perisht have,
 And seeking Fame alone have found a Grave.
 'Twas thither I was tempted too, and LOVE
 Maliciously wou'd needs my Conduct prove;
 Which Passion now to such a pass had brought,
 It gave admittance to the weakest thought,
 And with a full carreer to this false Bay
 I ran. But met *Precaution* in my way.
 With whom *Respect* was, who thus gravely said,
*Pretension is a River you must Dread:
 Fond Youth, decline thy fatal Resolution,
 Here unavoidably thou meets Confusion;
 Thou fly'st with too much hast to certain Fate,
 Follow my Counsel, and be Fortunate.*

[Pg 245]

Asham'd, all Blushing I decline my Eyes,
 Yet Bow'd and Thank'd *Respect* for his advice.
 From the bewitching River straight I hy'd,
 And hurried to the Cities farthest side
 Where lives the Mighty *Princess Hope*, to whom
 The whole Isle as their ORACLE do come;
 Tho' little Truth remains in what she says,

Yet all adore her Voice, and her Wise Conduct praise.

The Princess HOPE.

I.

*She blows the Youthful Lovers flame,
And promises a sure repose;
Whilst with a Treason void of shame,
His fancy'd Happiness o're-throws.
Her Language is all soft and fair
But her hid Sense is naught but Air,
And can no solid reason bear;
As often as she speaks,
Her faithless Word she breaks;
Great in Pretension, in Performance small,
And when she Swears 'tis Perjury all.
Her Promises like those of Princes are,
Made in Necessity and War,
Cancell'd without remorse, at ease,
In the voluptuous time of Peace.*

}
}
}

[Pg 246]

II.

*These are her qualities; but yet
She has a Person full of Charms,
Her Smiles are able to beget
Forgiveness for her other harms;
She's most divinely shap'd, her Eyes are sweet,
And every Glance to please she does employ,
With such address she does all persons treat
As none are weary of her flattery,
She still consoles the most afflicted Hearts,
And makes the Proud vain of his fancy'd Arts.*

Amongst the rest of those who dayly came,
T' admire this Princess, and oblige their flame,
(Conducted thither by a false report,
That Happiness resided in her Court)
Two young successless Lovers did resort:
One, so above his Aim had made pretence,
That even to Hope, for him, was Impudence;
Yet he 'gainst Reasons Arguments makes War,
And vainly Swore, his Love did merit her.
Boldly Attempted, daringly Address,
And with unblushing Confidence his flame confest.
The other was a Bashful Youth, who made
His Passion his *Devotion*, not his *Trade*;
No fond opiniater, who a price
Sets on his Titles, Equipage, or Eyes,
But one that had a thousand Charms in store,
Yet did not understand his *Conquering Pow'r*:
This Princess with a kind Address receives
These Strangers; and to both new Courage gives.
She animates the haughty to go on!

}
}
}

[Pg 247]

Says—A *Town long besieg'd must needs be won.*
Time and Respect remove all obstacles,
And obstinate Love arrives at Miracles.
Were she the Heir to an illustrious Crown,
Those Charms, that haughty meen, that fam'd renown,
That wond'rous skill you do in Verse profess,
That great disdain of common Mistresses;
Can when you please with aid of Billet Deux,
The Royal Virgin to your Arms subdue,
One skill'd in all the Arts to please the fair,
Shou'd be above the Sense of dull despair:
Go on, young noble Warriier, then go on,
Though all the fair are by that Love undone.
Then turning to the other: *Sir*, said she,
Were the bright Beauty you Adore like me,
Your silent awful Passion more wou'd move,
Than all the bold and forward Arts of Love.
A Heart the softest composition forms,
And sooner yields by treaty, then by storms;
A Look, a Sigh, a Tear, is understood,

*And makes more warm disorders in the Blood,
Has more ingaging tender Eloquence,
Then all the industry of Artful Sense:
So falling drops with their soft force alone
Insinuate kind impressions in obdurate stone.*

But that which most my pity did imploy,
Was a young Hero, full of Smiles and Joy.
A noble Youth to whom indulgent Heaven,
Had more of Glory then of Virtue given;
Conducted thither by a Politick throng,
The Rabble Shouting as he past along.
Whilst he, vain with the beastly Din they make,
(Which were the same, if Bears were going to stake)
Addresses to this faithless Flatterer;
Who in return, calls him, *young God of War!*
The *Cities Champion!* and his *Countries Hope,*
The *Peoples Darling,* and *Religious Prop.*
Scepters and *Crowns* does to his view expose;
And all the Fancied pow'r of Empire shows.
In vain the Vision he wou'd dis-believe,
In spite of Sense she does his Soul deceive:
He Credits all! nor ask's which way or how,
The dazzling Circle shall surround his Brow;
Implicitly attends the flattering Song,
Gives her his easy Faith, and is undone.
For with one turn of State the Frenzy's heal'd,
The Blind recover and the Cheats reveal'd.
Whilst all his *Charms* of *Youth* and *Beauty* lies,
The kind reproach of pitying Enemies.

[Pg 248]

To me she said, and smiling as she spoke,
Lisander, *you with Love have Reason took,*
Continue so, and from Aminta's Heart
Expect what Love and Beauty can impart.
I knew she flatter'd, yet I cou'd not choose
But please my Self, and credit the Abuse;
Her charming Words that Night repos'd me more,
Then all the grateful Dreams I'd had before.

Next day I rose, and early with the Sun;
Love guided me to *Declaration,*
A pleasant City built with Artful Care,
To which the Lovers of the Isle repair.
In our pursuit *Respect* dissatisfy'd,
Did the unreasonable Adventure chide;
Return, unheedy Youth, cry'd he, return!
Let my advice th' approaching danger warn:
Renounce thy Purpose and thy haste decline,
Or thou wilt ruine all Loves great design;
Amaz'd I stood, and unresolv'd t' obey,
Cou'd not return, durst not pursue my way;
Whilst LOVE, who thought himself concern'd as Guide
I'th' Criminal Adventure, thus reply'd:

LOVE's Resentment.

[Pg 249]

*Must we eternal Martyrdom pursue?
Must we still Love, and always suffer too?
Must we continue still to dye,
And ne'r declare the cruel Cause;
Whilst the fair Murdress asks not why,
But triumphs in her rigorous Laws;
And grows more mighty in disdain,
More Peevish, Humorous, Proud and Vain
The more we languish by our Pain?
And when we Vow, Implore, and Pray,
Shall the Inhumane cruel fair
Only with nice disdain the sufferer pay?
Consult her Pride alone in the affair,
And coldly cry—In time perhaps I may—
Consider and redress the Youth's despair;
And when she wou'd a Period put to's Fate,
Alas, her cruel Mercy comes too late!
But wise *Respect* obligingly reply'd,
Amintas *Cruelty* you need not dread,
Your *Passion* by your *Eyes* will soon be known,*

}
}
}

*Without this hast to Declaration;
'Tis I will guide you where you still shall find,
Aminta in best Humour and most kind.*

Strong were his Arguments; his Reasonings prove
Too pow'rful for the angry God of *Love*.
Who by degrees t' his native softness came,
Yields to *Respect* and owns his haste a blame.
Both vow obedience to his judging Wit,
And to his graver Conduct both submit,
Who now invites us to a Reverend place,
An ancient Town, whose Governor he was.
Impregnable, with Bastions fortify'd,
Guarded with fair built Walls on every side,
The top of which the Eye cou'd scarce discern,
So strong as well secur'd the Rich concern;
Silence with *Modesty* and *Secrecy*,
Have all committed to their Custody.
Silence to every questions ask'd, replies
With apt Grimasses of the Face and Eyes;
Her Finger on her Mouth; and as you've seen,
Her Picture, Handsom, with fantastick mean,
Her every Motion her Commands express,
But seldom any the hid Soul confess.
The *Virgin Modesty* is wond'rous fair,
A bashful Motion, and a blushing Air;
With unassur'd regard her Eyes do move,
Untaught by affectation or Self-love;
Her Robes not gaudy were, nor loosely ty'd,
But even concealing more then need be hid.
For *Secrecie*, one rarely sees her Face,
Whose lone Apartment is some Dark recess;
From whence unless some great affairs oblige,
She finds it difficult to dis-engage;
Her voice is low, but subtilly quick her Ears,
And answers still by signs to what she hears.
—Led by *Respect* we did an entrance get,
Not saying any thing, who ere we met.

[Pg 250]

The City of DISCRETION.

*The Houses there, retir'd in Gardens are,
And all is done with little noise,
One seldom sees Assemblies there,
Or publick shows for Grief or Joys.
One rarely walks but in the Night,
And most endeavour to avoid the Light.
There the whole World their bus'ness carry,
Without or confident, or Secretary:
One still is under great constraint,
Must always suffer, but ne'r make complaint,
'Tis there the dumb and silent languishes,
Are predic'd, which so well explain the Heart:
Which without speaking can so much express,
And secrets to the Soul the nearest way impart;
Language which prettify perswades belief;
Who's silent Eloquence obliges Joy or Grief.*

[Pg 251]

This City's called *Discretion*, being the name
Of her that is Lieutenant of the same,
And Sister to *Respect*; a Lady who
Seldom obtains a Conquest at first view;
But in repeated Visits one shall find,
Sufficient Charms of Beauty and of Mind:
Her vigorous piercing Eyes can when they please,
Make themselves lov'd, and understood with Ease.
Not too severe, but yet reserv'd and wise,
And her Address is full of subtilties;
Which upon all occasions serves her turn;
T' express her Kindness, and to hide her scorn;
Dissimulations Arts, she useful holds,
And in good manners sets 'en down for rules.
'Twas here *Aminta* liv'd, and here I paid
My constant visits to the lovely Maid.
With mighty force upon my Soul I strove,

To hide the Sent'ments of my raging Love.
All that I spoke did but indifferent seem,
Or went no higher than a great esteem.
But 'twas not long my Passion I conceal'd,
My flame in spight of me, it self reveal'd.

The silent Confession.

*And tho' I do not speak, alas,
My Eyes, and Sighs too much do say!
And pale and languishing my Face,
The torments of my Soul betray;
They the sad story do unfold,
Love cannot his own secrets hold;
And though Fear ty's my Tongue, Respect my Eyes,
Yet something will disclose the pain;
Which breaking out throw's all disguise;
Reproaches her with Cruelties;
Which she augments by new disdain;
—Where e're she be, I still am there;
What-ere she do, I that prefer;
In spight of all my strength, at her approach,
I tremble with a sight or touch;
Paleness or Blushes does my Face surprize,
If mine by chance meet her encountering Eyes;
'Twas thus she learn'd my Weakness, and her Pow'r;
And knew too well she was my Conqueror.*

[Pg 252]

And now—
Her Eyes no more their wonted Smiles afford,
But grew more fierce, the more they were ador'd;
The marks of her esteem which heretofore
Rais'd my aspiring flame, oblige no more;
She calls up all her Pride to her defence;
And as a Crime condemns my just pretence;
Me from her presence does in Fury chase;
No supplications can my doom reverse;
And vainly certain of her Victory,
Retir'd into the *Den of Cruelty*.

The Den of Cruelty.

*A Den where Tygers make the passage good,
And all attempting Lovers make their Food;
'th' hollow of a mighty Rock 'tis plac'd,
Which by the angry Sea is still imbrac'd:
Whose frightful surface constant Tempest wears,
Which strikes the bold Adventurers with Fears.
The Elements their rudest Winds send out,
Which blow continual coldness round about.
Upon the Rock eternal Winter dwells,
Which weeps away in dropping Isicles;
The barren hardness meets no fruitful Ray,
Nor bears it Issue to the God of day;
All bleek and cale, th' unshady prospect lies,
And nothing grateful meets the melancholy Eyes.*

[Pg 253]

To this dire place *Aminta* goes, whilst I,
Begg'd her with Prayers and Tears to pass it by;
All dying on the Ground my self I cast,
And with my Arms her flying Feet imbrac'd;
But she from the kind force with Fury flung,
And on an old deformed Woman hung.

A Woman frightful, with a horrid Frown,
And o're her angry Eyes, her Brows hung down:
One single Look of hers, fails not t' impart,
A terror and despair to every Heart:
She fills the Universe with discontents,
And Torments for poor Lovers still invents.
This is the mighty *Tyrant Cruelty*,
Who with the *God of Love* is still at enmity;
She keeps a glorious Train, and Glorious Court,
And thither Youth and Beauty still resort:
But oh my Soul form'd for Loves softer Sport,

Cou'd not endure the *Rigor* of her Court!
Which her first rude Address did so affright,
That I all Trembling hasted from her Sight,
Leaving the unconcern'd and cruel Maid,
And on a Rivers Bank my self all fainting laid;
Which River from the obdurate Rock proceeds,
And cast's it self i'th' Melancholy Meads.

The River of Despair.

*Its Torrent has no other source,
But Tears from dying Lovers Eyes;
Which mixt with Sighs precipitates its course;
Softning the senseless Rocks in gliding by;
Whose doleful Murmurs have such Eloquence
That even the neighbouring Trees and flow'rs have pitying sense;
And Cruelty alone knows in what sort,
Against the moving sound to make defence,
Who laughs at all despair and Death as sport.*

[Pg 254]

A dismal Wood the Rivers Banks do bear,
Securing even the day from entering there;
The Suns bright Rays a passage cannot find,
Whose Boughs make constant War against the Wind;
Yet through their Leaves glimmers a sullen Light;
Which renders all below more terrible than Night,
And shows upon the Bark of every Tree,
Sad stories carv'd of Love and Cruelty;
The Grove is fill'd with Sighs, with Crys, and Groans,
Reproaches and Complaints in dying Moans;
The Neighbouring Eccho's nothing do repeat,
But what the Soul sends forth with sad regret;
And all things there no other Murmurs make,
But what from Language full of death they take,
'Twas in this place despairing ere to free
Aminta from the Arms of *Cruelty*,
That I design'd to render up my Breath,
And charge the cruel Charmer with my Death.

The RESOLVE.

*Now, my fair Tyrant, I despise your Pow'r;
'Tis Death, not you becomes my Conqueror;
This easy Trophy which your scorn
Led bleeding by your Chariot-side,
Your haughty Victory to adorn,
Has broke the Fetters of your Pride,
Death takes his quarrel now in hand,
And laughs at all your Eyes can do;
His pow'r thy Beauty can withstand,
Not all your Smiles can the grim victor bow.
He'll hold no Parley with your Wit,
Nor understands your wanton play,
Not all your Arts can force him to submit,
Not all your Charms can teach him to obey;
Your youth nor Beauty can inspire,
His frozen Heart with Love's perswasive fire;
Alas, you cannot warm him to one soft desire;
Oh mighty Death that art above,
The pow'r of Beauty or of Love!*

[Pg 255]

Thus sullen with my Fate sometimes I grew,
And then a fit of softness wou'd ensue,
Then weep, and on my Knees implore my Fair,
And speak as if *Aminta present were*.

The QUESTION.

*Say, my fair Charmer, must I fall,
A Victim to your Cruelty?
And must I suffer as a Criminal?
Is it to Love offence enough to dye?
Is this the recompence at last,
Of all the restless hours I've past?*

*How oft my Awe, and my Respect,
 Have fed your Pride and Scorn?
 How have I suffered your neglect,
 Too mighty to be born?
 How have I strove to hide that flame
 You seem'd to disapprove?
 How careful to avoid the name
 Of Tenderness or Love?
 Least at that Word some guilty Blush shou'd own,
 What your bright Eyes forbad me to make known.*

[Pg 256]

Thus fill'd the neighbouring Eccho's with my Cry,
 Did nothing but reproach, complain and dye:
 One day——
 All hopeless on the Rivers Brink I stood,
 Resolv'd to plunge into the Rapid Floud,
 That Floud that eases Lovers in despair,
 And puts an end to all their raging care:
 'Tis hither those betray'd by Beauty come,
 And from this kinder stream receive their doom;
 Here Birds of Ominous presages Nest,
 Securing the forlorn Inhabitants from rest:
 Here Mid-night-Owls, night-Crows, and Ravens dwell,
 Filling the Air with Melancholy Yell:
 Here swims a thousand Swans, whose doleful moan
 Sing dying Loves Requiems with their own:
 I gaz'd around, and many Lovers view'd,
 Gastly and pale, who my design pursu'd;
 But most inspir'd by some new hope, or won
 To finish something they had left undone;
 Some grand Important bus'ness of their Love,
 Did from the fatal precipice remove:
 For me, no Reason my designs dissuade,
 Till *Love* all Breathless hasted to my Aid;
 With force m' unfixing Feet he kindly graspt,
 And tenderly reproacht my desperate hast,
 Reproach'd my Courage, and condemn'd my Wit,
 That meanly cou'd t' a Womans scorn submit,
 That cou'd to feed her Pride, and make her vain,
 Destroy an Age of Life, for a short date of pain:
 He wou'd have left me here, but that I made,
 So many friendships as did soon perswade
 The yielding Boy, who Smil'd, resolv'd and staid.
 He rais'd my Head, and did again renew,
 His Flatteries, and all the Arts he knew:
 To call my Courage to its wonted place.
 What, cry'd he—(sweetly Angry) shall a Face
 Arm'd with the weak resistance of a Frown,
 Force us to lay our Claims and Titles down?
 Shall *Cruelty* a peevish Woman prove,
 Too strong to be overcome by Youth and Love?
 No! rally all thy Vigor, all thy Charms,
 And force her from the cruel Tyrants Arms;
 Come, once more try th' incens'd Maid to appease,
 Death's in our pow'r to grasp when ere we please;
 He said——And I the heavenly voice attend,
 Whilst towards the Rock our hasty steps we bend,
 Before the Gates with all our forces lye,
 Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to dye;
 In vain Love all his feeble Engines rears,
 His soft Artillery of Sighs and Tears,
 Were all in vain—against the Winds were sent,
 For she was proof 'gainst them and Languishment:
 Repeated Vows and Prayers mov'd no Remorse,
 And 'twas to Death alone I had Recourse:
Love in my Anguish bore a mighty part,
 He pityed, but he cou'd not ease my Heart:
 A thousand several ways he had assay'd,
 To touch the Heart of this obdurate Maid;
 Rebated all his Arrow's still return,
 For she was fortify'd with Pride and Scorn.
 The useless Weapons now away he flung,
 Neglected lay his Ivory Bow unstrung,
 His gentle Azure Wings were all unprun'd,
 And the gay Plumes a fading Tinct assum'd;

}
 }
 }

[Pg 257]

Which down his snowy sides extended lay,
And now no more in wanton Motions play.
He blusht to think he had not left one dart,
Of force enough to wound *Aminta's* Heart;
He blusht to think she shou'd her freedom boast,
Whilst mine from the first Dart he sent was lost:
Thus tir'd with our Complaints; (whilst no relief
Rescu'd the fleeting Soul from killing Grief)
We saw a Maid approach, who's lovely Face
Disdain'd the Beauties of the common race:
Soft were her Eyes, where unfeign'd Sorrow dwelt,
And on her Cheeks in pitying Show'rs they melt:
Soft was her Voice, and tenderly it strook,
The eager listening Soul, when e're she spoke;
And what did yet my Courage more augment,
She wore this sadness for my languishment.

[Pg 258]

*And sighing said, ah Gods! have you
Beheld this dying Youth, and never found
A pity for a Heart so true,
Which dyes adoring her that gave the Wound?
His Youth, his Passion, and his Constancy,
Merits, ye God's, a kinder Destiny.*

With pleasure I attended what she said,
And wonder'd at the friendship of the Maid.
Of LOVE I ask'd her name? who answer'd me,
'Twas *Pity*: Enemy to *Cruelty*:
Who often came endeavouring to abate,
The Languishments of the unfortunate;
And said, if she wou'd take my injur'd part,
She soon wou'd soften fair *Aminta's* Heart;
For she knows all the subtillest Arts to move,
And teach the timorous Virgin how to love.
With Joy I heard, and my Address apply'd,
To gain the Beauteous *Pity* to my Side:
Nothing I left untold that might perswade,
The listening Virgin to afford her aid.
Told her my Passions, Sorrows, Pains and Fears,
And whilst I spoke, confirm'd 'em with my Tears;
All which with down-cast Eyes she did attend,
And blushing said, my Tale had made a Friend;
I bow'd and thank't her with a chearful look,
Which being return'd by hers, her leave she took:
Now to *Aminta* all in haste she hies,
Whom she assail'd with sorrow in her Eyes,
And a sad story of my Miseries,
Which she with so much tenderness exprest,
As forc'd some Sighs from the fair Charmers Breast;
The subtil *Pity* found she should prevail,
And oft repeats th' insinuating Tale,
And does insensibly the Maid betray,
Where *Love* and I, Panting and Trembling lay;
Where she beheld th' effects of her disdain,
And in my languid Face she read my Pain.
Down her fair Cheeks some pitying drops did glide;
Which cou'd not be restrain'd by feebler Pride;
Against my anguish she had no defence,
Such Charms had grief, my Tears such Eloquence;
My Sighs and Murmurs she began t' approve,
And listen'd to the story of my LOVE.
With tenderness, she did my Sufferings hear,
And even my Reproaches now cou'd bear:
At last my trembling Hand in hers she took,
And with a charming Blush, these Words she spoke:

[Pg 259]

}
}
}

I.

*Faithful Lisander, I your Vows approve,
And can no longer hide.
My Sense of all your suffering Love,
With the thin Veil of Pride.*

II.

'Twas long in Vain that Pity did assail,

*My cold and stubborn Heart;
Ere on th' insensible she cou'd prevail,
To render any Part.*

III.

*To her for all the tenderness,
Which in my Eyes you find,
You must your gratitude express,
'Tis Pity only makes me kind.*

[Pg 260]

IV.

*Live then, Lisander, since I must confess,
In spite of all my native modesty,
I cannot wish that you shou'd Love me less;
Live then and hope the Circling Sun may see
In his swift course a grateful change in me,
And that in time your Passion may receive
All you dare take, and all a Maid may give.*

*Oh, Lysidas, I cannot here relate,
The Sense of Joy she did in me create;
The sudden Blessing overcame me so,
It almost finisht, what Grief fail'd to do;
I wanted Courage for the soft surprize,
And waited re-enforcements from her Eyes:
At last with Transports which I cou'd not hide,
Raising my self from off the ground, I cry'd.*

The TRANSPORT.

*Rejoyce! my new made happy Soul, Rejoyce!
Bless the dear minute, bless the Heav'nly voice,
That has revok't thy fatal doom;
Rejoyce! Aminta leads thee from the Tomb.
Banish the anxious thoughts of dying hours,
Forget the shades and melancholy Bow'rs,
Thy Eyes so oft bedew'd with falling show'rs;
Banish all Thoughts that do remain,
Of Sighing Days and Nights of Pain,
When on neglected Beds of Moss thou'st lain:
Oh happy Youth! Aminta bids thee live;
Thank not the sullen God's or defer Stars,
Since from her Hand thou dost the Prize receive;
Hers be the Service, as the bounty hers;
For all that Life must dedicated be,
To the fair God-like Maid that gave it Thee.*

}
}
}
}
}
}

[Pg 261]

*Now, Lysidas, behold my happy State;
Behold me Blest, behold me Fortunate,
And from the height of languishing despair,
Rais'd to the Glory of Aminta's care:
And this one moment of my Heaven of Joy,
Did the remembrance of past Griefs destroy:
And Pity ceas'd not here; but with new Eloquence,
Obliges the shy Maid to visit Confidence.*

CONFIDENCE.

*A Lady lovely, with a charming Meen,
Gay, frank, and open, and an Air serene;
In every Look she does her Soul impart,
With ease one reads the Sent'ments of her Heart;
Her Humour generous, and her Language free,
And all her Conversation graceful Liberty:
Her Villa is Youth's general Rendezvous,
Where in delightful Gardens, winding Groves,
The happy Lovers dwell with secresie,
Un-interrupted by fond Jealousie:
'Tis there with Innocence, they do and say
A thousand things, to pass the short-liv'd day:
There free from censuring Spies, they entertain,
And pleasures tast, un-intermixt with pain.*

'Tis there we see, what most we do adore,
 And yet we languish to discover more.
 Hard fate of Lovers, who are ne'er content,
 In an Estate so Blest and Innocent.
 But still press forward, urg'd by soft desires,
 To Joys that oft extinguishes their Fires;
 In this degree I found a happiness,
 Which nought but wishing more cou'd render less.
 I saw *Aminta* here without controul,
 And told her all the Secrets of my Soul;
 Whilst she t' express her height of Amity,
 Communicated all her Thoughts to me.

[Pg 262]

The REFLECTION.

*Oh with what Pleasure did I pass away.
 The too swift course of the delightful day!
 What Joys I found in being a Slave
 To every Conquering Smile she gave,
 Whose every sweetness wou'd inspire
 The Cinick and the Fool with Love;
 Alas, I needed no more Fire,
 Who did its height already prove:
 Ah my Aminta! had I been content,
 With this degree of Ravishment,
 With the nee'r satisfy'd delight I took,
 Only to prattle Love, to sigh and look,
 With the dull Bartering Kiss for Kiss,
 And never aim'd at higher Bliss,
 With all the stealths forgetful Lovers make,
 When they their Little Covenants break:
 To these sad shades of Death I'd not been hurl'd,
 And thou mightst still have blest the drooping World;
 But though my Pleasure were thus vast and high,
 Yet Loves insatiate Luxury
 Still wish'd reveal'd the unknown Mystery.*

}
 }
 }

But still *Love* importun'd, nor cou'd I rest,
 So often, and impatiently he prest,
 That I the lovely Virgin wou'd invite,
 To the so worshipp'd *Temple of Delight*.
 By all the Lovers Arts I strove to move,
 And watch the softest Minutes of her Love,
 Which against all my Vows and Prayers were proof.
 Alas she lov'd, but did not love enough:
 And I cou'd no returns but Anger get,
 Her Heart was not intirely conquer'd yet;
 For liking, I mistook her Complysance,
 And that for Love; when 'twas her Confidence.

[Pg 263]

But 'twas not long my Sighs I did employ,
 Before she rais'd me to the height of Joy.
 And all my Fears and Torments to remove,
 Yields I shall lead her to the *Court of LOVE*.
 Here, *Lysidas*, thou thinks me sure and blest,
 With Recompence for all my past unrest;
 But fortun'd smil'd the easier to betray,
 She's less inconstant than a Lover's Joy:
 For whilst our Chariot Wheels out-stript the Wind,
 Leaving all thought of Mortal Cares behind,
 Whilst we sate gazing full of new surprize,
 Exchanging Souls from eithers darting Eyes,
 We encounter'd *One* who seem'd of great Command,
 Who seiz'd the Reins with an all-pow'rful hand:
 Awful his looks, but rude in his Address,
 And his Authority roughly did express;
 His violent Hands he on *Aminta* laid,
 And out of mine snatch'd the dear trembling Maid;
 So suddenly as hinder'd my defence,
 And she cou'd only say in parting thence,
*Forgive, Lisander, what by force I do,
 Since nothing else can ravish me from you;
 Make no resistance, I obey*^[5]*Devoir.*
*Who values not thy Tears, thy Force or Prayer,
 Retain thy Faith and Love Aminta still,*

Since she abandons thee against her Will.
 Immoveable I remain'd with this surprize,
 Nor durst reply so much as with my Eyes.
 I saw her go, but was of Sense bereav'd,
 And only knew from what I heard, I liv'd;
 Yes, yes, I heard her last Commands, and thence
 By violent degrees retriev'd my Sense.
 Ye Gods, in this your Mercy was severe,
 You might have spar'd the useless favour here.
 But the first Thoughts my Reason did conceive,
 Were to pursue the injurious Fugitive.
 Raving, that way I did my haste direct,
 But once more met the Reverend *Respect*,
 From whom I strove my self to dis-engage,
 And faign'd a calmness to disguise my Rage.
 In vain was all the Cheat, he soon perceiv'd,
 Spight of my Smiles, how much, and why I griev'd;
 Saw my despairs, and what I meant to do,
 And begg'd I wou'd the rash Design forego;
 A thousand dangers he did represent,
 T' win me from the desperate attempt.
 I ever found his Counsel just and good,
 And now resolv'd it shou'd not be withstood;
 Thus he ore-came my Rage, but did not free,
 My Soul from Grievs more painful Tyranny;
 Grief tho' more soft, did not less cruel prove,
 Madness is easier far then hopeless Love.

I parted thus, but knew not what to do;
 Nor where I went; nor did I care to know;
 With folded Arms, with weeping Eyes declin'd,
 I search the unknown shade, I cou'd not find,
 And mixt my constant Sighs with flying Wind.
 By slow unsteady steps the Paths I trace,
 Which undesign'd conduct me to a place
 Fit for a Soul distrest; obscur'd with shade,
 Lonely and fit for Love and Sorrow made;
 The Murmuring Boughs themselves together twist,
 And 'twou'd allow to Grief her self some rest.
 Inviron'd 'tis with lofty Mountains round,
 From whence the Eccho's, Sighs, and Crys rebound;
 Here in the midst and thickest of the Wood,
 Cover'd with bending Shades a Castle stood,
 Where *Absence* that dejected Maid remains,
 Who nothing but her Sorrow entertains.

[Pg 264]

}
 }
 }

[5] Duty.

[Pg 265]

ABSENCE.

*Her mourning languid Eyes are rarely shown,
 Unless to those afflicted like her own;
 Her lone Apartment all obscure as Night,
 Discover'd only by a glimmering Light:
 Weeping she sate, her Face with Grief dismaid,
 Which all its natural sweetness has decay'd;
 Yet in despite of Grief there does appear,
 The ruin'd Monuments of what was fair,
 E'r cruel Love and Grief had took possession there.
 These made her old without the aid of Years;
 Worn out, and faint with lingring hopes and fears,
 She seldom answers ought but with her Tears.
 No Train attends, she only is obey'd
 By Melancholy, that soft, silent Maid:
 A Maid that fits her Humour every way,
 With whom she passes all the tedious day:
 No other object can her Mind content,
 She Feeds and Flatters all her languishment;
 The noisy Streams that from high Mountains fall;
 And water all the Neighbouring flowry Vale:
 The Murmurs of the Rivulets that glide,
 Against the bending Seges on the side;
 Of mournful Birds the sad and tuneful Noats,
 The Bleats of stragglng Lambs, and new yeav'd Goats:
 The distant Pipe of some lone Mountain Swain,
 Who to his injur'd Passion fits his strain;*

}
 }
 }
 }
 }

}

On a strict league of Friendship we agree,
For I was sad, and as forlorn as she;
To all her Humours, I conform my own,
Together Sigh, together Weep, and Moan;
Like her to Woods and Fountains I retreat,
And urge the pitying Eccho's to repeat
My tale of *Love*, and at each Period found
Aminta's name, and bear it all around,
Whilst listening Voices do the charm reply,
And lost in mixing Air, together dye.
There minutes like dull days creep slowly on,
And every day I drag an Age along;
The coming hours cou'd no more pleasures hast,
Than those so insupportably I'd past.
I rav'd, I wept, I wisht, but all in vain,
The distant Maid, nor saw, nor eas'd my pain;
With my sad tale, each tender Bark I fill,
This—soft complaints, and that—my Ravings tell;
This bears vain Curses on my cruel fate,
And Blessings on the Charming Virgin, that;
The Willow by the lonely Spring that grows,
And o're the Stream bends his forsaken Boughs,
I call *Lisander*; they, like him, I find,
Murmur and ruffl'd are with every Wind.
On the young springing Beech that's straight and tall,
I Carve her name, and that *Aminta* call;
But where I see an Oak that Climbs above
The rest, and grows the Monster of the Grove;
Whose pow'rful Arms when aiding Winds do blow,
Dash all the tender twining Shades below,
And even in Calms maliciously do spread,
That naught beneath can thrive, imbrace or breed;
Whose mischiefs far exceed his fancy'd good,
Honour I call him: *Tyrant* of the Wood.
Thus rove from Thought to Thought without relief:
A change 'tis true; but 'tis from Grief to Grief;
Which when above my silence they prevail,
With Love I'm froward, on my Fortune rail,
And to the Winds breathe my neglected Tale.

[Pg 266]

To LOVE.

I.

*Fond Love thy pretty Flatteries cease,
That feeble Hope you give;
Unless 'twould make my happiness,
In vain, dear Boy; in vain you strive,
It cannot keep my tortur'd Heart alive.*

II.

*Tho' thou shou'dst give me all the Joys,
Luxurious Monarch's do possess,
Without Aminta 'tis but empty noise,
Dull and insipid happiness;
And you in vain invite me to a Feast,
Where my Aminta cannot be a Guest.*

III.

*Ye glorious Trifles, I renounce ye all,
Since she no part of all your splendour makes;
Let the Dull unconcern'd obey your call,
Let the gay Fop, who his Pert Courtship takes;
For Love, whilst he profanes your Deity,
Be Charm'd and Pleas'd with all your necessary vanity.*

IV.

*But give me leave, whose Soul's inspir'd,
With sacred, but desparing Love.
To dye from all your noise retir'd,
And Buried lie within this silent Grove.*

}
}
}
}[Pg 267]

*For whilst I Live, my Soul's a prey,
 To insignificant desires,
 Whilst thou fond God of Love and Play,
 With all thy Darts, with all thy useless Fires,
 With all thy wanton flatteries cannot charm,
 Nor yet the frozen-hearted Virgin warm.*

V.

[Pg 268]

*Others by absence Cure their fire,
 Me it intrages more with pain;
 Each thought of my Aminta blows it higher,
 And distance strengthens my desire;
 I Faint with wishing, since I wish in vain;
 Either be gone, fond Love, or let me dye,
 Hopeless desire admits no other remedy.*

Here 'twas the height of *Cruelty* I prov'd,
 By absence from the sacred Maid I lov'd:
 And here had dy'd, but that Love found a way,
 Some letters from *Aminta* to convey,
 Which all the tender marks of pity gave,
 And hope enough to make me wish to Live.

From *Duty*, now the lovely Maid is freed,
 And calls me from my lonely solitude:
 Whose cruel Memory in a Moments space,
 The thoughts of coming Pleasures quite deface;
 With an impatient Lovers hast I flew,
 To the vast Blessing Love had set in view,
 But oh I found *Aminta* in a place,
 Where never any Lover happy was!

RIVALS.

*Rivals 'tis call'd, a Village where,
 The Inhabitants in Fury still appear;
 Malicious paleness, or a generous red,
 O'r every angry face is spread,
 Their Eyes are either smiling with disdain,
 Or fiercely glow with raging Fire.
 Gloomy and sullen with dissembl'd pain,
 Love in the Heart, Revenge in the desire:
 Combates, Duels, Challenges,
 Is the discourse, and all the business there.
 Respect of Blood, nor sacred friendship ties;
 Can reconcile the Civil War,
 Rage, Horror, Death, and wild despair,
 Are still Rencounter'd, and still practised there.*

[Pg 269]

'Twas here the lovely cruel Maid I found,
 Incompass'd with a thousand Lovers round;
 At my approach I saw their Blushes rise,
 And they regarded me with angry Eyes.
Aminta too, or else my Fancy 'twas,
 Receiv'd me with a shy and cold Address,
 —I cou'd not speak—but Sigh'd, retir'd and Bow'd;
 With pain I heard her Talk and Laugh aloud,
 And deal her Freedoms to the greedy Crowd.
 I Curst her Smiles, and envy'd every look,
 And Swore it was too kind, what'ere she spoke;
 Condemn'd her Air, rail'd on her soft Address,
 And vow'd her Eyes did her false Heart confess,
 And vainly wisht their Charming Beauties less.
 A Secret hatred in my Soul I bear,
 Against these objects of my new despair;
 I waited all the day, and all in vain;
 Not one lone minute snatcht, to ease my pain;
 Her Lovers went and came in such a sort,
 It rather seem'd *Loves-Office* than his *Court*,
 Made for eternal *Bus'ness*, not his *Sport*,
Love saw my pain, and found my rage grew high,
 And led me off, to lodge at *Jealousie*.

}
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }

JEALOUSIE.

I.

*A Palace that is more uneasy far,
 Then those of cruelty and absence are,
 There constant show'rs of Hail and Rains do flow,
 Continual Murmuring Winds around do blow,
 Eternal Thunder rowling in the Air,
 And thick dark hanging Clouds the day obscure;
 Whose sullen dawn all Objects multiplies.
 And render things that are not, to the Eyes.
 Fantoms appear by the dull gloomy light,
 That with such subtil Art delude the sight,
 That one can see no Object true or right.
 I here transported and impatient grow
 And all things out of order do;
 Hasty and peevish every thing I say,
 Suspicion and distrust's my Passions sway,
 And bend all Nature that uneasy way.*

[Pg 270]

}
 }
 }

}
 }
 }

II.

*A thousand Serpents gnaw the Heart;
 A thousand Visions fill the Eyes,
 And Deaf to all that can relief impart,
 We hate the Counsel of the Wise,
 And Sense like Tales of Lunaticks despise:
 Faithless, as Couzen'd Maids, by Men undone,
 And obstinate as new Religion,
 As full of Error, and false Notion too,
 As Dangerous, and as Politick;
 As Humerous as a Beauty without Wit;
 As Vain and Fancyful in all we do:
 —Thus Wreck the Soul, as if it did conceal,
 Love Secrets which by torturing 'two'd reveal.*

Restless and wild, ranging each Field and Grove;
 I meet the Author of my painful Love;
 But still surrounded with a numerous Train
 Of Lovers, whom *Love* taught to Sigh and Fawn,
 At my approach, my Soul all Trembling flies,
 And tells its soft Resentment at my Eyes:
 My Face all pale, my steps unsteady fall,
 And faint Confusion spreads it self o're all.
 I listen to each low breath'd Word she says,
 And the returns the happy Answerer pays:
 When catching half the Sense, the rest Invent,
 And turn it still to what will most Torment;
 If any thing by Whispers she impart,
 'Tis Mortal, 'tis a Dagger at my Heart;
 And every Smile, each Motion, Gesture, Sign,
 In favour of some Lover I explain:
 When I am absent, in some Rivals Arms,
 I Fancy she distributes all her Charms,
 And if alone I find her; sighing cry,
Some happier Lover she expects than I.
 So that I did not only Jealous grow,
 Of all I saw; but all I fancy'd too.

[Pg 271]

The COMPLAINT.

I.

*Oft in my Jealous Transports I wou'd cry,
 Ye happy shades, ye happy Bow'rs,
 Why speaks she tenderer things to you than me?
 Why does she Smile, carress and praise your Flowers?
 Why Sighs she (opening Buds) her Secrets all
 Into your fragrant Leaves?
 Why does she to her Aid your sweetness call,
 Yet take less from you than she gives?
 Why on your Beds must you be happy made,
 And be together with Aminta laid?
 You from her Hands and Lips may KISSES take,
 And never meet Reproaches from her Pride;
 A thousand Ravishing stealths may make,*

*And even into her softer Bosome glide.
And there expire! Oh happy Rival flowers,
How vainly do I wish my Fate like that of Yours?*

II.

*Tell me, ye silent Groves, whose Gloom invites,
The lovely Charmer to your Solitudes?
Tell me for whom she languishes and sighs?
For whom she feels her soft Inquietudes?
Name me the Youth for whom she makes her Vows,
For she has breath'd it oft amongst your listening Boughs?
Oh happy confidents of her Amours,
How vainly do I wish my Fortune blest as Yours.*

[Pg 272]

III.

*Oh happy Brooks, oh happy Rivulets,
And Springs that in a thousand Windings move;
Upon your Banks how oft Aminta sits,
And prattles to you all her Tale of Love:
Whilst your smooth surface little Circles bears,
From the Impressions of her falling Tears,
And as you wantonly reflecting pass,
Glide o're the lovely Image of her Face;
And sanctifies your stream, which as you run,
You Boast in Murmurs to the Banks along.
Dear Streams! to whom she gives her softest hours,
How vainly do I wish my happiness like yours.*

Sometimes I rail'd again, and wou'd upbraid,
Reproachfully, the charming fickle Maid:
Sometimes I vow'd to do't no more,
But one, vain, short-liv'd hour,
Wou'd Perjure all I'd Sworn before,
And Damn my fancy'd Pow'r.
Sometimes the sullen fit wou'd last,
A teadious live-long day:
But when the wrecking hours were past,
With what Impatience wou'd I hast,
And let her Feet weep my neglect away.
Quarrels are the Reserves Love keeps in store,
To aid his Flames and make 'em burn the more.

The PENITENT.

I.

*With Rigor Arm your self, (I cry'd)
It is but just and fit;
I merit all this Treatment from your Pride,
All the reproaches of your Wit;
Put on the cruel Tyrant as you will,
But know, my tender Heart adores you still.*

[Pg 273]

II.

*And yet that Heart has Murmur'd too,
And been so insolent to let you know,
It did complain, and rave, and rail'd at you;
Yet all the while by every God I swear,
By every pitying Pow'r the wretched hear;
By all those Charms that dis-engage,
My Soul from the extrems of Rage;
By all the Arts you have to save and kill,
My faithful tender Heart adores you still.*

}
}
}

III.

*But oh you shou'd excuse my soft complaint,
Even my wild Ravings too prefer,
I sigh, I burn, I weep, I faint,
And vent my Passions to the Air;
Whilst all my Torment, all my Care
Serves but to make you put new Graces on,
You Laugh, and Rally my despair,*

*Which to my Rivals renders you more fair;
 And but the more confirms my being undone:
 Sport with my Pain as gayly as you will,
 My fond, my tender Heart adores you still.*

My differing Passions thus, did never cease,
 Till they had touch'd her Soul with tenderness;
 My *Rivals* now are banish'd by degrees,
 And with 'em all my Fears and Jealousies;
 And all advanc'd, as if design'd to please.

}
 }
 }
 [Pg 274]

The City of LOVE.

In this vast Isle a famous *City* stands,
 Who for its Beauty all the rest Commands,
 Built to delight the wondering Gazers Eyes,
 Of all the World the great *Metropolis*.
 Call'd by LOVE's name: and here the Charming God,
 When he retires to Pleasure, makes abode;
 'Tis here both Art and Nature strive to show,
 What Pride, Expence, and Luxury, can do,
 To make it Ravishing and Awful too:
 All Nations hourly thither do resort,
 To add a splendour to this glorious Court;
 The Young, the Old, the Witty, and the Wise,
 The Fair, the Ugly, Lavish, and Precise;
 Cowards and Braves, the Modest, and the Lowd,
 Promiscuously are blended in the Crowd.
 From distant Shoars young Kings their Courts remove,
 To pay their Homage to the God of Love.
 Where all their sacred awful Majesty,
 Their boasted and their fond Divinity;
 Loose their vast force; as lesser Lights are hid,
 When the fierce God of Day his Beauties spread.
 The wondering World for *Gods* did *Kings* adore,
 Till *LOVE* confirm'd 'em Mortal by his Pow'r;
 And in *Loves Court*, do with their Vassals live,
 Without or *Homage*, or *Prerogative*:
 Which the young *God*, not only Blind must show,
 But as Defective in his Judgment too.

}
 }
 }

LOVE's Temple.

Midst this Gay Court a famous Temple stands,
 Old as the Universe which it commands;
 For mighty *Love* a sacred being had,
 Whilst yet 'twas *Chaos*, e're the World was made,
 And nothing was compos'd without his Aid.
 Agreeing *Attoms* by his pow'r were hurl'd,
 And *Love* and *Harmony* compos'd the World.

}
 }
 [Pg 275]

'Tis rich, 'tis solemn all! Divine yet Gay!
 From the Jemm'd Roof the dazling Lights display,
 And all below inform without the Aids of day.
 All Nations hither bring rich offerings,
 And 'tis endow'd with Gifts of Love-sick Kings.

