

‘ Revenge of my Tormentors, and to keep no Measures
 ‘ with them as soon as I was at Liberty ; but upon asking
 ‘ my old Woman what was become of the two Ladies,
 ‘ she told me she believed they were by that Time with-
 ‘ in Sight of *Paris*, for that they went away in a Coach
 ‘ and fix before five o’ Clock in the Morning. L



N^o 91. *Thursday, June 14.*

In furias ignemque ruunt, Amor omnibus Idem. Virg.

THO’ the Subject I am now going upon would be much more properly the Foundation of a Comedy, I cannot forbear inserting the Circumstances which pleased me in the Account a young Lady gave me of the Loves of a Family in Town, which shall be nameless ; or rather for the better Sound and Elevation of the History, instead of Mr. and Mrs. such-a-one, I shall call them by feigned Names. Without further Preface, you are to know, that within the Liberties of the City of *Westminster* lives the Lady *Honor*a, a Widow about the Age of Forty, of a healthy Constitution, gay Temper, and elegant Person. She dresses a little too much like a Girl, affects a childish Fondness in the Tone of her Voice, sometimes a pretty Sullenness in the leaning of her Head, and now and then a Down-cast of her Eyes on her Fan : Neither her Imagination nor her Health would ever give her to know that she is turned of Twenty ; but that in the midst of these pretty Softnesses, and Airs of Delicacy and Attraction, she has a tall Daughter within a Fortnight of Fifteen, who impertinently comes into the Room, and towers so much towards Woman, that her Mother is always checked by her Presence, and every Charm of *Honor*a droops at the Entrance of *Flavia*. The agreeable *Flavia* would be what she is not, as well as her Mother *Honor*a ; but all their Beholders are more partial to an Affectation of what a Person is growing up to, than of what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for ever. It is therefore

therefore allowed to *Flavia* to look forward, but not to *Honoria* to look back. *Flavia* is no way dependent on her Mother with relation to her Fortune, for which Reason they live almost upon an Equality in Conversation; and as *Honoria* has given *Flavia* to understand, that it is ill-bred to be always calling Mother, *Flavia* is as well pleased never to be called Child. It happens by this Means, that these Ladies are generally Rivals in all Places where they appear; and the Words Mother and Daughter never pass between them but out of Spite. *Flavia* one Night at a Play observing *Honoria* draw the Eyes of several in the Pit, called to a Lady who sat by her, and bid her ask her Mother to lend her her Snuff-Box for one Moment. Another Time, when a Lover of *Honoria* was on his Knees beseeching the Favour to kiss her hand, *Flavia* rushing into the Room kneeled down by him and asked Blessing. Several of these contradictory Acts of Duty have raised between them such a Coldness that they generally converse when they are in mixed Company by way of talking at one another, and not to one another. *Honoria* is ever complaining of a certain Sufficiency in the young Women of this Age, who assume to themselves an Authority of carrying all things before them, as if they were Possessors of the Esteem of Mankind, and all, who were but a Year before them in the World, were neglected or deceased. *Flavia* upon such a Provocation, is sure to observe, that there are People who can resign nothing, and know not how to give up what they know they cannot hold; that there are those who will not allow Youth their Follies, not because they are themselves past them, but because they love to continue in them. These Beauties rival each other on all Occasions, not that they have always had the same Lovers, but each has kept up a Vanity to shew the other the Charms of her Lover. *Dick Crasfin* and *Tom Tulip*, among many others, have of late been Pretenders in this Family: *Dick* to *Honoria*, *Tom* to *Flavia*. *Dick* is the only surviving Beau of the last Age, and *Tom* almost the only one that keeps up that Order of Men in this.

I wish I could repeat the little Circumstances of a Conversation of the four Lovers with the Spirit in which

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which the young Lady, I had my Account from, represented it at a Visit where I had the Honour to be present; but it seems *Dick Craftin*, the Admirer of *Honoriam*, and *Tom Tulip* the Pretender to *Flavia*, were purposely admitted together by the Ladies, that each might shew the other that her Lover had the Superiority in the Accomplishments of that sort of Creature whom the fillier Part of Women call a fine Gentleman. As this Age has a much more gross Taste in Courtship, as well as in every thing else, than the last had, these Gentlemen are Instances of it in their different Manner of Application. *Tulip* is ever making Allusions to the Vigour of his Person, the finewy Force of his Make; while *Craftin* professes a wary Observation of the Turns of his Mistress's Mind. *Tulip* gives himself the Air of a resistless Ravisher, *Craftin* practises that of a skilful Lover. Poetry is the inseparable Property of every Man in Love; and as Men of Wit write Verses on those Occasions, the rest of the World repeat the Verses of others. These Servants of the Ladies were used to imitate their Manner of Conversation, and allude to one another, rather than interchange Discourse in what they said when they met. *Tulip* the other Day seized his Mistress's Hand, and repeated out of *Ovid's Art of Love*,

'Tis I can in soft Battles pass the Night,
Yet rise next Morning vigorous for the Fight,
Fresh as the Day, and active as the Light.

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UPON hearing this, *Craftin*, with an Air of Deference, played *Honoriam's* Fan, and repeated,

Sidley has that prevailing gentle Art,
That can, with a resistless Charm, impart
The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart:
Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
'Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

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WHEN *Craftin* had uttered these Verses, with a Tendernefs which at