}
 }
 }

Upon an Altar (whose unbounded store
 Has made the Rifled Universe so poor,
 Adorn'd with all the Treasure of the Seas,
 More than the Sun in his vast course surveys)
 Was plac'd the *God!* with every Beauty form'd,
 Of Smiling Youth, but Naked, unadorn'd.
 His painted Wings displaid: His Bow laid by,
 (For here *Love* needs not his Artillery)
 One of his little Hands aloft he bore,
 And grasp'd a wounded Heart that burnt all o're,
 Towards which he lookt with lovely Laughing Eyes:
 As pleas'd and vain, with the fond Sacrifice,
 The other pointing downward seem'd to say,
Here at my Feet your grateful Victims lay,
 Whilst in a Golden Tablet o're his Head,
 In Diamond Characters this *Motto* stood,
Behold the Pow'r that Conquers every GOD.
 The Temple Gates are open Night and Day,
Love's Votaries at all hours Devotions pay,

}
 }
 }

A Priest of *Hymen* gives attendance near,
 But very rarely shows his Function here,
 For Priest cou'd ne'r the Marriage-cheat improve,
 Were there no other Laws, but those of Love!
 A Slavery generous Heav'n did ne'r design,
 Nor did its first lov'd Race of men confine;
 A Trick, that Priest, whom Avarice cunning made,
 Did first contrive, then sacred did persuade,
 That on their numerous and unlucky Race,
 They might their base got Wealth securely place.
 Curse—cou'd they not their own loose Race intral,
 But they must spread the infection over all!
 That Race, whose Brutal heat was grown so wild,
 That even the Sacred Porches they defil'd;
 And Ravisht all that for Devotion came,
 Their Function, nor the Place restrains their flame.
 But *Love's* soft Votaries no such injuries fear,
 No pamper'd *Levits* are in Pension here;
 Here are no fatted Lambs to Sacrifice,
 No Oyl, fine Flower, or Wines of mighty price,
 The subtil Holy Cheats to Gormandize.
Love's soft Religion knows no Tricks nor Arts,
 All the Attoning Offerings here are Hearts.

[Pg 276]

The Mystery's silent, without noyse or show,
 In which the Holy Man has nought to do,
 The Lover is both Priest and Victim too.

Hither with little force I did persuade,
 My lovely timorously yielding Maid,
 Implor'd we might together Sacrifice,
 And she agrees with Blushing down-cast Eyes;
 'Twas then we both our Hearts an Offering made,
 Which at the Feet of the young *God* we laid,
 With equal Flames they Burnt; with equal Joy,
 But with a Fire that neither did destroy;
 Soft was its Force and Sympathy with them,
 Dispers'd it self through every trembling Limb;
 We cou'd not hide our tender new surprize,
 We languisht and confest it with our Eyes;
 Thus gaz'd we—when the Sacrifice perform'd,
 We found our Hearts entire—but still they burn,
 But by a Blessed change in taking back,
 The lovely Virgin did her Heart mistake:
 Her Bashful Eyes favour'd *Love's* great design,
 I took her Burning Victim: and she mine.

Thus, *Lysidas*, without constraint or Art,
 I reign'd the *Monarch* of *Aminta's* Heart;
 My great, my happy Title she allows,
 And makes me Lord of all her tender Vows,
 All my past Griefs in coming Joys were drown'd,
 And with eternal Pleasure I was Crown'd;
 My Blessed hours in the extream of Joy,
 With my soft Languisher I still imploy;
 When I am Gay, Love Revels in her Eyes,
 When sad—there the young *God* all panting lies.
 A thousand freedoms now she does impart,
 Shows all her tenderness dis-rob'd of Art,
 But oh this cou'd not satisfy my Heart.
 A thousand Anguishes that still contains,
 It sighs, and heaves, and pants with pleasing pains.
 We look, and Kiss, and Press with new desire,
 Whilst every touch Blows the unusual Fire.
 For *Love's* last *Mystery* was yet conceal'd,
 Which both still languisht for, both wisht reveal'd:
 Which I prest on—and faintly she deny'd,
 With all the weak efforts of dying Pride,
 Which struggled long for Empire in her Soul,
 Where it was wont to rule without controul.
 But Conquering Love had got possession now,
 And open'd every Sally to the Foe:
 And to secure my doubting happiness,
 Permits me to conduct her to the *Bow'r of Bliss*.
 That *Bow'r* that does eternal Pleasures yield,
 Where *Psyche* first the *God of Love* beheld:
 But oh, in entering this so blest abode,
 All Gay and Pleas'd as a Triumphant *God*,

[Pg 277]

HONOUR.

I.

*Honour's a mighty Phantom! which around
The sacred Bower does still appear;
All Day it haunts the hallow'd ground.
And hinders Lovers entering there.
It rarely ever takes its flight,
But in the secret shades of night.
Silence and gloom the charm can soonest end,
And are the luckiest hours to lay the Fiend,
Then 'tis the Vision only will remove,
With Incantations of soft Vows of Love.*

II.

*But as a God he's Worshipt here,
By all the lovely, young, and fair,
Who all their kind desires controul,
And plays the Tyrant o're the Soul:
His chiefest Attributes, are Pride and Spight,
His pow'r, is robbing Lovers of delight,
An Enemy to Humane kind,
But most to Youth severe;
As Age ill-natur'd, and as ignorance Blind,
Boasting, and Baffled too, as Cowards are;
Fond in opinion, obstinately Wise,
Fills the whole World with bus'ness and with noise.*

III.

*Where wert thou born? from what didst thou begin?
And what strange Witchcraft brought thy Maxims in?
What hardy Fool first taught thee to the Crowd?
Or who the Duller Slaves that first believ'd?
Some Woman sure, ill-natur'd, old, and proud,
Too ugly ever to have been deceiv'd;
Unskill'd in Love; in Virtue, or in Truth,
Preach'd thy false Notions first, and so debauch'd our Youth.*

IV.

*And as in other Sectuaries you find,
His Votaries most consist of Womankind,
Who Throng t' adore the necessary Evil,
But most for fear, as Indians do the Devil.
Peevish, uneasy all; for in Revenge,
Love shoots 'em with a thousand Darts.
They feel, but not confess the change;
Their false Devotion cannot save their Hearts.
Thus while the Idol Honour they obey,
Swift time comes on, and blooming Charms decay,
And Ruin'd Beauty does too late the Cheat betray.*

}
}
}

This Goblin here—the lovely Maid Alarms,
And snatch'd her, even from my Trembling Arms,
With all the Pow'r of *Non-sence* he commands,
Which she for mighty Reason understands.
Aminta, fly, he crys! fly, heedless Maid,
For if thou enter'st this Bewitching shade,
Thy Flame, Content, and Lover, all are lost,
And thou no more of Him, or Fame shall boast,
The charming Pleasure soon the Youth will cloy,
And what thou wouldst preserve, that will destroy.
Oh hardy Maid by too much Love undone,
Where are thy Modesty, and Blushes gone?
Where's all that Virtue made thee so Ador'd?
For Beauty stript of Virtue, grows abhorr'd:
Dyes like a flower whose scent quick Poyson gives,
Though every gawdy Glory paints its leaves;
Oh fly, fond Maid, fly that false happiness,
That will attend Thee in the Bower of Bliss.

Thus spoke the Phantom, while the listening Maid,
Took in the fatal Council; and obey'd:
Frighted she flies, even from the Temple door,
And left me fainting on the sacred floor:
LOVE saw my Grievs, and to my rescue came,
Where on his Bosom, thus I did complain.

[Pg 280]

The LOSS.

*Weep, weep, Lysander, for the lovely Maid,
To whom thy sacred Vows were paid;
Regardless of thy Love, thy Youth, thy Vows,
The Dull Advice of Honour now pursues;
Oh say my lovely Charmer, where
Is all that softness gone?
Your tender Voice and Eyes did wear,
When first I was undone.
Oh whether are your Sighs and Kisses fled?
Where are those clasping Arms,
That left me oft with Pleasures dead,
With their Excess of Charms?
Where is the Killing Language of thy Tongue,
That did the Ravisht Soul surprize?
Where is that tender Rhetorick gone,
That flow'd so softly in thy Eyes?
That did thy heavenly face so sweetly dress,
That did thy wonderous Soul so well express?
All fled with Honour on a Phantom lost;
Where Youth's vast store must perish unpossesst.
Ah, my dear Boy, thy loss with me bemoan,
The lovely Fugitive is with Honour gone!*

*Love laughing spread his Wings and mounting flies,
As swift as Lightning through the yielding Skies,
Where Honour bore away the Trembling Prize.
There at her Feet the Little Charmer falls,
And to his Aid his powerful softness calls:
Assails her with his Tears, his Sighs and Crys,
Th' unfailing Language of his Tongue and Eyes.*

}
}
}

*Return, said he, return oh fickle Maid,
Who solid Joys abandon'st for a shade;
urn and behold the Slaughter of thy Eyes;
See—the Heart-broken Youth all dying lyes.
Why dost thou follow this Phantastick spright?
This faithless Ignis Fatuus of the Light?
This Foe to Youth, and Beauties worst Disease,
Tyrant of Wit, of Pleasure, and of Ease;
Of all substantial Harms he Author is,
But never pays us back one solid Bliss.
—You'll urge, your Fame is worth a thousand Joys;
Deluded Maid, trust not to empty noise,
A sound, that for a poor Esteem to gain,
Damns thy whole Life t' uneasyness and pain.
Mistaken Virgin, that which pleases me
I cannot by another tast and see;
And what's the complementing of the World to thee?
No, no, return with me, and there receive,
What poor, what scanted Honour cannot give,
Starve not those Charms that were for pleasure made,
Nor unpossesst let the rich Treasure fade.
When time comes on; Honour that empty word,
Will leave thee then fore-slighted Age to guard;
Honour as other faithless Lovers are,
Is only dealing with the young and fair;
Approaching Age makes the false Hero fly,
He's Honour with the Young, but with the old necessity.*

[Pg 281]

}
}
}

—Thus said the God! and all the while he spoke,
Her Heart new Fire, her Eyes new softness took.

*Now crys, I yield, I yield the Victory!
Lead on, young Charming Boy, I follow thee;
Lead to Lysander, quickly let's be gone,
I am resolv'd to Love, and be undone;*

*I must not, cannot, Love at cheaper rate,
Love is the word, Lysander and my fate.*

Thus to my Arms *Love* brought the trembling Maid;
Who on my Bosom sighing, softly, said:
Take, charming Victor—what you must—subdue—
'Tis Love—and not Aminta gives it you,
Love that o're all, and every part does reign,
And I shou'd plead—and struggle—but in vain;
Take what a yielding Virgin—can bestow,
I am—dis-arm'd—of all resistance now.—
Then down her Cheeks a tender shower did glide,
The Trophies of my Victory, Joy, and Pride:
She yields, ye Gods (I cry'd) and in my Arms,
Gives up the wonderous Treasure of her Charms.
—Transported to the Bower of Bliss we high,
But once more met *Respect* upon the way,
But not as heretofore with Meen and Grace
All formal, but a gay and smiling Face;
A different sort of Air his looks now wears,
Galliard and Joyful every part appears.
And thus he said—

[Pg 282]

*Go, happy Lovers, perfect the desires,
That fill two Hearts that burn with equal Fires;
Receive the mighty Recompence at last,
Of all the Anxious hours you've past,
Enter the Bower where endless Pleasures flow,
Young Joys, new Raptures all the year:
Respect has nothing now to do,
He always leaves the Lover here.*
*Young Loves attend and here supply all want,
In secret Pleasures I'm no confident.*

Respect here left me: and He scarce was gone,
But I perceiv'd a Woman hasting on,
Naked she came; all lovely, and her Hair
Was loosely flying in the wanton Air:
Love told me 'twas *Occasion*, and if I
The swift pac'd Maid shou'd pass neglected by,
My Love, my Hopes, and Industry were vain,
For she but rarely e're returned again.
I stopt her speed, and did implore her Aid,
Which granted, she *Aminta* did perswade
Into the *Palace of true Joys* to hast,
And thither 'twas, we both arriv'd at last.

Oh *Lysidas*, no Mortal Sense affords,
No Wit, no Eloquence can furnish Words
Fit for the soft Discription of the *Bower*;
Some *Love-blest God in the Triumphant hour*,
Can only guess, can only say what 'tis;
Yet even that God but faintly wou'd express,
Th' unbounded pleasures of the *Bower of Bliss*.
A slight, a poor Idea may be given,
Like that we fancy when we paint a Heav'n,
As solid Christal, Diamonds, shining Gold,
May fancy Light, that is not to be told.
To vulgar Senses, Love like Heaven shou'd be
(To make it more Ador'd) a Mystery:
Eternal Powers! when ere I sing of Love,
And the unworthy Song immortal prove;
To please my wandering Ghost when I am Dead,
Let none but Lovers the soft stories read;
Praise from the Wits and Braves I'll not implore;
Listen, ye Lovers all, I ask no more;
That where Words fail, you may with thought supply,
If ever any lov'd like me, or were so blest as I.

[Pg 283]

}
}
}

The Prospect and Bower of Bliss.

I.

*'Tis all eternal Spring around,
And all the Trees with fragrant flowers are Crown'd;
No Clouds, no misty Showers obscure the Light,*

*But all is calm, serene and gay,
The Heavens are drest with a perpetual bright,
And all the Earth with everlasting May.
Each minute blows the Rose and Jesamine,
And twines with new-born Eglantine,
Each minute new Discoveries bring;
Of something sweet, of something ravishing.*

[Pg 284]

II.

*Fountains, wandering Brooks soft rills,
That o're the wanton Pebbles play;
And all the Woods with tender murmuring fills,
Inspiring Love, inciting Joy;
(The sole, the solemn business of the day)
Through all the Groves, the Glades and thickets run,
And nothing see but Love on all their Banks along;
A thousand Flowers of different kinds,
The neighbouring Meads adorn;
Whose sweetness snatcht by flying Winds,
O're all the Bow'r of Bliss is born;
Whether all things in nature strive to bring,
All that is soft, all that is ravishing.*

III.

*The verdant Banks no other Prints retain,
But where young Lovers, and young Loves have lain.
For Love has nothing here to do,
But to be wanton, soft and gay,
And give a lavish loose to joy.
His empty'd Quiver, and his Bow,
In flowry Wreaths with rosy Garlands Crown'd,
In Myrtle shades are hung,
As Conquerors when the Victories won,
Dispose their glorious Trophies all around.
Soft Winds and Eccho's that do haunt each Grove,
Still whisper, and repeat no other Songs than Love.
Which round about the sacred Bower they sing,
Where every thing arrives that's sweet and ravishing.*

IV.

*A thousand gloomy Walks the Bower contains,
Sacred all to mighty Love;
A thousand winding turns where Pleasure reigns;
Obscur'd from day by twining Boughs above,
Where Love invents a thousand Plays,
Where Lovers act ten thousand Joys:
Nature has taught each little Bird,
A soft Example to afford;
They Bill and Look, and Sing and Love,
And Charm the Air, and Charm the Grove;
Whilst underneath the Ravisht Swain is lying,
Gazing, Sighing, Pressing, Dying;
Still with new desire warm'd,
Still with new Joy, new Rapture charm'd;
Amongst the green soft Rivulets do pass,
In winding Streams half hid in Flowers and Grass,
Who Purl and Murmur as they glide along,
And mix their Musick with the Shepherds Pipe and Song,
Which Eccho's through the sacred Bower repeat,
Where every thing arrives that's ravishing and sweet.*

[Pg 285]

V.

*The Virgin here shows no disdain,
Nor does the Shepherd Sigh in vain,
This knows no Cruelty, nor that no Pain:
No Youth complains upon his rigorous fair;
No injur'd Maid upon her perjur'd dear,
'Tis only Love, fond Love finds entrance here;
The Notes of Birds, the Murmuring Boughs,
When gentle Winds glide through the Glades,
Soft Sighs of Love, and soft breath'd Vows,
The tender Whisperings of the yielding Maids,*

}
}
}
}
}
}

*Dashing Fountains, Purling Springs,
 The short breath'd crys from faint resistance sent,
 (Crys which no aid desires or brings)
 The soft effects of Fear and Languishment;
 The little struggling of the fair,
 The trembling force of the young Conqueror,
 The tender Arguments he brings,
 The pretty Non-sence with which she assails.
 Which as she speaks, she hopes it nought prevails
 But yielding owns her Love above her Reasonings,
 Is all is heard: Silence and shade the rest.
 Which best with Love, which best with Joys consist,
 All which young Eccho's through the Bower does sing,
 Where every thing is heard, that's sweet and ravishing.*

[Pg 286]

VI.

*Recesses Dark, and Grotto's all conspire,
 To favour Love and soft desire;
 Shades, Springs and Fountains flowry Beds,
 To Joys invites, to Pleasure leads,
 To Pleasure which all Humane thought exceeds.
 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, here all combine,
 To propagate Love's great design,
 And render the Appointments all Divine.
 After long toyl, 'tis here the Lover reaps
 Transporting softnesses beyond his hopes;
 'Tis here fair Eyes, all languishing impart
 The secrets of the fond inclining Heart;
 Fine Hands and Arms for tender Pressings made,
 In Love's dear business always are imploy'd:
 The soft Inchantments of the Tongue,
 That does all other Eloquence controul,
 Is breath'd with broken Sighs among,
 Into the Ravish'd Shepherds Soul,
 Whilst all is taken, all is given,
 That can compleat a Lovers Heav'n:
 And Io Peans through the Woods do ring,
 From new fletch'd God, in Songs all Ravishing.*

}
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }

*Oh my dear Lysidas! my faithful Friend,
 Would I cou'd here with all my Pleasures end:
 'Twas Heaven! 'twas Extaxsie! each minute brought
 New Raptures to my Senses, Soul and Thought;
 Each Look, each Touch, my Ravisht fancy charm'd,
 Each Accent of her Voice my Blood Alarm'd;
 I pant with every Glance, faint with a Kiss,
 Oh Judge my Transports then in higher Bliss.
 A while all Dead, between her Arms I lay,
 Unable to possess the conquer'd Joys;
 But by degrees my Soul its sense retriev'd;
 Shame and Confusion let me know I liv'd.
 I saw the trembling dis-appointed Maid,
 With charming angry Eyes my fault upbraid,
 While Love and Spight no kind Excuse affords,
 My Rage and Softness was above dull Words,
 And my Misfortune only was exprest,
 By Signing out my Soul into her Brest:
 A thousand times I breath'd *Aminta's* name,
Aminta! call'd! but that increas'd my flame.
 And as the Tide of Love flow'd in, so fast
 My Low, my Ebbing Vigor out did hast.
 But 'twas not long, thus idly, and undone
 I lay, before vast Seas came rowling on,
 Spring-tides of Joy, that the rich neighboring shoar
 And down the fragrant Banks it proudly bore,
 O're-flow'd and ravisht all great Natures store.
 Swoln to Luxurious heights, no bounds it knows,
 But wantonly it Triumphs where it flows.
 Some God inform Thee of my blest Estate,
 But all their Powers divert thee from my Fate.
 'Twas thus we liv'd the wonder of the Groves,
 Fam'd for our Love, our mutual constant Loves.
 Young Amorous Hero's at her Feet did fall,
 Despair'd and dy'd, whilst I was Lord of All;*

[Pg 287]

}
 }
 }

Her Empire o're my Soul each moment grew,
New Charms each minute did appear in view,
And each appointment Ravishing and New.
Fonder each hour my tender Heart became,
And that which us'd t' allay, increas'd my Flame.

}
}
}

[Pg 288]

But on a day, oh may no chearful Ray,
Of the Sun's Light, bless that succeeding day!
May the black hours from the account be torn,
May no fair thing upon thy day be born!
May fate and Hell appoint thee for their own,
May no good deed be in thy Circle done!
May Rapes, Conspiracies and Murders stay,
Till thou com'st on, and hatch em in thy day!
—'Twas on this day all Joyful Gay and Fair,
Fond as desire, and wanton as the Air;
Aminta did with me to the blest Bower repair.
Beneath a Beechy Shade, a flowry Bed,
Officious *Cupid's* for our Pleasure spred,
Where never did the Charmer ere impart,
More Joy, more Rapture to my ravisht Heart:
'Twas all the first; 'twas all beginning Fire!
'Twas all new Love! new Pleasure! new Desire!
—Here stop, my Soul—

}
}
}

Stop thy carreer of Vanity and Pride,
And only say,— '*Twas here Aminta dy'd*:
The fleeting Soul as quickly dis-appears,
As leaves blown off with Winds, or falling Stars;
And Life its flight assum'd with such a pace;
It took no farewel of her lovely Face,
The Fugitive not one Beauty did surprize,
It scarce took time to languish in her Eyes,
But on my Bosom bow'd her charming Head;
And sighing, these surprizing words she said:
"Joy of my Soul, my faithful tender Youth,
Lord of my Vows, and Miracle of Truth:
Thou soft obliger—: of thy Sex the best,
Thou blessing too Extream to be possest;
The Angry God, designing we must part,
Do render back the Treasure of thy Heart;
When in some new fair Breast, it finds a room,
And I shall ly—neglected—in my Tomb—
Remember—oh remember—the fair she,
Can never love thee, darling Youth, like me."
Then with a Sigh she sunk into my Brest,
While her fair Eyes her last farewel exprest;
To aiding God's I cry'd; but they were Deaf,
And no kind pow'r afforded me relief:
I call her name, I weep, I rave and faint,
And none but *Eccho's* answer my Complaint;
I Kiss and Bathe her stiffening Face with Tears,
Press it to mine, as cold and pale as her's;
The fading Roses of her Lips I press,
But no kind Word the silenc'd Pratlers will confess;
Her lovely Eyes I kiss, and call upon,
But all their wonted answering Rhetorick's gone.
Her charming little Hands in vain I ask,
Those little Hands no more my Neck shall grasp;
No more about my Face her Fingers play,
Nor brede my Hair, or the vain Curls display,
No more her Tongue beguiling Stories tell,
Whose wonderous Wit cou'd grace a Tale so well;
All, all is fled, to Death's cold Mansion gone,
And I am left benighted and undone,
And every day my Fate is hasting on.
From the enchanting Bower I madly fly,
That Bower that now no more affords me Joy.
Love had not left for me one Bliss in store,
Since my *Aminta* you'd dispence no more.
—Thence to a silent Desert I advance,
And call'd the *Desert of Remembrance*;
A solitude upon a Mountain plac'd,
All gloomy round, and wonderous high and vast,
From whence *Love's* Island all appears in view,
And distant Prospects renders near and true;
Each Bank, each Bower, each dear inviting Shade,

[Pg 289]

}
}
}

That to our Sacred Loves was conscious made;
 Each flowry Bed, each Thicket and each Grove,
 Where I have lain Charm'd with *Aminta's* Love;
 (Where e're she chear'd the day, and blest the Night)
 Eternally are present to my Sight.
 Where e're I turn, the Landskip does confess,
 Something that calls to mind past happiness.
 This, *Lysidas*, this is my wretched state,
 'Tis here I languish, and attend my Fate.
 But e're I go, 'twou'd wonderous Pleasure be,
 (If such a thing can e're arrive to me)
 To find some Pity (*Lysidas*) from thee.
 Then I shou'd take the Wing, and upwards fly,
 And loose the Sight of this dull World with Joy.

[Pg 290]

Your *Lysander*.

}
 }
 }

[Pg 291]

A TABLE.

	PAGE.
<i>The Golden Age, a Paraphrase on a Translation out of French</i>	138
<i>A Farewell to Celladon on his going into Ireland</i>	144
<i>On a Juniper-Tree cut down to make Busks</i>	148
<i>On the Death of Mr. Greenhill the famous Painter</i>	151
<i>A Ballad on Mr. J. H. to Amoret, asking why I was so sad</i>	153
<i>Our Caball</i>	156
<i>The willing Mistress, a Song</i>	163
<i>Love Arm'd, a Song</i>	163
<i>The Complaint, a Song</i>	164
<i>The Invitation, a Song</i>	165
<i>A Song</i>	165
<i>To Mr. Creech (under the name of Daphnis) on his Excellent Translation of Lucretius</i>	166
<i>To Mrs. W. on her excellent Verses (writ in praise of some I had made on the late Earl of Rochester) written in a fit of sickness</i>	171
<i>The sense of a Letter sent me, made into Verse, to a New Tune</i>	173
<i>The Return</i>	173
<i>On a Copy of Verses made in a Dream and sent to me in a Morning before I was awake</i>	174
<i>To my Lady Morland at Tunbridge</i>	175
<i>Song to Ceres, in the wavering Nymph or mad Amyntas</i>	177
<i>A Song in the same Play by the wavering Nymph</i>	177
<i>The Disappointment</i>	178
<i>On a Locket of Hair wove in a True-lovers Knot given me by Sir R. O.</i>	182
<i>The Dream, a Song</i>	183
<i>A Letter to a Brother of the Pen in Tribulation</i>	185
<i>The Reflexion, a Song</i>	186
<i>A Song to Pesibles Tune</i>	188
<i>A Song on her loving two Equally set by Capt. Pack</i>	189
<i>The Counsel, a Song set by the same hand</i>	190
<i>The Surprise, a Song set by Mr. Farmer</i>	191
<i>A Song</i>	192
<i>The Invitation, a Song to a New Scotch Tune</i>	192
<i>Sylvio's Complaint, a Song to a fine Scotch Tune</i>	193
<i>In Imitation of Horace</i>	195
<i>To Lysander who made some Verses on a Discourse of Loves Fire</i>	196
<i>A Dialogue for an entertainment at Court between Damon and Sylvia</i>	198
<i>On Mr. J. H. In a fit of sickness</i>	200
<i>To Lysander on some Verses he writ, and asking more for his Heart than 'twas worth</i>	202
<i>To the Honourable Lord Howard, on his Comedy called the New Utopia</i>	204
<i>To Lysander at the Musick meeting</i>	207
<i>An Ode to Love</i>	208
<i>Love Reveng'd, a Song</i>	209
<i>A Song to a New Scotch Tune</i>	210
<i>The Caball at Nickey Nackeys</i>	211
<i>A Paraphrase on the eleventh Ode out of the first Book of Horace</i>	212
<i>A Translation</i>	212
<i>A Paraphrase on [OE]none to Paris</i>	213
<i>A Voyage to the Isle of Love</i>	223

[Pg 292]

FINIS.

LYCIDUS: OR, THE LOVER IN FASHION, &c.

To the EARL OF MELFORD, &c., Knight of the most Noble Order of the Thistle.

My Lord,

This Epistle Dedicatory which humbly lays this Little Volume at your Lordships feet, and begs a Protection there, is rather an Address than a Dedication; to which a great many hands have subscrib'd, it Presenting your Lordship a Garland whose Flowers are cull'd by several Judgments in which I claim the least part; whose sole Ambition is this way to congratulate your Lordships new Addition of Honour, that of the Most Noble Order of the *Thistle*, an Honour which preced's that of the *Garter*, having been supported by a long Race of Kings, and only fell with the most Illustrious of Queens, whose memory (which ought to be Establish'd, in all hearts can not be better preserv'd,) than by reviving this so Ancient Order; well has His Majesty chosen its Noble Champions, among whom none merits more the Glory of that Royal Favor than your Lordship: whose Loyalty to His Sacred Person and interest through all the adversities of Fate, has begot you so perfect a veneration in all hearts, and is so peculiarly the Innate vertue of your Great mind; a virtue not shewn by unreasonable fits when it shall serve an end, (a false Bravery for a while when least needful, and thrown off when put to useful Tryal; like those who weighing Advantages by Probabilities only, and fancying the future to out-poyse the present, cast there their Anchor of Hope,) but a virtue built on so sure and steady Basis's of Honour, as nothing can move or shake; the Royal Interest being so greatly indeed the Property of Nobility, and so much even above life and Fortune: Especially when to support a Monarch so truly just, so wise and great; a Monarch whom God Almighty Grant long to Reign over Us, and still to be serv'd by men of Principles so truly Brave, as those that shine in your Lordship.

Pardon, my Lord, this Digression and the meanness of this Present, which to a Person of your Lordships great and weighty Employments in the world may seem Improper, if I did not know that the most Glorious of States-men must sometimes unbend from Great Affairs, and seek a diversion in trivial Entertainments; Though Poetry will Justle for the Preeminency of all others, and I know is not the least in the Esteem of your Lordship, who is so admirable a Judge of it, if any thing here may be found worthy the Patronage it Implores, 'twill be a sufficient Honour to,

My Lord,
Your Lordships most humble,
most oblig'd,
and obedient Servant,
A. BEHN.

To Mrs. B. on her Poems.

[Pg 296]

Hail, Beauteous *Prophetess*, in whom alone,
Of all your sex Heav'ns master-piece is shewn.
For wondrous skill it argues, wondrous care,
Where two such Stars in firm conjunction are,
A Brain so Glorious, and a Face so fair.
Two Goddesses in your composure joyn'd,
Nothing but Goddess cou'd, you're so refin'd,
Bright *Venus* Body gave, *Minerva* Mind.

}
}
}

How soft and fine your manly numbers flow,
Soft as your Lips, and smooth as is your brow.
Gentle as Air, bright as the Noon-days Sky,
Clear as your skin, and charming as your Eye.
No craggy Precipice the Prospect spoyles,
The Eye no tedious barren plain beguiles.
But, like *Thessalian* Feilds your Volumes are,
Rapture and charms o're all the soyl appear,
Astrea and her verse are *Tempe* every where.

}
}
}

Ah, more than Woman! more than man she is,
As *Phæbus* bright; she's too, as *Phæbus* wise.
The Muses to our sex perverse and coy
Astrea do's familiarly enjoy.
She do's their veiled Glorys understand,
And what we court with pain, with ease command.
Their charming secrets they expanded lay,
Reserv'd to us, to her they all display.
Upon her Pen await those learned Nine.

[Pg 297]

She ne're but like the Phosph'rus draws a line,
As soon as toucht her subjects clearly shine.

The femal Laurels were obscur'd till now,
And they deserv'd the Shades in which they grew:
But *Daphne* at your call return's her flight,
Looks boldly up and dares the God of light.
If we *Orinda* to your works compare,
They uncouth, like her countrys soyle, appear,
Mean as its Pesants, as its Mountains bare:
Sappho tastes strongly of the sex, is weak and poor,
At second hand she russet Laurels wore,
Yours are your own, a rich and verdant store.
If Loves the Theme, you out-do *Ovid's* Art,
Loves God himself can't subtiller skill impart,
Softer than's plumes, more piercing than his Dart.

If *Pastoral* be her Song, she glads the Swains
With Livelier notes, with spritelier smiles the plains.
More gayly than the Springs she decks the Bows
And breaths a second *May* to Fields and Flowrs.
If e're the golden Age again return
And flash in shining Beames from's Iron Urn,
That Age not as it was before shall be,
But as th' Idea is refin'd by thee.
That seems the common; thines the Elixir, Gold,
So pure is thine, and so allay'd the old.

Happy, ye Bards, by fair *Astrea* prais'd,
If you'r alive, to brighter life you're rais'd;
For cherisht by her Beams you'll loftyer grow,
You must your former learned selves out-do,
Thô you'd the parts of *Thirsis* and of *Strephon* too.

Hail, mighty Prophetess! by whom we see
Omnipotence almost in Poetry:
Your flame can give to Graves *Promethean* fire,
And *Greenhill's* clay with living paint inspire;
For like some Mystick wand with awful Eyes
You wave your Pen, and lo the dead Arise.

Kendrick.

LYCIDUS: or, the Lover in Fashion, &c.

I Have receiv'd your melancholy Epistle, with the Account of your Voyage to the *Island of Love*; of your Adventures there, and the Relation of the death of your *Aminta*: At which you shall forgive me if I tell you I am neither surpris'd nor griev'd, but hope to see you the next Campagne, as absolutely reduc'd to reason as myself. When Love, that has so long deprived you of Glory, shall give you no more Sighs but at the short remembrances of past Pleasures; and that after you have heard my Account of the Voyage I made to the same place, with my more lucky one back again, (for I, since I saw you, have been an Adventurer) you will by my Example become of my Opinion, (notwithstanding your dismal Tales of Death and the eternal Shades,) which is, that if there be nothing that will lay me in my Tomb till Love brings me thither, I shall live to Eternity.

I must confess 'tis a great Inducement to Love, and a happy Advance to an Amour, to be handsom, finely shap'd, and to have a great deal of Wit; these are Charms that subdue the Hearts of all the Fair: And one sees but very few Ladies, that can resist these good Qualities, especially in an Age so gallant as ours, yet all this is nothing if Fortune do not smile: And I have seen a Man handsom, well shap'd, and of a great deal of Wit, with the advantage of a thousand happy Adventures, yet finds himself in the end, fitter for an Hospital than the Elevation of Fortune: And the Women are not contented we should give them as much Love as they give us, (which is but reasonable,) but they would compel us all to Present and Treat 'em lavishly, till a Man hath consumed both Estate and Body in their Service. How many do we see, that are wretched Examples of this Truth, and who have nothing of all they enjoyed remaining with 'em, but a poor *Idæa* of past Pleasures, when rather the Injury the Jilt has done 'em, ought to be eternally present with 'em. Heaven keep me from being a Woman's Property. There are Cullies enough besides you or I, *Lysander*.

One would think now, That I, who can talk thus Learnedly and Gravely, had never been any of the number of those wretched, whining, sighing, dying Fops, I speak of, never been jilted and cozen'd of both my Heart and Reason; but let me tell those that think so, they are mistaken, and that all this Wisdom and Discretion, I now seem replenish'd with, I have as dearly bought as any keeping Fool of 'em all. I was Li'd and flattered into Wit, jilted and cozen'd into Prudence, and, by ten thousand broken Vows and perjured Oaths, reduced to Sense again; and can laugh at all my past Follies now.

After I have told you this, you may guess at a great part of my Story; which, in short, is this: I

[Pg 298]

[Pg 299]

[Pg 300]

would needs make a Voyage, as you did, to this fortunate Isle, and accompanied with abundance of young Heirs, Cadets, Coxcombs, Wits, Blockheads, and Politicians, with a whole Cargo of Cullies all, nameless and numberless we Landed on the Enchanted Ground; the first I saw, and lik'd, was charming *Silvia*; you believe I thought her fair as Angels; young, as the Spring, and sweet as all the Flowers the blooming Fields produce; that when she blush'd, the Ruddy Morning open'd, the Rose-buds blew, and all the Pinks and Dazies spread; that when she sigh'd or breath'd, *Arabia's* Spices, driven by gentle Winds, perfum'd all around; that when she look'd on me, all Heaven was open'd in her Azure Eyes, from whence Love shot a thousand pointed Darts, and wounded me all over; that when she spoke, the Musick of the Spheres, all that was ravishing in Harmony, blest the Adoring Listener; that when she walk'd, *Venus* in the Mirtle Grove when she advanced to meet her lov'd *Adonis*, assuming all the Grace young Loves cou'd give, had not so much of Majesty as *Silvia*: In fine, she did deserve, and I compared her to all the Fopperies, the Suns, the Stars, the Coral, and the Pearl, the Roses and Lillies, Angels Spheres, and Goddesses, fond Lovers dress their Idols in. For she was all, fancy and fine imagination could adorn her with, at least, the gazing Puppy thought so. 'Twas such I saw and lov'd; but knowing I did Adore, I made my humble Court, and she, by all my trembling, sighings, pantings, the going and returning of my Blood, found all my Weakness and her own Power; and using all the Arts of her Sex, both to ingage and secure me, play'd all the Woman over: She wou'd be scornful and kind by turns, as she saw convenient, This to check my Presumption and too easy hope; That to preserve me from the brink of despair. Thus was I tost in the Blanket of Love, sometimes up, and sometimes down, as her Wit and Humour was in or out of tune, all which I watch'd, and waited like a Dog, that still the oftner kick'd wou'd fawn the more.

[Pg 301]

Oh, 'tis an excellent Art this managing of a Coxcomb, the Serpent first taught it our Grandam *Eve*: and *Adam* was the first kind Cully: E're since they have kept their Empire over Men, and we have, e're since, been Slaves. But I, the most submissive of the whole Creation, was long in gaining Grace; she used me as she meant to keep me, Fool enough for her Purpose. She saw me young enough to do her Service, handsom enough to do her Credit, and Fortune enough to please her Vanity and Interest: She therefore suffer'd me to Love, and Bow among the Crowd, and fill her Train. She gave me hope enough to secure me too, but gave me nothing else, till she saw me languish to that degree, she feared, to lose the Glory of my Services, by my death; only this Pleasure kept me alive, to see her treat all my Rivals with the greatest Rigour imaginable, and to me all sweetness, exposing their foibles; and having taken Notice of my Languishment, she suffered me Freedoms that wholly Ravish'd me, and gave me hopes I shou'd not be long a dying for all she cou'd give.

[Pg 302]

But, since I have a great deal to say of my Adventures in passing out of this *Island of Love*: I will be as brief as I can in what arrived to me on the Place; and tell you, That after Ten thousand Vows of eternal Love on both sides, I had the Joy, not only to be believ'd and lov'd, but to have her put herself into my Possession, far from all my Rivals: Where, for some time I lived with this charming Maid, in all the Raptures of Pleasure, Youth, Beauty, and Love could create. Eternally we loved, and lived together, no day nor night separated us, no Frowns interrupted our Smiles, no Clouds our Sun-shine; the Island was all perpetual Spring, still flowery and green, in Bowers, in Shades, by purling Springs and Fountains, we past our hours, unwearied and uninterrupted. I cannot express to you the happy Life I led, during this blessed Tranquility of Love, while *Silvia* still was pleased and still was gay. We walked all day together in the Groves, and entertained ourselves with a thousand Stories of Love; we laught at the foolish World, who could not make their Felicity without Crowds and Noise: We pitied Kings in Courts in this Retirement, so well we liked our Solitude; till on a day, (blest be that joyful day, though then 'twas most accurst,) I say upon that day, I know not by what accident I was parted from my Charmer, and left her all alone, but in my absence, there incountr'd her a Woman extremely ugly, and who was however very nice and peevish, inconstant in her temper, and no one place could continue her: The finest things in the World were troublesom to her, and she was Shagreen at every thing; her Name is *Indifference*; she is a Person of very great Power in this Island, (though possibly you never incountr'd her there,) and those that follow her, depart from the *Isle of Love* without any great pains. She brought *Silvia* to the Lake of Disgust, whether, in persuing her (at my return,) I found her, ready to take Boat to have past quite away, and where there are but too many to transport those Passengers, who follow *Indifference* over the Lake of *Disgust*. I saw this disagreeable Creature too, but she appeared too ugly for me to approach her, but forcing *Silvia* back, I returned again to the Palace of *True Pleasure*, where some days after there arrived to me a Misfortune, of which, I believed I should never have seen an end. I found *Silvia* inviron'd round with new Lovers, still adoring and pleasing her a thousand ways, and though none of 'em were so rich, so young, or so handsom as I, she nevertheless failed not to treat 'em with all the Smiles and Caresses 'twas possible to imagin; when I complain'd of this, she would satisfy my fears with so many Vows and Imprecations, that I would believe her, and think myself unreasonable, but when she would be absent whole days, in a hundred places, she would find such probable Excuse, and lye with such a Grace, no mortal cou'd have accused her, so that all the whole Island took notice that I was a baffled Cuckold, before I could believe she would deceive me, so heartily she damn'd herself: Through all the Groves I was the pointed Coxcomb, laught at aloud, and knew not where the jest lay; but thought myself as secure in the Innocence of my deceiving fair one, as the first hour I Charmed her, and like a keeping Cully, lavish'd out my Fortune, my plenteous Fortune, to make her fine to Cuckold me. 'Sdeath! how I scorn the Follies of my Dotage; and am resolv'd to persue Love for the future, in such a manner as it shall never cost me a Sigh: This shall be my method.

[Pg 303]

[Pg 304]

And be to Beauty true:
And doat on all the lovely Eyes,
That are but fair and new.
On *Cloris* Charms to day I'll feed,
To morrow *Daphne* move;
For bright *Lucinda* next I'll bleed,
And still be true to Love.

But Glory only and Renown
My serious hours shall charm;
My Nobler Minutes those shall Crown,
My looser hours, my Flame.
All the Fatigues of Love I'll hate,
And *Phyllis's* new Charms
That hopeless Fire shall dissipate,
My Heart for *Cloe* warms.

The easie Nymph I once enjoy'd
Neglected now shall pass,
Possession, that has Love destroy'd
Shall make me pitiless.
In vain she now attracts and mourns,
Her moving Power is gone,
Too late (when once enjoy'd,) she burns,
And yeilding, is undone.

My Friend, the little charming Boy
Conforms to my desires,
And 'tis but to augment my Joy
He pains me with his Fires;
All that's in happy Love I'll tast,
And rifle all his store,
And for one Joy, that will not last,
He brings a thousand more.

Perhaps, my Friend, at this Account of my Humor you may smile, but with a reasonable consideration you will commend it, at least, though you are not so wise as to persue my Dictates. Yet I know you will be diverted with my Adventures; though there be no love in 'em that can resemble 'em to yours. Take then the History of my Heart, which I assure you, boasts itself of the Conquests it has made.

[Pg 305]

A thousand Martyrs I have made,
All sacrific'd to my desire;
A thousand Beauties have betray'd,
That languish in resistless Fire.
The untam'd Heart to hand I brought,
And fixt the wild and wandring Thought.

I never vow'd nor sigh'd in vain
But both, thô false, were well receiv'd.
The Fair are pleas'd to give us pain,
And what they wish is soon believ'd.
And thô I talk'd of Wounds and Smart,
Loves Pleasures only toucht my Heart.

Alone the Glory and the Spoil
I always Laughing bore away;
The Triumphs, without Pain or Toil,
Without the Hell, the Heav'n of Joy.
And while I thus at random rove
Despise the Fools that whine for Love.

I was a great while, (like you,) before I forgot the remembrance of my first Languishments, and I almost thought (by an excess of Melancholy,) that the end of my Misfortunes were with my Life at hand: Yet still like a fond Slave, willing to drag my Fetters on, I hop'd she would find Arguments to convince me she was not false; and in that Humor, fear'd only I should not be handsomly and neatly jilted. Could she but have dissembled well, I had been still her Cully. Could she have play'd her Game with discretion, but, vain of her Conquest, she boasted it to all the World, and I alone was the kind keeping Blockhead, to whom 'twas unperceived, so well she swore me into belief of her Truth to me. Till one day, lying under a solitary Shade, with my sad Thoughts fixt on my declining Happiness, and almost drown'd in Tears, I saw a Woman drest in glorious Garments, all loose and flowing with the wind, scouring the Fields and Groves with such a pace, as *Venus*, when she heard her lov'd Youth was slain, hasted to behold her ruin. She past me, as I lay, with an unexpressible swiftness, and spoke as she run, with a loud Voice. At her first approach, I felt a strange trembling at my Heart without knowing the reason, and found at last this Woman was *Fame*. Yet I was not able to tell from whence proceeded my Inquietude. When her Words made

[Pg 306]

me but too well understand the Cause: The fatal Subject of what she cry'd, in passing by me, were these:

Poor *Lycidus*, for shame arise,
And wipe *Loves* Errors from thy Eyes;
Shake off the God that holds thy Heart;
Since *Silvia* for another burns,
And all thy past Indurement scorns
While thou the Cully art.

I believed, as she spoke, that I had ill understood her, but she repeated it so often, that I no longer doubted my wretchedness. I leave you, who so well can guess, to imagin, what Complaints I made, filling the Grove, where I was laid, with my piteous Cries; sometimes I rose and raved, and rail'd on Love, and reproach'd the fair Fugitive. But the tender God was still pleading in my Heart, and made me ever end my noisy Griefs in Sighs and silent Tears. A thousand Thoughts of revenge I entertained against this happy Rival, and the charming ingrate: But those Thoughts, like my Rage, would also end in soft reproaching murmurs and regret only. And I would sometimes argue with Love in this manner.

Ah, cruel *Love!* when will thy Torments cease?
And when shall I have leave to dye in Peace?
And why, too charming and too cruel Maid,
Cou'd'st thou not yet thy fleeting Heart have stay'd?
And by degrees thy fickle Humor shewn,
By turns the Enemy and Friend put on:
Have us'd my Heart a little to thy scorn,
The loss at least might have been easier born.
With feigned Vows, (that poor Expencc of Breath,)
Alas thou might'st have sooth'd me to my death.
Thy Coldness, and thy visible decays
In time had put a period to my days.
And lay'd me quietly into my Tomb,
Before thy proof of Perjuries had come.
You might have waited yet a little space
And sav'd mine, and thy, Honour this disgrace;
Alas I languish'd and declin'd apace.
I lov'd my Life too eagerly away
To have disturb'd thee with too long a stay.
Ah! cou'd you not my dying Heart have fed
With some small Cordial Food, till I was dead?
Then uncontroul'd, and unreprouch'd your Charms
Might have been render'd to my Rival's Arms.
Then all my right to him you might impart,
And Triumph'd o're a true and broken Heart.

[Pg 307]

}
}
}

Though I complained thus for a good while, I was not without some secret hope, that what I had heard was not true; nor would I be persuaded to undeceive myself of that hope which was so dear and precious to me. I was not willing to be convinced I was intirely miserable, out of too great a fear to find it true; and there were some Moments in which I believed *Fame* might falsly accuse *Silvia*, and it did not seem reasonable to me, that, after all the Vows and Oaths she had made, she should so easily betray 'em, and forgetting my Services, receive those of another, less capable of rend'ring them to her advantage. Sometimes I would excuse her ingratitude with a thousand things that seem'd reasonable, but still that was but to make me more sensible of my disgrace; and then I would accuse myself of a thousand weaknesses below the Character of a Man; I would even despise and loath my own easiness, and resolve to be no longer a *Mark-out-fool* for all the Rhiming Wits of the Island to aim their Dogrel at. And grown, as I imagined, brave at this thought, I resolv'd first to be fully convinced of the perfidy of my Mistress, and then to rent my Heart from the attachment that held it.

[Pg 308]

You know, that from the *Desart of Remembrance*, one does, with great facility, look over all the *Island of Love*. I was resolv'd to go thither one day; and where indeed I could survey all things that past, in the Groves, the Bowers, by Rivers, or Fountains, or whatever other place, remote or obscure 'twas from thence, that one day I saw the faithless *Silvia*, in the Palace of *True Pleasure*, in the very Bower of Bliss with one of my Rivals, but most intimate Friend.

'Twas there, I saw my Rival take
Pleasures, he knew how to make;
There he took, and there was given,
All the Joys that Rival Heaven;
Kneeling at her Feet he lay,
And in transports dy'd away:
Where the faithless suffer'd too
All the amorous Youth cou'd do.

The Ardour of his fierce desire
Set his Face and Eyes on fire.

All their Language was the Blisses
Of Ten thousand eager Kisses;
While his ravish'd Neck she twin'd
And to his Kisses, Kisses join'd;
Till, both inflam'd, she yeilded so
She suffer'd all the Youth cou'd do.

[Pg 309]

In fine, 'twas there I saw that I must lose the day. And I saw in this Lover Ten thousand Charms of Youth and Beauty; on which the ingrate with greedy languishing Eyes, eternally gazed with the same Joy she used to behold me when she made me most happy. I confess, this Object was so far from pleasing me, (as I believed a confirmation would,) that the change inspired me with a rage, which nothing else could do, and made me say things unbecoming the Dignity of my Sex, who ought to disdain those faithless Slaves, which Heaven first made to obey the Lords of the Creation. A thousand times I was about to have rush'd upon 'em, and have ended the Lives of the loose betrayers of my repose, but Love stepp'd in and stay'd my hand, preventing me from an Outrage, that would have cost me that rest of Honour, I yet had left: But when my rage was abated, I fell to a more insupportable Torment, that of extream Grief to find another possesst of what I had been so long, and with so much Toil in gaining: 'Twas thus I retir'd, and after a little while brought myself to make calm Reflections upon this Adventure, which reduced me to some reason. When one day as I was walking in an unfrequented Shade, whither my Melancholy had conducted me, I incountred a Man, of a haughty look and meen, his Apparel rich and glorious, his Eyes awful, and his Stature tall; the very sight of him inspired me with coldness, which render'd me almost insensible of the infidelity of *Silvia*. This Person was *Pride*, who looking on me, as he past, with a fierce and disdainful Smile, over his Shoulder, and regarding me with scorn, said;

Why shou'd that faithless wanton give
Thy Heart so mortal pain,
Whose Sighs were only to deceive,
Her Oaths all false and vain?
Despise those Tears thou shedd'st for her,
Disdain to sigh her Name.
To *Love*, thy Liberty prefer;
To faithless *Silvia*, Fame.

[Pg 310]

I knew by his words he was *Pride*, or *Disdain*, and would have embraced him; but he put me off, seeing *Love* still by me, who had not yet abandoned me, and turned himself from me with a regardless scorn, but I, who was resolved not to forsake so discreet a Counsellor, rather chose to take my leave of little *Love*; who had ever accompanied me in this Voyage. But oh! this adieu was not taken so easily and soon as I imagined. *Love* was not to be quitted without abundance of Sighs and Tears at parting, he had been a Witness to all my Adventures, my Confident in this Amour, and not to be deserted without a great deal of pain; I stayed so long in bidding the dear Boy adieu, that I had almost forgot *Disdain*; at last, though my Heart were breaking to part with the dear fondling, I was resolved and said;

Farewel, my little charming Boy!
Farewel, my fond delight,
My dear Instructor all the day,
My soft repose at night.
Thou, whom my Soul has so carest,
And my poor Heart has held so fast,
Thou never left me in my pain,
Nor in my happier hours;
Thou eas'd me when I did complain,
And dry'd my falling showers.
When *Silvia* frown'd still thou woud'st smile,
And all my Cares and Griefs beguile.

But *Silvia's* gone, and I have torn
Her Witchcrafts from my Heart;
And nobly fortify'd by scorn
Her Empire will subvert;
The Laws establish'd there destroy,
And bid adieu to the dear charming Boy.

[Pg 311]

In quitting *Love* I was a great while before I could find *Disdain*, but I, at last, overtook him: He accompanied me to a Village, where I received a Joy I had not known since my Arrival to the *Isle of Love*, and which Repose seemed the sweeter because it was new. When I came to this place, I saw all the World Easie, Idle, and at Liberty: This Village is like a Desart, and all the Inhabitants live within themselves, there is only one Gate, by which we enter into it from the *Isle of Love*.

This place is called *Indifference*, and takes its Name from a Princess inhabiting there, a Person very fair and well made; but has a Grace and Meen of so little Wit, and seems so inutile and so silly, that it renders her even ridiculous. As soon as I arrived there, I called to my remembrance all those affronts and cheats of Love, that *Silvia* had put upon me, and which now served for my diversion, and were agreeable thoughts to me; so that I called myself Ten thousand Sots and Fools for resenting 'em; and that I did not heartily despise 'em, laugh at 'em, and make my

Pleasure with the false One as well as the rest; for she dissembled well, and for ought I knew, 'twas but dissembled Love she paid my Rivals. But I, forsooth, was too nice a Coxcomb, I cou'd not feed as others did, and be contented with such Pleasures as she cou'd afford, but I must ingross all, and unreasonably believe a Woman of Youth and Wit had not a longer Race of Love to run than to my Arms alone. Well, 'tis now confest I was a Fool, nor could I hinder myself from saying a thousand times a day;

That Coxcomb can ne're be at ease,
While Beauty enslaves his Soul.
'Tis Liberty only can please,
And he that's Fetter'd is an Owl.

[Pg 312]

I found it very convenient and happy to dis-engage from Love, and I have wond'ered a thousand times at the Follies that God has made me commit: And though I som'times thought on *Silvia*, I thought her less charming and fair than she was before her fall; and the Humour I now was in represented her no more meriting that Passion I once had for her, and I fancied she had lost all those Graces for which once I lov'd her: In fine, I was so wholly recovered of my disease of Love for *Silvia*, that I began to be uneasie for want of employing my Addresses; and a change from so violent a Passion to such a degree of coldness, became insupportable to one of my Youth and I natural Gayety; insomuch, that I was seized with a Dulness, or Languishment, and so great a fit of Melancholy, as I had never felt the like; and my Heart, that was so accustomed to Love, was so out of Humour, that it had no Object or Business for thought, that it lost all its Harmony and Wit; it having nothing to excite it to Life and Motion, passing from so vast a degree of tenderness to an unconcern equally extream. I thought it rude, ill-bred, and idle, to live so indifferent and insignificant a Life. And walking perpetually by myself, (or with those of my own Sex, that could not make my diversion,) I sung all day this following Song to a Hum-drum Tune, to myself;

Not to sigh and to be tender,
Not to talk and prattle Love,
Is a Life no good can render,
And insipidly does move:
Unconcern do's Life destroy,
Which, without Love, can know no Joy.

Life, without adoring Beauty,
Will be useless all the day;

[Pg 313]

Love's a part of Human Duty,
And 'tis Pleasure to obey.
In vain the Gods did Life bestow,
Where kinder Love has nought to do.

What is Life, but soft desires,
And that Soul, that is not made
To entertain what Love inspires,
Oh thou dull immortal Shade?
Thou'dst better part with Flesh and Blood,
Than be, where Life's not understood.

These were my notions of Life; and I found myself altogether useless in the World without Love; methought I had nothing to animate me to Gallant things, without Love, or Women: I had no use of Wit or Youth without the fair, and yet I did not wish wholly to engage myself neither a second time, having been so ill-treated before by Love: But I found there were ways to entertain one's self agreeably enough without dying or venturing the breaking of a heart for the matter: That there were Beauties to be obtained without the hazard of hanging or drowning one's self: I never had tried, but I found it natural enough to my Humour and Constitution, to flatter and dissemble, swear and lye; I viewed my self in my Glass, and found myself very well recovered from the Ruins my first Amour had made, and believed myself as fit for Conquest, as any Sir *Fopling*, or Sir *Courtly Nice* of 'em all. To this fine Person and good Meen and Shape, (as I thought,) I added handsom Dressing, the thing that takes the Heart infinitely above all your other Parts, and thus set out a snare for vain Beauty; I every day went out of the City of *Indifference*, to see what new Adventures I could meet withal.

One day I incountred a Woman, who, at first sight appeared very agreeable; she had an Air easie, free, and Galliard; such as fails not to take at first view: This was *Coquette*, who, the very first time she saw me, Addressed herself to me with very great Complaisance and good Humour, and invited me to her Apartment, where she assured me I should not fail to be entertained very agreeably; and at the same time pulling out of her Pocket a Paper, she shewed me these Words written;

[Pg 314]

Let Love no more your Heart inspire,
Thô Beauty every hour you see;
Pass no farther than desire,
If you'll truly happy be.
Every day fresh Objects view,
And for all have Complaisance.

Search all places still for new,
And to all make some Advance;
For where Wit and Youth agree,
There's no Life like Gallantry.

Laura's Heart you may receive,
And to morrow *Julia's* prize:
Take what young *Diana* gives,
Pity *Lucia* when she dies:
Portia's Face you must admire,
And to *Clorin's* Shape submit,
Phyllis Dancing gives you Fire,
Celia's Softness, *Clara's* Wit.
Thus all at once you may persue,
'Tis too little to Love two.

The powerful smiling God of Hearts
So much tenderness imparts,
You must upon his Altars lay
A thousand Offerings every day:
And so soft is kind desire;
Oh! so Charming is the Fire,
That if nice *Adraste* scorns,
Gentler *Ariadne* burns.
Still Another keep in play
(If One refuse,) to give you Joy.

Cease therefore to disturb your Hours,
For having two desires
A Heart can manage two Amours,
And burn with several Fires.
The day has hours enough in store
To visit two or half a score.

I gave her thanks for her good Counsel, and found I needed not much persuasion to follow *Coquette* to a City that bears her Name, and I saw over the Gate of the City at my Entrance, these Verses writ in Gold Letters;

The God of Love beholding every day
Slaves from his Empire to depart away;
(For Hearts that have been once with Love fatigu'd,
A second time are ne'r again intrigu'd:
No second Beauty e'r can move
The Soul to that degree of Love;)
This City built, that we might still obey,
Tho' we refus'd his Arbitrary Sway:
'Tis here we find a grateful Recompence
For all Loves former Violence;
Tir'd with his Laws we hither come
To meet a kinder softer doom.
'Tis here the God, without the Tyrant, Reigns,
And Laws agreeable ordains;
Here 'tis with Reason and with Wit he Rules,
And whining Passion Ridicules.
No check or bound to Nature gives,
But kind desire rewarded thrives.
Peevish uneasy Pride, the God
Has banish'd from the blest abode:
All Jealousies, all Quarrels cease,
And here Love lives in perfect Peace.

This agreeable description, gave me new desire to enter into the City; where I incountred a thousand fine Persons all gloriously drest, as if they were purposely set out for Conquest: There was nothing omitted of Cost and Gallantry, that might render 'em intirely Charming, and they employ'd all their Arts of Looks and Dress to gain Hearts.

It is, in a word, from these fair Creatures you are to draw your Satisfaction, and 'tis indeed at a dear rate you buy it, yet, notwithstanding the Expence, a world of People persue 'em.

When I came into the City, I was soon perceived to be a Stranger there, and while I was considering whither I should go, or how to address myself to these fair Creatures, a little *Coquette Cupid* presented himself to me for a kind Instructor; and to explain him, this in a word is his Character:

He is of the same Race with the other *Cupids*, has the same Mother too, *Venus*: He wears a Bow and Arrows, like the rest of the young Loves; but he has no Bando, nothing to cover his Eyes, but he sees perfectly; nor has he any *Flambeau*: And all the Laws of *Coquette* he understands and

observes exactly.

I had no sooner received the little Charming God, but he instructed me in all the most powerful Arts to please, in all his little wiles and agreeable deceits; all which he admits of as the most necessary Recourses to that great end of Man, his true diversion: With all which I was so extremely pleased, that resolving to be his Votary, I followed him to the most delightful place in the World, the City of *Gallantry*.

Gallantry is a City very magnificent; at the Entrance of the Gate you incounter *Liberality*, a Woman of great Wit, delicate Conversation and Complaisance: This Lady gives her Passport to all that enter, and without which, you cannot pass, or at least, with great difficulty; and then too you pass your time but very ill; and the more Passports you have, the better you are received from the fair Inhabitants, and pass your time more agreeable with the fine Conversation you meet with in this City. Love told me this, and it was therefore that I took a great many Passports from this acceptable Person *Liberality*. But what renders you yet more Favoured by the Fair and the Young who reside at *Gallantry*, is, to have a delicate soft Wit, an assiduous Address and a tender way of Conversing; but that which best cullies and pleases the Generality of People there, is *Liberality* and *Complaisance*: This place of so great Divertisement is re-frequented with all the Parties of the best and most amiable Company, where they invent a thousand new Pleasures every day; Feasting, Balls, Comedies, and Sports, Singing and Serenades, are what employs the whole Four and twenty hours.

[Pg 317]

By the Virtue of my Passports from *Liberality*, I was introduced to all the fine Conversations and Places that afford Pleasure and Delight: I had the good Fortune to make Parties, insomuch, that I was soon known to all the Company in the City, and past the day in Feasting, going with the Young and Fair to delightful *Villa's*, Gardens, or Rivers in Chases, and a thousand things that pleas'd; and the Nights I passed in Serenading, so that I did not give myself time for Melancholy; and yet for all this I was wearied and fatigued; for when once one has tasted of the Pleasure of Loving and being Beloved, all, that comes after that, is but flat and dull; and if one's Heart be not a little inflamed, all things else are insignificant, and make but very slight touches.

I began therefore for all this to be extremely Shagreen and out of Humour, amidst all these Pleasures, till one lucky day I met with an Adventure, that warmed my Heart with a tender flame which it had not felt since my happy beginning one for *Silvia*: One day, as I said, I was conducted by my officious *Cupid* into a Garden very beautiful, where there are a thousand Labyrinths and Arbours, Walks, Grotto's, Groves and Thickets; and where all the Fair and the Gay resorted; 'twas here I incountred a young Beauty called *Bellinda*; she was well made, and had an admirable meen, an Air of Gayety and Sweetness; but that which charmed me most of all, was her Wit, which was too engaging for me to defend my Heart against: I found mine immediately submitting to her Conversation, and you may imagine I did not part with her so long as Decency and good Manners permitted me to stay with her, which was as long as any Company was in the place; nor then, till by my importunity I had gained so much upon her to suffer my Visits, which she did with a Condescension that gave me abundance of hope.

[Pg 318]

I was no sooner gone, but my *Cupid*, who took care of me, and entertained me to the best Advantage, carried me that Evening to a Ball, where there were a world of Beauties, among the rest one fair as imagination can conceive; she had all the Charmes of Youth and Beauty; though not so much Wit and Air as *Bellinda*. To this young adorable I made my Court all the time I remained there, and fancied I never found myself so Charmed, I fancied all the Graces had taken up their dwelling in her Divine Face; and that to subdue one so fair and so innocent, must needs be an extream Pleasure: Yet did I not so wholly fix my desires on this lovely Person, but that the Wit of *Bellinda* shared my Heart with the Beauty and Youth of *Bellimante*, so was this young Charmer called: I was extremely well pleas'd to find I could anew take fire; and infinitely more, when I found I should not be subdued by one alone; nor confined to dull Dotage on a single Beauty; but that I was able to attain to the greatest Pleasure, that of Loving two amiable Persons at once: If with two, I hoped I might with Two score if I pleas'd and had occasion; and though at first it seemed to be very strange and improbable to feel a Passion for two, yet I found it true, and could not determin which I had the greatest tenderness for, or inclination to: But 'tis most certain, that this night I found, or thought I found, more for *Bellimante*, who fired me with every Smile; I confess she wanted that Gayety of Spirit *Bellinda* had, to maintain that fire she raised: And ever when I was thoughtful a moment, *Coquette* (who is ever in all the Conversation, and where she appears very magnificent and with a great Train,) would, smiling, sing softly in my Ear this Song, for she is very Galliard;

[Pg 319]

Cease to defend your Amorous Heart,
Against a double flame;
Where two may claim an equal Part
Without reproach or shame.
'Tis Love that makes Life's happiness,
And he that best wou'd live
By Love alone must Life caress,
And all his Darts receive.

Coquette is a Person, that endeavours to please and humour every Body, but of all those who every day fill her Train, she caresses none with that Address and Assiduity as she did me, for I was a new Face, to whom she is ever most obliging and entertaining. However, notwithstanding the Advice of *Coquette*, I fancied this young Charmer had engaged all my Soul; and while I gazed on her Beauty, I thought on *Bellinda* no more; but believed I should wholly devote myself

to *Bellimante*, whose Eyes alone seemed capable to inflame me.

I took my leave with Sighs, and went home extream well pleas'd with this days Adventure. All this Night I slept as well as if no tenderness had toucht my Heart, and though I Lov'd infinitely, it gave me no disturbance; the next morning a thousand pleasant things *Bellinda* had said to me, came into my mind, and gave me a new inclination to entertain myself with that witty Beauty; and dressing myself in haste with the desire I had to be with her, I went again, the morning being very inviting, to the Garden, where before I had seen her, and was so lucky to encounter her; I found her blush at my approach; which I counted a good Omen of my future happiness; she received me with all the Gayety and Joy good liking and Wit could inspire: Nor was I backward on my part, but addrest myself to her with all imaginable respect, and as much Love in my Eyes as I was able to put on; which, I found, she saw with Pleasure; she had not entertained me half an hour, but I was so absolutely charmed, that I forgot there was a *Bellimante* in the World.

[Pg 320]

Thus for several days I lived; every day visiting both these attracting Beauties, and at Night, when I was retired, was not able to inform myself which I liked best: Both were equally beloved, and it was now, that methought I began to tast of true Joy; I found myself in Love without any sort of inquietude; when I was Melancholy, I went to visit *Bellinda*, and she with her Gayety and Wit would inspire me with good Humour; If I were over-prest with good Company, and too much Conversation and Noise, I would visit *Bellimante*, who by a certain softness in her discourse, and a natural Languishment in her Eyes and Manners, charmed and calmed me to a reposed tranquillity; so that to make me fortunate in Love, I could not have fixed my desires better: I had too little Love to be wretched, and enough to make my happiness and Pleasure.

After I had past my time awhile thus in *Coquette*, this little Love, who was my Guide, carried me to *Declaration*: I thought then upon the time of my first Arrival on the *Isle of Love*; and how *Respect*, that awful hinderer of our Pleasure, prevented me from going to this Place: I urg'd this very argument *Respect* then made me, to my *Coquet* Love now, who for answer return'd me nothing but loud Laughter; and when I askt his reason, he replied, that *Respect* did not forbid any to go to *Declaration*, but those only who knew not how to behave themselves well there, and who were not so well fashion'd and bred as they ought to be, who go thither: And that it was a mere cheat in *Respect* to conduct people to *Love* by *Discretion*, that being much the farthest way about, and under favor to Monsieur *Respect* he is but a troublesome companion to a Lover, who designs to cure those wounds the fair has given him, and, if he have no better counsellor, he may languish all his life without revealing the secret of his soul to the object belov'd, and so never find redress. But this Sir *Formal*, (*Respect* says *Love*,) is a very great favourite of the Lady's, who is always in fee with them as a Jilt with a Justice; who manages their Fools just as they wou'd have 'em; for it is the most agreeable thing in the World to them, and what the most feeds their vanity, to see at their feet a thousand Lovers sigh, burn, and languish; the fair are never angry to find themselves belov'd, nor ever weary of being Ador'd. I was extreamly pleas'd at this frank Humour of my little Love who told me this, and without much scruple or consideration to *Respect* I followed him towards *Declaration*, and in my way he gave me this Advice.

[Pg 321]

When you Love, or speak of it,
Make no serious matter on't,
'Twill make but subject for her wit
And gain her scorn in lieu of Grant.
Sneeking, whining, dull Grimasses
Pale the Appetite, they'd move;
Only Boys and formal Asses
Thus are Ridicul'd by Love.

While you make a Mystery
Of your Love and awful flame;
Young and tender Hearts will fly,
Frighted at the very name;
Always brisk and gayly court,
Make Love your pleasure not your pain,
'Tis by wanton play and sport
Heedless Virgins you will gain.

By this time we were arriv'd to *Declaration*, which is a very little Village, since it is only for Passengers to pass thrô, and none live there, the Country is very Perilous, and those that make a false step run a great risque of falling from some precipice: Round about rises a very great mist, and people have much ado to know each other; of these mists there are two sorts: The one on the side of *Denial*, the other on that of *Permission*, the first is very disagreeable and draws a very ill consequence with it; the other directs you to a place of intire divertisement, but I had so good a guide that the entrance gave me no trouble at all. When I came to the Village, I found *Bellimante*, and *Bellinda*, to whom by turns I told all my heart; and discover'd all its passion or its tenderness which was to me much better.

[Pg 322]

When to the charming *Bellinda* I came,
With my heart full of Love and desire,
To gain my wisht end I talkt of a flame,
Of sighing, and dying, and fire,
I swore to her charms that my soul did submit,
And the slave was undone by the force of her Wit.

To fair *Bellimante* the same tale I told,
 And I vow'd and I swore her fair Eyes
 No Heart-Ravisht mortal cou'd ever behold
 But he panting and languishing Dys,
 And while I was vowing, the ardour of youth
 Made myself even believe what I swore was all Truth.

I confess to you, my dear *Lysander*, that it was a great while before I cou'd make myself be believ'd by *Bellinda*, or gain any credit upon her heart, she had a great deal of Wit and cou'd see farther into the designs of her Lovers than those who had not so much, or had had so many vows pay'd them: I perceiv'd well enough, I was not hated by her, and that she had not a heart wholly insensible; so that I never quitted her till I had gain'd so much upon her to accompany me to *Permission*, where for some time we pass our days very pleasantly; and having so good fortune with *Bellinda*, I had now a great desire to try my power over *Bellimante*: and where indeed, contrary to my expectation, I was not so happy: But she went from me to *Denial*; and I was for that hour oblig'd to return again to *Bellinda*, it was some time I searcht her in vain, but at last found her at a little Village, extreamly agreeable. There are very few Inhabitants, but those that are live in perpetual union, yet do not talk much, for they understand one another with half words: A sign of the Hand, the Head or the Eye, a glance or smile is sufficient to declare a great part of the Inclination. It is here where the Lover takes all freedoms, without controul, and says and does all that soft Love can permit: And every day they take and give a secret Entertainment, speaking a particular Language, which every body does not understand, and none but Lovers can reply to; in effect, there are as many Languages as there are persons.

[Pg 323]

The Governess of this Village is very charming to those that are acquainted with her; and as disagreeable to those that are not; she is a person of a great deal of Wit, and knows all things. She has a thousand ways to make herself understood, and comprehends all in a moment, that you wou'd or can say to her.

In this place, to divert, we make a thousand pretty sorts of Entertainments; and we have abundance of Artifices, which signify nothing, and yet they serve to make life Agreeable and Pleasant.

'Twas thus I liv'd at *Intelligence*; when I understood that *Bellimante* was retir'd to *Cruelty*. This news afflicted me extreamly, but I was not now of a humour to swell the Floods with my tears, or increase the rude winds with my ruder sighs; to tear my hair and beat my Innocent breast as I us'd in my first Amour to do. However I was so far concern'd that I made it my business not to lose this insensible fair one, but making her a visit in spite of her retreat, I reproacht her with cruelty.

[Pg 324]

Why, fair Maid, are you uneasy,
 When a slave designs to please you;
 When he at your feet is lying
 Sighing, languishing, and dying?
 Why do you preserve your charms
 Only for offensive Armes?
 What the Lover wou'd possess
 You maintain but to oppress.
 Cease, fair Maid, your cruel sway,
 And let your Lover dy a nobler way.

Who the Devil wou'd not believe me as much in love now as I ever was with *Silvia*: My heart had learnt then all the soft Language of Love which now it cou'd prattle as naturally as its Mother Tongue; and sighing and dying was as ready for my mouth as when it came from my very heart; and cost me nothing to speak; Love being as cheaply made now by me as a barter for a Horse or a Coach; and with as little concern almost: It pleas'd me while I was speaking, and while I believ'd I was gaining the vanity and pleasure of a conquest over an unvanquisht heart. However I cou'd yet perceive no Grist come to my Mill; no heart to my Lure; young as it was, it had a cunning that was harder to deceive than all *Bellinda's* Wit: And seeing her persist still in her Resolution I left her with a heart, whose pride more than Passion resentted the obdurat'ness of this Maid, I went as well compos'd however as I cou'd to *Intelligence*; and found even some pleasure in the cruelty and charming resistance of *Bellimante*, since I propos'd to myself an infinite happiness in softening a heart so averse to Love, and which I knew I shou'd compel to yield some time or other with very little pains and force.

Oh! what Pleasure 'tis to find
 A coy heart melt by slow degrees;
 When to yielding 'tis inclin'd,
 Yet her fear a ruin sees.
 When her tears do kindly flow,
 And her sighs do come and goe.

Oh! how charming 'tis, to meet
 Soft resistance from the fair;
 When her pride and wishes meet
 And by turns increase her care,
 Oh! how charming 'tis to know,

[Pg 325]

She wou'd yield but can't tell how.

Oh! how pretty is her scorn
When confus'd 'twixt Love and shame,
Still refusing (though she burn,)
The soft pressures of my Flame.
Her Pride in her denial lies,
And mine is in my Victories.

I feigned nevertheless abundance of Grief to find her still persist in her rigorous Cruelty; and I made her believe that all my absent hours I abandoned myself to sorrows and despairs; though *Love* knows I parted with all those things in *Silvia's* Arms. But whatever I pretended, to appear at *Cruelty* and before *Bellimante*; at *Intelligence* I was all Galliard and never in better Humour in my Life than when I went to visit *Bellinda*: I put on the Gravity of a Lover, and beheld her with a Solemn Languishing Look: In fine, I accustomed myself to counterfeit my Humour, whenever I found it convenient for my Advantage: Tears, Vows, and Sighs cost me nothing, and I knew all the Arts to jilt for Love, and could act the dying Lover, whenever it made for my Satisfaction.

He that wou'd precious time improve.
And husband well his hours,
Let him complain and dye for Love,
And spare no Sighs or Showers.
To second which, let Vows and Oaths
Be ready at your will,
And fittest times and seasons chuse,
To shew your cozening skill.

[Pg 326]

In fine, after I had sufficiently acted the Languishing Lover, for the accomplishment of all my Wishes, I thought it time to change the Scene, and without having recourse to Pity, I followed all the Counsels of my *Cupid*; who told me, that in stead of dying and whining at her Feet, and damning myself to obtain her Grace, I should affect a Coldness, and an Unconcern; for, *Lycidus*, assure yourself, said he, there is nothing a Woman will not do, rather than lose her Lover either from Vanity or Inclination. I thanked *Love* for his kind Advice; and to persue it, the next day I drest myself in all the Gayety imaginable: My Eyes, my Air, my Language, were all changed; and thus fortified with all the put-on indifference in the World, I made *Bellimante* a Visit; and after a thousand things all cold and unconcerned, far from Love or my former Softness, I cried laughing to her;

Cease, cease, that vain and useless scorn,
Or save it for the Slaves that dye;
I in your Flames no longer burn,
No more the whining Fool you fly;
But all your Cruelty defie.

My Heart your Empire now disdains,
And Frown, or Smile, all's one to me:
The Slave has broke his Servial Chains,
And spight of all your Pride is free
From the Tyrannick Slavery.

[Pg 327]

Be kind or cruel every day,
Your Eyes may wear what dress they please,
'Twill not affect me either way,
Now my fond Heart has found its Peace,
And all my Tears and Sighings cease.

I must confess you're wondrous fair,
And know, to conquer such a Heart;
Is worth an Age of sad despair,
If Lovers Merits were Desert;
But you're unjust as well as fair,
And Love subsists not with despair,
No more than Lovers by the Air.

I've spar'd no Sighs nor Floods of Tears,
Nor any thing to move your Mind,
With sacred Vows I fed your Cares;
But found your rebel Heart unkind,
And Vanity had made you blind.

No more my Knees shall bow before
Those unconcern'd and haughty Eyes,
Nor be so senseless to adore
That Saint, that all my Prayers despise:
No, I contemn your Cruelty
Since in a Humor not do dye.

Having said all this with an Air of Disdain, I, smiling, took my leave, with much less Civility and Respect than I used to do: and hasting to *Intelligence*, I past my time very well with *Bellinda*, to whom I paid all my Visits, and omitted nothing that might make *Bellimante* know I had forgot her: But at the end of some days by a very happy change, she finding more inclination to Love than to Cruelty, banishing all Obstacles in Favour of a Lover, she came to *Intelligence*; where at first sight she made me some little Reproaches, and that in so soft a manner, that I did not doubt but I had toucht her Heart: I swore a thousand times, that all I had done, was only put on to see if it were possible she could resent it, and force from her Heart some little concern for my supposed loss. At this time I had abundance of Intreagues upon my hands, for it was not with *Bellinda* and *Bellimante*, with whom I lived in this manner; and indeed it is impossible to remain at *Intelligence* and to make a Court but to two Persons only, where there are so many of the Fair and Young. I writ every day several Billets; and received every day as many: I had every day two or three Rendezvous; and one ought to manage matters very discreetly, that neither Party might come to the knowledge of the others concern; and one ought to be a Man of great Address and Subtilty to love more than one securely; and though this gave me some pain, it was nevertheless an *Embarrass* very agreeable, and in which I could have lived a great while; if Envy, which cannot suffer any Body to be happy in *Intelligence*, had not arrived there and told a great many things which discovered my Intreagues; so that *Bellinda*, with whom I had lived there with great Tranquillity a long time, and *Bellimante*, with whom I was but just beginning to be happy, were both obliged to quit this delightful place, where we enjoyed many happy hours; and they retired till the noise was a little over; and with them all those who had afforded me any hope: If any one of these had stayed, I had been contented well enough and one might have consol'd me for the loss of the other, but in one day to lose all that made my happiness, put me in such a Melancholy, I knew not for the present what to do for myself; but *Coquet Love* conducted me to a Village, that gave me a new Pleasure: The scituation of it is marvellous, the Fields and the Groves all about it the most pleasant in the World; the Meadows enamel'd with Rivulets, which run winding here and there, and lose themselves in the Thickets and the Woods. In going, *Love* said to me: In absence it is in vain to abandon yourself to sorrow. Alas! What signifies it to sigh night and day; the Absent does not hear us; nor can the most tender Affliction or Complaint render a Lover happy, unless the Fair One were present to hear all his Moans, then perhaps they might avail. There was reason in what he said, and I was pleas'd and calm'd; and we arrived at the same time at this Village: All the Houses were fine, and pleasant, we saw all the Graces there by Fountains and by Flowery Springs, and all the Objects that could be imagined agreeable; and the least amiable ones, we saw, gave us a Joy! All the World that inhabit there contribute to Diversion; and this place is called *Amusement*: *Amusement* is a young Boy, who stops and gazes at every thing that meets his Eyes, and he makes his Pleasure with every Novelty.

[Pg 328]

[Pg 329]

As soon as I arrived at this Village I thought to divert myself, as others did; and to hinder my Thoughts from fixing on the loss of my two Mistresses, and to banish from my mind the Chagrins their Absence gave me; withdrawn from the fair Eyes of *Bellimante*, and the Charming Wit of *Bellinda*, and to give my sighing Heart a little ease; upon a thousand Objects I formed my desires, and took a thousand Pleasures to divert my Melancholy: And all the time I lived at this dear place, I passed my time without any inquietude; for every day afforded me new Objects to give me new Wishes. And I now expected, without much impatience, the return of *Bellinda* and *Bellimante*; nor did I tire myself with writing to 'em every day; and when I did write, to save the expence of thought, the same Billet served both; a thousand little tender things I said of course to both: And sometimes, especially while I was writing, I thought I had rather seen them than have lived at *Amusement*, but since it was necessary they should be absent, I bore it with all the Patience I could; sometimes we were in a fit of writing very regularly to one another, but on a sudden I received no Letters at all; the reason of this was, they both understood I lived at *Amusement*, and had retired themselves to the Palace of *Spight*: I no sooner received this News, but I rendered myself there also; it is a place where there is alwaies abundance of Tumult, Outrage, Quarrels and Noise: And *Spight* is a Person who eternally gives occasion of Discontent and Broil; causing People often to fall out with those they love most, and to caress those they hate: But the Quarrels she occasions us with those we love, last but a very short season, and Love reconciles those differences that *Spight* obliges us to make: Thô 'tis sometime pleasant enough to see those we Love extreamply, and violently, fall into the highest rage, and say a thousand things injurious and unreasonable, and to swear all the Oaths that angry Love and Fury can inspire, never to see or converse with one another again, and in a moment after to grow calm, weep, and reunite; to be perjured on both sides, and become more fond than ever they were.

[Pg 330]

A Lovers Rage and Jealousie
One short moment do's confess:
How can they long angry be
Whose Hearts are full of tenderness?

In this Place there wou'd be eternal War, but for a person who inhabits there, and is always the Mediator for Peace, 'tis he that assists to accommodate and bring the Lovers together. This is a very honest person, call'd *Right Understanding*; he brought me to *Bellinda*, whom I found accompani'd with a Man that made her a thousand caresses; at my approach she made as if she knew me not, which I took in such disdain, that I apply'd myself to *Spight*, with a design to be reveng'd on this Haughty scorner. In this humour I made a visit to *Bellimante* but found her as Implacable as *Bellinda*, whom no excuses, no reason, cou'd reduce to the temper I had once seen her; in a rage, ten times more than I was before, fill'd with disdain and revenge I complain'd of this treatment to my little *Love*, who immediately led me into a Grove, where the Beauties and

[Pg 331]

the Graces us'd to walk, to consult upon what return to make for my affront; from one place to another we past on till we came to a little Thicket, on the other side of which, by a little Rivulet we cou'd hear, but not see, two persons discoursing; they were women, and one seemed in a violent Rage against her Lover, who had newly offended her, whilst the other strove in vain to reconcile her, but she went on, vowing to revenge herself with the next object she shou'd Encounter that had but Wit, Youth, and fortune enough to Justify her Love, and make her conquest glorious; her resolution agreeing so with mine, and her manner of speaking, gave me new hope and pleasure, and a great curiosity to see her face; I found by her Resentment she was young and of Quality, and that alone was enough to make me resolve upon Addressing myself to her, and the other person had no sooner left her, but I advanced towards her, with as good a grace as I you'd put on; she was a little surprised, and blushing at first, but I soon reconcil'd her to my conversation. I found her handsom enough to ingage me, and she was as well pleased with me as I was with her, both having the same design which was that of revenge, and you may Imagine, our business being the same, our entertainment was not at first extraordinary, but as my cause of Anger was more reasonable than hers, I began to find myself to soften into liking of this new fair one, who was called *Cemena*, and who, to spight her former Lover, endeavor'd to be seen with me in all the publick places she cou'd, which gave him Infinite torments of Jealousie. One day as I was walking with this *Cemena* in a place where the young and the fair frequent, *Bellinda* and *Bellimante* often passed by us, and saw us both well pleas'd and in good humour; I cou'd perceive their colour goe and come, and that they were as uneasy at this object, as my heart you'd wish, and by their quitting of the place immediately after, I was assured of all my hope, and believed I had gained my Point; at the end of two or three days, one Morning walking alone in the same place I encountered *Bellimante*, who hap'n'd to be attended with her Woman onely; she chang'd colour at my approach, and wou'd have passed me by but I stay'd her by the Robe; and said a thousand things to her that angry Love inspir'd me with, while she on her side did the same, till we had talk'd ourselves by degrees into reason, and good understanding. I found her Resentment to be only the excess of Love, and all those faults are easily forgiven, I immediately threw myself at her Feet, and made her a thousand protestations of my fidelity, and she, in her turn excused herself with all the tenderness imaginable, she made me a thousand new vows and caresses, and forgot nothing that might perswade me that all she did was by Counsel of *Spight*.

[Pg 332]

Oh! how soft it is to see
 The fair one we believe untrue,
 Eager and impatient be
 To be reconcil'd anew;
 When their little cheats of Love
 Shall with reasons be excus'd,
 Oh! how soft it is to prove.
 With what ease we are abus'd!

When we come to understand
 How unjust are all our fears;
 And to feel the lovely hand
 Wiping from our Eyes the tears.
 And a thousand Favours pay
 For every drop they kiss away,
 Oh! how soft it is to yield,
 To the Maid just reconcil'd.

I found this accomodement extreamly agreeable, and it was in these transports the Lovely *Bellimante* detain'd me for some days without quitting her, but I found too much Joy in a new reconciliation not to endeavour to make one also with *Bellinda*; as soon then as *Bellimante* grew a little off my heart by so long a conversation with one and the same Woman, I, on pretence of some affairs, left her extreamly charm'd and satisfi'd, and hasted to *Bellinda*, who, methought, was now a new Beauty; at least I found her too considerable to lose the Glory of ingaging her intirely; 'tis possible that both these Ladies, being agitated with as little faith as myself, deceiv'd me with the same design as I did them, to make their pleasure only, and thô this very often came into my thoughts, yet it gave me no great inquietude, they dissembl'd well, and I cou'd not see it; I had the satisfaction and the vanity of 'em, that was as much as I desir'd from any of the fair since *Silvia* toucht my heart, they both swore they lov'd and both fear'd to displeas, if they were unfaithful they had a thousand stratagemes to hide their infidelity, and took a great deal of care to keep me, which shew'd a value in me above all the rest of my Rivals, and I beheld myself with some Pride and esteem for having so much power; when ever they offended me they had all the Arts to mollify me, and who wou'd be so critically in love as not to be willing to be so well abus'd? For my part I will not be so nice, as to penetrate into their thoughts, to find what wou'd but displeas me if found; but content myself with all I see and find that looks like Love at least and good humour. Nay even in their worst I found a thousand pleasures, those of their quarrels which sometimes happen twenty times a day, when every reconciliation is like a new Mistress, so well they strive to please and be reconcil'd.

[Pg 333]

But all these pleasures did not satisfy me, there were greater yet behind which I had not arriv'd to with these fair charmers, and however I liv'd at *Amusement*, making a thousand Amours with a hundred of the most Beautiful, still I had a desire to subdue intirely to my pleasure these two the most hard to gain, but now I was pretty well secur'd of both their hearts and yet neither knew they were each others Rivals in mine. They knew one another, converst, and play'd and walkt

[Pg 334]

together, yet so discreet I was in this Amour that neither was jealous of the other, nor suspected I lov'd both with an equal Ardour; when I hap'n'd to be with 'em both I carried myself so equally Gallant that both commended my conduct and imagin'd I did it to hide the secret passion I had for herself, and so many little Arts my *Coquet Love* had taught me I cou'd with ease manage abundance of intrigues at one and the same time.

But as I said, this did not suffice, nor cou'd the fires that some more willing Beauties allay'd, hinder me from wishing and burning and persuing those two fair persons with an Ardor that had no appearance of decay from any others goodness to me, but in my daily visits to 'em I eternally solicited them to suffer me to accompany them to that charming place call'd *Favors*, which is a very Beautiful Castle rais'd in a Vally. I confest to you that my *Coquet Cupid* advis'd me not to go, for fear of attaching myself too much to a place so extremely agreeable; the Mountains, that environ this Castle, are very high and full of hollow Rocks, which made the scituation very sullen. The Castle itself was delicately built, and surrounded with tall Trees, so thick that one cou'd hardly see the Edifice, nor cou'd the Sun-beams dart throw the gloomy shade; and eternal Night seem'd to sit there in awful state and pleasure: For the more obscure this place is and secret from all Eyes, the better and more acceptable it is to all that enter there, and thô this Vally have many inhabitants, it appears to have none at all; because they love solitude, and, banishing all Publick society, content themselves only to be but two in company together; if there be more they are receiv'd with a very ill welcome, for a third Person in this place wou'd destroy the Pleasure and the harmony. The Inhabitants of this Castle never shew themselves but to those that are very importune, and then not every day, the Ladies that command there are many Sisters all of the name of the Castle; and all very fair, and still one more fair than the other, and when you visit 'em you see 'em not all at once but by degrees and the last you behold is the fairest, and by the pleasure you have in seeing one, you desire to see 'em all. For there are no limits to be given to desire, and as they are never seen by any body altogether, it happens very often that you see but one, and you must have address and great assiduity, abstinence, and good fortune to obtain one of these *Favors*; but the last will cost you much more trouble than all the rest put together, so very fair, so very nice and coy she is: But when once obtain'd she brings you to the Palace of intire Pleasure; which is neighbouring to the Castle of *Favors*; but I, who wou'd very fain, at once, have brought to this delicate place both *Bellinda* and *Bellimante*, found myself extream uneasy, because, as I said, only two can be well entertain'd at a time! I found it against my humour and against the advice of *Love* to abandon all, and retire with one only, for in decency and good manners, those, who go to this Castle of *Favors*, are oblig'd to continue there for some time; and I found, I shou'd be extremely chagrin after a little with one alone; but both were obstinate and wou'd not suffer a third: and having been so very importune with both, I was asham'd to repent and recant all those things I had said, to persuade them to go, thô in my heart I was very ill satisfi'd I had not persu'd the counsel, *Love* had given me not to go to *Favors* at all; he foreseeing an inconvenience in such a retreat, which I, with all my young desires about me and fond of novelty, cou'd not, so well as he, discern; however I had propos'd it with some ardency and wou'd not go back, but resolv'd to make the best advantage of my voyage, and wou'd not declare my regret till I cou'd no longer hinder it: So that *Bellimante*, yeilding to my Implorings, consented next day to go with me to this retreat of *Favors*.

[Pg 335]

[Pg 336]

Accordingly the next morning we set out for this amiable place; where we arrived, and finding myself all alone, without interruption or fear, with this very fair Creature, I advanced to a thousand Freedoms which she, with some resistance, permitted me to take: I was all Joy and Transport at every advance, and still the nearer I approached to the last Favour, the more blest I imagined myself; I grew more resolved, and she more feeble; and at last, I was the Victor and *Bellimante* the Victim; I remained some days with her, and one would have imagined I should have been intirely happy in this place with one so young and fair: But behold the fickleness of, Youth, and Man's nature.

Thô my Heart were full of Passion,
And I found the yeilding Maid
Give a loose to inclination
While her Love her Flame betray'd;
Yet thô all she did impart,
Pain and Anguish prest my Heart.

Thô I found her all o'r Charming,
Fond and sighing in my Arms;
Yet my Heart anew was warming
For *Bellinda's* unknown Charms;
Thought, if Beauty pleas'd me so,
What must Wit and Beauty too?

And though next day I found myself a hundred times more in Love with *Bellimante* than before, yet unless I could possess *Bellinda* too, I thought myself miserable: Yet every time she charmed me anew I was upon the point of renouncing eternally *Bellinda*, and sacrificing her to my Passion for *Bellimante*: But I did not remain long in that Humour, but every day grew more and more unresolved in that point; and as *Bellimante* grew more fond I grew more cold; not but I had learnt to say so many kind and soft things in the time of my real Passion with *Silvia*, that I found it easie to speak every day such endearing Words as gave her no doubt of my Heart; nor was willing she should see to the bottom of it, where she would most certainly have found *Bellinda*; yet with such a mixture of Passion for herself, that it would have been hard to have distinguished, which had

[Pg 337]

had the ascendant there; only my desire at present was the most considerable for the fair Object I had not yet possess'd, and whom I long'd to vanquish; perhaps, as much for the Glory as the Pleasure, though my Heart did not at this moment think so.

After some time that I had lived here with *Bellimante*, I made some pretext to leave her for a little while; she, who was extremely charmed with that Solitude, resolv'd to wait there my return, so that I had some pain in contriving how I should bring *Bellinda* to the same Castle as I wish'd to do; but it had in it many Mansions and Apartments, and, as I said, so retir'd from one another, that it was difficult to come at any time together or to meet: This consideration made me resolv'd, and very pressing with *Bellinda*, to go to this place, assuring her of such Diversion as she never met with in any other part of the World: She lov'd and was not long in persuading, and I had the Glory to conduct her in spite of all her Wit and Gayety, to this retreat of Solitude with me; where, unperceiv'd, I oblig'd her to render me all that Love could allow, and more than Honour would permit: And I was for some days extremely happy, and possibly had continued so, (going from one Apartment to another, and, like the Great Sultan, visiting by turns my Beauties,) had not a malicious fate prevent'd my Grandeur and Pleasure.

It hap'n'd one day that I had sued a repetition of Favours from *Bellinda*; she seeming resolv'd to grant me no more, repenting of those I had taken, and with a charming Sorrow reproaching me, making me a thousand times more pressing than before: At last her force growing weaker, her denials fainter, and my importunities more raging; I found her yeilding, the Lily in her Face gave place to the Roses, and Love and Trembling made her Eyes more fair, and just ready to render me all. We saw approaching us *Bellimante*, who, having heard how I sometimes past my hours, resolv'd to surprise me in my perfidy; and accordingly found us in a gloomy Arbour with all the Transports of Love in both our Faces, which it was too late to resettle and hide from this too sensible and jealous fair One: In vain I strove with all the Arguments of Love and Tenderness to appease her, or, if by anything I said, I found her inclin'd to pardon me, on the other side it but serv'd to incense and enrage *Bellinda*, to whom I had made equal Vows (at her coming to that place,) of eternal Fidelity. I am not able to express to you, my dear *Lysander*, what confusion I found myself in, I divid'd my Heart and my Entreaties between 'em; and knew not to which I most ardently meant 'em; I was very sensible, that while I treated both with equal Love and Respect, that I should gain neither, and yet if what I said to both had been address'd to any one of 'em, it would have prevail'd; and I found it easie to have kept either, if I would resolve to quit the other; but my heart not inclin'd to that, or if it wou'd, not knowing which I shou'd chuse, made me remain between 'em both the most out-of-countenanced coxcomb, that ever was taken in the cheats of Love, while both were on either side reproaching me with all the malice and noise imaginable, so that not being able longer to endure the clamour, I took my flight from 'em both, and ran with all the force I cou'd to a Village call'd *Irresolution*; and where *Coquet Love* abandon'd me saying that place was not proper for him.

[Pg 338]

The Houses of this Village are for the most part not half built, but all appears very desolate and ruinous: It appertains to a Lady very fantastique of the same name. She makes a Figure pleasant enough, she never dresses herself, because she cannot determin what habit to put on; she is ever tormenting herself, still turning to this side and to that, yet never stirs from the place, because undetermin'd she knows not whither nor which way to go: And having so many in her mind resolves to go to neither; one always sees an Agitation in her Eyes, that keeps them in perpetual motion and fixt on nothing. You see her perpetually perplex'd with a thousand designs in her head at once, but puts none of them in execution.

[Pg 339]

I found myself in this place Embarrass'd with a thousand confusions and thoughts, for *Bellinda* and *Bellimante* had equally shar'd my soul, and I knew not for which I shou'd declare; nor whether the Wit and extream good Humour of the first were more powerful upon my heart, than the Beauty and softness of the last, so that I was wholly unable to determin which I shou'd quit, having the same sentiments for one as the other, and resolv'd to abandon both rather than content myself with one: And the fear of losing one was the occasion of my losing both, in fine I was in the most cruel uncertainty in the World. And I cou'd not forbear saying a thousand times to myself,

When *Love* shall two fair objects mix,
And in the Heart two passions fix:
'Tis a pleasure too severe,
Cruel Joy we cannot bear,
Too much Love for two I own,
But too little flame for one.

While I was thus perplex'd betwixt these two violent passions, when no reason cou'd resolve me which to choose, as I was one day meditating what to do in this extremity, a Woman present'd herself to me, whose Beauty was infinitely transcending all I had ever beheld; she had a noble and Majestick meen, a most Divine Air, and her charms cast so great a Lustre that I was dazzl'd with Gazing on her; she struck me with so profound a respect at the first sight of her Glory's, that I cou'd not forbear throwing myself at her feet, imploring I might be eternally permitted to Adore her; and to become her slave. When raising me from the ground, and looking on me with Eyes more Majestick than kind, she said to me in a loud voice:

[Pg 340]

Fly, *Lysidus*, this hated Place,
Too long thou'st bin a slave to Love.
Thy youth has yet a nobler Race

In more Illustrious paths to move.
Glory your fonder flame controuls,
Glory, the life of generous Souls.

Once you must Love to learn to live,
'Tis the first lesson you shou'd learn;
Useful instructions Love will give,
If you avoid too much concern:
Loves flame, thô in appearance bright,
Deceives with false and glittering light.

But, *Lysidus*, the time is come
You must to Beauty bid adieu;
Recal your wandering passions home.
And only be to Glory true;
She is a Mistress that will last
When all Loves fires are gone and past.

Those words, repeated to me with an Air haughty and imperious, toucht me to the very Soul, and made me blush a thousand times with shame to behold myself in that ridiculous state, almost reduc'd to the same tenderness for *Bellinda* and *Bellimante* I had before had for *Silvia*; but I soon found my error and in an instant became more in Love with Glory than I had ever been in my life. Insomuch that I resolv'd to leave *Irresolution* and follow her. I confess at first it gave my heart som little pain to withdraw and dis-engage it from so long and so fond a custom, and I was more than once forc'd to parley thus with my intractable and stubborn heart.

[Pg 341]

Oh! fond remembrance! do not bring
False notions to my easy heart.
And make the foolish tender thing
Think, that with Love it cannot part;
Or dy when er'e the charming God
Forsak's his old and kind abode.

And thou, my heart, be calm and Pleas'd,
For better hours thou now shalt see,
Of all thy Anxious torments eas'd
From all thy toyles and slavery free,
From Beauties Pride and peevish scorns,
From Wits Intregueing false returns.

'Tis Honour now thou shalt persue,
Her dictates only shalt obey;
Yet Beauty en Passant may view
And be with all loves Pleasures Gay,
Quench when you please resistless fires,
But make no business of desires.

Thus, my dear *Lysander*, following Glory, I soon arriv'd at the extent of the Island of *Love*, and there I incounter'd a thousand Beauties, Attractions, Graces and Agreements; all which endeavor'd anew, but in vain, to engage me. I past by 'em all without any regard only sight, as I beheld 'em with the remembrance, how once the meanest of those Beauties wou'd have charm'd me. I lookt back on all those happy shades, who had been conscious of my softest pleasures, and a thousand times I sighing bid 'em farewell; the Rivers, Springs and Fountains had my wishes that they might still be true and favor Lovers, as they had a thousand times done me. These dear remembrance, you may believe, stay'd some time with me, yet I wou'd not for an Empire have return'd to 'em again, nor have liv'd that life over anew I had so long and with so much pleasure persu'd.

[Pg 342]

After this I took a Vessel and put off from that shore, where, thô I had met with many Misfortunes, I had also receiv'd a thousand joys: While it was in view I found myself toucht with some regret, but being sail'd out of sight of it, I sigh'd no more, but bid adieu to fond Love for ever.

All you Beauties and Attractions,
That make so many hearts submit;
Soft inspirers of affection,
Mistresses of dear bought wit;
To whose Empire we resigning
Prove our homage justly due,
After all our sighs and whining
Dear delight we bid adieu.

After all your fond *Caprices*,
All your Arts to seem Divine,
Painting, Patching and your Dresses,
Easy votaryes to incline;
After all your couzening *Billets*,

Sighs and tears, but all untrue,
To your Gilting tricks and quillets,
I for ever bid adieu.

A MISCELLANY OF POEMS.

On the Honourable Sir Francis Fane, on his Play call'd the Sacrifice, by Mrs. A. B.

Long have our Priests condemn'd a wicked Age,
And every little criticks senseless rage
Damn'd a forsaken self-declining stage:
Great 'tis confest and many are our crimes,
And no less profligate the vitious times,
But yet no wonder both prevail so ill,
The Poets fury and the Preachers skill;
While to the World it is so plainly known
They blame our faults with great ones of their own,
Let their dull Pens flow with unlearned spight
And weakly censure what the skilful write;
You, learned Sir, a nobler passion shew,
Our best of rules and best example too.
Precepts and grave instructions dully move,
The brave Performer better do's improve,
Ver'st in the truest Satyr you excel
And shew how ill we write by writing well.
This noble Piece which well deserves your name
I read with pleasure thô I read with shame.
The tender Laurels which my brows had drest
Flag, like young Flowers, with too much heat opprest.
The generous fire I felt in every line
Shew'd me the cold, the feeble, force of mine.
Henceforth I'lle you for imitation chuse
Your nobler flights will wing my Callow Muse;
So the young Eagle is inform'd to fly
By seeing the Monarch Bird ascend the sky.
And thô with less success her strength she'll try,
Spreads her soft plumes and his vast tracks persues
Thô far above the trowing Prince she views:
High as she can she'll bear your deathless fame,
And make my song Immortal by your name.
But where the work is so Divinely wrought,
The rules so just and so sublime each thought,
When with so strict an Art your scenes are plac'd
With wit so new, and so uncommon, grac'd,
In vain, alas! I should'st attempt to tell
Where, or in what, your Muse do's most excel.
Each character performs its noble part,
And stamps its Image on the Readers heart.

In *Tamerlan* you a true Hero drest,
A generous conflict wars within his breast,
This there the mightiest passions you have shew'd
By turns confest the Mortal and the God.
When e're his steps approach the haughty fair
He bows indeed but like a Conqueror,
Compell'd to Love yet scorns his servial chain,
In spight of all you make the Monarch reign.
But who without resistless tears can see
The bright, the innocent, *Irene* die?

Axalla's life a noble ransom paid,
In vain to save the much-lov'd charming maid,
Nought surely cou'd but your own flame inspire
Your happy Muse to reach so soft a fire.
Yet with what Art you turn the pow'rful stream
When trecherous *Ragallzan* is the theam:
You mix our different passions with such skill,
We feel 'em all and all with pleasure feel.
We love the mischief, thô the harms we grieve,
And for his wit the villain we forgive.
In your *Despina* all those passions meet,
Which womans frailties perfectly compleat.
Pride and Revenge, Ambition, Love and Rage,
At once her wilful haughty Soul engage;
And while her rigid Honour we esteem,
The dire effects as justly must condemn.
She shews a virtue so severely nice
As has betray'd it to a pitch of vice.
All which confess a God-like pow'r in you

}
}
}

[Pg 344]

}
}
}

[Pg 345]

Who cou'd form woman to herself so true.

Live, mighty Sir, to reconcile the Age
To the first glories of the useful Stage.
'Tis you her rifl'd Empire may restore
And give her power she ne're cou'd boast before.

To Damon.

To inquire of him if he cou'd tell me by the Style, who writ me a Copy of Verses that came to me in an unknown Hand, by Mrs. A. B.

Oh, *Damon*, if thou ever wert
That certain friend thou hast profest,
Relieve the Pantings of my heart,
Restore me to my wanted rest.

Late in the *Silvian* Grove I sat,
Free as the Air, and calm as that;
For as no winds the boughs opprest,
No storms of Love were in my breast.
A long Adieu I'd bid to that
Ere since *Amintas* prov'd ingrate.
And with indifference, or disdain,
I lookt around upon the Plain
And worth my favor found no sighing Swain.
But oh, my *Damon*, all in vain
I triumph'd in security,
In vain absented from the Plain.
The wanton God his power to try
In lone recesses makes us yeild,
As well as in the open feild;
For where no human thing was found
My heedless heart receiv'd a wound.
Assist me, Shepherd, or I dye,
Help to unfold this Mystery.

[Pg 346]

No Swain was by, no flattering Nymph was neer,
Soft tales of Love to whisper in my Ear.
In sleep, no Dream my fancy fir'd
With Images, my waking wish desir'd.
No fond Idea fill'd my mind;
Nor to the faithless sex one thought inclin'd;
I sigh'd for no deceiving youth,
Who forfeited his vows and truth;
I waited no Assigning Swain
Whose disappointment gave me pain.
My fancy did no prospect take
Of Conquest's I design'd to make.
No snares for Lovers I had laid,
Nor was of any snare afraid.
But calm and innocent I sate,
Content with my indifferent fate.
(A Medium, I confess, I hate.)
For when the mind so cool is grown
As neither Love nor Hate to own,
The Life but dully lingers on.

}
}
}
}
}
}

Thus in the mid'st of careless thought,
A paper to my hand was brought.
What hidden charms were lodg'd within,
To my unwary Eyes unseen,

Alas! no Human thought can guess;
But ho! it robb'd me of my peace.
A Philter 'twas, that darted pain
Thrô every pleas'd and trembling vein.
A stratagem, to send a Dart
By a new way into the heart,
Th' Ignoble Policie of Love
By a clandestin means to move.
Which possibly the Instrument
Did ne're design to that intent,
But only form, and complement.
While Love did the occasion take
And hid beneath his flowres a snake,

[Pg 347]

}
}
}

O're every line did Poyson fling,
In every word he lurk't a sting.
So Matrons are, by *Demons* charms,
Thô harmless, capable of harms.

The verse was smooth, the thought was fine,
The fancy new, the wit divine.
But fill'd with praises of my face and Eyes,
My verse, and all those usual flatteries
To me as common as the Air;
Nor cou'd my vanity procure my care.
All which as things of course are writ
And less to shew esteem than wit.
But here was some strange something more
Than ever flatter'd me before;
My heart was by my Eyes misled:
I blusht and trembl'd as I read.
And every guilty look confest
I was with new surprise opprest.
From every view I felt a pain
And by the Soul, I drew the Swain.
Charming as fancy cou'd create
Fine as his Poem, and as soft as that.
I drew him all the heart cou'd move,
I drew him all that women Love.
And such a dear Idea made
As has my whole repose betray'd.
Pigmalion thus his Image form'd,
And for the charms he made, he sigh'd and burn'd.

[Pg 348]

Oh thou that know'st each Shepherds Strains
That Pipes and Sings upon the Plains;
Inform me where the youth remains.
The spiteful Paper bare no name,
Nor can I guess from whom it came,
Or if at least a guess I found,
'Twas not t'instruct but to confound.

}
}
}

To Alexis in Answer to his Poem against Fruition. ODE. by Mrs. B.

Ah hapless sex! who bear no charms,
But what like lightning flash and are no more,
False fires sent down for baneful harms,
Fires which the fleeting Lover feebly warms
And given like past Beboches o're,
Like Songs that please (thô bad,) when new,
But learn'd by heart neglected grew.

In vain did Heav'n adorn the shape and face
With Beautyes which by Angels forms it drew:
In vain the mind with brighter Glories Grace,
While all our joys are stinted to the space
Of one betraying interview,
With one surrender to the eager will
We're short-liv'd nothing, or a real ill.

Since Man with that inconstancy was born,
To love the absent, and the present scorn,
Why do we deck, why do we dress
For such a short-liv'd happiness?
Why do we put Attraction on,
Since either way 'tis we must be undon?

[Pg 349]

They fly if Honour take our part,
Our Virtue drives 'em o're the field.
We lose 'em by too much desert,
And Oh! they fly us if we yeild,
Ye Gods! is there no charm in all the fair
To fix this wild, this faithless, wanderer?

Man! our great business and our aim,
For whom we spread our fruitless snares,
No sooner kindles the designing flame,
But to the next bright object bears
The Trophies of his conquest and our shame:

Inconstancy's the good supream
 The rest is airy Notion, empty Dream!
 Then, heedless Nymph, be rul'd by me
 If e're your Swain the bliss desire;
 Think like *Alexis* he may be
 Whose wisht Possession damps his fire;
 The roving youth in every shade
 Has left some sighing and abandon'd Maid,
 For 'tis a fatal lesson he has learn'd,
 After fruition ne're to be concern'd.

To Alexis, On his saying, I lov'd a Man that talk'd much, by Mrs. B.

Alexis, since you'll have it so
 I grant I am impertinent.
 And till this moment did not know
 Thrô all my life what 'twas I ment;
 Your kind opinion was th' unflattering Glass,
 In which my mind found how deform'd it was.

[Pg 350]

In your clear sense which knows no art,
 I saw the error of my Soul;
 And all the feebless of my heart,
 With one reflection you controul,
 Kind as a God, and gently you chastise,
 By what you hate, you teach me to be wise.

Impertinence, my sexes shame,
 (Which has so long my life persu'd,)
 You with such modesty reclaim
 As all the Woman has subdu'd,
 To so divine a power what must I owe,
 That renders me so like the perfect—you?

That conversable thing I hate
 Already with a just disdain,
 Who Prid's himself upon his prate
 And is of word, (that Nonsense,) vain;
 When in your few appears such excellence,
 They have reproacht, and charm'd me into sense.

For ever may I listning sit,
 Thô but each hour a word be born:
 I wou'd attend the coming wit,
 And bless what can so well inform:
 Let the dull World henceforth to words be damn'd,
 I'm into nobler sense than talking sham'd.

A PASTORAL PINDARICK.

***On the Marriage of the Right Honourable the Earle of Dorset and Middlesex, to the Lady
 Mary Compton.***

A Dialogue. Between Damon and Aminta. By Mrs. Behn.

Aminta.

Whither, young *Damon*, whither in such hast,
 Swift as the Winds you sweep the Grove,
 The Amorous God of Day scarce hy'd so fast
 After his flying Love?

[Pg 351]

Damon.

Aminta, view my Face, and thence survey
 My very Soul and all its mighty joy!
 A joy too great to be conceal'd,
 And without speaking is reveal'd;
 For this eternal Holyday.
 A Day to place i'th' Shepherds Kalendar,
 To stand the glory of the circling year.
 Let its blest date on every Bark be set,
 And every Echo its dear name repeat.
 Let 'em tell all the neighbouring Woods and Plains,
 That *Lysidus*, the Beauty of the Swains,
 Our darling youth, our wonder and our Pride,

Is blest with fair *Clemina* for a Bride.
Oh happy Pair! Let all the Groves rejoyce,
And gladness fill each heart and every voyce!

Aminta.

Clemina! that bright maid for whom our Shepherds pine,
For whom so many weeping Eyes decline!
For whom the Echos all complain,
For whom with sigh and falling tears
The Lover in his soft despairs
Disturbs the Peaceful Rivers gliding stream?
The bright *Clemina* who has been so long
The destinie of hearts and yet so young,
She that has robb'd so many of content
Yet is herself so Sweet, so Innocent.
She, that as many hearts invades,
As charming *Lysidus* has conquer'd maids,
Oh tell me, *Damon*, is the lovely fair
Become the dear reward of all the Shepherds care?
Has *Lysidus* that prize of Glory won
For whom so many sighing Swains must be undon?

[Pg 352]

Damon.

Yes, it was destin'd from Eternity,
They only shou'd each other's be,
Hail, lovely pair, whom every God design'd
In your first great Creation shou'd be joy'n'd.

Aminta.

Oh, *Damon*, this is vain Philosophie,
'Tis chance and not Divinity,
That guides Loves Partial Darts;
And we in vain the Boy implore
To make them Love whom we Adore.
And all the other powers take little care of hearts,
The very Soule's by intr'est sway'd,
And nobler passion now by fortune is betray'd;
By sad experience this I know,
And sigh, Alas! in vain because tis true.

Damon.

Too often and too fatally we find
Portion and Joynture charm the mind,
Large Flocks and Herds, and spacious Plains
Becoms the merit of the Swains.
But here, thô both did equally abound,
'Twas youth, 'twas wit, 'twas Beauty gave the equal wound;
Their Soules were one before they mortal being found.
Jove when he layd his awful Thunder by
And all his softest Attributes put on,
When Heav'n was Gay, and the vast Glittering Sky
With Deities all wondering and attentive shone,
The God his Luckiest heat to try
Form'd their great Soules of one Immortal Ray,
He thought, and form'd, as first he did the World,
But with this difference, That from *Chaos* came,
These from a beam, which, from his God-head hurl'd
Kind'l'd into an everlasting flame.
He smiling saw the mighty work was good,
While all the lesser Gods around him gazing stood.
He saw the shining Model bright and Great
But oh! they were not yet compleat,
For not one God but did the flames inspire,
With sparks of their Divinest fire.

[Pg 353]

Diana took the lovely Female Soul,
And did its fiercer Atoms cool;
Softn'd the flame and plac'd a Chrystal Ice
About the sacred Paradise,
Bath'd it all or'e in Virgin Tears,
Mixt with the fragrant Dew the Rose receives,
Into the bosom of her untoucht leaves,

And dry'd it with the breath of Vestal Prayers,
Juno did great Majestick thought inspire
And *Pallas* toucht it with Heroick fire.

}
}
}

While *Mars*, *Apollo*, *Love* and *Venus* sate,
About the Hero's Soul in high debate,
Each claims it all, but all in vain contend,
 In vain appeal to mighty *Jove*,
Who equal Portions did to all extend.
This to the God of wit, and that to Love,
Another to the Queen of soft desire,
And the fierce God of War compleats the rest,
 Guilds it all or'e with Martial fire;
While Love, and Wit, Beauty and War exprest
Their finest Arts, and the bright Beings all in Glory drest.

While each in their Divine employments strove
By every charm these new-form'd lights t'improve,
They left a space untoucht for mighty Love.
The finishing last strokes the Boy perform'd;
Who from his Quiver took a Golden Dart
That cou'd a sympathizing wound impart,
And toucht 'em both, and with one flame they burn'd.
The next great work was to create two frames
 Of the Divinest form,

}
}
}

[Pg 354]

 Fit to contain these heavenly flames.
The Gods decreed, and charming *Lysidus* was born,
Born, and grew up the wonder of the Plains,
Joy of the Nymphs and Glory of the Swains.
And warm'd all hearts with his enchanting strains;
Soft were the Songs, which from his lips did flow,
Soft as the Soul which the fine thought conceiv'd.
Soft as the sighs the charming Virgin breath'd
The first dear night of the chaste nuptial vow.
The noble youth even *Daphnis* do's excel,
Oh never Shepherd pip'd and sung so well.

}
}
}

Aminta.

Now, *Damon*, you are in your proper sphear,
While of his wit you give a character.
But who inspir'd you a Philosopher?

Damon.

Old *Colin*, when we oft have led our Flocks
Beneath the shelter of the shad's and Rocks,
While other youths more vainly spent their time,
 I listen'd to the wonderous Bard;
 And while he sung of things sublime
 With reverend pleasure heard.
 He soar'd to the Divine abodes
 And told the secrets of the Gods.
And oft discours'd of Love and Sympathy;
 For he as well as thou and I
Had sigh't for some dear object of desire;
 But oh! till now I ne're cou'd prove
 That secret mystery of Love;
Ne're saw two hearts thus burn with equal fire.

Aminta.

But, oh! what Nymph e're saw the noble youth
That was not to eternal Love betray'd?

Damon.

[Pg 355]

And, oh! what swain e're saw the Lovely maid,
That wou'd not plight her his eternal faith!
Not unblown Roses, or the new-born day
Or pointed Sun-beams, when they gild the skys,
Are half so sweet, are half so bright and gay,
As young *Clemena's* charming Face and Eyes!

Aminta.

Not full-blown flowrs, when all their luster's on
Whom every bosom longs to wear,
Nor the spread Glories of the mid-days sun
Can with the charming *Lysidus* compare.

Damon.

Not the soft gales of gentle breez
That whisper to the yeilding Trees,
Nor songs of Birds that thrô the Groves rejoyce,
Are half so sweet, so soft, as young *Clemena's* voyce.

Aminta.

Not murmurs of the Rivulets and Springs,
When thrô the glades they purling glide along
And listen when the wondrous shepherd sings,
Are half so sweet as is the Shepherds song.

Damon.

Not young *Diana* in her eager chase
When by her careless flying Robe betray'd,
Discovering every charm and every Grace,
Has more surprising Beauty than the brighter maid.

Aminta.

The gay young Monarch of the cheerful *May*
Adorn'd with all the Trophies he has won,
Vain with the Homage of the joyful day
Compar'd to *Lysidus* wou'd be undone.

Damon.

[Pg 356]

Aminta, cease; and let me hast away,
For while upon this Theam you dwell,
You speak the noble youth so just, so well,
I cou'd for ever listning stay.

Aminta.

And while *Clemena's* praise becoms thy choyce,
My Ravisht soul is fixt upon thy voyce.

Damon.

But see the Nymphs and dancing swains
Ascend the Hill from yonder Plains,
With Wreathes and Garlands finely made,
To crown the lovely Bride and Bridegrooms head,
And I amongst the humbler throng
My Sacrifice must bring
A rural Hymeneal Song,
Alexis he shall pipe while I will sing.
Had I been blest with Flocks or Herd
A nobler Tribute I'd prepar'd,
With darling Lambs the Altars I wou'd throng;
But I, alas! can only offer song.
Song too obscure, too humble verse
For this days glory to reherse,
But *Lysidus*, like Heav'n, is kind,
And for the Sacrifice accepts the Humble mind.
If he vouchsafe to listen to my Ode
He makes me happyer than a fancy'd God.

On Desire. A Pindarick. By Mrs. B.

What Art thou, oh! thou new-found pain?
From what infection dost thou spring?
Tell me.—oh! tell me, thou enchanting thing,
Thy nature, and thy name;
Inform me by what subtil Art,
What powerful Influence,
You got such vast Dominion in a part
Of my unheeded, and unguarded, heart,
That fame and Honour cannot drive yee thence.

[Pg 357]

Oh! mischievous usurper of my Peace;
Oh! soft intruder on my solitude,
 Charming disturber of my ease,
 Thou hast my nobler fate persu'd,
And all the Glorys of my life subdu'd.

 Thou haunt'st my inconvenient hours;
The business of the Day, nor silence of the night,
 That shou'd to cares and sleep invite,
 Can bid defiance to thy conquering powers.
Where hast thou been this live-long Age
 That from my Birth till now,
 Thou never could'st one thought engage,
Or charm my soul with the uneasy rage
That made it all its humble feebls know?

 Where wert thou, oh, malicious spright,
 When shining Honour did invite?
 When interest call'd, then thou wert shy,
Nor to my aid one kind propension brought,
 Nor wou'd'st inspire one tender thought,
 When Princes, at my feet did lye.

When thou cou'd'st mix ambition with thy joy,
Then peevish *Phantôm* thou wer't nice and coy,
 Not Beauty cou'd invite thee then
 Nor all the Arts of lavish Men;
Not all the powerful Rhetorick of the Tongue
 Not sacred Wit you'd charm thee on;
 Not the soft play that lovers make,
Nor sigh cou'd fan thee to a fire,
Not pleading tears, nor vows cou'd thee awake,
Or warm the unform'd something—to desire.
 Oft I've conjur'd thee to appear
 By youth, by love, by all their powrs,
 Have searcht and sought thee every where,
In silent Groves, in lonely bowrs:
On Flowry beds where lovers wishing lye,
 In sheltering woods where sighing maids
 To their assigning Shepherds hye,
And hide their blushes in the gloom of shades:
 Yet there, even there, thô youth assail'd,
Where Beauty prostrate lay and fortune woo'd,
My heart insensible to neither bow'd,
The lucky aid was wanting to prevail.

In courts I sought thee then, thy proper sphear
 But thou in crowds wer't stifl'd there,
Int'rest did all the loving business do,
Invites the youths and wins the Virgins too.
Or if by chance some heart thy empire own
(Ah power ingrate!) the slave must be undone.

Tell me, thou nimble fire, that dost dilate
 Thy mighty force thrô every part,
What God, or Human power did thee create
 In my, till now, unfacil heart?
Art thou some welcome plague sent from above
 In this dear form, this kind disguise?
 Or the false offspring of mistaken love,
 Begot by some soft thought that faintly strove,
With the bright peircing Beautys of *Lysanders* Eyes?

Yes, yes, tormenter, I have found thee now;
And found to whom thou dost thy being owe,
 'Tis thou the blushes dost impart,
 For thee this languishment I wear,
 'Tis thou that tremblest in my heart
 When the dear Shepherd do's appear,
I faint, I dye with pleasing pain,
My words intruding sighing break
 When e're I touch the charming swain
 When e're I gaze, when e're I speak.
Thy conscious fire is mingl'd with my love,
As in the sanctifi'd abodes
Misguided worshippers approve

The mixing Idol with their Gods.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
With errors, which my soul do please and vex,
For superstition will survive,
Purer Religion to perplex.

Oh! tell me you, Philosophers, in love,
That can its burning feaverish fits controul,
By what strange Arts you cure the soul,
And the fierce Calenture remove?

Tell me, yee fair ones, that exchange desire,
How tis you hid the kindling fire.
Oh! wou'd you but confess the truth,
It is not real virtue makes you nice:
But when you do resist the pressing youth,
'Tis want of dear desire, to thaw the Virgin Ice.
And while your young adorers lye
All languishing and hopeless at your feet,
Raising new Trophies to your chastity,
Oh tell me, how you do remain discreet?
How you suppress the rising sighs,
And the soft yeilding soul that wishes in your Eyes?
While to th'admiring crow'd you nice are found;
Some dear, some secret, youth that gives the wound
Informs you, all your virtu's but a cheat
And Honour but a false disguise,
Your modesty a necessary bait
To gain the dull repute of being wise.

Deceive the foolish World—deceive it on,
And veil your passions in your pride;
But now I've found your feebleness by my own,
From me the needful fraud you cannot hide.
Thô tis a mighty power must move
The soul to this degree of love,
And thô with virtue I the World perplex,
Lysander finds the weakness of my sex,
So *Helen* while from *Theseus* arms she fled,
To charming *Paris* yeilds her heart and Bed.

[Pg 360]

To Amintas. Upon reading the Lives of some of the Romans.

by Mrs. B.

Had'st thou, *Amintas*; liv'd in that great age,
When hardly Beauty was to nature known,
What numbers to thy side might'st thou engage
And conquer'd Kingdoms by thy looks alone?

That age when valor they did Beauty name,
When Men did justly our brave sex prefer,
'Cause they durst dye, and scorn the publick shame
Of adding Glory to the conqueror.

Had mighty *Scipio* had thy charming face,
Great *Sophonisbe* had refus'd to dye,
Her passion o're the sense of her disgrace
Had gain'd the more obliging victory.

Nor less wou'd *Massanissa* too have done
But to such Eyes, as to his Sword wou'd bow,
For neither sex can here thy fetters shun,
Being all *Scipio*, and *Amintas* too.

Had'st thou great *Cæsar* been, the greater Queen,
Wou'd trembling have her mortal Asps lay'd by,
In thee she had not only *Cæsar* seen,
But all she did adore in *Antony*.

[Pg 361]

Had daring *Sextus* had thy lovely shape,
The fairest Woman living had not dy'd
But blest the darkness that secur'd the Rape,
Suffering her Pleasure to have debauch't her Pride.

Nor had he stoln to *Rome* to have quencht his fire,
If thee resistless in his Camp he'd seen,
Thy Eyes had kept his virtue all intire,
And *Rome* a happy monarchy had been.

Had *Pompey* lookt like thee, thô he had prov'd
The vanquisht, yet from *Egypt's* faithless King
He had receiv'd the vows of being belov'd,
In stead of Orders for his murdering.

But here, *Amintas*, thy misfortune lys,
Nor brave nor good are in our age esteem'd,
Content thee then with meaner victorys,
Unless that Glorious age cou'd be redeem'd.

A. B.

On the first discovery of falseness in Amintas. By Mrs. B.

Make hast! make hast! my miserable soul,
To some unknown and solitary Grove,
Where nothing may thy Languishment controle
Where thou maist never hear the name of Love.
Where unconfin'd, and free, as whispering Air,
Thou maist caress and welcome thy despair:

Where no dissembl'd complisance may veil
The griefes with which, my soul, thou art opprest,
But dying, breath thyself out in a tale
That may declare the cause of thy unrest:
The toyles of Death 'twill render far more light
And soon convey thee to the shades of night.

Search then, my soul, some unfrequented place,
Some place that nature meant her own repose:
When she herself withdrew from human race,
Displeas'd with wanton Lovers vows and oaths.
Where *Sol* cou'd never dart a busy Ray,
And where the softer winds ne're met to play.

[Pg 362]

By the sad purling of some Rivulet
O're which the bending Yew and Willow grow,
That scarce the glimmerings of the day permit,
To view the melancholy Banks below,
Where dwells no noyse but what the murmurs make,
When the unwilling stream the shade forsakes.

There on a Bed of Moss and new-faln leaves,
Which the Triumphant Trees once proudly bore,
Thô now thrown off by every wind that breaths,
Despis'd by what they did adorn before,
And who, like useless me, regardless lye
While springing beautys do the boughs supply.

There lay thee down, my soul, and breath thy last,
And calmly to the unknown regions fly;
But e're thou dost thy stock of life exhaust,
Let the ungrateful know, why tis you dye.
Perhaps the gentle winds may chance to bear
Thy dying accents to *Amintas* ear.

Breath out thy Passion; tell him of his power
And how thy flame was once by thee approv'd.
How soon as wisht he was thy conqueror,
No sooner spoke of Love, but was belov'd.
His wonderous Eyes, what weak resistance found,
While every charming word begat a wound?

Here thou wilt grow impatient to be gone,
And thrô my willing Eyes will silent pass,
Into the stream that gently glides along,
But stay thy hasty flight, (my Soul,) alas,
A thought more cruel will thy flight secure,
Thought, that can no admittance give to cure.
Think, how the prostrate Infidel now lys,
An humble suppliant at anothers feet,

[Pg 363]

Think, while he begs for pity from her Eyes.
He sacrifices thee without regret.
Think, how the faithless treated thee last night,
And then, my tortur'd soul, assume thy flight.

To the fair Clarinda, who made Love to me, imagin'd more than Woman.
By Mrs. B.

Fair lovely Maid, or if that Title be
Too weak, too Feminine for Nobler thee,
Permit a Name that more Approaches Truth:
And let me call thee, Lovely Charming Youth.
This last will justifie my soft complaint,
While that may serve to lessen my constraint;
And without Blushes I the Youth persue,
When so much beauteous Woman is in view.
Against thy Charms we struggle but in vain
With thy deluding Form thou giv'st us pain,
While the bright Nymph betrays us to the Swain.
In pity to our Sex sure thou wer't sent,
That we might Love, and yet be Innocent:
For sure no Crime with thee we can commit;
Or if we shou'd—thy Form excuses it.
For who, that gathers fairest Flowers believes
A Snake lies hid beneath the Fragrant Leaves.

Thou beauteous Wonder of a different kind,
Soft *Cloris* with the dear *Alexis* join'd;
When e'r the Manly part of thee, wou'd plead
Thou tempts us with the Image of the Maid,
While we the noblest Passions do extend
The Love to *Hermes*, *Aphrodite* the Friend.

FINIS.

}
}
}

WESTMINSTER DROLLERY, 1671.

A SONG.

That Beauty I ador'd before,
I now as much despise:
'Tis Money only makes the Whore:
She that for love with her Crony lies,
Is chaste: But that's the Whore that kisses for prize.

Let *Jove* with Gold his *Danae* woo,
It shall be no rule for me:
Nay, 't may be I may do so too,
When I'me as old as he.
Till then I'll never hire the thing that's free.

If Coin must your affection Imp,
Pray get some other Friend:
My Pocket ne're shall be my Pimp,
I never that intend,
Yet can be noble too, if I see they mend.

Since Loving was a Liberal Art,
How canst thou trade for gain?
The pleasure is on your part,
'Tis we Men take the pain:
And being so, must Women have the gain?

No, no, I'll never farm your Bed,
Nor your Smock-Tenant be:
I hate to rent your white and red,
You shall not let your Love to me:
I court a Mistris, not a Landlady.

A Pox take him that first set up,
Th' Excise of Flesh and Skin:
And since it will no better be,
Let's both to kiss begin;
To kiss freely: if not, you may go spin.

MISCELLANY, 1685.

To SIR WILLIAM CLIFTON.

Sir,

I am very sensible how the ill-natur'd World has been pleased to Judge of almost all Dedications, and when not address to themselves will not let 'em pass without the imputation of Flattery; for there is scarce any Man so just to allow those Praises to another in which he does not immediately share in some degree himself, nor can the Fantastic Humors of the Age agree in point of Merit, but every Mans Vertue is measured according to the sence another has of it, and not by its own intrinsic value, so that if another does not see with my Eyes and judge with my Sence, I must be Branded with the Crime of Fools and Cowards; nor will they be undeceived in an Error that so agreeably flatters them, either by a better knowledge of the Person commended, or by a right understanding from any other Judgment; they hate to be convinced of what will make no part of their satisfaction when they are so, for as 'tis natural to despise all those that have no vertue at all, so 'tis as natural to Envy those we find have more than our selves instead of imitating 'em: and I have heard a Man rail at a Dedication for being all over Flattery, and Damn it in gross, who when it has been laid before him, and he has been asked to answer according to his Conscience, and upon Honour to every particular, could not contradict one single Vertue that has been justly given there, yet angry at being convinced has cry'd, with a peevish, uneasie tone.— YET I DON'T KNOW HOW, NOR I DON'T KNOW WHAT-BUT 'TIS ALL TOGETHER METHINKS A PIECE OF FLATTERY—When indeed the business was, *he did not know how* to afford him so good a Character, nor *he did not know what* other reason he had to find fault with it, and was only now afflicted to find 'twas all true; whereas before he charged it all on the effects of some little sinister end or advantage of the Author.

'Tis therefore, Sir, that I have taken the Liberty here of addressing my self to one, whose Generosity and Goodness has prevented any such Scandal, and secured me from the imputation of Flattery by rend'ring this, but a small part of that Duty only, which I have so long owed you; 'tis only, Sir, my debt of gratitude I pay, or rather an humble acknowledgment of what I ought to pay you; for favours of that nature are not easily returned, and one must be a great while discharging it out of the Barren Stock of Poetry; but where my own failed, I borrowed of my Friends, who were all ready to give me Credit for so good and just an occasion, and we all soon agreed where first we should begin the work of gratitude. For, Sir, your worth is every where known, and valued; it bears the Royal stamp and passes for currant to every ready hand; Loyalty being that standard Vertue of the Soul which finds its price all over the World; nor is it in these our glorious days, who bears that Rate now, but who has always done so through Fate and Fortune; dyed in the true Grain, not to be varied with every glittering Sun-shine, nor lost in every falling Shower, but stanch to its first beautiful colour, endures all weathers.

[Pg 366]

Nor is it enough that where you are known, you are beloved and blest, but you, whose Quality and Fortune elevate you above the common Crowd, ought to have your Loyal Names fixed every where, as great and leading Examples to the rest, as the Genius of your Country and the Star that influences, where your Lustre shines. You, who in spite of all the Follies we import from *France* so much in fashion here, still retain, and still maintain the good old *English* Customs of Noble Hospitality, and treat the underworld about you, even into good nature and Loyalty; and have kept your Country honest, while elsewhere for want of such great Patrons and Presidents, Faction and Sedition have over-run those Villages where Ignorance abounded, and got footing almost every where, whose Inhabitants are a sort of Bruits, that ought no more to be left to themselves than Fire, and are as Mischievous and as Destructive. While every great Landlord is a kind of Monarch that awes and civilizes 'em into Duty and Allegiance, and whom because they know, they Worship with a Reverence equal to what they would pay their King, whose Representative they take him at least to be if not that of God himself, since they know no greater or more indulgent; and are sure to be of his opinion, he's their Oracle, their very Gospel, and whom they'll sooner credit; never was new Religion, Misunderstanding, and Rebellion known in Countries till Gentlemen of ancient Families reformed their way of living to the new Mode, pulled down their great Halls, retrenched their Servants, and confined themselves to scanty lodgings in the City, starved the Poor of their Parish, and rackt their Tenants to keep the Tawdry Jilt in Town a hundred times more expensive, but you, Sir, retain still the perfect measure of true Honour, you understand the joys and comforts of life and blest retreat; you value Courts tho you do not always shine there, you dare be brave, liberal, and honest tho you do not always behold the Illustrious Pattern of all Glorious Vertue in your King, and absent from the lavish City. You are pleased and contented with the favour of your Monarch, tho you have no need of his Bounty, dare serve him with your Life and Fortune, and can find your reward in your own Vertue and Merit; this I dare avow to all the World is your Character in short, for which your lasting Name shall live, when the turbulent, busie hot-brain'd disturbers of their own tranquillity and the Kingdoms Peace, shall live in fear, die in Shame and their memory rot in the forgotten Grave, or stand to after Ages Branded and Reproached, while we can never enough Celebrate that Glorious one of yours; nor knew we where to fix it to render it Durable to all Eternity so well as to lasting Verse, that out-wears Time and Marble. If anything within can contribute to the diversion of your Hours of least concern, 'twill be sufficient recompence to all who beg your Patronage here, especially

[Pg 367]

Sir,
Your obliged

MISCELLANY, 1685.

On the Death of the late Earl of Rochester,

by Mrs. A. B.

Mourn, Mourn, ye Muses, all your loss deplore,
The Young, the Noble *Strephon* is no more.
Yes, yes, he fled quick as departing Light,
And ne're shall rise from Deaths eternal Night,
So rich a Prize the *Stygian* Gods ne're bore,
Such Wit, such Beauty, never grac'd their Shore.
He was but lent this duller World t' improve
In all the charms of Poetry, and Love;
Both were his gift, which freely he bestow'd,
And like a God, dealt to the wond'ring Crowd.
Scorning the little Vanity of Fame,
Spight of himself attain'd a Glorious name.
But oh! in vain was all his peevish Pride,
The Sun as soon might his vast Lustre hide,
As piercing, pointed, and more lasting bright,
As suffering no vicissitudes of Night.

Mourn, Mourn, ye Muses, all your loss deplore,
The Young, the Noble *Strephon* is no more.

Now uninspir'd upon your Banks we lye,
Unless when we wou'd mourn his Elegie;
His name's a Genius that wou'd Wit dispense,
And give the Theme a Soul, the Words a Sense.
But all fine thought that Ravisht when it spoke,
With the soft Youth eternal leave has took;
Uncommon Wit that did the soul o'recome,
Is buried all in *Strephon's* Worship'd Tomb;
Satyr has lost its Art, its Sting is gone,
The Fop and Cully now may be undone;
That dear instructing Rage is now allay'd,
And no sharp Pen dares tell 'em how they've stray'd;
Bold as a God was ev'ry lash he took,
But kind and gentle the chastising stroke.

Mourn, Mourn, ye Youths, whom Fortune has betray'd,
The last Reproacher of your Vice is dead.

Mourn, all ye Beauties, put your *Cyprus* on,
The truest Swain that e're Ador'd you's gone;
Think how he lov'd, and writ, and sigh'd, and spoke,
Recall his Meen, his Fashion, and his Look.
By what dear Arts the Soul he did surprize,
Soft as his Voice, and charming as his Eyes.
Bring Garlands all of never-dying Flow'rs,
Bedew'd with everlasting falling Show'rs;
Fix your fair eyes upon your victim'd Slave,
Sent Gay and Young to his untimely Grave.
See where the Noble Swain Extended lies,
Too sad a Triumph of your Victories;
Adorn'd with all the Graces Heav'n e're lent,
All that was Great, Soft, Lovely, Excellent
You've laid into his early Monument.

Mourn, Mourn, ye Beauties, your sad loss deplore,
The Young, the Charming *Strephon* is no more.

Mourn, all ye little Gods of Love, whose Darts
Have lost their wonted power of piercing hearts;
Lay by the gilded Quiver and the Bow,
The useless Toys can do no Mischief now,
Those Eyes that all your Arrows points inspir'd,
Those Lights that gave ye fire are now retir'd,
Cold as his Tomb, pale as your Mothers Doves;
Bewail him then oh all ye little Loves,
For you the humblest Votary have lost
That ever your Divinities could boast;
Upon your hands your weeping Heads decline,

And let your wings encompass round his Shrine;
In stead of Flow'rs your broken Arrows strow,
And at his feet lay the neglected Bow.

Mourn, all ye little Gods, your loss deplore,
The soft, the Charming *Strephon* is no more.

Large was his Fame, but short his Glorious Race,
Like young *Lucretius* liv'd and dy'd apace.
So early Roses fade, so over all
They cast their fragrant scents, then softly fall,
While all the scatter'd perfum'd leaves declare,
How lovely 'twas when whole, how sweet, how fair.
Had he been to the *Roman* Empire known,
When great *Augustus* fill'd the peaceful Throne;
Had he the noble wond'rous Poet seen,
And known his Genius, and survey'd his Meen,
(When Wits, and Heroes grac'd Divine abodes,)
He had increas'd the number of their Gods;
The Royal Judge had Temples rear'd to's name.
And made him as Immortal as his Fame;
In Love and Verse his *Ovid* he'ad out-done,
And all his Laurels, and his *Julia* won.

Mourn, Mourn, unhappy World, his loss deplore,
The great, the charming *Strephon* is no more.

SONG. *By A. B.*

Cease, cease, *Aminta*, to complain,
Thy Languishment give o're,
Why shoud'st thou sigh because the Swain
Another does Adore?
Those Charms, fond Maid, that vanquish'd thee,
Have many a Conquest won,
And sure he could not cruel be,
And leave 'em all undon.

[Pg 371]

The Youth a Noble temper bears,
Soft and compassionate,
And thou canst only blame thy Stars,
That made thee love too late;
Yet had their Influence all been kind
They had not cross'd my Fate,
The tend'rest hours must have an end,
And Passion has its date.

The softest love grows cold and shy,
The face so late ador'd,
Now unregarded passes by,
Or grows at last abhorr'd;
All things in Nature fickle prove,
See how they glide away;
Think so in time thy hopeless love
Will die, as Flowers decay.

A SONG. *By Mrs. A. B.*

While, *Iris*, I at distance gaze,
And feed my greedy eyes,
That wounded heart, that dyes for you,
Dull gazing can't suffice;
Hope is the Food of Love-sick minds,
On that alone 'twill Feast,
The nobler part which Loves refines,
No other can digest.

In vain, too nice and Charming Maid,
I did suppress my Cares;
In vain my rising sighs I stay'd,
And stop'd my falling tears;
The Flood would swell, the Tempest rise,
As my despair came on;
When from her Lovely cruel Eyes,
I found I was undone.
Yet at your feet while thus I lye,
And languish by your Eyes,

[Pg 372]

'Tis far more glorious here to dye,
Than gain another Prize.
Here let me sigh, here let me gaze,
And wish at least to find
As raptur'd nights, and tender days,
As he to whom you're kind.

A PARAPHRASE *on the* LORDS PRAYER. *By Mrs. A. B.*

OUR FATHER,

O Wondrous condescension of a God!
To poor unworthy sinful flesh and blood;
Lest the high Mistery of Divinity,
Thy sacred Title, shou'd too Awful be;
Lest trembling prostrates should not freely come,
As to their Parent, to their native home;
Lest Thy incomprehensible God-head shou'd
Not by dull Man; be rightly understood;
Thou deignst to take a name, that fits our sense,
Yet lessens not Thy glorious Excellence.

WHICH ART IN HEAVEN,

Thy Mercy ended not, when thou didst own
Poor lost and out-cast Man to be thy Son;
'Twas not enough the Father to dispense,
In Heaven thou gav'st us an Inheritance;
A Province, where thou'st deign'd each Child a share;
Advance, my tim'rous Soul, thou needst not fear,
Thou hast a God! a God and Father! there.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME,

For ever be it, may my Pious Verse,
That shall thy great and glorious name rehearse,
By singing Angels still repeated be,
And tune a Song that may be worthy thee;
While all the Earth with Ecchoing Heav'n shall joyn,
To Magnifie a Being so Divine.

[Pg 373]

THY KINGDOM COME,

Prepare, my Soul, 'gainst that Triumphant day,
Adorn thy self with all that's Heavenly gay,
Put on the Garment, which no spot can stain,
And with thy God! thy King! and Father! Reign;
When all the Joyful Court of Heaven shall be
One everlasting day of Jubilee;
Make my Soul fit but there to find a room,
Then when thou wilt, Lord let thy Kingdom come.

THY WILL BE DONE

With all submission prostrate I resign
My Soul, my Faculties, and Will to thine;
For thou, Oh Lord, art Holy, Wise, and Just,
And raising Man from forth the common dust,
Hast set thy Sacred Image on his Soul,
And shall the Pot the Potters hand controul?
Poor boasting feeble Clay, that Error shun,
Submit and let th' Almighty's Will be done.

IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

For there the Angels, and the Saints rejoyce,
Resigning all to the blest Heavenly Voice;
Behold the Seraphins his Will obey,
Wilt thou less humble be, fond Man, than they?
Behold the Cherubins and Pow'rs Divine,
And all the Heavenly Host in Homage joyn;
Shall their Submission yield, and shall not thine?
Nay, shall even God submit to Flesh and Blood?
For our Redemption, our Eternal good,
Shall he submit to stripes, nay even to die
A Death reproachful, and of Infamy?

}
}
}
}
}

Shall God himself submit, and shall not I?
Vain, stubborn Fool, draw not thy ruine on,
But as in Heav'n; on Earth God's Will be done;

}
}

[Pg 374]

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD,

For oh my God! as boasting as we are,
We cannot live without thy heavenly care,
With all our Pride, not one poor Morsel's gain'd,
Till by thy wondrous Bounty first obtain'd;
With all our flatter'd Wit, our fanci'd sense,
We have not to one Mercy a pretence
Without the aid of thy Omnipotence.
Oh God, so fit my soul, that I may prove
A pitied Object of thy Grace and Love;
May my soul be with Heavenly Manna fed,
And deign my grosser part thy daily bread.

}
}

AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES

How prone we are to Sin, how sweet were made
The pleasures, our resistless hearts invade!
Of all my Crimes, the breach of all thy Laws
Love, soft bewitching Love! has been the cause;
Of all the Paths that Vanity has trod,
That sure will soonest be forgiven of God;
If things on Earth may be to Heaven resembled,
It must be love, pure, constant, undissembled:
But if to Sin by chance the Charmer press,
Forgive, O Lord, forgive our Trespases.

AS WE FORGIVE THEM THAT TRESPASS AGAINST US,

Oh that this grateful, little Charity,
Forgiving others all their sins to me,
May with my God for mine attoning be.
I've sought around, and found no foe in view,
Whom with the least Revenge I would pursue,
My God, my God, dispense thy Mercies too.

}
}
}
}
}

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION

Thou but permits it, Lord, 'tis we go on,
And give our selves the Provocation;
'Tis we, that prone to pleasures which invite,
Seek all the Arts to heighten vain delight;
But if without some Sin we cannot move,
May mine proceed no higher than to love;
And may thy vengeance be the less severe,
Since thou hast made the object lov'd so fair.

[Pg 375]

BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

From all the hasty Fury Passion breeds,
And into deaf and blinded Error leads,
From words that bear Damnation in the sound,
And do the Soul as well as Honour wound,
That by degrees of Madness lead us on
To Indiscretion, Shame, Confusion;
From Fondness, Lying, and Hypocrisie,
From my neglect of what I ow to thee;
From Scandal, and from Pride, divert my thought,
And from my Neighbour grant I covet nought;
From black Ingratitude, and Treason, Lord,
Guard me, even in the least unreverend word.
In my Opinion, grant, O Lord, I may,
Be guided in the true and rightful way,
And he that guides me may not go astray;
Do thou, oh Lord, instruct me how to know
Not whither, but which way I am to go;
For how should I an unknown passage find,
When my instructing Guide himself is blind.
All Honour, Glory, and all Praise be given
To Kings on Earth, and to our God in Heaven.

}
}
}

—Amen.

Selinda.

As young *Selinda* led her Flock,
Beneath the Shelter of a shaded Rock,
The Melancholy *Cloris* by,
Thus to the Lovely Maid did sighing cry.

[Pg 376]

Cloris.

Selinda, you too lightly prize,
The powerful Glorys of your Eyes;
To suffer young *Alexis* to adore,
Alexis, whom Love made my slave before;
I first adorn'd him with my Chains,
He Sigh'd beneath the rigour of my Reign;
And can that Conquest now be worth your pain?
A Votary you deserve who ne'er knew how,
To any Altars but your own to bow.

}
}
}

Selinda.

Is it your Friendship or your Jealousie,
That brings this timely aid to me?
With Reason we that Empire quit,
Who so much Rigour shows,
And 'twould declare more Love than Wit,
Not to recall his Vows.
If Beauty could *Alexis* move,
He might as well be mine;
He saw the Errors of his Love,
He saw how long in vain he strove,
And did your scorn decline;
And, *Cloris*, I the Gods may imitate,
And humble Penitents receive, tho late.

Cloris.

Mistaken Maid, can his Devotion prove
Agreeable or true,
Who only offers broken Vows of Love?
Vows which, *Selinda*, are my due.
How often prostrate at my feet h'as lain,
Imploring Pity for his Pain?
My heart a thousand ways he strove to win,
Before it let the Charming Conqueror in;
Ah then how soon the Amorous heat was laid!
How soon he broke the Vows he made!
Slighting the Trophies he had won.
And smiling saw me sigh for being undone.

[Pg 377]

Selinda.

Enough, enough, my dear abandon'd Maid,
Enough thy Eyes, thy Sighs, thy Tongue have said,
In all the Groves, on all the Plains,
'Mongst all the Shepherds, all the Swains,
I never saw the Charms cou'd move
My yet unconquer'd heart, to Love;
And tho a God *Alexis* were,
He should not Rule the Empire here.

Cloris.

Then from his charming Language fly;
Or thou'rt undone as well as I;
The God of Love is sure his Friend,
Who taught him all his Arts,
And when a Conquest he design'd,
He furnish'd him with Darts;
His Quiver, and his gilded Bow,
To his assistance brings,
And having given the fatal Blow,
Lends him his fleeting wings.
Tho not a Cottage-Slave, can be,

Before the Conquest, so submit as he,
To Fold your sheep, to gather Flowers,
To Pipe and sing, and sigh away your hours;
Early your Flocks to fragrant Meads,
Or cooling shades, and Springs he Leads;
Weaves Garlands, or go seek your Lambs,
That struggle from their bleating Dams,
Or any humble bus'ness do,
But once a Victor, he's a Tyrant too.

[Pg 378]

Selinda.

Cloris, such little Services would prove
Too mean, to be repaid with Love;
A Look, a Nod, a Smile would quit that score,
And she deserves to be undone, that pays a Shepherd more.

Cloris.

His new-blown Passion if *Selinda* Scorn,
Alexis may again to me return.

Selinda.

Secure thy Fears, the Vows he makes to me
I send a Present, back to thee;

Cloris.

Then we will sing, in every Grove,
The greatness of your Mind,—

Selinda.

... And I your Love.

Both.

And all the Day,
With Pride and Joy,
We'll let the Neighb'ring Shepherds see,
That none like us,
Did e'er express,
The heights of Love and Amity;
And all the day, &c.

A PINDARIC to Mr. P. who sings finely. By Mrs. A. B.

Damon, altho you waste in vain
That pretious breath of thine,
Where lies a Pow'r in every strain,
To take in any other heart, but mine;
Yet do not cease to sing, that I may know,
By what soft Charms and Arts,
What more than Humane 'tis you do,
To take, and keep your hearts;
Or have you Vow'd never to wast your breath,
But when some Maid must fall a Sacrifice,
As *Indian* Priests prepare a death,
For Slaves t'adorn their Victories,
Your Charm's as powerful, if I live,
For I as sensible shall be,
What wound you can, to all that hear you, give,
As if you wounded me;
And shall as much adore your wondrous skill,
As if my heart each dying Note cou'd kill.

[Pg 379]

And yet I should not tempt my Fate,
Nor trust my feeble strength,
Which does with ev'ry softning Note abate
And may at length
Reduce me to the wretched Slave I hate;
Tis strange extremity in me,
To venture on a doubtful Victory,
Where if you fail, I gain no more,
Than what I had before;

But 'twill certain comfort bring,
 If I unconquer'd do escape from you;
 If I can live, and hear you sing,
 No other Forces can my Soul subdue;
 Sing, *Damon*, then, and let each Shade,
 Which with thy Heavenly voice is happy made,
 Bear witness if my courage be not great,
 To hear thee sing, and make a safe retreat.

***On the Author of that Excellent Book Intituled The Way to Health, Long
 Life, and Happiness. By Mrs. A. B.***

Hail, Learned Bard! who dost thy power dispence,
 And show'st us the first State of Innocence
 In that blest golden Age, when Man was young,
 When the whole Race was Vigorous and strong;
 When Nature did her wond'rous dictates give,
 And taught the Noble Savage how to live;
 When Christal Streams, and every plenteous Wood
 Afforded harmless drink, and wholsom food;
 E'er that ingratitude in Man was found,
 His Mother Earth with Iron Ploughs to wound;
 When unconfin'd, the spacious Plains produc'd
 What Nature crav'd, and more than Nature us'd;
 When every Sense to innocent delight
 Th' agreeing Elements unforc'd invite;
 When Earth was gay, and Heaven was kind and bright,
 And nothing horrid did perplex the sight;
 Unprun'd the Roses and the Jes'min grew,
 Nature each day drest all the World anew,
 And Sweets without Mans aid each Moment grew;
 Till wild Debauchery did Mens minds invade,
 And Vice, and Luxury became a Trade;
 Surer than War it laid whole Countrys wast,
 Not Plague nor Famine ruins half so fast;
 By swift degrees we took that Poison in,
 Regarding not the danger, nor the sin;
 Delightful, Gay, and Charming was the Bait,
 While Death did on th' inviting Pleasure wait,
 And ev'ry Age produc'd a feebler Race,
 Sickly their days, and those declin'd apace,
 Scarce Blossoms Blow, and Wither in less space.
 Till Nature thus declining by degrees,
 We have recourse to rich restoratives,
 By dull advice from some of Learned Note,
 We take the Poison for the Antidote;
 Till sinking Nature cloy'd with full supplys,
 O'er-charg'd grows fainter, Languishes and dies.

[Pg 380]

}
 }
 }

}
 }
 }

These are the Plagues that o'er this Island reign,
 And have so many threescore thousands slain;
 Till you the saving Angel, whose blest hand
 Have sheath'd that Sword, that threatned half the Land;
 More than a Parent, Sir, we you must own,
 They give but life, but you prolong it on;
 You even an equal power with Heav'n do shew,
 Give us long life, and lasting Vertue too:
 Such were the mighty Patriarchs, of old,
 Who God in all his Glory did behold,
 Inspir'd like you, they Heavens Instructions show'd,
 And were as Gods amidst the wandring Croud;
 Not he that bore th' Almighty Wand cou'd give
 Diviner Dictates, how to eat, and live.
 And so essential was this cleanly Food,
 For Mans eternal health, eternal good,
 That God did for his first-lov'd Race provide,
 What thou by Gods example hast prescrib'd:
 O mai'st thou live to justifie thy fame,
 To Ages lasting as thy glorious Name!
 May thy own life make thy vast Reasons good,
 (Philosophy admir'd and understood,)
 To every sense 'tis plain, 'tis great, and clear,
 And Divine Wisdom does o'er all appear;
 Learning and Knowledge do support the whole,
 And nothing can the mighty truth controul;

[Pg 381]

Let Fools and Mad-men thy great work condemn,
I've tri'd thy Method, and adore thy Theme;
Adore the Soul that you'd such truths discern,
And scorn the fools that want the sense to learn.

Epitaph on the Tombstone of a Child, the last of Seven that died before.
By Mrs. A. B.

This Little, Silent, Gloomy Monument,
Contains all that was sweet and innocent;
The softest pratler that e'er found a Tongue,
His Voice was Musick and his Words a Song;
Which now each List'ning Angel smiling hears,
Such pretty Harmonies compose the Spheres;
Wanton as unfledg'd Cupids, ere their Charms
Had learn'd the little arts of doing harms;
Fair as young Cherubins, as soft and kind,
And tho translated could not be refin'd;
The Seventh dear pledge the Nuptial Joys had given,
Toil'd here on Earth, retir'd to rest in Heaven;
Where they the shining Host of Angels fill,
Spread their gay wings before the Throne, and smile.

[Pg 382]

Epilogue to the Jealous Lovers.

By Mrs. Behn, in 1682.

And how, and how, *Mesieurs!* what do you say
To our good Moderate, Conscientious Play?
Not Whig, nor Tory, here can take Offence;
It Libels neither *Patriot, Peer,* nor *Prince,*
Nor *Shrieve,* nor *Burgess,* nor the Reverend *Gown.*
Faith here's no Scandal worth eight hundred pound;
Your Damage is at most but half-a-Crown.
Only this difference you must allow,
'Tis you receive th' Affront and pay us too,
Wou'd Rebell WARD had manag'd matters so.
Here's no Reflections on Damn'd Witnesses,
We scorn such out-of-Fash'on'd Things as These;
They fail to be believ'd, and fail to please.
No *Salamanca* Doctor-ship abus'd,
Not a Malicious *States-man* here accus'd;
No Smutty Scenes, no intrigues up Stairs,
That make your *City Wives* in Love with *Players.*
But here are fools of every sort and Fashion,
Except State-Fools, the Tools of *Reformation,*
Or Cullys of the Court—*Association.*
And those Originals decline so fast
We shall have none to Copy by at last;
Here's *Jo,* and *Jack* a pair of whining Fools,
And *L[e]igh* and *I* brisk Lavish keeping Fools,
He's for Mischief all, and carry's it on
With Fawne and Sneere as Jilting *Whigg* has done.
And like theirs too his Projects are o'rethrow'n.

}
}
}
}
}
}
}
}
}
}
}
}
}
}

[Pg 383]

A PASTORAL to Mr. Stafford, Under the Name of SILVIO on his
Translation of the Death of Camilla: out of VIRGIL. By Mrs. Behn.

THIRSIS and AMARILLIS.

Thirsis.

Why, *Amarillis,* dost thou walk alone,
And the gay pleasures of the Meadows shun?
Why to the silent Groves dost thou retire,
When uncompell'd by the Suns scorching fire?
Musing with folded Arms, and down-cast look,
Or pensive yield to thy supporting *Hook:*
Is *Damon* false? and has his Vows betray'd,
And born the Trophies to some other Maid?

Amarillis.

The Gods forbid I should survive to see

The fatal day he were unjust to me.
Nor is my Courage, or my Love so poor
T' out-live that Scorn'd, and miserable hour;
Rather let *Wolves* my new-yea'n'd Lambs devour,
Wither ye Verdant Grass, dry up ye Streams,
And let all Nature turn to vast extreams:
In Summer let the Boughs be cale and dry,
And now gay Flowers the wandring Spring supply,
But with my *Damons* Love, Let all that's charming die.

}
}
}
}
}
}
}

Thirsis.

Why then this dull retreat, if he be true,
Or, *Amarillis*, is the change in you?
You love some Swains more rich in Herds and Flocks,
For none can be more powerful in his looks;
His shape, his meen, his hair, his wondrous face,
And on the Plaines, none *dances* with his Grace;
'Tis true, in *Piping* he does less excell.

[Pg 384]

Amarillis.

The Musick of his *Voice* can Charm as well,
When tun'd to words of Love, and sighs among,
With the soft tremblings of his bashful tongue,
And, *Thirsis*, you accuse my Faith in vain,
To think it wavering, for another Swain;
'Tis admiration now that fills my soul,
And does ev'n love suspend, if not controul.
My thoughts are solemn all, and do appear
With wonder in my Eyes, and not despair!
My heart is entertain'd with silent Joys,
And I am pleas'd above the Mirth of Noise.

Thirsis.

What new-born pleasure can divert you so?
Pray let me hear, that I may wonder too.

Amarillis.

Last night, by yonder purling stream I stood,
Pleas'd with the murmurs of the little Flood,
Who in its rapid glidings bore away
The Fringing Flow'rs, that made the Bank so gay,
Which I compar'd to fickle *Swains*, who invade
First this, then that deceiv'd, and yielding *Maid*:
Whose flattering Vows an easie passage find,
Then unregarded leave 'em far behind,
To sigh their Ruin to the flying Wind.
So the soild flow'rs their rifled Beaut[i]es hung,
While the triumphant Ravisher passes on.
This while I sighing view'd, I heard a voice
That made the Woods, the Groves, and Hills rejoyce.
Who eccho'd back the charming sound again,
Answering the Musick of each softning strain,
And told the wonder over all the Plain.
Young *Silvio* 'twas that tun'd his happy Pipe,
The best that ever grac'd a Shepherds Lip!
Silvio of Noble Race, yet not disdains
To mix his harmony with Rustic *Swains*,
To th' humble Shades th' *Illustrious Youth* resorts,
Shunning the false delights of gaudy Courts,
For the more solid happiness of Rural sports.
Courts which his *Noble Father* long pursu'd,
And Serv'd till he out-serv'd their gratitude.

}
}
}

[Pg 385]

}
}
}

}
}
}

Thirsis.

Oh *Amarillis*, let that tale no more
Remembred be on the *Arcadian* Shore,
Lest Mirth should on our Meads no more be found,
But *Stafford's* Story should throughout resound,
And fill with pitying cryes the Echoes all around.

Amarillis.

Arcadia, keep your peace, but give me leave,
 Who knew the *Heroes Loyalty*, to grieve;
 Once, *Thirsis*, by th' *Arcadian Kings* Commands,
 I left these Shades, to visit foreign Lands;
 Imploy'd in public toils of State Affairs,
 Unusual with my Sex, or to my Years;
 There 'twas my chance, so Fortune did ordain,
 To see this great, this good, this God-like Man:
 Brave, Pious, Loyal, Just, without constraint,
 The Soul all *Angell*, and the Man a *Saint*;
 His temper'd mind no Passion e'er inflam'd,
 But when his *King* and *Countrey* were profan'd;
 Then oft I've seen his generous blood o'er spread
 His awful face, with a resenting Red,
 In Anger quit the Room, and would disdain
 To herd with the *Rebellious Publican*.
 But, *Thirsis*, 'twould a worship'd Volume fill,
 If I the *Heroes* wondrous Life should tell;
 His Vertues were his Crime, like *God* he bow'd
 A necessary Victim to the frantick Croud;
 So a tall sheltring *Oak* that long had stood,
 The mid-days shade, and glory of the *Wood*;
 Whose aged boughs a reverence did command,
 Fell lop'd at last by an Ignoble hand:
 And all his branches are in pieces torn,
 That *Victors* grac'd, and did the Wood adorn.
 —With him young *Silvio*, who compos'd his Joys,
 The darling of his Soul and of his Eyes,
 Inheriting the Vertues of his *Sire*,
 But all his own is his Poetic fire;
 When young, the *Gods of Love*, and *Wit* did grace
 The pointed, promis'd Beautys of his face,
 Which ripening years did to perfection bring,
 And taught him how to *Love*, and how to *Sing*.

[Pg 386]

Thirsis.

But what, dear *Amarillis*, was the Theam
 The Noble *Silvio* Sung by yonder Stream?

Amarillis.

Not of the *Shepherds*, nor their Rural *Loves*.
 The Song was Glorious tho 'twas sung in Groves!
Camilla's Death the skilful *Youth* inspir'd,
 As if th' Heroic *Maid* his Soul had fir'd;
 Such life was in his Song, such heat, such flight,
 As he had seen the Royal *Virgin* fight.
 He made her deal her wounds with Graceful Art,
 With vigorous Air fling the unfailing Dart,
 And form'd her Courage to his own great heart.
 Never was fighting in our *Sex* a Charm,
 Till *Silvio* did the bright *Camilla* Arm;
 With Noble Modesty he shews us how
 To be at once *Hero* and *Woman* too.
 Oh Conquering *Maid!* how much thy Fame has won,
 In the *Arcadian* Language to be sung,
 And by a Swain so soft, so sweet, so young.

}
 }
 }

[Pg 387]

}
 }
 }

Thirsis.

Well hast thou spoke the noble *Silvio's* Praise,
 For I have often heard his charming lays;
 Oft has he blest the Shades with strains Divine,
 Took many a *Virgins* heart, and Ravish'd mine.
 Long may he sing in every Field and Grove,
 And teach the Swains to Pipe, the *Maids* to Love.

Amarillis.

Daphnis, and *Colin* Pipe not half so well,
 E'en *Dions* mighty self he does excell;
 As the last Lover of the *Muses*, blest,
 The last and young in Love are always best;
 And *She* her darling Lover does requite
 With all the softest Arts of Noblest *Wit*.

Thirsis.

Oh may he dedicate his Youth to her!
Thus let 'em live, and love upon the square,
But see *Alexis* homeward leads his Flock,
And brouzing Goats descend from yonder Rock;
The Sun is hasting on to *Thetis* Bed,
See his faint Beams have streak'd the Sky with Red.
Let's home e'er night approach, and all the way
You shall of *Silvio* sing, while I will play.

GILDON'S MISCELLANY, 1692.

VENUS *and* CUPID.

Venus.

Cupid, my darling *Cupid*, and my Joy,
Thy Mother *Venus* calls, come away, come away.

Cupid.

Alas! I cannot, I am at Play.

Venus.

Fond Boy, I do command thee, haste;
Thy precious Hours no longer waste:
In Groves and Cottages you make abode,
Too mean a Condescention for a God!
On barren Mountains idly play,
For shame thou Wanton, come away, come away!

All useless lies thy Bow and Darts,
That should be wounding heedless Hearts:
The Swain that guards his Dove,
Alas! no Leisure has for Love:
His Flocks and Heard are all his Joy,
Then leave the Shades and come away, come away.

Cupid.

Alas! what would you have me do?
Command and I'll Obedience shew.

Venus.

Hye then to Cities and to Court,
Where all the Young and Fair resort;
There try thy Power, let fly thy Darts,
And bring me in some noble Hearts,
Worthy to be by thee undone,
For here's no Glory to be won.

Cupid.

Mistaken Queen, look down and see,
What Trophies are prepar'd for thee,
What glorious Slaves are destin'd me.

Venus.

Now, by my self, a Noble Throng;
How Fair the Nymphs, the Swains how Young!
No wonder if my little Loves
Delight and play in Shades and Groves.

Cupid.

Then, Mother, here I'll bend my Bow,
And bring you wounded Hearts enough.

Venus.

My pretty Charming Wanton, do.

Chorus.

'Tis thus we over Mortals reign,
And thus we Adoration gain
From the proud Monarch to the humble Swain.

***Verses design'd by Mrs. A. Behn to be sent to a fair Lady, that desir'd she
would absent herself to cure her Love. Left unfinish'd.***

In vain to Woods and Deserts I retire,
To shun the lovely Charmer I admire,
Where the soft Breezes do but fann my Fire!

[Pg 388]

}
}
}

[Pg 389]

}
}

In vain in Grotto's dark unseen I lie,
Love pierces where the Sun could never spy.
No place, no Art his *God-head* can exclude,
The *Dear* Distemper reigns in Solitude:
Distance, alas, contributes to my Grief;
No more, of what fond Lovers call, Relief
Than to the wounded Hind does sudden Flight
From the chaste Goddesses pursuing Sight:
When in the Heart the fatal Shaft remains,
And darts the Venom through our bleeding Veins.
If I resolve no longer to submit
My self a wretched Conquest to your Wit,
More swift than fleeting Shades, ten thousand Charms
From your bright Eyes that Rebel Thought disarms:
The more I struggl'd, to my Grief I found
My self in *Cupid's* Chains more surely bound:
Like Birds in Nets, the more I strive, I find
My self the faster in the Snare confin'd.

}

Verses by Madam Behn, never before printed. On a Conventicle.

[Pg 390]

Behold that Race, whence *England's* Woes proceed,
The Viper's Nest, where all our Mischiefs breed,
There, guided, by *Inspiration*, Treason speaks,
And through the Holy Bag-pipe *Legion* squeaks.
The Nation's Curse, Religion's ridicule,
The Rabble's *God*, the Politicians *Tool*,
Scorn of the Wise, and *Scandal* of the Just,
The Villain's *Refuge*, and the Women's Lust.

GILDON'S CHORUS POETARUM, 1694.

By Madam Behn.

1.

The Gods are not more blest than he,
Who fixing his glad eyes on thee,
With thy bright Rays his senses chears,
And drinks with ever thirsty Ears,
The charming Musick of thy Tongue
Does ever hear and ever long,
That sees with more than humane Grace
Sweet smiles adorn thy Angel Face.

2.

So when with kinder Beams you shine,
And so appear much more Divine,
My feebled Sense and dazzled Sight
No more support the glorious Light,
And the fierce torrent of Delight.
O then I feel my Life decay,
My ravish'd Soul then flies away;
Then Faintness does my Limbs surprize,
And Darkness swims before my Eyes.

}
}
}

3.

Then my Tongue fails, and from my Brow
The Liquid Drops in Silence flow;
Then wand'ring Fires run thro my Blood,
Then Cold binds up the languid Flood;
All Pale and Breathless then I lie,
I sigh, I tremble, and I die.

[Pg 391]

The Complaint of the poor Cavaliers.

I.

Give me the Man that's hollow
Since he is the only Fellow,
For Honesty's out of Date;
And he's the only Gallant
That shew'd himself so Valiant,
To cut off his Master's Pate.
These—these be the Men that flaunt,
As if they were Sons of Gaunt,
And ev'ry Knave
Is Fine and Brave,
While the poor *Cavalier's* in want.

II.

The Man that chang'd his Note,
And he who has turn'd his Coat,
Shall now have a good Reward;
He's either made a Knight,
Or else by this good Light,
A very Reverend Lord:
And let him be so for me,
I'm as gay and as good as he.

III.

Hang Sorrow, why should we repine,
We'll drive down our Grief with good Wine,
Not caring for those that rise;
For had they been but true Men,
They never had been new Men,
And we had ne'er been wise.
The Blockhead that merits most,
That has all his Fortune lost,
Must now be turn'd out
And a new-found Rout,
Of Courtiers rule the Roast.

[Pg 392]

The next Verses are so tender, that one may see the Author writ 'em with no affected Passion. And indeed she had no need to affect what was so natural to her.

On a Pin that hurt Amintas' Eye.

Injurious Pin, how durst thou steal so nigh?
To touch, nay worse, to hurt his precious Eye.
Base Instrument, so ill thou'st play'd thy part,
Wounding his Eye, thou'st wounded my poor Heart,
And for each pity'd Drop his Eye did shed,
My sympathizing Heart a thousand bled:
Too daring Pin, was there no Tincture good,
To bath thy Point, but my *Amintas'* Blood?

Cou'd thy Ambition teach thee so to sin?
Was that a Place for thee to revel in?
'Twas there thy Mistress had design'd to be,
And must she find a Rival too in thee?
Curs'd Fate! that I shou'd harbour thee so long,
And thou at last conspire to do me wrong:
Tho well I knew thy Nature to be rude,
And all thy Kin full of Ingratitude,
I little thought thou wouldst presume so far,
To aim thy Malice at so bright a Star.

Now all the Service thou canst render me
Will never recompense this Injury.
Well, get thee gone—for thou shalt never more
Have Power to hurt what I so much adore.
Hence from my Sight, and mayst thou ever lie
A crooked Object to each scornful Eye.

[Pg 393]

To Mrs. Harsenet, on the Report of a Beauty, which she went to see at Church.

As when a Monarch does in Triumph come,
And proudly leads the vanquish'd Captive home,
The joyful People swarm in ev'ry Street,
And with loud Shouts the glorious Victor meet.

But others whom Misfortune kept away
Desire to hear the Story of the Day,
How brave the Prince, how brave his Chariot was,
How beautiful he look'd, with what a Grace;
How rich his Habit, if he Plumes did wear,
Or if a Wreath of Bays adorn'd his Hair:
They think 'twas wondrous fine, and long much more,
To see the Conqu'ror than they did before.

So when at first by Fame I only knew
The Charms so much admir'd and prais'd in you;
How many Slaves your conqu'ring Eyes had won,
And how the wond'ring Crowd did gazing throng;
I wish'd to see, and half a Lover grew,
Of so much Beauty, tho my Rival too.

I came, I saw you, and I must confess,
I wish'd my Beauty greater, or yours less;
Alas! My whole Devotion you betray'd,
I only thought of you, and only pray'd,
That you might all your jealous Sex out-do
In Cruelty as well as Beauty too.
I call'd *Amintas* faithless Man before,
But now I find 'tis just he should adore.
Not to love you, if such a Sin could be,
Were greater than his Perjury to me;
Thus while I blame him, I excuse him too,
Who can be innocent that looks on you?

[Pg 394]

But, lovely *Chloris*, you too meanly prize
The Treasures of your Youth, and of your Eyes;
Ne're hear his Vows that he to others swore,
Nor let him be your Slave, that was a Slave before;
He oft has Fetters worn, and can with Ease
Admit them, or dismiss them, as he please.
A Virgin Heart you merit, that ne're found
It could receive, till from your Eyes, a Wound,
The Soul that nothing but their Force could fear,
As great, if that can be, as you are fair.

For Damon, being ask'd a Reason for his Love.

I.

You ask me, *Phillis*, why I still pursue,
And court no other Nymph but you;
And why with Looks and Sighs I still betray
A Passion which I dare not say.
'Tis all, Because I do: you ask me why,
And with a Woman's Reason, I reply.

II.

You ask what Argument I have to prove,
That my *Unrest* proceeds from Love,
You'll not believe my Passion till you know,
A better Reason why 'tis so.
Then, *Phillis*, let this Reason go for one,
I know I love because my Reason's gone.

III.

You say a Love like mine must needs declare
The Object so belov'd not fair;
That neither Wit nor Beauty in her dwell,
Whose Lover can no Reason tell,
What 'tis that he adores, and why he burns:

[Pg 395]

Phillis, let those give such that have returns.

IV.

And by the very Reasons that you use,
 Damon might justly you accuse;
Why do you Scorn, and with a proud Disdain
 Receive the Vow, and slight the Swain?
You say you cannot Love, you know no Cause:
May I not prove my Love by your own Laws?

V.

Am not I Youthful, and as gay a Swain,
 As e'er appeared upon the Plain?
Have I not courted you with all th' Address
 An am'rous Shepherd cou'd profess?
And add to this, my Flocks and Herds are great,
But *Phillis* only can my Joy compleat.

VI.

Yet you no Reason for your Coldness give,
 And 'tis but just you shou'd believe
That all your Beauties unadorn'd by Art,
 Have hurt and not oblig'd my Heart.
Be kind to that, my hearty Vows return
And then I'll tell you why, for what I burn.

FAMILIAR LETTERS, 1718.

A Letter to the Earl of Kildare, dissuading him from marrying Moll Howard.

My Lord,

We pity such as are by Tempest lost,
And those by Fortune's blind Disposal crost;
But when Men see, and may the Danger shun,
Yet headlong into certain Ruin run:
To pity such, must needs be Ridicule;
Do not (my Lord) be that unpity'd Fool.

[Pg 396]

There's a report, which round the Town is spread,
The fam'd *Moll Howard* you intend to Wed;
If it be true, my Lord, then guard your Head:
Horns, Horns, by wholesale, will adorn your Brows,
If e'r you make that rampant Whore your Spouse.
Think on the lewd Debauches of her Life;
Then tell me, if she's fit to be your Wife.
She that to quench her lustful, hot Desire,
Has Kiss'd with Dukes, Lords, Knights, and Country Squire;
Nay, Grooms and Footmen have been claw'd off by her.

}
}
}

}
}
}

Whoring has all her Life-time been her Trade,
And *D—set* says, she is an exc'lent Baud:
But finding both will not defray Expence,
She lately is become an *Evidence*;
Swears against all that won't her Lust supply,
And says, they're false as Hell to Monarchy.

You had a Wife; but, rest her Soul, she's dead,
By whom your Lordship by the Nose was led:
And will you run into that Noose again,
To be the greatest Monster among Men?
Think on the Horns that will adorn your Head,
And the Diseases that will fill your Bed:
Pox upon Pox, most horrid and most dire!
And Ulcers filled with Hell's Eternal Fire.

Forbear therefore, and call your Senses home;
Let Reason Love's blind Passion overcome:
For, if you make this base Report once true,
You'll wound your Honour, Purse, and Body too.

To Mrs. Price.

[Pg 397]

My Dear,

In your last, you admir'd how I cou'd pass my Time so long in the Country: I am sorry your Taste is so deprav'd, as not to relish a Country-Life. Now I think there's no Satisfaction to be found amidst an Urban Throng (as Mr. *Bayes* calls it).

The peaceful Place where gladly I resort,
Is freed from noisy Factions of the Court:
There joy'd with viewing o'er the rural Scene,
Pleas'd with the Meadows ever green,
The Woods and Groves with tuneful Anger move,
And nought is heard but gentle Sighs of Love:
The Nymphs and Swains for rural Sports prepare,
And each kind Youth diverts his smiling Fair.
But if by Chance is found a flinty Maid,
Whose cruel Eyes has Shepherds Hearts betray'd,
In other Climes a Refuge she must find,
Banish'd from hence Society of Kind.
Here gentle *Isis*, with a Bridegroom's Haste,
Glides to o'ertake the *Thame*, as fair, as chaste;
Then mixt, embracing, they together flie;
They Live together, and together Die.
Here ev'ry Object adds to our Delight,
Calm is our Day, and peaceful is our Night.
Then, kind *Æmilia*, flie that hated Town,
Where's not a Moment thou canst call thy own:
Haste for to meet a Happiness divine,
And share the Pleasures I count only mine.

P. S. A SONG.

1.

'Tis not your saying that you love,
Can ease me of my Smart;
Your Actions must your Words approve,
Or else you break my Heart.

2.

[Pg 398]

In vain you bid my Passion cease,
And ease my troubled Breast;
Your Love alone must give me Peace,
Restore my wonted Rest.

3.

But, if I fail your Heart to move,
And 'tis not yours to give;
I cannot, wonnot cease to love,
But I will cease to live.

A. Behn.

PROLOGUE *to* ROMULUS,

Spoken by Mrs. Butler.

Written by Mrs. Behn.

How we shall please ye now I cannot say;
But, Sirs, 'Faith here is *News from Rome* to day;
Yet know withal, we've no such PACKETS here,
As you read once a week from Monkey CARE.
But 'stead of that Lewd Stuff (that cloyes the Nation)
Plain Love and Honour; (tho quite out of Fashion;) Ours is a Virgin ROME, long, long, before
Pious GENEVA Rhetorick call'd her Whore;
For be it known to their Eternal Shames,
Those Saints were always good at calling Names;
Of *Scarlet Whores* let 'em their Wills devise,
But let 'em raise no other *Scarlet Lies*;
LIES that advance the *Good Old Cause*, and bring
Into Contempt the PRELATES with the KING.
Why shou'd the *Rebel Party* be affraid?
They're *Ratts* and *Weazles* gnaw the *Lyon's Beard*,
And then in IGNORAMUS Holes they think,
Like other Vermin, to lie close, and stink.
What have ye got, ye *Conscientious Knaves*,
With all your *Fancy'd Power*, and *Bully Braves*?
With all your standing to't; your *Zealous Furies*;
Your *Lawless Tongues*, and *Arbitrary Juries*?
Your *Burlesque Oaths*, when one *Green-Ribbon-Brother*
In Conscience will be *Perjur'd for another*?
Your PLOTS, *Cabals*, your *Treats*, *Association*,
Ye shame, ye very Nuisance of the Nation,
What have ye got but one poor Word? Such Tools
Were *Knaves* before; to which you've added *Fools*.
Now I dare swear, some of you *Whigsters* say,
Come on, now for a swinging TORY PLAY.
But, Noble *Whigs*, pray let not those *Fears* start ye,
Nor fright hence any of the *Sham Sheriff's Party*;
For, if you'll take my censure of the Story,
It is as harmless as e're came before ye,
And writ before the times of *Whig* and *Tory*.

[Pg 399]

}
}
}

EPILOGUE *to the Same.*

Spoken by the Lady SLINGSBY.

Fair Ladies, pity an unhappy Maid,
By Fortune, and by faithless Love betray'd.
Innocent once—I scarce knew how to sin,
Till that unlucky Devil entering in,
Did all my Honour, all my Faith undo:
LOVE! like *Ambition* makes us Rebels too:
And of all Treasons, mine was most accurst;
Rebelling 'gainst a KING and FATHER first.
A Sin, which Heav'n nor Man can e're forgive;
Nor could I *Act* it with the Face to live.
My Dagger did my Honours cause redress;
But Oh! my blushing Ghost must needs confess,
Had my young Charming Lover faithful been,
I fear I dy'd with unrepented Sin.
There's nothing can my Reputation save
With all the *True*, the *Loyal* and the *Brave*;
Not my Remorse, or Death can expiate
With them a Treason 'gainst the KING and *State*.
Some Love-sick Maid perhaps, now I am gone,
(Raging with Love, and by that Love undone,)
May form some little *Argument* for me,
T' excuse m' *Ingratitude* and *Treachery*.
Some of the Sparks too, that infect the *Pit*,
(Whose Honesty is equal to their Wit,
And think *Rebellion* but a petty Crime,
Can turn to all sides Int'rest does incline,)
May cry '*I gad I think the Wench is wise;*
'*Had it prov'd Lucky, 'twas the Way to rise.*
'*She had a Roman Spirit, that disdains*
'*Dull Loyalty, and the Yoke of Sovereigns.*
'*A Pox of Fathers, and Reproach to come;*
'*She was the first and Noblest Whig of Rome.*
But may that Ghost in quiet never rest,
Who thinks it self with Traytors Praises blest.

[Pg 400]

Mrs. Behn's *Satyr on Dryden.*

(*On Mr. Dryden, Renegade.*)

Scorning religion all thy life time past,
And now embracing popery at last,
Is like thyself; & what thou'st done before
Defying wife and marrying a whore.
Alas! how leering Hereticks will laugh
To see a gray old hedge bird caught with chaffe.
A Poet too from great heroick theames
And inspiration, fallen to dreaming dreams.
But this the priests will get by thee at least
That if they mend thee, miracles are not ceast.
For 'tis not more to cure the lame & blind,
Than heal an impious ulcerated mind.
This if they do, and give thee but a grain
Of common honesty, or common shame,
'Twill be more credit to their cause I grant,
Than 'twould to make another man a saint.
But thou noe party ever shalt adorn,
To thy own shame & Nature's scandall borne:
All shun alike thy ugly outward part,
Whilest none have right or title to thy heart.
Resolved to stand & constant to the time,
Fix'd in thy lewdness, settled in thy crime.
Whilest Moses with the Israelites abode,
Thou seemdst content to worship Moses' God:
But since he went & since thy master fell,
Thou foundst a golden calf would do as well.
And when another Moses shall arise
Once more I know thou'lt rub and clear thy eyes,
And turn to be an Israelite again,
For when the play is done & finisht clean,
What should the Poet doe but shift the scene.

[Pg 401]

}
}
}

VALENTINIAN.

Prologue spoken by Mrs. Cook the first Day.

Written by Mrs. Behn.

With that assurance we to day address,
As standard Beauties, certain of Success.
With careless Pride at once they charm and vex,
And scorn the little Censures of their Sex.
Sure of the unregarded Spoyl, despise
The needless Affectation of the Eyes,
The softening Languishment that faintly warms,
But trust alone to their resistless Charms.
So we secur'd by undisputed Wit,
Disdain the damning Malice of the Pit,
Nor need false Arts to set great Nature off,
Or studied tricks to force the Clap and Laugh.
Ye wou'd-be-Criticks, you are all undone,
For here's no Theam for you to work upon.
Faith seem to talk to *Jenny*, I advise,
Of who likes who, and how Loves Markets rise.
Try these hard Times how to abate the Price;
Tell her how cheap were Damsels on the Ice.
'Mongst City-Wives, and Daughters that came there,
How far a Guinny went at *Blanket-Fair*.
Thus you may find some good Excuse for failing
Of your beloved Exercise of Railing.
That when Friend cries—How did the Play succeed?
Deme, I hardly minded—what they did.
We shall not your Ill-nature please to day,
With some fond Scribblers new uncertain Play,
Loose as vain Youth, and tedious as dull Age,
Or Love and Honour that o're-runs the Stage.
Fam'd and substantial Authors give this Treat,
And 'twill be solemn, Noble all and Great.
Wit, sacred Wit, is all the bus'ness here;
Great *Fletcher*, and the greater *Rochester*.
Now name the hardy Man one fault dares find,
In the vast Work of two such Heroes joyn'd.
None but Great *Strephon's* soft and pow'rful Wit
Durst undertake to mend what *Fletcher* writ,
Different their heav'nly Notes; yet both agree
To make an everlasting Harmony.
Listen, ye Virgins, to his charming Song,
Eternal Musick dwelt upon his Tongue.
The Gods of Love and Wit inspir'd his Pen,
And Love and Beauty was his glorious Theam.

Now, Ladies, you may celebrate his Name,
Without a scandal on your spotless Fame.
With Praise his dear lov'd Memory pursue,
And pay his Death, what to his Life was due.

The Fair on the *Thames*
so called.

[Pg 402]

[Pg 403]

To Henry Higden, Esq.; on his Translation of the Tenth Satyr of Juvenal.

I.

I know you, and I must confess
From Sence so Celebrated, and so True,
 Wit so Uncommon, and so New,
 As that which alwaies shines in You;
 I cou'd expect no less.
'Tis *Great*, 'tis *Just*, 'tis *Noble* all!
Right Spirit of the *Original*;
No scatter'd Spark, no glimmering Beams,
As in some Pieces here and there,
Through a dark Glade of *Duller Numbers* gleams.
But 'tis all Fire! all Glittering every where
Grateful Instruction that can never fail,
 To Please and Charm, even while you Rail.
 By *Arts* thus Gentle and Severe
The *Powers Divine* first made their Mortals Wise;
The soft Reproach they did with Reverence bear;
While they Ador'd the GOD that did Chastize,

II.

Perhaps there may be found some *Carping Wit*,
 May blame the Measures of thy *Lines*,
And cry,—Not so the *Roman* Poet writ;
Who drest his *Satyr* in more lofty Rhimes.
But thou for thy Instructor *Nature* chose,
That *first* best Principle of *Poetry*;
And to thy Subject didst thy *Verse* dispose,
While in Harmonious Union both agree.
Had the *Great Bard* thy *Properer Numbers* view'd,
He wou'd have lay'd his stiff Heroicks by,
And this more *Gay*, more *Airy* Path pursu'd,
That so much better leads to *Rallier*.
Wit is no more than *Nature* well exprest;
 And he fatigues and toyles in vain
 With *Rigid Labours*, breaks his Brain,
That has *Familiar Thought* in lofty Numbers drest.

[Pg 404]

III.

True to his *Sense* and to his *Charming Wit*,
Thou every where hast kept an equal Pace:
 All his Brisk Turns exactly hit,
Justly maintain'd his Humour and his Grace:
And with the *Language* hast not chang'd the Face:
 Great *Juvenal* in every Line,
 True *Roman* still o're all does shine;
But in the *Brittish* Garb appears most fine.

IV.

Long did the *Learned Author* search to find
The Vice and Vanity of Humane-kind:
Long he observ'd, nor did observe in vain;
 In every differing Humour found
 Even there where *Virtue* did abound,
 Some mortal Frailties reign.
 Philosophers he saw were Proud
 Of dull-affected Poverty:
 Senators cringing to the Crowd
 For trifling Popularity:
The Judge reviles the Criminal at *Bar*,
 And now because old Ages Ice
Has chill'd the Ardour of his willing Vice,
Snarles at those *Youthful Follies* which he cannot shun.
From the vain-keeping '*Squire*, and Cully'd *Lord*;
The fawning *Courtier*, *States-man's* Broken Word:
Down to the flattering, Jilting *Curtizan*,
And the more faithless couzening *Citizen*,
The Tricks of *Court* and *State* to him were known;
And all the Vices veil'd beneath the *Gown*,

If *Rome* that kept the lesser World in awe,
Wanted a *Juvenal* to give them Law,
How much more we who stockt with *Knave* and *Fool*,
Have turn'd the Nation into *Ridicule*.
The dire Contagion spreads to each degree
Of Wild *Debauchery*.
The mad Infected Youth make haste
To day their *Fortunes*, *Health*, and *Reason* waste:
The *Fop*, a tamer sort of *Tool*
Who dresses, talks, and loves, by Rule;
Has long for a *Fine Person* past.
Blockheads will pass for *Wits*, and Write,
And some for *Brave*, who ne'r could Fight.
Women for *Chaste*, whose knack of *Cant*
Boasts of the *Virtues* that they want:
Cry *Faugh*—at Words and Actions Innocent,
And make that naughty that was never meant:
That vain-affected *Hypocrite* shall be
In Satyr sham'd to *Honest Sense* by Thee.
'Tis Thou, an *English Juvenal*, alone,
To whom all *Vice*, and every *Vertue's* known:
Thou that like *Judah's* King through all hast past,
And found that all's but *Vanity* at last;
'Tis you alone the *Discipline* can use,
Who dare at once be *bold*, *severe*, and *kind*;
Soften rough Satyr with thy gentler *Muse*,
And force a *Blush* at least, where you can't change the Mind.

A. Behn.

On the Death of E. Waller, Esq.;

By Mrs. A. Behn.

How, to thy Sacred Memory, shall I bring
(Worthy thy Fame) a grateful Offering?
I, who by Toils of Sickness, am become
Almost as near as thou art to a Tomb?
While every soft, and every tender Strain
Is ruffl'd, and ill-natur'd grown with Pain. [Pg 406]
But, at thy Name, my languisht *Muse* revives,
And a new *Spark* in the dull *Ashes* strives.
I hear thy tuneful *Verse*, thy *Song* Divine,
And am Inspir'd by every charming Line.
But, Oh!—
What Inspiration, at the second Hand,
Can an *Immortal Elegie* command?
Unless, like *Pious Offerings*, mine should be
Made Sacred, being Consecrate to thee.
Eternal, as thy own Almighty Verse,
Should be those *Trophies* that adorn thy *Hearse*.
The *Thought* Illustrious, and the *Fancy* young;
The *Wit* Sublime, the *Judgment* Fine and Strong; }
Soft, as thy *Notes* to *Sacharissa* sung. }
Whilst mine, like Transitory *Flowers*, decay, }
That come to *deck* thy Tomb a short-liv'd Day.
Such *Tributes* are, like *Tenures*, only fit
To shew from whom we hold our *Right* to *Wit*.
Hail, wondrous *Bard*, whose Heav'n-born *Genius* first
My Infant *Muse*, and Blooming *Fancy* Nurst.
With thy soft *Food* of *Love* I first began,
Then fed on nobler *Panegyrick* Strain,
Numbers *Seraphic!* and at every View,
My Soul extended, and much larger grew:
Where e're I Read, new Raptures seiz'd my Blood;
Me thought I heard the Language of a God.
Long did the untun'd World in Ign'rance stray,
Producing nothing that was Great and Gay, }
Till taught by thee, the true Poetick way. }
Rough were the *Tracts* before, Dull and Obscure; }
Nor Pleasure, nor Instruction could procure.
Their thoughtless Labour could no *Passion* move;
Sure, in that *Age*, the Poets knew not *Love*:
That Charming *God*, like Apparitions, then, [Pg 407]
Was only talk'd on, but ne're seen by Men:
Darkness was o're the *Muses* Land displaid,
And even the *Chosen Tribe* unguided straid.
'Till, by thee rescu'd from th' *Egyptian* Night,
They now look up, and view the God of Light, }
That taught them how to *Love*, and how to *Write*; }
And to Enhance the Blessing which Heav'n lent, }
When for our great *Instructor* thou wert sent,
Large was thy Life, but yet thy Glories more;
And, like the *Sun*, didst still dispense thy Pow'r, }
Producing something wondrous ev'ry hour: }
And in thy *Circulary Course*, didst see }
The very *Life* and *Death* of *Poetry*.
Thou saw'st the *Generous Nine* neglected lie,
None listning to their Heav'nly *Harmony*;
The World being grown to that low *Ebb* of Sense
To disesteem the noblest Excellence;
And no Encouragement to *Prophets* shown,
Who in past *Ages* got so great Renown.
Though *Fortune* Elevated thee above
Its *scanty Gratitude*, or *fickle Love*;
Yet, *sullen* with the World, untir'd by Age,
Scorning th' unthinking *Crowd*, thou quit'st the *Stage*.

A PINDARIC POEM *to the Reverend Doctor Burnet, on the Honour he did me of Enquiring after me and my MUSE.*

By Mrs. A. Behn.

(1)

When Old *Rome's* Candidates aspir'd to Fame,
And did the Peoples Suffrages obtain
For some great Consul, or a *Cæsar's* Name;
The Victor was not half so Pleas'd and Vain,
As I, when given the Honour of your Choice,
And Preference had in that one single Voice;
That Voice, from whence Immortal Wit still flows;
Wit that at once is Solemn all and Sweet,
Where Noblest Eloquence and Judgment shows
The Inspiring Mind Illustrious, Rich, and Great;
A Mind that can inform your wond'rous Pen
In all that's Perfect and Sublime:
And with an Art beyond the Wit of Men,
On what e're Theam, on what e're great Design,
It carries a Commanding Force, like that of Writ Divine.

[Pg 408]

(2)

With Pow'rful Reasoning drest in finest Sence,
A thousand ways my Soul you can Invade,
And spight of my Opinions weak Defence,
Against my Will, you Conquer and Perswade.
Your Language soft as Love, betrays the Heart,
And at each Period fixes a Resistless Dart,
While the fond list'ner, like a Maid undone,
Inspir'd with Tenderness she fears to own;
In vain essays her Freedom to Regain:
The fine Ideas in her Soul remain,
And Please, and Charm, even while they Grieve and Pain.

(3)

But yet how well this Praise can Recompense
For all the welcome Wounds (before) you'd given!
Scarce any thing but You and Heaven
Such Grateful Bounties can dispense,
As that Eternity of Life can give;
So fam'd by you my Verse Eternally shall live:
Till now, my careless Muse no higher strove
T'inlarge her Glory, and extend her Wings;
Than underneath *Parnassus* Grove,
To Sing of Shepherds, and their humble Love;
But never durst, like *Cowly*, tune her Strings,
To sing of Heroes and of Kings.
But since by an Authority Divine,
She is allow'd a more exalted Thought;
She will be valu'd now as Currant Coyn;
Whose Stamp alone gives it the Estimate,
Tho' out of an inferiour Metal wrought.

[Pg 409]

(4)

But oh! if from your Praise I feel
A Joy that has no Parallel!
What must I suffer when I cannot pay
Your Goodness, your own generous way?
And make my stubborn Muse your Just Commands obey.
My Muse that would endeavour fain to glide
With the fair prosperous Gale, and the full driving Tide,
But Loyalty Commands with Pious Force,
That stops me in the thriving Course,
The Brieze that wafts the Crowding Nations o're,
Leaves me unpity'd far behind
On the Forsaken Barren Shore,
To Sigh with Echo, and the Murmuring Wind;
While all the Inviting Prospect I survey,
With Melancholy Eyes I view the Plains,
Where all I see is Ravishing and Gay,

And all I hear is Mirth in loudest Strains;
Thus while the Chosen Seed possess the Promis'd Land,
I like the Excluded Prophet stand,
The Fruitful Happy Soil can only see,
But am forbid by Fates Decree
To share the Triumph of the joyful Victory.

(5)

'Tis to your Pen, Great Sir, the Nation owes
For all the Good this Mighty Change has wrought;
'Twas that the wondrous Method did dispose,
E're the vast Work was to Perfection brought.
Oh Strange effect of a Seraphick Quill!
That can by unperceptable degrees
Change every Notion, every Principle
To any Form, its Great Dictator please:
The Sword a Feeble Pow'r, compar'd to That,
And to the Nobler Pen subordinate;
And of less use in *Bravest* turns of State:
While that to Blood and Slaughter has recourse,
This Conquers Hearts with soft prevailing Force:
So when the wiser *Greeks* o'recame their Foes,
It was not by the Barbarous Force of Blows.
When a long Ten Years Fatal War had fail'd,
With luckier Wisdom they at last assail'd,
Wisdom and Counsel which alone prevail'd.
Not all their Numbers the Fam'd Town could win,
'Twas Nobler Stratagem that let the Conquerour in.

[Pg 410]

(6)

Tho' I the Wond'rous Change deplore,
That makes me Useless and Forlorn,
Yet I the great Design adore,
Tho' Ruin'd in the Universal Turn.
Nor can my Indigence and Lost Repose,
Those Meagre Furies that surround me close,
Convert my Sense and Reason more
To this Unpresidented Enterprise,
Than that a Man so Great, so Learn'd, so Wise,
The Brave Achievement Owns and nobly Justifies.
'Tis you, Great Sir, alone, by Heaven preserv'd,
Whose Conduct has so well the Nation serv'd,
'Tis you that to Prosperity shall give
This Ages Wonders, and its History.
And Great NASSAU shall in your Annals live
To all Futurity.
Your Pen shall more immortalize his Name,
That even his Own Renown'd and Celebrated Fame.

FINIS.

[Pg 411]

NOTES.

NOTES ON THE TEXT.

LA MONSTRE (1686).

- p. [4](#), l. 1 *To Peter Weston, Esq.* This Epistle Dedicatory and the five complimentary poems which follow are only in the editio princeps, 1686.
- p. [12](#), l. 1 *La Monstre*. Only in 1686.
- p. [12](#), l. 9 *dare*. 1697 'dae'. 1735 'do'.
- p. [13](#), l. 14 *you will not*. 1735 'will you not'.
- p. [15](#), l. 5 *Worships*. 1735 'Worship'.
- p. [17](#), l. 25 *never*. 1735 'ever'.
- p. [19](#), l. 30 *To give*. 1735 'That give'.
- p. [20](#), l. 11 *dear Object*. 1735 omits 'dear'.
- p. [20](#), l. 18 *to the Hour*. 1735 omits 'to'.
- p. [21](#), l. 25 *so much Goodness*. 1686 'Goodness enough', 1697 'Goodness enough to write you enough'. I follow 1735 here as the repetition of 'enough ... enow (enough)' is very harsh.
- p. [22](#), l. 13 *Evidences*. 1697, 1735 'Evidence'.
- p. [23](#), l. 7 *Lover*. 1697, 1735 'Lovers'.
- p. [24](#), l. 18 *a Heart*. 1735 'the Heart', and punctuates with no comma after *Heart* but after *Damon*, comma.
- p. [29](#), l. 9 *sets*. 1735 'set'.
- p. [29](#), l. 10 *idle*. 1735 omits.
- p. [29](#), l. 12 *Melinda*. 1686, 1697 'Milinda'.
- p. [31](#), l. 8 *shall*. 1697, 1735 'should.'
- p. [35](#), l. 26 *Sense and*. 1735 omits.
- p. [35](#), l. 27 *to purchase*. 1686, 1697 omit 'to'.
- p. [37](#), l. 4 *that*. 1697, 1735 'the'.
- p. [37](#), l. 22 *never*. 1735 'ever'.
- p. [40](#), l. 29 *such a sort*. 1697, 1735 omit 'such'.
- p. [47](#), l. 9 *grow*. 1697, 1735 'strow'.
- p. [49](#), l. 29 *more*. 1697, 1735 'most'.
- p. [49](#), l. 30 *Glist'ring*. 1697, 1735 'Glitt'ring'.
- p. [50](#), l. 19 *recollected*. 1735 'collected'.
- p. [53](#), l. 2 *Incertainty*. 1735 'Uncertainty'.
- p. [53](#), l. 11 *Answers*. 1735 'Answer'.
- p. [53](#), l. 19 *impossible*. 1735 'possible', a very patent error.
- p. [59](#), l. 15 *the*. 1735 'thy'.
- p. [65](#), l. 3 *won*. 1735 misprints 'now'.
- p. [65](#), l. 7 *and*. 1735 'tho'.
- p. [65](#), l. 16 *unreasonably*. 1697, 1735 'unreasonable'.
- p. [66](#), l. 3 *happen you*. 1735 'happen that you'.
- p. [67](#), l. 8 *and Mall*. 1735 'the Mall'.
- p. [68](#), l. 26 *on me*. 1735 'of me'.
- p. [70](#), l. 21 *rack*. 1686, 1697 'wreck'.
- p. 70, l. 23 *subvert*. 1735 'pervert'.
- p. [70](#), l. 24 *To the most tort'ring Jealousy*. 1686, 1697 'To tort'ring Jealousie'.
- p. [73](#), l. 4 *vanisht*. 1735 'banish'd'.
- p. [73](#), l. 21 *a Peace*. 1735 omits 'a'.
- p. [74](#), l. 17 *Imaginations*. 1735 'Imagination'.
- p. [75](#), l. 27 *unimitable*. 1735 (here and elsewhere) 'inimitable.'
- p. [75](#), l. 32 *Katharine*. 1735 'Catharine'.
- p. [75](#), l. 34 *Heighth*. 1735 'Height'.

- p. [75](#), l. 35 *Meads*. 1735 'Meadows.'
- p. [76](#), l. 29 *Morland*. 1735 'Moreland'.
- p. [76](#), l. 30 *Gorden*. 1735 'Gordon'.
- p. [81](#), l. 23 *toucht*. 1735 'taught'.
- p. [82](#), l. 34 *to tie*. 1697 'to die'.
- p. [83](#), l. 14 *believ'd*. 1735 'believe'.
- p. [86](#), l. 11 *it*. 1735 'they'.
- p. [88](#), l. 13 *never*. 1735 'ever'.
- p. [89](#), l. 3 *Odour*. 1686, 1697 'Ardour'.
- p. [91](#), l. 8 *Fundamentals*. 1735 'Foundations'.
- p. [94](#), l. 4 *Sent from Damon to Iris*. 1697, 1735 both omit this. 1697 on separate title reads: 'The Whole Art of Charming.'
- p. [95](#), l. 18 *Iris's*. 1697, 1735 'The Lady's'.
- p. [95](#), l. 32 *its*. 1735 'their'.
- p. [98](#), l. 29 *of it weaves a Chain, not easily ...* 1697 'if it weaves a Chain, not easily ...' 1735 'if it weaves a Chain, 'tis not easily ...'
- p. [100](#), l. 2 *Monarchs*. 1735 'Monarch', 1697 'Monarchs guest'.
- p. [105](#), l. 11 *softest*. 1697, 1735 'softer'.
- p. [106](#), l. 25 *Wit and Youth!* 1735 'Wit and Truth!'
- p. [106](#), l. 26 *Love and Truth*. 1735 'Love and Youth'.

POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS (1684).

- p. [115](#), l. 3 *Viscount Cramborn and Baron of Islington*. So 1684; but 'Cramborn' should be 'Cranborn', and for 'Islington' we should read 'Essingdon.' Possibly Mrs. Behn sent the Dedicatory Epistle to press as an afterthought at the last moment and did not see a proof. Though she was frequently careless, such mistakes as 'Cramborn' and 'Islington' would seem to be chargeable to her printers.
- p. [125](#), l. 32. *Forsake their Kinds*. Query 'their Kids'.
- p. [130](#), l. 33. *E'er they're*. 1684 'E'er their'.
- p. [139](#), l. 5. *The Gray-Plum'd Natives of the Shades*. So 1684, but we should doubtless read 'Gay-Plum'd'. cf. l. 2 of sixth stanza: 'little Gay-wing'd Loves.'
- p. [144](#), l. 11 *The Sun and Spring receive but our short Light*. This, the reading of 1684, is clearly corrupt but can be easily mended by changing 'receive' to 'revive'.
- p. [147](#), l. 8 *the rushing of the wind-blown leaves*. On p. 171, l. 23, we have 'Whispering Gales Sigh through the Rushing Leaves.' Mrs. Behn uses 'rushing' in the sense of 'rustling'.
- p. [150](#), l. 17 *From Active Joyes with some they hast*. The words 'with some' are meaningless and corrupt. Query 'eftsoon'. [Pg 415]
- p. [154](#), l. 25 *Like Pan, a Majesty*. 1684 'Like Panna, Majesty'.
- p. [177](#), l. 15 *Gold and Grain*. Probably a misprint for 'Golden Grain'.
- p. [181](#), l. 21 *Priapus*. 1684 'Priapas'.
- p. [182](#), l. 11 *All that the Gods e'er made, if Fair*. Query 'e'er made of Fair'.
- p. [183](#), l. 28 *Astrae*. Misprint: the old copy rightly gives 'Astrea.'
- p. [183](#), l. 30 *I slept. Muses Mercury* (May, 1707), 'I saw last night a pretty sight'.
- p. [183](#), l. 32 *Stars*. M.M. 'Eyes so bright'.
- p. [186](#), l. 5 *are*. Misprint: read, with the old copy, 'art.'
- p. [194](#), l. 31 *Not add*. Query 'Not au' (i.e. Not all).
- p. [200](#), l. 17 *were throng*. Query 'were throng'd'.
- p. [206](#), l. 20 *decry*. Misprint: read, with 1684, 'descry'.
- p. [207](#), l. 12 *and Kill*. 1684 'a Kill'.
- p. [218](#), l. 1 *we part*. 1684 'me part'.
- p. [219](#), l. 14 *thee and I*. The bad grammar has not been changed, as it may be due to Mrs. Behn's carelessness.
- p. [222](#), l. 2 *Hadst*. 1684 'Hads'.
- p. [224](#), l. 25 *That, best instructs*. 1684 'instruct'. (The comma after 'that' is unnecessary, but Mrs. Behn used it to emphasise the word—here and in the following line.)
- p. [225](#), l. 12 *ne'er to visit more*. 1684 'near to visit more'.

- p. [227](#), l. 4 *whether*. i.e. (as frequently) 'whither'.
- p. [230](#), l. 28 *barely wishing*. Query 'dearly wishing'.
- p. [230](#), l. 33 *Love gives*. 1684 'give'.
- p. [231](#), l. 18 *treads*. 1684 'tread'.
- p. [232](#), l. 32 *Kisses*. 1684 'Kiss'.
- p. [233](#), l. 13 *Mad*. 1684 'Made'.
- p. [235](#), l. 17 *In modest Speech, as might well subdue*. Corrupt. Query 'Modest in Speech, such as might well subdue.'
- p. [247](#), l. 2 *Says*. 1684 'Say'.
- p. [250](#), l. 5 *replies*. 1684 'reply'.
- p. [251](#), ll. 1-2 *the dumb and silent languishes, Are predic'd, which so well explain the Heart*. The word 'predic'd' is very suspicious. Taking 'languishes' as a substantive (and deleting the comma), we might change 'predic'd' to 'produc'd' (with the accent on the first syllable).
- p. [253](#), l. 3 *Winter*. 1684 'Winters'.
- p. [253](#), l. 7 *All bleek and cale*. In a *Pastoral to Mr. Stafford*, (p. 383), we have: 'In summer let the Boughs be *cale* and dry.'
- p. [258](#), ll. 1-2 *who's lovely Face Disdain'd the Beauties of the common race*. So 1684; but 'Disdain'd' may be a misprint for 'Distain'd' (outshone).
- p. [272](#), l. 28 *And let her Feet weep my neglect away*. Corrupt. We should doubtless read 'And at her Feet weep my neglect away'.
- p. [273](#), l. 10 *hear*. 1684 'here'.
- p. [278](#), l. 5 *hallow'd*. 1684 'hollow'd'.
- p. [280](#), l. 10 *wear*. 1684 'were'.
- p. [284](#), l. 7 *Inspiring Love, inciting*. 1684 'Inspiring my Love inciting.'
- p. [285](#), l. 28 *soft breath'd*. 1684 'oft breath'd'.

LYCIDUS (1688).

[Pg 416]

- p. [302](#), l. 35 *no one place could continue her*. So 1688; but 'continue' may be a misprint for 'contain'.
- p. [327](#), l. 4 *Now*. 1688 'How'.
- p. [344](#), l. 18 *This there*. 1688, but query "'Tis there'.
- p. [345](#), l. 19 *wert*. 1688 'wers't'.
- p. [352](#), l. 23 *'Twas youth, 'twas wit, 'twas Beauty*. 1688 'was Beauty'.
- p. [360](#), l. 12 *Amintas*. M.M. (April, 1707), 'Amyntas,' and throughout.
- p. [360](#), l. 15 *conquer'd*. M.M. 'conquer'.
- p. [361](#), l. 5 *stoln*. M.M. 'stole'.
- p. [361](#), l. 27 *with which*. M.M. 'wherewith'.
- p. [361](#), l. 29 *That may declare*. M.M. 'which may disclose'.
- p. [362](#), l. 2 *Lovers*. M.M. 'shepherds'.
- p. [362](#), l. 4 *softer*. M.M. 'ruder'.
- p. [362](#), l. 5 *By the sad purling ...* M.M. 'There, there, my Soul, by some still Rivulet'.
- p. [362](#), l. 7 *That*. M.M. 'Which'.
- p. [362](#), l. 8 *melancholy*. M.M. 'solitary'.
- p. [362](#), l. 10 *stream the shade forsakes*. M.M. 'Streams the Shades forsake'.
- p. [362](#), l. 12 *Trees*. M.M. 'Boughs'.
- p. [362](#), l. 13 *Thô*. M.M. 'But'.
- p. [362](#), l. 20 *ungrateful know, why tis*. M.M. 'Ingrate know how and why'.
- p. [362](#), l. 22 *Thy*. M.M. 'The'.
- p. [362](#), l. 27 *what weak resistance*. M.M. 'no opposition'.
- p. [362](#), l. 28 *every charming word*. M.M. 'For ev'ry dangerous Smile begot ...'
- p. [362](#), l. 30 *willing ... will*. M.M. 'weeping ... wouldst'.
- p. [362](#), l. 32 *But stay thy hasty fight*. M.M. 'But stay, my hasty Soul, Alas! Alas!'
- p. [363](#), l. 5 *Think how the faithless*. M.M. 'Then think how ill he'.
- p. [363](#), l. 6 *And then my tortur'd soul*. M.M. 'And in that Sigh, my Soul'.

- p. [364](#), l. 17 (*Westminster Drollery*, 1671.) *if I see they mend*. Query 'thee mend'.
- p. [366](#), l. 18 (*Miscellany*, 1685.) *Ignorance*. 1685 'Igrance'.
- p. [375](#), l. 6 *So fair*. 1685 'so far'.
- p. [375](#), l. 27 *be given*. 1685 'be gived'.
- p. [379](#), l. 5 *Indian Priests*. 1685 'Indian Priest'.
- p. [382](#), l. 28 *intrigues*. Unless we are to pronounce this as a trisyllable a word must have dropped out of this line.
- p. [383](#), l. 18 *Damon false?* 1685 'Damon safe?' (The use of the long 's' led to much misprinting.)
- p. [384](#), l. 31 *soild*. 1685 'solid'.
- p. [386](#), l. 5 *tall*. 1685 'tale'.
- p. [391](#), l. 3 *wand'ring Fires run*. In *Poems on Affairs of State, II* (1703), this is: 'wandring Fire runs.'
- p. [402](#), l. 12 *Deme*. i.e. 'Demme' (damn me).

NOTES: CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

[Pg 417]

LA MONSTRE.

p. [4](#) *Peter Weston, Esq.* Peter Weston, the second son of a Cheshire clergyman, was born in 1665. He matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford, and afterwards proceeding to the Inner Temple (1683) was called to the Bar in 1697. He attained considerable eminence in his profession. Foster, *Alumni Oxon.* has: 'Weston, Peter s. Tho. of Chester (city) cler. Brasenose Coll. matric. 10 June 1681 aged 16; bar. at law Inner Temple, 1697.' The Inner Temple *Admission Register* gives: 'Petrus Weston. Generosus filius secundus Thome Weston nuper de Christalton in Comitatu Cestrie Sacre Theologie Professoris generaliter Admissus est in Societatem istius Comitive in consideracione Trium librarum Sex solidorum etc. etc. Septimo die Februarii Anno Domini 1683 (i.e. 1683/4).' In the Inner Temple *Records*, amongst the Bench Table Orders, is noted, 27-9 January, 1696-7: 'that Peter Weston be called to the bar', and again 31 January following, we have: 'Peter Weston's call to the bar respited.' Doubtless Weston was a friend of Hoyle, and by him introduced to the circle which surrounded Mrs. Behn.

p. [7](#) *Charles Cotton*. Charles Cotton was born at Ovingdean (Sussex), 28 April, 1630. Upon coming into his estate he found it heavily encumbered, and probably as much from necessity as from natural inclination turned to literary work. He produced a large number of poems, translations, panegyrics, prominent amongst which is his *Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie* (1664). He will be remembered by his best lyrics, his Second Part of the *Compleat Angler*, and his version of Montaigne. Cotton, who seems to have been continually harassed with pecuniary difficulties, was a gay liver, albeit an intimate of Isaak Walton. He died 1687.

p. [7](#) *two Orinda's*. 'The matchless Orinda' was Mrs. Katherine Philips (*née* Fowler), précieuse and poetess (1631-64). After marriage the lady divided her time between London and her husband's house at Cardigan, where she was the centre of a circle of admirers and friends who adopted various fanciful names, e.g. Silvander (Sir Edward Dering), Antenor (her husband). Her verses and a translation of Corneille's *Pompée* (Dublin, 1663) became famous. At the height of her popularity she died of smallpox at a house in Fleet Street, 22 June, 1664. For an excellent account of her see Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*.

p. [8](#) *N. Tate*. Nahum Tate, born in Dublin, 1652, was educated at Trinity College. He does not appear to have followed any definite profession. Coming to London he produced much miscellaneous literary work, and was even entrusted by Dryden with a portion of the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel* (1682), the master himself enriching it with some two hundred lines. Tate succeeded (24 December, 1692) Shadwell in the laureateship which he did not hold till his death (12 August, 1715) as Rowe was appointed to that post, 1 August, 1715. His plays are perhaps not so mediocre as they are often judged to be, but they have been damned by his outrageous mangling of *King Lear* (1681), which, none the less, persevered on the stage for many a long decade.^[6] Perhaps he is chiefly known for this, and a version of the Psalms (the first twenty appeared in 1695) written in conjunction with Nicholas Brady (1696).

[Pg 418]

[6] The Fool was not restored until the time of Macready, when (25 January, 1838), under his Covent Garden management, the rôle was entrusted to Miss Priscilla Horton (Mrs. German Reed), who, it is recorded, achieved great success.

p. [9](#) *G. J.* George Jenkins, who, it will be remembered, edited Mrs. Behn's posthumous play, *The Widow Ranter*, vide Vol. IV, p. 215, and note p. 415 on G. J. (p. 222).

p. [18](#) *cock, and comb*. Cock = set his hat jauntily. For comb (his wig), cf. Dryden's prologue to *The Conquest of Granada, II* (1670):—

when Vizard Masque appears in Pit,
Straight every Man who thinks himself a Wit
Perks up; and, managing his Comb with grace,
With his white Wigg sets off his Nut-brown Face.

And Shadwell's *The Humorists* (1671), Act v, where Briske says: 'No man appears better upon a

Bench in the Play-House; when I stand up to expose my Person between the Acts, I take out my Comb and with a *bonne mien* comb my Perriwig to the Tune the Fiddles Play: Thus, look you; fa, la, la, la.' Also Congreve, *The Way of the World*, iii, xii (1700): 'The gentlemen stay but to comb, madam, and will wait on you.' The phrase is frequent.

p. [20](#) *Scrutore*. cf. Vol. V, p. 73, *The Fair Jilt*: 'Scrutore perpetually employ'd,' and note on that passage (p. 519).

p. [75](#) *Varrio*. Antonio Verrio, the celebrated Neapolitan painter, was born at Lecce, in the Terra di Otranto, about 1639. His earliest pictures were done for ecclesiastics—the Jesuits College, Naples, the high altar in the Carmelite Church, Toulouse. His facility of execution and rich colouring gained him fame, and Charles II appointed him to direct the royal tapestry works at Mortlake. Soon, however, Verrio was transferred to Windsor to paint the walls and ceilings. Under Charles II and his successor Verrio was in high favour. At the Revolution he threw up his office of surveyor of the royal gardens (a sinecure) and refused to employ his pencil for William of Orange. He had, however, many commissions from nobles and private persons. His sight failing, Queen Anne bestowed on him a pension of £200 a year. He died 1707. A list of Verrio's ceilings will be found in Jesse's *Eton and Windsor*. Pope, *Windsor Forest*, has a couplet (307-8):—

from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall.

p. [75](#) *Gibbon*. Grinling Gibbons, the celebrated sculptor in wood, was born at Rotterdam, 4 April, 1648. He came to London in 1667. He was first brought into notice by Evelyn, who introduced him to the King. Charles II gave Gibbons a place in the board of works. Besides being employed at Windsor, Gibbons decorated other of the royal palaces in marble sculpture as well as wood. His exquisite carvings are to be found in many noble houses. They are unrivalled for their presentment of foliage, fruit, flowers; of a marvellous delicacy and beauty. In 1714 he was appointed master carver to George I. He died at his house in Bow Street, 3 August, 1721.

[Pg 419]

p. [76](#) *noble Clifden*. Evelyn, 23 July, 1679, writes: 'To Court: after dinner I visited that excellent painter, Verrio, whose works in *fresco* in the King's palace, at Windsor, will celebrate his name as long as those walls last.... I went to Clifden, that stupendous natural rock, wood, and prospect, of the Duke of Buckingham's, buildings of extraordinary expense. The grotts in the chalky rock are pretty: it is a romantic object, and the place altogether answers the most poetical description that can be made of solitude, precipice, prospect, or whatever can contribute to a thing so very like their imaginations. The stand somewhat like Frascati as to its front, and, on the platform, is a circular view to the utmost verge of the horizon which, with the serpentine of the Thames, is admirable. The staircase is for its materials singular; the cloisters, descents, gardens, and avenue through the wood, august and stately; but the land all about wretchedly barren, and producing nothing but fern. Indeed, as I told his Majesty that evening (asking me how I liked Clifden) without flattery, that it did not please me so well as Windsor for the prospect and park, w^{ch} is without compare; there being but one only opening and that narrow, w^{ch} led one to any variety, whereas, that of Windsor is everywhere great and unconfined.'

Pope's reference is quoted to triteness:—

Cliveden's proud alcove
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love.

—*Moral Essays*, iii, 307-8.

p. [76](#) *Sir Samuel Morland, or Sir Robert Gordon*. Sir Samuel Morland, the celebrated inventor and projector, was born in 1625. Having served the Commonwealth, he turned royalist, and on Cromwell's death joined the King at Breda. He was rewarded at the Restoration with a baronetcy, a pension, and the appointment of Master of Mechanics to the King. He devoted himself to practical science, and his house was long the resort of the curious to view his models, inventions, &c. In a MS. (Harleian) treatise he shows an accurate knowledge of steam power and explains how it can be employed to work cylinders in raising water, a subject to which he had paid particular attention, having brought water from a considerable distance to the top of Windsor Castle. He died blind and in penury, 30 December, 1695.

Sir Robert Gordon, Bart. was born 7 March, 1647. He became famous for his scientific pursuits, and in the neighbourhood of Gordonstown (Elginshire), his birthplace, he was long known as 'Sir Robert the Warlock'. A MS. account of the family says: he was 'particularly skilled in mechanics and chemistry.... He contrived a curious machine or pump for raising water, w^{ch} was tried in the Fleet and highly approved of, and found far to exceed anything of that kind then known, both for the facility of working and the quantity of water it discharged.' Gordon sat in the Scotch parliament, and seems to have been a favourite with James II, who was interested in his experiments. He died 1704.

[Pg 420]

p. [79](#) *l'heure du Bergere*. cf. 'the hour of the Berjere'. *The Feign'd Curtezans*, iii, 1 (Vol. II, p. 346), and note on that passage (p. 441).

POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS (1684).

p. [115](#) *To the Right Honourable, James*. James Cecil, 4th Earl of Salisbury, Viscount Cranbourn, was the eldest son of James, 3rd Earl of Salisbury, and Margaret, daughter of John Manners, Earl

of Rutland. He married Frances, one of the three daughters and coheireses of Simon Bennet of Beechampton, Bucks, when she was only thirteen years old. A firm Tory, he was in 1688-9 committed to the Tower as a recusant, but the prosecution was waived. His name was forged by Robert Young to a document purporting to be that of an Association to seize the Prince of Orange, and declare for King James. On this account he was a second time committed to the Tower, 7 May, 1692, but as nothing could be proved his bail was soon formally discharged in the Court of King's Bench. He died 25 October, 1693, leaving an only son, three years old, who succeeded him. He was buried at Hatfield, 29 October.

p. [117](#) *Ogs and Doegs reign'd*. Shadwell is scarified as Og by Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, II (1682), Elkanah Settle as Doeg.

p. [117](#) *Baxter's zeal*. This ardent Presbyterian divine was considerably harassed during the reign of Charles II. He had bidden farewell to the Church of England in the great Blackfriars church, 16 May, 1662, three days before the Act of Uniformity was passed, but he still held forth with unabated zest and vigor in meeting-houses and conventicles whenever opportunity offered. He was imprisoned 28 February, 1684-5 on a charge of libelling the Church in his *Paraphrase of the New Testament* (1685). His sermons, devotional and other writings amount to nearly two hundred.

p. [119](#) *J. Cooper, Buckden*. John Cooper (who doubtless wrote the following lines initialled J. C.), was a contributor to Dryden's *Miscellany*, at the end of which (Vol. I) is advertised: 'Poems upon Several Occasions; written by Mrs. Behn; are now in the Press, and will be published this Term.' Cooper was also the translator of the [*OE*]none to Paris epistle in the *Heroides* 'By Several Hands' (1680).

Buckden is a village and parish some sixty-one miles from London, and four miles south-west from Huntingdon.

p. [120](#) *Orinda*. vide note *supra* (on p. 7), 'two *Orinda*'s'.

p. [120](#) *No dying Swan*. cf. Ovid, *Heroides*, vii, 1-2:—

Sic, ubi fata vocant, udis abiectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.

and *Metamorphoseon* v. 386-7:—

non illo plura Caystros
Carmina cycnorum labentibus audit in undis.

p. [121](#) *J. Adams*. John Adams was a member, and afterwards a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. He proceeded B.A. 1682, M.A. 1686, and is mentioned as a Professor of Theology, whence we infer that he took Orders. In 1712 he was 'Collegii Regalis Praepositus'. He prefixed a copy of complimentary verses (1 January, 1682), to Creech's *Lucretius*, and was also a contributor to Dryden's *Miscellany*.

John Adams, the celebrated topographer, who in 1680 laboriously drew up the *Index Villaris*, a gazetteer dedicated to Charles II, was a barrister of the Inner Temple, and must be carefully distinguished from the Cambridge litterateur.

p. [123](#) *T. C.* i.e. Thomas Creech, who was born at Blandford, Dorset, 1659. In Lent Term, 1675, he was admitted as a commoner at Wadham College, Oxford. Having studied hard he graduated M.A. 13 June, 1683 (B.D. 18 March, 1696), and was elected a Fellow of All Souls, 1 November, 1683. For two years (1694-6) he was headmaster of Sherborne, and then returned to Oxford. Melancholia, however, grew upon him, and after accepting the college living of Welwyn (where he never resided) he committed suicide, his body being discovered (June, 1700), in a garret in his lodging at the house of an apothecary named Ives. Creech's translation of *Lucretius* was printed at Oxford, 1682. It is of value, and Munro in his edition of the poet speaks of his predecessor as 'a man of sound sense and good taste', no mean praise from so great a scholar.

p. [125](#) *her Pen Can be instructed*. An obvious allusion to the rumour that Mrs. Behn was assisted in her work by Hoyle.

p. [127](#) *the learned Daphnis*. Thomas Creech.

p. [128](#) *barbarous Getans*. Ovid in exile cries:—

Nec te mirari, si sint vitiosa, decebit
Carmina, quae faciam paene poeta Getes.

—*Ep. ex Ponto*, IV, xiii, 17-8.

p. [129](#) *Achitophels*. Achitophel==the Earl of Shaftesbury.

p. [129](#) *murmuring Shimei's*. Shimei, Slingsby Bethel, by poll chosen one of the sheriffs for the City of London on Midsummer day, 1680, was a factious fanatic, who had formerly been one of the committee of safety. Burnet says that his miserable way of living and extreme miserliness rendered him disagreeable to everybody, even his own party. Dryden very justly lashes him, *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, 585-629.

p. [133](#) *In an Azure Mantle*. This phrase is very nearly equivalent to Ovid's 'purpureus Amor' (*Amorum*, ii, I, 38); and Hieronymus Angerianus in his *Erotopaignion*, repeats the same

expressive adjective: 'purpureus lumina pandit Amor.'

p. [137](#) *H. Watson*. Henry Watson was a member of Christ's College, Cambridge.

p. [138](#) *Groves appear'd*. Martinus Scriblerus (Pope) ΠΕΠΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ: or, *The Art of Sinking in Poetry: written in the Year MDCCXXVII*, chap. xii, has: '1. The Florid Style than which none is more proper to the Bathos, as flowers, which are the lowest of vegetables, are most gaudy, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of ponds and ditches.

[Pg 422]

A fine writer in this kind presents you with the following posie:

The groves appear all drest with wreaths of flowers,
And from their leaves drop aromatic showers,
Whose fragrant heads in mystic twines above
Exchange their sweets, and mix'd with thousand kisses
As if the willing branches strove
To beautify and shade the grove,—

(which, indeed, most branches do).' Pope, as often, is not a little unfair in his critique.

p. [144](#) *Eternal Night*.

Soles occidere, et redire possunt:
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

—Catullus, *Ad Lesbiam*.

p. [148](#) *On a Juniper-Tree*. This poem is also to be found in the following editions of Rochester's Works: *Poems on Several Occasions by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of R—*. Printed at Antwerpen. [London.] 1680? In *The Works of the Earls of Rochester, Roscommon, Dorset*, 1712; 1718; 1731; 1739 (in which year there were two several and slightly divergent editions); 1752; 1800? It must not, however, be for a moment supposed that the Earl of Rochester has any claim to the authorship of this piece. Unscrupulous booksellers collected songs, poems, satires of every kind under his name and included them amongst his oft-reprinted works without explanation or discrimination. With the opening lines of this poem cf. Horace, *Sermonum*, i, viii:—

Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum,
cum faber, incertus scammum faceretne Priapum,
maluit esse deum.

p. [148](#) *Busks*. A Busk is 'A strip of wood, whalebone, steel, or other rigid material passed down the front of a corset and used to stiffen and support it'. *N.E.D.* which quotes, inter alia, 1688, R. Holme, *Armoury*, in, 94/2: 'A Busk ... is a strong peece of Wood, or Whalebone thrust down the middle of the Stomacker.'

p. [151](#) *Mr. Grinhil*. John Greenhill, the famous portrait-painter, was born at Salisbury about 1644. He was the eldest son of the registrar of the diocese of Salisbury. About 1662 he migrated to London and became a pupil of Sir Peter Lely. Almost instant success awaited him, and his progress proved so rapid as to excite the master's jealousy. He married early, and was at first industrious. After a few years, however, he became a boon companion of the free-living theatrical and literary circles of the day, and fell into irregular habits. 19 May, 1676, whilst returning from the Vine Tavern, Greenhill fell into the gutter in Long Acre, was carried to his lodging in Lincoln's Inn Fields where he died that same night. He is buried in St. Giles-in-the-Fields. Amongst his portraits, which are highly esteemed, are those of Charles II; James, Duke of York; Shaftesbury; Locke; Davenant; Cowley; William Cartwright, the actor. This Poem on Greenhill's death has been included amongst *Poems on Several Occasions by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of R—* Printed at Antwerpen. [London.] 1680? And again, in *Poems on Several Occasions by the R. H. the E. of R. London*. 1712.

[Pg 423]

p. [153](#) *Mr. J. H.* i.e. Mr. John Hoyle.

p. [156](#) *Our Cabal*. Considerable research has unhappily failed to identify most of the personages whose initials appear in this poem. Mr. J. H., however, is John Hoyle, Mrs. Behn's well-known intimate, to whom so many of her poems are addressed. In *The Muses Mercury* for January, 1708, the verses for Mr. E. B. and Mrs. F. M. are given with this note: 'The following poem was written by Mrs. Behn on one Mr. *Edward Butler* and Mrs. *Masters*, and is a Description of the Success of their Passion, in a little Journey took into the Country, with many more Gentlemen and Ladies of that Time, whom we shall speak of hereafter': a promise which was never fulfilled.

p. [163](#) *The Willing Mistriss*. This song was reprinted in *The Muses Mercury*, December, 1707, when it is termed 'A Song for *J. H.*' with this note prefixed: 'The following Verses are call'd, *A Song* by the late Mrs. Behn; we have a Copy of them in her own Hand Writing, as well as of many others never printed, except in our Mercuries; and by her putting her *Nom de Guerre* Astræa to them, we find they were made upon her Self and her very good Friend Mr. *Hoyle*.' At the end of the third stanza we have: 'As Amorous as these Verses may be thought, they have been reduc'd to bring them within the Rules of Decency, which all Writers ought to observe, or instead of a *Diversion* they will become a *Nuisance*.'

p. [165](#) *Song. When Jemmy*. This was reprinted in *The Muses Mercury*, September, 1707: as 'On Capt. — going to the Wars in Flanders', *A Song. To a Scotch Tune*, and signed Astræa. *The*

Muses Mercury adds the following note: 'Tho this Poetess's true Name was *Apharra*, yet she in her Amours and Poetical Characters, assum'd the *Nomme de Guerre* of *Astræa*: And thus we find this Song subscrib'd by her self, which shews it came from her Heart, however imperfect it may be otherwise.' Surely, so dainty and, indeed, pathetic a little song can need no plea for admittance into any poetical collection.

p. [166](#) *To Mr. Creech*. This poem appears as 'To The Unknown Daphnis on his Excellent translation of *Lucretius*', dated 'London. Jan. 25, 1682', and signed 'A. Behn' in the second edition of Creech's translation of *Lucretius* (Oxford, 1683), there are also commendatory verses prefixed to this edition by Waller, Evelyn, Otway, Tate, Duke and others.

p. [168](#) *The Learned Thirsis* is Thomas Sprat (1635-1713), the famous Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, who matriculated from Wadham, 12 November, 1651, and 25 September, 1652, was elected a scholar. He graduated B.A. 25 June, 1654, M.A. three years later. He took his B.D. and D.D. 3 July, 1669. From 30 June, 1657 to 24 March, 1670 (when he resigned), he held a Wadham fellowship. Cowley, in his *Ode to the Royal Society*, had praised Sprat's *History of the Royal Society of London* (1667), and when Cowley died, in 1667, Sprat wrote *An Account of the Life of Mr. Abraham Cowley*.

[Pg 424]

p. [169](#) *Strephon the Great* is John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-80), who was admitted a fellow commoner at Wadham, 18 January, 1659-60. He was created M.A. 9 September, 1661, when little more than fourteen. The four silver pint pots he presented to his college are still preserved.

p. [171](#) *To Mrs. W.* i.e. Anne Wharton, born in Oxfordshire about 1632, second daughter and coheirress of Sir Henry Lee, third baronet of Ditchley, by Anne, daughter of Sir John Danvers of Cornbury; 16 September, 1673, she married as his first wife Thomas Wharton (afterwards first Marquis of Wharton), to whom she brought £10,000 dowry and £2,500 a year. The match proved childless and unhappy, and it was only owing to Burnet's persuasions that she did not separate from her husband in 1682. She died at Adderbury, 29 October, 1685, and was buried at Winchendon on 10 November following. Anne Wharton's *Elegy on the Death of the Earl of Rochester*, which may be found in *Examen Miscellaneum* (1702), drew a poem from Waller in which he says that she

Shews that still in her he lives.
Her Wit is graceful, great, and good,
Ally'd in Genius, as in Blood.

The earl's mother was aunt to Mrs. Wharton's father, Sir Henry Lee. Rochester died 26 July, 1680. On p. 242 of *The Temple of Death*, a miscellany (1695), may be read Mrs. Wharton's 'To Mrs. A. Behn, on what she Writ of the Earl of Rochester'. Various other of her poems have appeared in similar collections.

p. [173](#) *The Return*. The first two stanzas of this poem appear in *The Muses Mercury*, August, 1707, as 'To J. Hoyle, Esq.'

p. [175](#) *my Lady Morland*. Mrs. Behn is here complimenting her friend Carola, daughter of Sir Roger Harsnett, Knight, and second wife of Sir Samuel Morland, whom she married in Westminster Abbey, 26 October, 1670. Lady Morland died 10 October, 1674, aged twenty-two.

For an account of the Queen's visit to Tunbridge Wells ('the place of all Europe the most rural and simple, and yet, at the same time, the most entertaining and agreeable'), see Grammont's *Memoirs*. Rochester has a famous satire, *Tunbridge Wells*. Burr's *History of Tunbridge Wells* will be found to give a very full account of that fashionable watering-place.

p. [177](#) *Song to Ceres. The Wavering Nymph; or, Mad Amyntas* was the name given to a Restoration revival of Randolph's beautiful and truly poetic *Amyntas or The Impossible Dowry*. The title of the editio princeps runs thus: *Amyntas or The Impossible Dowry. A Pastoral Acted before the King and Queen at Whitehall. Written by Thomas Randolph*.

*Pastorem, Tityre, pingues
Pascat oportet oves, diductum dicere Carmen.*

Oxford, Printed by Leonard Lichfield for Francis Bordman, 1638.

In the pastoral, Ceres, by an obscure oracle, has announced the dowry to be given to Urania, the daughter of her priest. Amyntas, conceiving it impossible to bestow this required dowry, has lost his wits. The wavering nymph is Laurinda. Eventually the divine riddle is happily solved.

[Pg 425]

There is no record of the revival for which Mrs. Behn wrote these two songs, but the play was undoubtedly put on at the Duke's house. It was probably acted in 1682-3, when a large number of the older plays were staged, especially such as gave scope for scenic effects and the introduction of musical interludes. In the spring of 1703, *Amyntas*, reduced to three acts as *The Fickle Shepherdess*, was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mrs. Bracegirdle acted Amyntas, and Mrs. Barry, Clorinda (Laurinda).

p. [178](#) *The Disappointment*. This poem, which was extremely popular, was sent by Mrs. Behn to John Hoyle, her friend, with a letter in which she anxiously urges him to give the lie to various scandals of a grave nature that were current concerning his private life. The letter and the poem are both to be found in the various editions of *Familiar Letters of Love, Gallantry, &c.* This poem was also printed in *Poems on Several Occasions by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of R—— Antwerpen*.

[London.] 1680(?) And in *Poems on Several Occasion by the R. H. the E. of R.* London. (1712). Under the title *The Insensible* it is to be found in the following editions of Rochester, 1718; 1731; 1739 (in which year there were two several and slightly divergent editions); 1752; 1800 (?); and in a selected reprint *circa* 1884. In these editions which contain *The Insensible*, *The Disappointment* is the title given to a different poem seemingly based on Ovid, *Amorum*, iii, vii. The whole subject has frequently been treated by poets and amorists of all time. Also cf. *supra* note on a *Juniper-Tree*.

Mr. G. Thorn Drury has drawn my attention to the fact that the original of Mrs. Behn's *The Disappointment*, entitled *Sur une Impuissance* is to be found in *Recueil de Diverses Poesies Choisies Non encore Imprimées*. A Amsterdam, 1661. A full translation of the French verses (Mrs. Behn's is only of part), appears in *Wit and Drollery* (1682), under the title *The Lost Opportunity recovered*. This poem is not given in *Wit and Drollery* (1661).

p. [182](#) *Sir R. O.* Either Sir Rowland Okeover, of Okeover, Staffs., knighted by the King, May (April?), 1665; or Sir Richard Osbaldeston of Hunmanby, York, knighted 12 August, 1681.

p. [183](#) *The Dream*. This song appears in *The Muses Mercury*, May, 1707, as *Cupid in Chains*. For variants see Textual Notes, p. 183.

p. [185](#) *A Letter to a Brother*. There is nothing to indicate to whom these satirical lines are addressed. [Ravenscroft?] For 'Sweating-Tub' cf. the Epilogue to *The Lucky Chance*: 'Tubs must cure your pain' (Vol. III, p. 279), and note on that passage (p. 492).

p. [185](#) *Pusillage*. cf. *The Feign'd Curtezans*, i, ii: 'Thou shalt part with thy Pusillage' (Vol. II, p. 320), and note on that passage, (p. 440).

p. [188](#) *To Pesibles Tune*. James Paisible, flautist and composer, who set this charming song to music, was born about 1656. He came to England *circa* 1680, and soon found patrons, the chief of whom was the Duchess de Mazarin, who, with the help of St. Evremond, continually gave exquisite but elaborate concerts at Paradise Row, Chelsea. In a little drawing-room scena Paisible is actually mentioned by name. He is said to have won great favour owing to his easy manners and fluent wit. 4 December, 1686, he procured a licence for his marriage with one Mary Davis. About 1691 he began to supply overtures and musical interludes for the theatres, and from 1703 to 1714 he set the tunes to Isaac's dances performed at court on birthdays and other gala occasions. He lived in the parish of S. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and died August, 1721. Much of his work has been published and some yet remain in MS. His are the overture and interludes to Southerne's *Oroonoko*.

[Pg 426]

p. [189](#) *Set by Captain Pack*. Captain Pack was an exceedingly popular and prolific musician of the day. The British Museum possesses four songs of his in one volume (MS.). Some of his compositions may be found in Playford's *Choice Ayres* (1675); in *The Theatre of Music* (1685-7); in *The Banquet* (1688). Amongst other pieces he composed incidental music for D'Urfey's *Don Quixote*, I and II (1694), both the first two parts of which play were received with great applause.

p. [191](#) *Set by Mr. Farmer*. Thomas Farmer, Mus. Bac., was originally one of the Waits of London. He graduated at Cambridge in 1684. He composed much instrumental music for the theatre, and contributed some songs to the second edition of Playford's *Choice Ayres* (1675), to *The Theatre of Music* (1685-7), and to D'Urfey's *Third Collection of Songs* (1685). His is the music to Lee's drama *The Princess of Cleve* (1682), and various other compositions, including *A Consort of Musick* (1686), of which work a second part followed a year or two after, bear his name. As Purcell composed an elegy, the words by Nahum Tate, for his funeral, Farmer must have died before 1695.

p. [195](#) *In Imitation of Horace*. An altered expansion of and no very close parallel to

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
cui flavam religas comam,
simplex munditiis?—*Carminum*, I, 5.

p. [198](#) *A Dialogue*. There is nothing to show when or for what entertainment this little Pastoral was written.

p. [200](#) *Mr. J. H.* i.e. Mr. John Hoyle.

p. [204](#) *To the Honourable Edward Howard. The Six Days Adventure; or, The New Utopia* was produced at the Duke's Theatre in 1671, and printed quarto the same year. Although the best of Edward Howard's comedies it was received with scant favour, and the author vindicates himself, pretty sharply rebuking both actors and audience, in a long preface.

Sir Grave Solymour, about to enter the bed of the chaste Celinda, finds himself in the embraces of a black-a-moor, whilst his friends rush in and jeer the precise old knight, whose 'night-hag' eventually proves to be Celinda's sooty page. The 'braver *Heroins*' of Howard, Serina, Crispina, Eugenia, Petilla, wish to assume and usurp all the privileges of the bolder sex. The scene lies in Utopia. Peacock, created by the low comedian Angel, is a silly fribbling fop.

[Pg 427]

When the play was printed commendatory verses were prefixed by Ravenscroft and Mrs. Behn, both of whom adopted Pindarics; by J. T.; and by Sam Clyat.

In Mrs. Behn's *Miscellany* of 1685 is included '*A Pindaric by the Honourable Edward Howard to Mrs. B. Occasioned by a Copy she made on his Play, called the New Eutopia*'. The piece is fluent

and not ungraceful, concluding with a pretty compliment.

Mrs. Behn's Pindarick is reprinted in the *Muses Mercury*, October, 1707, with this note: 'The following Paper of Verses was written by Mrs. *Behn*, to a Poet, who being damn'd, declar'd he wou'd write no more: However out of Affection to his Brother Poets, he left Rules for them to write; which she seems to judge kinder of than they deserve; since both the Rules and the Critick are already entirely forgot. The Reader will perceive that Mrs. *Behn* had no Notion of a Pindarick Poem, any farther than it consisted of irregular Numbers, and sav'd the Writer the Trouble of even Measure; which indeed is all our common Pindarick Poets know of the Matter.'

Shee who late made the Amazons so Great refers to Howard's tragicomedy, *The Women's Conquest* (4to 1671), the scene of which lies in Scythia, where we meet with several pseudo-classical Amazons.

For a detailed account of Edward Howard *vide* the present editor's edition of *The Rehearsal* (pp. 76-9).

p. [207](#) *the Musick-Meeting*. cf. Southerne's *The Wives Excuse; or, Cuckolds make Themselves* (1692), Act i, i: 'the outward Room to the Musick-Meeting,' which gives a very lively picture of these fashionable assemblies. An Italian and then an English song—('which won't oblige a Man to tell you he has seen an *Opera* at *Venice* to understand')—are sung.

p. [210](#) *Song*. This song, with six additional verses (certainly not the work of Mrs. Behn), is found in a broadside, which version is given in Vol. IV. of the *Roxburghe Ballads* (pp. 656-9), issued by the Ballad Society. In a similar way the song 'Ah Jenny gen your Eyes do kill', sung in the *City Heiress* (*vide* Vol. II, p. 253), was in another broadside amplified to no less than eighty lines, and dubbed 'The Loves of Jockey and Jenny'. Ebsworth in his note on this song (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, pp. 176-80) refers to Mrs. Behn and says: 'it is less her handiwork than that of her friend Tom D'Urfey, who considered himself *facile princeps* in the writing of Anglo-Scotch ditties'. Similar treatment was accorded the 'Song made by a Gentlemen' in *Sir Patient Fancy*, iii, i (Vol. IV, p. 44). For the ballad writer's additions to this *vide Roxburghe Ballads*, VI (46-9). It is noticeable that these four stanzas ('Young Jemmy was a Lad') under the title *Jemmy* appear in *Female Poems on Several Occasions*. 'Written by Ephelia. The Second Edition, with large Additions' (1682). They are not in the first edition (1679) of these Poems. Jemmy is, of course, Monmouth, and in the line 'But oh he dances with a Grace' we have an allusion to his skill in dancing. Evelyn speaks of him as 'an excellent dancer'.

[Pg 428]

p. [211](#) *Nickey Nackeys*. This song is sung in *The Roundheads* (*vide* Vol. I, p. 397). Nickey Nackey is the name which the old senator Antonio (a satire on Shaftesbury) gives to the Greek courtesan Aquilina, *Venice Preserv'd*, iii, i. There may be an allusion to some mistress of that debauched Machiavel.

p. [212](#) *A Paraphrase on the Eleventh Ode*.

Tu ne quaesieris scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
finem di dederint, Leuconœ, nec Babylonios
tentaris numeros—Horatii, *Carminum*, I, xi.

p. [212](#) *A Translation*. This charming poem,

Lydia, bella puella candida,
Quae bene superas lac et lilium,
Albamque simul rosam rubidam,
Aut expolitum ebur Indicum....

twenty-five lines in length, was often but quite erroneously ascribed to Cornelius Gallus. *vide* Scaliger *Poëtices*, Lib. VI. It has very frequently been rendered. The versions of Rochester, of Nott, and of Elton are all particularly graceful.

p. [213](#) *A Paraphrase*. As this is not even claimed to be an exact translation from the Heroides we must not too strictly judge any divergence from the original.

LYCIDUS (1688).

p. [295](#) *The Earl of Melford, &c. Knight of the most Noble Order of the Thistle*. John Drummond, first Earl and titular Duke of Melford (1649-1714) was the second son of James, third Earl of Perth. He filled various posts of importance in Scotland, for which country he was in 1684 appointed Secretary of State. Converted to Catholicism, with his brother (Lady Anne Gordon, their mother, had been a staunch Catholic), the two are said practically to have ruled Scotland for three years' space. A firm follower of James II, he accompanied him to exile and supported all his measures. During this period he was busy with many intrigues, and was attainted in 1695. He died at Paris after a long illness in the year 1714.

p. [296](#) *Thessalian Feilds*. A forced conceit. Lucius travelling through Thessaly traverses 'ardua montium et lubrica vallium et roscida cespitum et glebosa camporum'.—Apuleius, *Metamorphoseon* (I, ii). Again, he is 'anxius alioquin ... reputansque me media Thessaliae loca tenere, quo artis magicae nativa cantamina totius orbis consono ore celebrentur'.—(II, i.)

p. [297](#) *Sappho*. Ephelia, the authoress of *Female Poems on Several Occasions*. 'Written by Ephelia.' 1679. In 1682 appeared 'The Second Edition, with large Additions'. This contains a poem 'To Madam *Bhen*'.

p. [297](#) of *Thirsis and of Strephon*. vide note *supra* (on p. 166).

p. [298](#) *Kendrick*. Daniel Kenrick or Kendrick, physician and poet, was born about 1652. 31 March, 1666, he entered Christ Church, Oxon, as a servitor, and proceeded M.A. 1674. He was much esteemed in his native town of Worcester (where he practised as a doctor) as 'a man of wit and a jolly companion.' Several poems of his appear in *The Grove, or a Collection of Original Poems* (1721), before which date, however, he was dead. The preface to this book highly praises him, and he appears to have been on terms of intimacy with the great Purcell as well as with Mrs. Behn. Dr. Kenrick is stated 'to have taken his degrees both in divinity and physic, and being a person of vivacity and wit, entertain'd his leisure hours in poetical compositions.' He may be identical with Daniel Kenrick, D.D., who preached the assize sermon at Worcester, in 1688.

[Pg 429]

p. [313](#) *any Sir Fopling, or Sir Courtly Nice*. cf. Vol. III, p. 278, Epilogue to *The Lucky Chance*, 'Nice and Flutter', and note (p. 492) on that passage.

p. [313](#) *Galliard*. Lively, cf. Shadwell's *The Humorists* (1671), Act iii, where Briske says to Theodosia: 'Come Madam, let's be frolick, Galliard, and extraordinary Brisk, fa, la, la, la!'

p. [342](#) *quilllets*. A variation of 'quip', a play upon words; or an evasive retort, cf. *Love's Labour Lost*, iv, 111:—

O! some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

p. [343](#) *On the Honourable Sir Francis Fane*. Sir Francis Fane (died 1690?) was the eldest son of Sir Francis Fane, K.B., F.R.S., of Fulbeck, Lincolnshire, and Aston, Yorkshire. He was created a K.B. at the coronation of Charles II. During the latter part of his life he retired to his country estate at Henbury, Glos., where he died. His will is dated 14 November, 1689, and was proved 15 September, 1691. He is the author of a comedy, a masque, and a tragedy. *Love in the Dark; or The Man of Business* (4to, 1675), was produced at the Theatre Royal with Lacy, Jo Haines, Mohun, Kynaston and Mrs. Boutel in the cast. The scene is laid at Venice in Carnival time, and Intrigo, a good character, was not forgotten by Mrs. Centlivre when she composed *The Busy Body*. The Masque was written at Rochester's request for his alteration of *Valentinian*. It may be found in Tate's *Poems by Several Hands* (8vo, 1685). *The Sacrifice* (4to, 1689), was never acted, and would hardly have succeeded on the stage. The scene lies in 'a Revolted Fort in China'. It concludes with numerous deaths including that of Tamerlane the Great. *Irene* is his daughter below'd by *Axalla* 'General to Tamerlane'. *Despina* is the wife of the Emperor Bajazet. *Ragalzan* is pithily designated a Villain, and he well merits the description. There is a copy of prefatory verses 'To The Author' by Nahum Tate, but neither prologue nor epilogue. Fane's plays are not without merit, but yet do not occupy a noteworthy rank in our theatrical library.

p. [348](#) *To Alexis in Answer*. This poem was written in answer to a copy of verses (which in *Lycidus*, 1688, immediately precede it), entitled 'A Poem against fruition—written on the reading in Mountains Essay: By Alexis'.

p. [350](#) *A Pastoral Pindarick*. On the Marriage of the Right Hon. the Earle of Dorset and Middlesex to the Lady Mary Compton. Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, sixth Earl of Dorset and Earl of Middlesex (1638-1706), wit, courtier, poet, debauchee, married his second wife Mary, daughter of James Compton, third Earl of Northampton, in 1685. Lady Mary Compton, who became lady of the bedchamber to Queen Mary II, was celebrated for her beauty and understanding. She died 6 August 1691. Walpole says of Sackville that he was the finest gentleman of the voluptuous court of Charles II. It has been well observed that after 1668 we hear little of his debaucheries, much of his munificence to and patronage of men of letters.

[Pg 430]

p. [359](#) *Calenture*. A tropical fever and delirium, especially incidental to sailors in torrid climes. Hence used very widely for any glow, passion, ardour, cf. Donne, *Poems*: 'Knowledge kindles Calenture in some.' Jeremy Taylor speaks of 'Calentures of primitive devotion'.

p. [360](#) *To Amintas*. To Amintas, upon reading the Lives of some of the Romans. The *Muses Mercury* reprints this poem, April, 1707, as 'To Mr. H——le, being below'd by both Sexes. Upon Reading the Lives of the Romans. By Mrs. A. Behn.' In the British Museum copy of this number an old hand has supplied the omitted letters 'oy' and we have Mr. Hoyle.

p. [361](#) *On the first discovery*. This poem appeared in the *Muses Mercury*, March, 1707, with the following note: 'If it were proper to make publick what we have learnt of the Story of the Author of the following Verses, 'twould be an unquestionable Proof of their being *genuine*. For they are all Writ with her own Hand in a Person's Book who was very much her Friend; and from thence are now transcrib'd for the *Mercury*. There are Fifteen or Sixteen Copies of Verse more, which will in due time be printed in this Collection. There's no Man who knows any thing of Mrs. Behn's way of Writing, but will presently see, that this Poem was written by her Self; and the rest are of the same Character.' The *Muses Mercury*, as a fact, gave eleven other poems beside the present verses. Eight of these had already been printed: *On the first discovery of falseness in Amintas* (p. 361) appears March, 1707, as *The Disoblig'd Love. To Amintas* (p. 360) appears April, 1707, as *To Mr. H——le, being below'd by both Sexes. Upon reading the Lives of the Romans. The Dream* (p. 183) appears May, 1707, as *Cupid in Chains. Of The Return* (p. 173) the first two stanzas appear August, 1707, as 'To J. Hoyle, Esq.' *Song (When Jemmy first)* (p. 165) appears September, 1707, as *On Capt. — going to the War in Flanders. To the Honourable Edward Howard* (p. 204) appears October, 1707, as *To the Author of a new Eutopia, A Pindarick. The Willing Mistriss* (p. 163) appears December, 1707, as *A Song for J. H. Mr. E. B. and Mrs. F. M.* (p. 159) appears January, 1708, as *The Loves of Mirtillo and Phillis*. From their notice and the reprinting of so

many pieces it would seem that the editors of the *Muses Mercury* were not very well acquainted with Mrs. Behn's published Poems.

p. 364 *Westminster Drollery*. This song has been here included from *Westminster Drollery* (1671), on the authority of Ebsworth. It cannot, however, originally be Mrs. Behn's since it appears in a fuller form as *To his Whore who askt money of him (Wit and Drollery, 1656)*. There are other variants. It will be remembered that in *The Rover, II, v, 1* (Vol. I, p. 195), Willmore jestingly sings the fifth verse to La Nuche.

[Pg 431]

MISCELLANY, 1685.

p. 365. *Sir William Clifton*. Sir William Clifton, Bart., of Clifton, Notts, the only surviving son of Sir Clifford Clifton, Knight, and Frances his wife, daughter of Sir Heneage Finch, Knight, Recorder of London, succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his uncle Sir Gervase Clifton, 14 January, 1675. Sir William Clifton died unmarried, leaving two sisters, coheirs.

p. 368 *On the Death of the late Earl of Rochester*. John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, libertine, poet, wit, died from a complication of ailments due to his profligacies on 26 July, 1680, at the High Lodge, Woodstock Park, whither he had journeyed in the preceding April. During the last three months of his life he shewed signs of a sincere penitence. He was much comforted by the ministrations of his chaplain, Robert Parsons, and on 25 June he wrote to Gilbert Burnet to come and receive his death-bed repentance. Burnet arrived 20 July, and stayed four days, spending the time in consolatory exhortations and prayer. Parsons' funeral sermon giving an account of Rochester's death and penitence is well known, but Burnet's book, *Some Passages of the Life and Death of John, Earl of Rochester* (1680, 8vo), has been even more constantly re-issued. The Earl was buried in the north aisle of Spelsbury church, Oxfordshire, but without any inscription or monument to mark the grave.

p. 369 *Cyprus*. A fine transparent stuff now called crape, cf. *Winter's Tale*, iv, iv (first folio):—

Cypresse black as ere was Crow.

Palsgrave, *Lesclarcissement de la Langue Françoise*, has: 'Cypres for a woman's necke—*crepe*'; and Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*, 'Crespe: m. Cipres; also Cobweb Lawne'. The etymology of the word has given rise to much discussion. Skinner, *Etymol. Angl.*, regards it as a corruption of the French *crepes*, but suggests that it may be derived from the island of Cyprus where it was first manufactured. This is almost certainly the case, cf. arras; cashmere; dimity; dornick; muslin, and many more. Wheatley in his notes on *Every Man in His Humour* suggests that Cyprus is derived from 'the plant *Cyperus textilis*, which is still used for the making of ropes and matting.' One of the English names of this plant was 'cypress'. Gerarde in his *Herbal* (1597) says: 'Cyperus longus is called ... in English, Cypresse and Galingale.' Mr. Wheatley's suggestion is ingenious but impossible. There is, moreover, ample evidence in favour of the derivation from the isle Cyprus.

p. 372 *A Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer*. One may compare with this Paraphrase of the Pater by Mrs. Behn that by Poliziano—Προσευχή πρὸς τὸν Θεόν—written in 1472 when the poet was eighteen years old. Waller has sixteen lines *OF the Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer, written by Mrs. Wharton*. cf. also *Some Reflections of his upon the Several Petitions in the Same Prayer*.

[Pg 432]

p. 378 *To Mr. P. who sings finely*. Perhaps Henry Purcell, whose voice was a counter-tenor, or possibly a relative of the great musician, a bass, who sang in the choir of the Abbey at the coronation of James II.

p. 379 *On the Author of that Excellent Book. The Way to Health, Long Life and Happiness* was published (4to, 1682), as *Health's Grand Preservative; or, the Women's Best Doctor ...* shewing the Ill-Consequences of drinking Distilled Spirits and smoking Tobacco ... with a Rational Discourse on the excellency of Herbs (2nd edition, 1691, 8vo, under the first-named title; 3rd edition 1697). It is the work of Thomas Tryon (1634-1703), 'Pythagorean', mystic, economist. This remarkable man, of whom a full account may be found in the *Dic. Nat. Biog.*, was long a fervent follower of Jacob Behmen, and forms an interesting link between this enthusiast and the early quakers. In *The Way to Health* he advocates a vegetable diet, complete abstinence from alcohol, tobacco, and indeed all luxuries. This, however, is done without fanaticism, and he has many pages of sound common sense. The manual is in the highest degree interesting, and in spite of much quaint detail his hygiene was excellent. Tryon died at Hackney, 21 August, 1703. This same poem appears prefixed to *The Way to make All People Rich: or Wisdom's Call to Temperance and Frugality*, by Philotheos Physiologus. [T. Tryon]. 12mo, 1685.

p. 382 *Epilogue to the Jealous Lovers*. *The Jealous Lovers*, which is by many considered Randolph's best play, was originally acted before the King and Queen at Cambridge by the students of Trinity. It was printed quarto, 1632, with nine copies of English, and seven of Latin, verses. The revival of this comedy at the Duke's house in 1682 met with extraordinary success, and is mentioned by Langbaine. Nokes, who spoke this epilogue, acted Asotus the prodigal, and Leigh, Ballio the pimp. Jo and Jack are Joseph Williams and John Bowman who sustained Tyndarus and Pamphilus.

Rebell Ward is a sharp hit at Sir Patience Ward (1629-1696), the ultra-protestant lord mayor of London, to which office he was elected on Michaelmas day, 1680, entering on to his duties 29 October following. He was a violent upholder of the city against the court, and in 1683 was tried for perjury in connection with the action brought by the Duke of York against Sir Thomas Pilkington for *scandalum magnatum*. On being found guilty he escaped to Holland but returned at

the Revolution. He died 10 July, 1696, and is buried in the chancel of St. Mary Abchurch. This fanatic incurred much odium early in his Mayoralty by having an additional inscription engraved on the Monument to the effect that the Great Fire had been caused by the Catholics. A similar inscription was placed on the house in Pudding Lane where the fire began. Tom Ward (1652-1791), in his *England's Reformation* (1710, canto iv, p. 100), jeering at Titus Oates and his fictions has the following lines:—

That sniffing whig-mayor, *Patience Ward*,
To this damn'd lie had such regard,
That he his godly masons sent
T'engrave it round the Monument.
They did so; but let such things pass:
His men were fools, and he an ass.

[Pg 433]

Roscommon, *The Ghost of the old House of Commons* ... (1681), docketed 'the *Bethels* and the *Wards*' together as

Anti-Monarchic—Hereticks of State.

Your Damage is at most but half-a-Crown. half-a-Crown was the price of admittance to the Pit. *vide* note, vol. I, p. 450.

p. 383 *A Pastoral to Mr. Stafford.* John Stafford, the translator of the Camilla episode (Dryden's *Sylvae: or, the Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies*, 1685, p. 481), is the same person who translated other parts of Virgil and Horace in the same Miscellany, Vols. I and II. In the 3rd edition of Vol. II he is called 'the Honourable Mr. John Stafford.' Stafford is also the author of the Epilogue (sometimes erroneously printed as Dryden's) to Southerne's *The Disappointment; or, The Mother in Fashion* (1684, and 4to, 1684).

p. 383 *cale.* This excessively rare adjective, which the *N.E.D.* fails to include, is an Irish word = hard.

p. 390 *Gildon's Chorus Poetarum.* 'Adequately to translate Sappho' says J. A. Symonds in *The Greek Poets* 'was beyond the power of even Catullus: that love-ode, which Longinus called "not one passion, but a congress of passions," and which a Greek physician copied into his book of diagnoses as a compendium of all the symptoms of corroding emotion, appears but languid in its Latin dress of "Ille mi par." Far less has any modern poet succeeded in the task: Rossetti, who deals so skilfully with Dante and Villon, is comparatively tame when he approaches Sappho.' This rendering of *The Ode to Anactoria* (as tradition names it) Φάινεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοισιν, first appears under Mrs. Behn's name in Gildon's *Chorus Poetarum*, 1694. In *State Poems*, Vol. II (1703), it is printed with the title *On Madam Behn*, a very different matter. If the lines are Mrs. Behn's she must have versified them from a translation given her by Hoyle or some other friend. In any case they are graceful and far better than the versions of Ambrose Philips (1711), or Smollett (1748). But, indeed, it is impossible to translate these lines which are so truly 'mixed with fire' as Plutarch has it. For various attempts and a literal prose version see Wharton's *Sappho*.

p. 391 *Complaint of the poor Cavaliers.* The *Muses Mercury*, June 1707, prefixes the following to this poem: 'All the World knows Mrs. *Behn* was no *Whig*, no *Republican*, nor *Fanatick*; her Zeal lay quite on the other Side: And tho her Manners was no Honour to any, yet her Wit made her acceptable to that which she espous'd. She was a *Politician*, as well as a Poet: for we find in the short Account of her Life, printed with those of other *Poets*, she was employ'd by *Charles II.* in the Discovery of the Dutch Intrigues in the Dutch War; which she was the better qualifi'd to do by her knowledge of their Language, she having liv'd a long time in *Surinam*, a Colony where there were many Dutch Merchants; and not long after she left it 'twas surrendered to that Republic by King *Charles*. 'Tis well known, that the Gentlemen she speaks of in the following Poem, had too much reason to complain; and that the very Men, who had been so much instrumental in keeping King *Charles* the II. out of his Dominions, were most caress'd after his *Restoration*.'

[Pg 434]

p. 393 *Mrs. Harsenet.* Carola, daughter of Sir Roger Harsnett, knight. These verses are a variation of '*To my Lady Morland at Tunbridge.*' *vide* p. 175.

p. 395 *A letter to the Earl of Kildare.* John FitzGerald, 18th Earl of Kildare, lived in St. James' Square, and in 1648 married, as his second wife, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Charles Jones, 1st Earl of Ranelagh ('a fortune of £10,000.') She died in 1758 at the great age of ninety-three. She was extremely beautiful, and either she or one of her unmarried sisters was a mistress of the King.

The Lady Mary Howard, sister to the Earl of Carlisle, died in the last week of October, 1694. She was notorious for her intrigues, and the satires of the time accuse her of being little better than a procuress both for King Charles II and the Earl of Dorset. cf. Rochester's *The Royal Angler*

My Lady *Mary* nothing can design
But feed her lust with what she get's for thine,

and the Earl of Dorset's *Lamentation for Moll Howard's absence* (Harleian MSS.), which ends

Oh Love! Oh Love! Ye Pow'rs above
Intriguing *Moll* restore,
The best Interpreter of Love,

That ever message bore.

Amongst her lovers were Harry Lumley, Hungerford, Howe. It is noticeable that the lampoons inevitably refer to her in the grossest terms.

All the World can't afford
Such a Bitch as Mall Howard,

writes one versifier, and in *Rochester's Ghost addressing itself to the Secretary of the Muses* she is found bracketed with seven other ladies of the most dubious repute,

And here, would time permit me, I could tell,
Of Cleveland, Portsmouth, Crofts, and Arundel,
Mol. Howard, Su[sse]x, Lady Grey, and Nell,
Strangers to good, but bosom Friends to ill,
As boundless in their lusts as in their will.

When Lady Mary Howard was received into the Church in 1685, the wits (as was often the case on these conversions) seized the opportunity to flood the town with their pasquils, e.g. *The Ladies March*.

p. 397 *an Urban Throng (as Mr. Bayes calls it)*. cf. *The Rehearsal*, iii, v, the scene of Prince Volscius 'going out of Town'.

Vols. Harry, my Boots; for I'll go rage among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

p. 398 *Prologue to Romulus*. vide Vol. I, pp. xlii-iii.

p. 399 *Green-Ribbon-Brother*. The green ribbon was the badge of Shaftesbury's party, as a red ribbon was of the Tories. North (*Examen*) gives the following account of the green ribbon fraternity: 'This was the club originally called the King's Head Club. The gentlemen of that worthy society held their evening sessions continually at the King's Head Tavern, over against the Inner Temple Gate. But upon occasion of the signal of a green ribbon agreed to be worn in their hats, in the days of street-engagements, like the coats of arms of valiant knights of old, whereby all the warriors of that society might be distinguished, and not mistake friends for enemies; they were called also the Green Ribbon Club. Their seat was in a sort of car-four at Chancery-lane-end; a centre of business and company most proper for such anglers of fools. The house was double balconied in the front, as may be yet seen, for the clubsters to issue forth in *fresco*, with hats and no peruques; pipes in their mouths, merry faces, and diluted throats, for the vocal encouragement of the *canaglia* below, at bonfires, on usual and unusual occasions.' The Green Ribbon is frequently alluded to. cf. Otway, *The Poet's Complaint of His Muse* (4to, 1680), xv:—

[Pg 435]

He gain'd authority and place:
By many for preferments was thought fit,
For talking treason without fear or wit:
For opening failings in the state:
For loving noisy and unsound debate,
And wearing of a mystical green ribband in his hat.

}
}
}

p. 400 *Mrs. Behn's Satyr on Dryden*. This acrid attack upon the great laureate is ungenerous to a degree, and Mrs. Behn's jibes are the more surprising, inasmuch as she had always been Tory to the backbone and a particular partisan of King James II. No doubt continued ill health and a hard struggle are largely responsible for her bad temper. There can be no question that Dryden's conversion was absolutely conscientious, and his line of action at the Revolution amply proves his sincerity. Few, if any, critics would to-day venture to echo Macaulay's discredited pronouncements, doubly dangerous that they are from the vigour and charm of their expression. Burnet's partisan libels and denunciation of Dryden can be dismissed as impertinent and groundless. It is not to be supposed that on such an occasion the whole horde of waspish Lilliputians, who hated the genius of glorious John, would not pour forth a very torrent of venom and slime. Such impotent pasquils as *The Renegado Poet*, and *To Mr. Dryden upon his declaring himself a Roman Catholic* abound. Dryden, so far as we know, had always shown himself kindly to Mrs. Behn. He included her paraphrase of Ovid's *[OE]none to Paris* in the translation of Ovid's Epistles 'by several Hands' (1680), and took care to pay her a graceful compliment in the preface. Further, he allowed a prologue of his own to be used at the production of her posthumous play, *The Widow Ranter*, in 1690. His letter of advice to Corinna (Mrs. Thomas), which, with an acknowledgement of the freedom of some of his own scenes, bids her refrain from following the carelessness of the illustrious Astrea, was written with reference to the mitigated taste of the last years of the seventeenth century when Collier had already penned his diatribe of decorum, rather than as a rebuke of, or a reflection upon Mrs. Behn.

[Pg 436]

I owe the present copy of this satire, which has never before been printed, to the kindness of G. Thorn Drury, Esq., K.C., who generously transcribed the lines, thirty-one in number, from a MS. in his possession, which he copied from Haslewood, who writes 'From an old MS. in my Port Folio'.^[7] *The Historical MSS. Commission Third Report* (1872) *Appendix* gives amongst the MSS. in the custody of the Bishop of Southwark, *On Mr. Dryden renegade*, by Mrs. Behn, 1 leaf, 33

lines. Fr. Cunningham, the Southwark archivist, whom I take this opportunity of most heartily thanking for the trouble he was put to in the matter, finds that this leaf was one of a number of MSS. restored by Bishop Danell in October, 1875, to the two sources whence they had been borrowed by the Rev. Mark Tierney. These were the Archivium of the late Cardinal Manning, and the Stonyhurst collection. Fr. Cyril Martindale, S.J., informs me that the poem is not to be found at Stonyhurst College. Nor can it be traced at Westminster. The unfortunate conclusion is that it has been irretrievably lost. A couplet would appear to have dropped out in the present copy.

[7] In line twenty-four the MS. has 'constant to worship', but as Mr. Thorn Drury pertinently points out, 'content' is clearly the right word.

p. 401 *Valentinian*. For Rochester's *Valentinian* see Vol. III, *The Lucky Chance*, Preface (p. 186), and note on that passage (p. 484). This alteration was printed quarto, 1685, with a vigorous defence of Rochester, 'a Preface concerning the Author and his Writings. *By one of his Friends*.' (i.e. Robert Wolseley, son of Sir Charles Wolseley.) It is curious to note that two publishers divided the risk of publication, and on the title pages of different 4tos we have different names. Mrs. Sarah Cook, who spoke this Prologue the first day, was an actress of no little eminence and beauty. Her origin was humble (her mother is said to have kept a tiny shop), and she early joined the Nursery. In 1677 we find her cast for Gillian, when Leanard's wholesale plagiarism of Brewer's *Country Girl* entitled *Country Innocence; or, The Chambermaid turn'd Quaker*, was produced during Lent by the younger part of the Theatre Royal Company, with help from such experienced performers as Haynes, Lydal, Goodman, Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Knipp. The following year Mrs. Cook acted Flora in *The Rambling Justice*, another Nursery play, also put on in Lent. Langbaine ascribes this comedy to Leanard, and much of it is stolen in his style. Amongst Mrs. Cook's many rôles after she had joined the King's Company as a regular actress were:— 1681, Livia, in D'Urfey's *Sir Barnaby Whig*; 1682, Semanthe, in Southerne's *The Loyal Brother*; The Countess of Rutland in Banks' *The Unhappy Favourite*. After the Union of the Companies (first performance 16 November, 1682), Mrs. Cook, who had already taken a high place, acted parts of great importance. We find that she spoke the Epilogue to Dryden and Lee's *The Duke of Guise* (December, 1682), and in 1683 she appears as Spaconia in a notable revival of *A King and No King*. The same year she possibly acted the Countess in Ravenscroft's *Dame Dobson*. In 1684 she played Serena in Lee's *Constantine the Great*; Erminia in Southerne's *The Disappointment*; Portia, in a revival of *Julius Cæsar*; 1685, Aminta in D'Urfey's *The Commonwealth of Women*; Edith, in a revival of *Rollo, Duke of Normandy*; 1686, Lady Lovemore in Jevon's farce, *A Devil of A Wife*; Donna Elvira in D'Urfey's *The Banditti*; 1687, Letitia in Mrs. Behn's *The Lucky Chance*; Quisara in Tate's poor alteration of *The Island Princess*; Elaria, in Mrs. Behn's farcical *The Emperor of the Moon*. Genest who records this as her last rôle says that she quitted the stage at this time. It has been stated that she died in the winter of 1687. At any rate her name no longer appears, and her place was amply filled by the advent of Mrs. Bracegirdle. Mrs. Cook was celebrated for speaking saucy and political epilogues, e.g. that to *The Duke of Guise*, and, again, Dryden's brilliant epilogue to *Constantine the Great*. A MS. (Harleian) *Satire on the Players* (c. 1682-3) coarsely vilipends her thus:—

Impudent *Sarah* thinks she's praised by all,
Mistaken Drab, back to thy Mother's stall,
And let true Savin whom thou hast proved so well;
'Tis a rare thing that belly will not swell,
Though swived and swived and as debauched as hell.

[Pg 437]

}
}
}

On the Second Day of *Valentinian* a second prologue was spoken by Mrs. Cook. They are clever verses, and with regard to the critics who gird at Rochester, some 'for his want of Wit', and others because 'he too obscenely writ', it is said:—

Like *Falstaffe* let 'em conquer Heroes dead,
And praise *Greek* Poets they cou'd never read.

The third 'Prologue intended for *Valentinian*, to be spoken by *Mrs. Barrey*' contains the famous lines with reference to the dead author:—

Some Beauties here I see—
Though now demure, have felt his pow'rful Charms,
And languish'd in the circle of his Arms.

p. 402 *Jenny*. A well-known orange wench to whom there are allusions in the satires of the day. 'Jenny' is sometimes also a generic name for a mask.

p. 402 *Blanket Fair*. Evelyn, 6 January, 1684, notes 'the river quite frozen', and on the 9th writes: 'I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts and horses passed over.' On subsequent days he notes the continuance of this frost, and on 24 January has a famous description of the Thames fair with its 'sleds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse and coach-races, puppet-plays and interludes, cooks, tippling, and other lewd places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water'. A printing press was even set up and cards printed, one of which is given, dated 5 February, in a note by Bray, *Evelyn's Diary*, II (p. 192) (1850).

p. 403 *To Henry Higden*. Henry Higden, to whose translation of Juvenal's tenth satire Mrs. Behn prefixed these complimentary verses, was a well-known wit of the day. A Yorkshireman, a

[Pg 438]

member of the Middle Temple, he moved in the best and gayest society. In 1686 he published *A Modern Essay on the Thirteenth Satyr of Juvenal* (Licensed 11 November, 1685), and in 1687 followed this up by *A Modern Essay on the Tenth Satyr of Juvenal*. With Mrs. Behn's Poem are also printed verses by Dryden and Settle. Higden is the author of a good comedy, *The Wary Widdow: or, Sir Noisy Parrat* (4to, 1693). Sir Charles Sedley wrote the prologue, there are six copies (one by Tom Brown in Latin), of complimentary verses, and the play is dedicated to the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex. A legend exists that the author 'had introduced so much punch-drinking into it that the actors got intoxicated before the end of the third act, and the house separated in confusion'. This seems to me dubious at the least, and if true the actors must have begun in a singularly mellow condition. Sir Noisy, indeed (Act i), declares 'we must banish *Venus* out of our Calender, Jolly *Bacchus* shall rejoyce our hearts, and be our Dominical Letter,' yet in Act ii, sc. iii, he toasts Clarinda's health but once and that in 'Wine and Colour'd water'; whilst Act iii, sc. vi, 'the Rose Tavern' where Sir Noisy gets drunk with Scaredevil and Fulham is somewhat quiet for a topping of the period. In Act iv Nantz is quaffed on shipboard, but all the rest of the play is temperate enough, and the tradition (repeated ad nauseam), must indubitably be dismissed as pure fiction. Higden in his Preface ascribes the doom of *The Wary Widdow* to those 'Sons of *Zeruiah*', the 'murmuring *Israelites*' and 'Pagans of the Pits' who 'hissing, mimicking, ridiculing, and Cat-calling' utterly 'vanquished the stage', and dumbfounded the unfortunate performers. No doubt a braying clique damned the piece. It may be noted that in his Preface Higden takes occasion to gird at the recent success of Congreve's *The Old Bachelor*.

p. [405](#) *On the Death of E. Waller, Esq.* Edmund Waller died at Hall Barn, 21 October, 1687, and on 26 October was buried in Beaconsfield churchyard. This elegy of Mrs. Behn's was first printed in a collection entitled *Poems to Memory of that Incomparable Poet Edmund Waller, Esquire*. 'By Several Hands.' 1688. The volume (27 pages), contains poems by Sir John Cotton, Bart.; Sir Tho. Higgons; T. Rymer; Monsieur St. Evremon (six lines in French, with an English translation by T. R.); George Granville; Bevill Higgons; A. Behn; an Anonymous Poem; and 'To Mr. Riley, Drawing Mr. Waller's Picture', signed T. R. The letter accompanying these lines sent by Mrs. Behn to Waller's daughter-in-law, will be found in the Memoir (Vol. I, pp. l-li).

p. [407](#) *A Pindaric Poem*. For the occasion of this Poem *vide* Vol. I, p. liii. From stanza 4 it would appear that Dr. Burnet had suggested to Mrs. Behn that she should write a Pindaric or some similar poem on William of Orange and his consort. To her credit she refused. The verses *To Her Sacred Majesty Queen Mary* are more than ample on such themes.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A

	VOL. PAGE
A Constancy in Love I'll prise	vi 304
A Curse upon that faithless Maid	iii 396
A Den where Tygers make the passage good	vi 252
A Lady lovely, with a charming Meen	vi 261
A Lovers Rage and Jealousie	vi 330
A Neighbouring Villa which derives its name	vi 237
A Palace that is more uneasy far	vi 269
A Pox of the States-man that's witty	i 397; vi 211
A Pox upon this needless Scorn	i 188; vi 190
A thousand Martyrs I have made	vi 305
After our showing Play of mighty Pains	ii 192
After these Debates of Love	vi 73
Ah! charming Object of my wishing Thought!	vi 19
Ah! Charmion! shroud those killing Eyes	iv 386
Ah! cruel Love! when will thy Torments cease?	vi 307
Ah! false Amyntas, can that Hour	i 273
Ah hapless sex! who bear no charms	vi 348
Ah! he who first found out the way	vi 25
Ah, Jenny, gen your Eyes do kill	ii 253
Ah, Sylvia! if I still pursue	vi 198
Ah! what can mean that eager Joy	vi 192
Ah! wonder not if I appear	vi 46
Alas! and must the Sun decline	vi 61
Alexis, since you'll have it so	vi 349
All Joy to Mortals, Joy and Mirth	iii 457
All Trembling in my Arms Aminta lay	vi 241
All you Beauties and Attractions	vi 342
Aminta, fear not to confess	vi 38
Amyntas, that true hearted Swaine	iii 321; vi 164
Amyntas, if your Wit in Dreams	vi 174
Amyntas led me to a Grove	i 255; vi 163
Amyntas, whilst you	vi 173
And how, and how, Mesieurs! what do you say	vi 382
And sighing said, ah Gods! have you	vi 258
And tho' I do not speak, alas	vi 251
As Country Squire, who yet had never known	iii 5
As free as wanton Winds I liv'd	vi 56
As Rivals of each other jealous prove	iv 319
As when a Conqu'ror does in Triumph come	vi 175
As when a Monarch does in Triumph come	vi 393
As young Selinda led her Flock	vi 375
At last, dear Lysidas, I'll set thee Free	vi 224

B

Beauty like Wit, can only charm when new	ii 106
Beneath the kind protecting Laurel's shade	vi 63
Beyond the Merit of the Age	vi 204
Blest Age! when ev'ry Purling Stream	vi 138
By Heaven 'tis false, I am not vain	vi 43

C

Cease, cease, Aminta, to complain	vi 370
Cease, cease, that vain and useless scorn	vi 326
Cease to defend your Amorous Heart	vi 319
Cease your Wonder, cease your Guess	iii 233
Celinda, who did Love Disdain	iii 55; vi 209
Ceres, Great Goddess of the bounteous Year	vi 177
Cold as my solid Chrystal is	vi 99
Come, my fair Cloris, come away	vi 156
Come, my Phillis, let us improve	vi 192
Crudo Amore, Crudo Amore	ii 361
Cupid, my darling Cupid, and my Joy	vi 387

D

Damon, altho you waste in vain	vi 378
Damon, I cannot blame your Will	ii 111; vi 165

Damon, if you'd have me true	vi	36
Damon, if your Heart and Flame	vi	27
Damon, if your Love be true	vi	31
Damon, my Watch is just and new	vi	79
Damon, the young, the am'rous, and the true	vi	96
Darling of Mars! Bellona's Care!	vi	78
Dear Silvia, let's no farther strive	vi	212
Dull Love no more thy Senceless Arrows prize	vi	208
E		
Enough kind Heaven! to purpose I have liv'd	vi	171
F		
Fain I would have leave to tell	vi	102
Fair Goddess of my just Desire	vi	81
Fair Ladies, pity an Unhappy Maid	vi	399
Fair lovely Maid, or if that Title be	vi	363
Fair Nymph, remember all your Scorn (<i>J. Wright</i>)	ii	183
Faithful Lisander, I your Vows approve	vi	259
Farewel, my little charming Boy!	vi	310
Farewell the Great, the Brave and Good	vi	144
Farewel the World and mortal Cares	ii	394
Fly, Lysidus, this hated Place	vi	340
Fond Love thy pretty Flatteries cease	vi	267
For far less Conquest we have known	vi	87
G		
Gallants, our Poets have of late so us'd ye	iii	285
Gallants, you have so long been absent hence	ii	6; iv 309
Give me the Man that's hollow	vi	391
Go, happy Lovers, perfect the desires	vi	282
H		
Had'st thou, Amintas, liv'd in that great age	vi	360
Hail, Beauteous Prophetess, in whom alone (<i>Kendrick</i>)	vi	296
Hail, Learned Bard! who dost thy power dispence	vi	379
Hang Love, for I will never pine	iii	309
Heav'n for Sovereignty has made your Form	vi	98
Heaven save ye, Gallants; and this hopeful Age (<i>Dryden</i>)	iv	223
Here at your Feet, we tribute pay	i	280
Her mourning languid Eyes are rarely shown	vi	265
He that would have the Passion be	vi	73
He that wou'd precious time improve	vi	326
Him whom you see so awful and severe	vi	235
Hiss 'em, and cry 'em down, 'tis all in vain	i	329
Honour's a mighty Phantom! which around	vi	278
How shall a Lover come to know	vi	51
How strangely does my Passion grow	iii	160
How strongly does my Passion flow	vi	189
How, to thy Sacred Memory, shall I bring	vi	405
How vain have prov'd the Labours of the Stage (<i>Otway</i>)	ii	201
How we shall please ye now I cannot say	vi	398
I		
I am the Ghost of him who was a true Son	i	341
I Come not a Petitioner to sue	iii	175
If when the God of Day retires	vi	200
I here and there o'erheard a Coxcomb cry	iv	115
In a Cottage by the Mountain	iv	189
I know You, and I must confess	vi	403
Injurious Pin, how durst thou steal so nigh?	vi	392
I Never mourn'd my Want of Wit, 'till now (<i>Cotton</i>)	vi	6
In Phillis all vile Jilts are met	ii	260
In the Blooming Time o'th' year	vi	193
In vain, dear Youth, you say you love	vi	196
In vain I have labour'd the Victor to prove	iv	153; vi 173
In vain to Woods and Deserts I retire	vi	389
In vain we labour to reform the Stage	i	115
Iris, to keep my Soul entire and true	vi	42
Iris, to spare what you call Flattery	vi	94
Its Torrent has no other source	vi	253
It was too much, ye Gods, to see and hear	vi	207

	K	
Keep, lovely Maid, the Softness in your Eyes	vi	101
Know all ye Whigs and Tories of the Pit	iii	99
	L	
Ladies, the Prince was kind at last	iv	212
Let murmuring Lovers no longer repine	iii	454
Let Love no more your Heart inspire	vi	314
Long, and at vast Expence, th' industrious Stage	iii	393
Long has Wit's injur'd Empire been oppress (<i>J. Cooper</i>)	vi	117
Long have we turn'd the point of our just Rage (<i>A Person of Quality</i>)	iii	278
Long have our Priests condemn'd a wicked Age	vi	343
Love in Fantastique Triumph sat	ii	9; vi 163
Love is a God, whose charming Sway	vi	34
Love, of all Joys, the sweetest is	vi	54
Love ought alone the Mystick Knot to tie	vi	82
Love when he Shoots abroad his Darts	vi	230
Lovers, if you wou'd gain a Heart	vi	24
Lydia, Lovely Maid, more fair	vi	212
	M	
Make haste, Amintas, come away	ii	35
Make hast! make hast! my miserable soul	vi	361
Melinda, who had never been	vi	29
Mourn, Mourn, ye Muses, all your loss deplore	vi	368
Must we eternal Martyrdom pursue?	vi	249
My Amoret, since you must know	vi	153
My Damon, if your Heart be kind	vi	41
My Damon, tho' I stint your Love	vi	33
My Plot, I fear, will take but with a few	ii	299
My Present's delicate and new	vi	15
	N	
No, Delia, no: What Man can range (<i>Gildon</i>)	iv	343
No! give me all, th' impatient Lover cries	vi	107
No more, Lucinda, ah! expose no more (<i>Cheek</i>)	iii	224
Not to sigh and be tender	vi	312
Now, my fair Tyrant, I despise your Pow'r	vi	254
	O	
O Iris! While you thus can charm	vi	22
O Jealousy! thou Passion most ingrate!	vi	70
O thou that dost excel in Wit and Youth!	vi	106
O Wondrous condescension of a God!	vi	372
Oft in my Jealous Transports I wou'd cry	vi	271
Oh, Damon, if thou ever wert	vi	345
Oh! fond remembrance! do not bring	vi	341
Oh! how at ease my Heart would live	vi	72
Oh! how soft it is to see	vi	332
Oh! how that Negligence becomes your Air!	vi	104
Oh! how the Hand the Lover ought to prize	vi	103
Oh Iris! boast that one peculiar Charm	vi	101
Oh Iris! let my sleeping Hours be fraught	vi	66
Oh! Love that stronger art than Wine	iii	231
Oh! what Pleasure 'tis to find	vi	325
Oh with what Pleasure did I pass away	vi	262
Oh, wonder of thy Sex! Where can we see	vi	123
Olives are never fading seen	vi	85
Once more my Muse is blest; her humble Voice (<i>Jenkins</i>)	vi	9
One day the Amorous Lysander	vi	178
	P	
Pan, grant that I may never prove	vi	177
Perhaps I am mistaken here	vi	16
Philander, since you'll have it so	vi	58
Philander was a jolly Swain	ii	247
Phillis, whose Heart was Unconfin'd	i	148; vi 191
Poets are Kings of Wit, and you appear	i	212
Poor Damon! Art thou caught? Is't ev'n so?	vi	185
Poor Lost Serena, to Bemoan	vi	186
Poor Lycidus, for shame arise	vi	306
	R	

Rejoyce! my new made happy Soul, Rejoyce!	vi	260
Remember, Damon, while your Mind	vi	16
Rise, Cloris, charming Maid, arise!	iii	191
Rivals 'tis call'd, a Village where	vi	268

S

Say, my fair Charmer, must I fall	vi	255
Scorning religion all thy life time past	vi	400
She blows the Youthful Lovers flame	vi	245
She that wou'd rack a Lover's Heart	vi	70
Since with old Plays you have so long been cloy'd	iii	188
Sincerity! thou greatest Good!	vi	49
Sir Timothy, Gallants, at last is come (<i>Ravenscroft</i>)	vi	49
Sitting by yonder River side (<i>made by a Gentleman</i>)	iv	44
Slight unpremeditated Words are borne	vi	22
So hard the times are, and so thin the Town	ii	411
Such Charms of Youth, such Ravishment	vi	231

T

Take back that Heart, you with such Caution give	vi	202
Take heed, my Damon, in the Grove	vi	47
Tell me; oh, tell me! Charming Prophetess	vi	109
Tell me! What can he design	vi	18
That Beauty I ador'd before	vi	364
That Coxcomb can ne're be at ease	vi	311
That Love may all Perfection be	vi	92
That Love's my Conduct where I go	vi	14
That Love, the great Instructor of the Mind	vi	14
That tho' the Favours of the Fair	vi	17
That when a Lover ceases to be blest	vi	20
The banisht Cavaliers! a Roving Blade!	i	105
The Devil take this cursed plotting Age	ii	307
The God of Love beholding every day	vi	315
The Grove was gloomy all around	vi	183
The happy Minute's come, the Nymph is laid	iii	52
The Houses there, retir'd in Gardens are	vi	250
The nobler Lover, who would prove	vi	77
The peaceful Place where gladly I resort	vi	397
The Smiles, the Graces, and the Sports	vi	84
The Vizer's off, and now I dare appear	i	424
Then do not let your murm'ring Heart	vi	72
There they shall all together reign	vi	70
This is the Coast of Africa	vi	228
This Little, Silent, Gloomy Monument	vi	381
This River's call'd Pretension; and its source	vi	244
Thither all the Amorous Youth repair	vi	239
Tho' Damon every Virtue have	vi	18
Thô my Heart were full of Passion	vi	336
Tho', Silvia, you are very fair	vi	71
Those Eyes that can no better Conquest make	vi	86
Thou great Young Man! Permit amongst the Crowd	vi	166
Thou Grief of my Heart, and thou Pearl of my Eyes	iv	59
Thou one continu'd Sigh! all over Pain	vi	111
Thou Wonder of thy Sex! Thou greatest Good! (<i>G. J.</i>)	vi	9
Though the Young prize Cupid's Fire	iv	352
Thus both resolve to break their Chain	vi	71
Time and Place you see conspire	iv	353
Tis all eternal Spring around	vi	283
'Tis not enough to reade and to admire (<i>J. C.</i>)	vi	119
Tis not your saying that you love	vi	397
'Tis that which leads those captivated Hearts	vi	99
'Tis wonderous Populous from the excess	vi	244
To celebrate your Praise, no Muse can crown (<i>Rich. Faerrar</i>)	vi	8
To speak of thee no Muse will I invoke	vi	121
To thee, dear Paris, Lord of my Desires	vi	214
'Twas there, I saw my Rival take	vi	308
'Twas vain for Man the Laurels to persue (<i>J. Adams</i>)	vi	120
'Twas when the Fields were gay	vi	188

W

We all can well admire, few well can praise (<i>J. W.</i>)	vi	131
We charg'd you boldly in our first advance	iii	381
Weep, weep, Lysander, for the lovely Maid	vi	280
Well! you expect a Prologue to the Play	iv	121
We pity such as are by Tempest lost	vi	395
We're grown Impatient to be out of pain	iv	398
We write not now, as th' antient Poets writ	iv	8
What Art thou, oh! thou new-found pain?	vi	356
What differing Passions from what once I felt	vi	238
What doleful crys are these that fright my sence	vi	151
What is the recompence of War	iv	202
What Life can compare with the jolly Town-Rake's (<i>Motteux</i>)	iv	331
What mean those Amorous Curles of Jet?	vi	195
What means this Knot, in Mystick Order Ty'd	vi	182
When Damon first began to love	i	33
When Jemmy first began to Love	vi	165
When Love shall two fair objects mix	vi	339
When Maidens are young and in their Spring	iii	429
When old Rome's Candidates aspir'd to Fame	vi	407
When th'Almighty Powers th'Universe had fram'd (<i>H. Watson</i>)	vi	136
When the sad news was spread (<i>F. N. W.</i>)	vi	132
When to the charming <i>Bellinda</i> I came	vi	322
When two Hearts entirely love	vi	90
When you Love, or speak of it	vi	321
Where should a Lover hide his Joys	vi	89
While, Iris, I at distance gaze	vi	371
While this poor Homage of our Verse we give (<i>N. Tate</i>)	vi	7
Whilst happy I Triumphant stood	vi	148
Whither, young Damon, whither in such hast	vi	350
Who, but a Lover, can express	vi	20
Why, Amarillis, dost thou walk alone	vi	383
Why, fair Maid, are you uneasy	vi	324
Why shou'd that faithless wanton give	vi	309
With late Success being blest, I'm come again	ii	98
With our old Plays, as with dull Wife it fares	iii	462
With Rigor Arm your self (I cry'd)	vi	272
With that assurance we to day address	vi	401
With you, unhappy Eyes, that first let in	vi	225
Wits, like Physicians, never can agree	i	7
Y		
Ye bold Magicians in Philosophy (<i>Anon.</i>)	vi	124
Yes, the fair Object, whom you praise	vi	60
You ask me, Phillis, why I still pursue	vi	394
Young Jemmy was a Lad	vi	210

GENERAL INDEX.

A

- Abington, Mrs. Frances
iv 420
- Adams, J.
vi [121](#), [421](#)
- Adamson, John
v 212
- Albemarle, Christopher Monck, 2nd Duke of
i xlix
- Alchemist*,
i 224
- Alsatia,
iii 485
- Angel (actor),
i 220;
iv 121, 413
- Antony and Cleopatra*,
iv 415
- Apple John,
iii 487
- Apuleius, Lucius
vi [296](#)
- Araujo, J. de
v 211
- Arconville, Marie-Geneviève-Charlotte Tiroux d'
v 212
- Aretino, Pietro
i 449;
iii 497
- Ariell, Mrs.
ii 98, 431
- Arteida, A. Ray de
v 260
- Arwaker, Edmund
i xlviii
- Association,
ii 437
- Aue, Harmann von
v 417
- Ay and No (man),
iv 411

B

- Bacon, Nathaniel
iv 218
- Baggs, Zachary
i xlviii
- Baker (actor),

iv 219

Balconies (stage),
i 441

Bandello, Matteo
i 219;
v 69, 417, 418

Banister, James
v 521

Banister, John
vi [164](#)

Banks, John
ii 198;
v 515

Banter,
iii 481

Barckley, Sir Richard
ii 103

Barlow, Francis
i xlix

Barnes (actor),
iv 219

Basset,
iv 419

Bayes,
iv 7, 411, 413;
vi [397](#)

Beale, Mary
i lxiii

Beasts,
ii 427

Beeston, William
i 334;
iv 419

Begines,
v 75, 520

Bell (inn),
iv 412

Bellon, Peter
v 211

Bergerac, Cyrano de
iii 97, 496

Bergere,
ii 441;
iii 478;
iv 411;
vi [79](#)

Berkeley, Lady Henrietta
i xliv

Bertoletti,
v 212

Bess (Queen Bess' night)
i 443

Bethel, Slingsby
vi [129](#), [241](#)

Biancolelli, Dominique
i 445;
iii 386

Bickerstaffe, Isaac
iv 5

Blanket Fair,
vi [402](#)

Bob,
i 458;
iv 416

Boccaccio, Giovanni
i 5;
v 260

Boileau, Nicholas
vi [3](#)

Bonnecorse, Balthazar de
iv 411;\nvi [3](#)

Boutell, Mrs.
i 450;
v 516

Bowman, John
i lvii;
iii 419;
vi [383](#)

Bracegirdle, Anne
iv 225;
v 515

Brillac, Mlle S. B. de
v 211

Brinvilliers, Marie-Marguerite, Marquisede
iv 411

Briscoe, Sam
i liii;
v 401

Brome, Richard
i xxxvi, xxxviii, 442;
iv 4

Brown, Tom
i xxxiii, lv, liv;
v 518

Brumigham,
iii 479

Brydges Street,
v 515

Bulker,
iii 492

Burnet, Bishop Gilbert
i liii;
vi [407](#), [431](#), [438](#)

Burt, Nicholas
iv 413

Burton, Robert
ii 103

Bushel, Brown
i 457

Butler, Charlotte
i xlii;
ii 435;
vi [398](#)

Butler, Edward
i xxv-vi

Byam, William
v 521

Byshop,
v 417

[Pg 447]

C

Calderon, de la Barca
ii 102-3

Calprenède, Gautier de Costes, Seigneur de la
i xix, 449;
ii 102

Camöens, Luis de
v 212

Camphor,
iv 415

Canons (cannons),
iii 496

Canonesses,
v 519

Capel, Arthur Lord
i 457

Cassius,
iv 218-9

Castlemaine, Barbara Villiers, Lady
iv 314

Cataline,
iv 121, 413

Cedrenus,
v 417

Cenci, Francesco
i 219

Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles,
v 200

Cervantes, Miguel de
iv 120

Chamberlain, Dr. Hugh
iv 218

Chateaubriand, François Auguste de
v 127

Cheek, Thomas
iii 489

Cibber, Colley ii 5;
iv 5, 6, 220;
v 523

Cibber, Mrs. Susannah Maria
v 128, 212, 261

City Politics,
iii 483

Clélie,
iv 421

Cléopâtre,
ii 102

Clifden,
vi [76](#), [419](#)

Clifton, Sir William
vi [365](#), [431](#)

Coach (glass),
iii 476

Codrington, Colonel Christopher
iv 316, 419

Colbert, Jean Baptiste
v 223

College, Stephen
i 335

Col- (cowl-) staff,
i 458

Colombine,
iii 496

Compton, Lady Mary
vi [350](#), [430](#)

Congreve, William
iv 5

Convenient (a),
ii 433

Conventicle,
i 454;
iii 478

Cooke, Mrs. Sarah
iii 462, 484;
vi [401](#), [436](#)

Cooper, J.,
vi [119](#), [420](#)

Corbet (Cobbet), Ralph
i 452

Cordeliers,
v 521

Corey, Mrs.
iv 413;
v 519

Cotton, Charles
vi [7](#), [417](#)

Coventry-blue,
iv 422

Coveras, Francesco de las
i 218

Cowley, Mrs. Hannah
iii 181

Crape-gownorum,
ii 437

Creech, Thomas
i xlv, lii;
iv 419;
vi [123](#), [166](#), [421](#)

Cromwell, Richard
i 333, 454

Cromwell, Mrs.
i 334, 452, 454

Cromwell, Oliver
i 453, 457

Cromwell (his funeral),
i 453;
iv 416

Crosby (actor),
i 439

Cross, Mrs.
v 128

Crowne, John
i 335;
iii 483, 492;
iv 5, 120;
v 515

Cudworth (actor),
iv 219

Currer, Mrs. Betty
i xl, 336;
ii 203, 307, 438;
iv 220

Cushion Dance, *vide Sanderson, Joan*

Cymbeline,
v 523

D

Daniel (Cromwell's porter),
i 456

Dalton, Michael
iv 417, 421

D'Avenant, Charles
iii 483

Davenport, Robert
iv 119

Desborough, John
i 451

Desborough, Lady
i 452

Desfontaines,

v 417

De-Wit (to),
iv 417

Dishabit,
iii 493

Docity,
ii 340;
iii 210, 481, 487

Doctor Baliardo,
iii 495

Doctor Faustus (Mountford),
iv 421

Doors (stage),
i 441

Dorset, Earl of
vi [350](#)

Dove (Tom, a bear),
iii 476

Dryden, John
i xxx, xli, xlv, lii, 219, 335, 443, 444, 449;
ii 198, 433, 435;
iii 491, 496;
iv 8, 220, 223, 412, 413, 414, 421;
v 515, 523;
vi [400](#), [435](#)

Duckingneld, Robert
i 452

Duffett, Thomas
i 444;
ii 438;
v 515

Duke of Guise, The
i xliv

Dumfound (to),
iii 482

D'Urfey, Tom
i 335, 456;
iii 481, 495;
iv 6, 314, 315, 415;
v 515

[Pg 448]

E

Eachward, John
i 222, 448

Edwardes, Richard
ii 103

Elephant and Castle,
iv 422

Entry,
iii 478, 489

Ephelia,
vi [297](#)

Etheredge, Sir George
i 441

Evans, Thomas,
v 259

Exercise,
i 455, iv 412

F

Fairfax, General
i 333

Fane, Sir Francis
vi [343](#), [429](#)

Farmer, Thomas
vi [191](#), [426](#)

Farren, Elizabeth
i lx;
iii 181-2

Ferriar, J.
v 128

Field, Nathaniel
iv 120

Fielding, Henry
i lix

Fifth Monarchy,
i 453

Fitz-Roy, Henry
i 357, 450

Fiurelli,
i 445

Flabber,
iii 487

Flambeaux (as sing.),
iii 475;
iv 418

Fleetwood, Charles
i 333, 451, 453

Fleetwood (Lady),
i 452

Fletcher, John
i 4, 218;
ii 197;
iv 120, 418;
v 118, 261, 515

Fontange,
iv 422

Fop-corner,
ii 437

Ford, John,
i 219

Forde, Lord Grey
i lxiv

Fortune my Foe,
i 458

Forty-One,
i 451;
ii 433

Friday Street,
iv 421

Frost, Walter,
i 455

G

Gabalís, Comte de
iii 497

Gad-bee,
iii 481, 488

Garrick, David
v 128, 212, 261

Garth, Dr. Samuel
i 438;
iv 419

Gentleman, Francis
v 128

George (inn),
iii 490

Gherardi, Evaniste
iii 386

Gibbons, Grinling
vi [75](#), [419](#)

Gildon, Charles
i xxi, lviii;
iv 314;
v 259, 521;
vi [387](#), [390](#)

Gloucester, Henry, Duke of
i 455

Godfrey, Sir Edmond Bury
i 443;
iv 417

Godfrey (to),
iv 417

Godwin, Bishop Francis
iii 497

Gordon, Sir Robert
vi [76](#), [419](#)

Goulart, Simon
ii 103

Gould, Robert
i xli, 219;
iii 476

Gozzi, Carlo
iii 316

Granville, George, Lord Lansdowne
v 351, 522

Grapulo, T.
v 417

Greene, Robert
iv 119, 422

Greenhill, John
vi [151](#), [422](#)

Griffith, Mrs. Elizabeth
v 137, 212

Grimeston,
ii 103

Grison,
iii 482

Groom Porter,
iv 416

Gun (inn),
v 524

Guzman,
i 209, 447;
iii 498

Gwiniver,
iv 422

Gwynne, Nell
i xl, 439, 456;
ii 305, 438;
iv 413, 414;
v 520

H

Halsall, James
i xxiii, xxvi

Hannibal,
iv 219, 418

Hans in Kelder,
iii 487

Harlequin,
i 112, 145, 187-9, 144;
iii 387-8, 496, 497, 498;
iv 421

Haroun al Raschid,
ii 103

Harris, Henry,
iv 413

Harsenet, Mrs. *vide* Lady Morland

Hart, Charles
iv 413;
v 516, 519

Hattigé,
iv 314

Hawkesworth, Dr. John
v 128

Hédelin (François),
iii 482

Henry IV (1),
i 224

Henry III (2),
ii 415

Henry VI (2),
v 515

Henry VIII,
iii 202, 485

Heptameron,
i 219;
v 417, 418

Heroic (an),
i 453

Heselrige, Sir Arthur
i 453

Hewson, John
i 451, 454, 456

Higden, Henry
vi [403](#), [438](#)

Holland, Earl of
i 457

Hopkins, John
iv 420

Hopkins, Matthew
i 448

Hordon,
iv 398

[Pg 449]

Howard, Lord of Esrick
iii 479

Howard, Edward
iii 477, 492, 493;
vi [204](#), [426](#)

Howard, Moll
vi [395](#), [434](#)

Howard, Sir Robert
i 335;
iv 417;
v 520

Hoyle, John
i xxxii-vi;
vi [153](#), [160](#), [200](#), [360](#), [361](#), [392](#)

Hutchinson, Richard
i 455

I

Ibsen, Henrik
i 219

Ice (Isles), Stephen
i 455

J

J. G. (George Jenkins),
iv 222, 415, 418;
vi [9](#), [11](#)

Jealous Lovers,
vi [382](#)

Jermyn Street,
v 518

Jesuitesses,
v 520

Jevon, Tom
i 444;
ii 436;
iii 188, 387, 393, 495

Jigg,
ii 477;
iv 414

Johnson, Charles
ii 197

Jolly, George
i 334

Jonson, Ben
i 4, 224;
iv 121, 413, 422;
vi [204](#)

Judas,
i 457

Julian,
i lvii;
v 518

Just-au-corps,
iii 480

K

Kelter,
iii 491

Kemble, J. P.,
i 6

Kendrick, Dr. Daniel
vi [298](#)

Ketch, Jack,
iii 492

Kildare, Earle of
vi [395](#), [434](#)

Killigrew, Charles
iii 483

Killigrew, Tom
i xxiii-vii, xxxvii, 4

Knip (to),
iv 416

Kynaston, Edward
iv 419;
v 516

L

Lacy, John

iv 5, 420;
v 516, 519

La Fontaine, Jean de,
v 261

Lambert, Major-General
i 333, 451

Lambert, Lady
i 333, 452

Lamb's wool,
iii 479

La motte,
v 212

Langbaine, Gerard
iv 218

Lauderdale, 4th Earl of
v 524

Laurence (lazy)
i 448

Lazzi,
iii 498

Lee, John
i 438

Lee, Mrs. Mary *vide* Lady Slingsby

Lee, Nathaniel
i 219, 335, 443, 449;
iv 220;
v 515

Lee, Mrs. Rachel
i 439

Leigh, Antony
i 106, 336, 442;
ii 439;
iii 186, 387, 483;
iv 6;
vi [383](#)

Leigh, Mrs. Elizabeth
i 9, 336, 439

Leigh, Mrs.
i 439

Leigh, Frank
i 439

Leigh, Michael
i 439

Lely, Sir Peter
i lxiii

Lennox, Mrs. Charlotte
iv 421

Le Roux,
v 418

L'Estrange, Sir Roger
iii 483;
v 260

Lewis, Mat
v 419

Lilly, William
i 458

Locket's,
v 516

London Cuckolds,
iii 483;
v 517

Long's,
v 7

Loveday, Robert
ii 102

Lowther, Sir Gerard
i 456

Luiz, Nicolas
v 212

Luther, Martin
v 418

M

Macready, W. C.
ii 5

Maid's Tragedy,
iii 284, 484

Malespini, Celio
v 260

Mall,
iii 484

Mallet, David
v 212

Manley, Mrs. Mary de la Rivière
i xxviii;
iv 418

Marillier, J. P.
vi [223](#)

Marini, Gio. Ambrogio
ii 103

Marlowe, Christopher
ii 4

Marshall, Mrs. Rebecca
ii 4, 428;
v 516, 520

Marston, John
iv 422

Martin, George
iv 314;
v 180, 208, 521

Martin, Henry
i 457;
iv 314;
v 180, 521

Massinger, Philip
i 219;
ii 197

Masuccio, di Salerno
v 417

Maynard, Sgt.
i 335

Mayne, Jasper
i 457

Mazarine, Duchess of
v 521

Measure for Measure,
iii 485, 492

Medrano, Julio de
v 418

Melander, Otho
v 417

Melford, John Drummond, 1st Earl of
vi [428](#)

Mercury (diurnal),
ii 436

Middle gallery,
iii 491

Middleton, Thomas
i xxxvi, 5, 457;
ii 197, 198

Miller, James
iv 5

Millin, Aubin Louis
v 418

Moders, Mary
i 450

Mohun, Michael
v 516, 519

Molière, J. B. P. de
iii 97;
iv 4, 5, 421

Molina, Tirso de
v 260

Monmouth, James, Duke of
i xl-xliii

Montalvan, J. Perez de
v 260, 417

Morland, Lady
vi [175](#), [393](#), [424](#)

Morland, Sir Samuel
vi [76](#), [419](#)

Mosely (Mother),
v 519

Motteux, Peter
iv 420;
v 517

Mountford, William

i 5;
iii 477, 492, 495;
iv 421

Musset, Alfred de

iv 120

Mysterious Mother,

v 418

N

Names (Mrs. Behn, confusion of),

ii 439;
iii 476;
iv 6;
v 523

Needham, Marchmont

i 454

Neville, Edward

v 519

Nice, *vide* Sir Courtly Nice

Nickers,

i 456

Nokes, James

i 106, 336, 442;
iv 6, 121, 412, 413, 414

Norris, Mrs.

i 445

Norton, Richard

v 401, 522

Nursery,

ii 431

O

Oates, Titus

ii 433, 437

Oedipus,

iii 483

Oldys, William

iv 218

Olivarez, Gaspar Guzman d'

i 449

Oroonoko (Southerne),

v 128, 421

Osenbrigs,

v 520

Othello,

iii 186, 484, 485, 494

Otway, Thomas

i xxxi, xxxvii, lii, 219, 443, 449;
ii 198, 210, 439;
iii 284;
v 515

Ovid,
iv 411, 412

Ousley,
iii 489

P

Pack, Captain
vi [189](#), [426](#)

Pad (to),
iii 490

Paisible, James
vi [188](#), [425](#)

Parsons, Mrs.
iv 5

Payne, Nevil
ii 198;
v 70, 519

Peer (Pierre), Will
v 518

Perkins, W.
v 419

Peters, Hugh
i 456, 457

Pinner,
v 523

Pit (brawls in),
ii 431

Pitts, Mr.
i xxxv-vi

Pix, Mrs. Mary
i xxxviii

Plymouth cloak,
i 447

Pope (City pope),
i 115, 443

Porridge (Book of Common Prayer),
ii 434

Powell, George
ii 5;
iv 319;
v 212, 521

Price, Mrs. Emily
i xxxvii;
vi [397](#)

Price, Mrs. (actress)
i 445

Prior, Matthew
i liv

Prynne, William
i 454

Puppets,
iii 495

Pusilage,
ii 440

Q

Quests (nuns),
v 520

Quick, John
v 517

Quin, Mrs. Anne
i 439;
iv 115

Quiocto,
iv 418

R

Rabel,
i 7, 438

Randolph, Thomas
v 515;
vi [177](#)

Ravenscroft, Edward
i xxxii-iii, 220, 441, 445;
iii 94, 97;
iv 5;
v 515, 517;
vi [185](#)

Rehersal, The
iii 477, 493;
iv 411, 413, 414-5

[Pg 451]

Reis, Quita Domingo dos,
v 212

Riley, John,
i lxiii

Ring (Hyde Park),
iii 485

Ritual murders,
iii 478

Rochester, John Wilmot, Earl of,
i 446;
ii 436, 437;
iii 484;
vi [171](#), [368](#), [402](#)

Rogers, Mrs.,
v 212

Romulus and Hersilia,
i xlii-iii;
vi [398-9](#)

Rose (tavern),
iv 420;
v 517

Ros solis,
v 518

Royal Sovereign,
i 446

Rump (songs),
i xxxiii, 335

S

St. Albans, Charles Beauclerk, Duke of,
ii 438

St. Antholin (church),
i 457

Saint-Pierre, Bernardin de,
i lx;
v 127

Salisbury, James Cecil, 4th Earl of,
i xlv;
vi [115](#), [414](#), [420](#)

Sanderson, Joan (dance),
i 456;
iii 203, 486

Sanford, Samuel,
iv 219

Sawny,
iii 495

Scaramouch,
i 444;
iii 495, 498;
iv 421

Scobell, Henry,
i 456

Scott, Thomas,
i xxii-v

Scott, Sir Walter,
i xxix

Scour (to),
iv 420

Scudéri, Georges de,
ii 102;
vi [3](#)

Scudéri, Madeline de,
i xix;
iv 421

Sedley, Sir Charles,
iv 419;
v 523

Settle, Elkanah,
i 443, 447;
iii 387;
v 515

Shadwell, Charles,
iv 5

Shadwell, Thomas,
i xlvii, 439, 444, 448;
ii 437;
iii 97, 486, 490;
iv 412, 413, 415, 417;
v 516

Shaftesbury, 1st Earl of,

i xl, xli, 454;
ii 198, 434, 435;
iii 479;
v 519

Shamming,

iii 482

Sharpe, Charles Kirkpatrick,

v 260

Shelley, Percy Bysshe,

i 219

Sheridan, T.,

iv 5

Shirley, James,

iii 180;
iv 120;
v 261

Sir Courtly Nice,

iii 483, 492;
v 515

Sir Fopling,

iii 483, 492

Sir Guy of Warwick,

iii 487

Sirreverence,

iii 490

Sisseraro,

i 458

Slingsby, Lady,

i xl, xlii-iv, 438, 441;
ii 4, 104, 427-30;
vi [399](#)

Smith, Will,

i xl, 5, 112, 115, 336;
iii 99, 284, 493

Snow Hill,

iii 491

Southampton House,

iii 477

Southampton Square,

iv 420

Southerne, Thomas,

i 335, 439;
iv 120, 421;
v 128, 259-61, 515

Spital Sermon,

iii 485

Sprat, Bishop Thomas,

vi [168](#), [423](#)

Stafford, Mr.,

vi [383](#), [433](#)

Stapylton, Sir Robert,

iii 477

Steele, Sir Richard,
i xxxviii;
iv 421

Stephenson, B. G.,
ii 197

Sternhold,
iv 420

Stocking (tossing the),
iii 489;
v 518

Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher,
v 127

Suidas,
v 417

Swart Sisters,
v 520

Swiney, Owen,
iv 5

T

Tallemant, Paul (Abbé),
i xlv, li;
vi [223](#)

Taming of the Shrew,
iii 485

Tate, Nahum,
i xlvii, lii;
v 515;
vi [8](#), [417](#)

Tatham, John,
i 334, 458

Tasso, Torquato,
iv 411

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord,
v 260

Terence,
v 523

Termer,
iv 421

Thames (fair on),
vi [402](#), [437](#)

Thompson, Benjamin,
v 212

Thurlo, John,
i 455

Timon of Athens,
iii 492

Tonson, Jacob,
i xlv

Tourneur, Cyril,
iv 120

Tower,

iii 480;
iv 422

Trincalo,
ii 438;
iii 491

Trotter, Mrs. Catherine
v 212

Tryon, Thomas
vi [432](#)

Tunbridge Wells,
vi [175](#)

U

Underhill, Cave
i 5

V

Valentinian,
iii 484;
vi [401](#)

Vanbrugh, Sir John
iv 5, 420

Vane, Sir Harry
i 333, 453

Vega, Lope de
v 212

Verbruggen,
iv 317;
v 128, 212

Vergil,
i 107, 442

Verrio, Antonio
vi [75](#), [419](#)

Voltaire, Arouet de
v 212

W

Wagner, Richard
i 219

Walker, William
v 128

Waller, Edmund
i l;
vi [405](#), [438](#)

Wallingford House,
i 454

Walpole, Horace
i lx, 219;
iii 182;
v 418

Walsh, William
iv 5

Walter, Lucy
i xliv

Ward, Patience
vi [382](#), [432](#)

Wariston, Archibald Johnston, Lord
i 451

Webb, James
ii 102

Welldon, Madam
iv 221, 415

Westminster (effigies),
iv 422

Weston, Peter
vi [4](#), [417](#)

Westwood (actor),
iii 284, 493

Wharton, Mrs. Anne
vi [171](#), [424](#)

Whipping, Tom
ii 437

Whitelocke, Bulstrode
i 456

Wild Gallant,
iii 488

Wilkins, George
iii 4

Willoughby, Baron
i xviii;
v 521

Wills,
iii 485

Wilson, Arthur
i 218

Wilson, John
i 335;
v 519

Witches,
i 448

Wright, James
ii 432

Wright, Thomas
iv 5

Wycherley, William
iv 5

Y

Yea and Nay,
iii 480

York (James II), Duke of
i 113, 442-3;
ii 432-3

Transcriber's Notes:

Simple spelling, grammar, and typographical errors in the prose were corrected.

Egregious errors were corrected in the poetry.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE WORKS OF APHRA BEHN, VOLUME VI

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms

will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT,

CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written

confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.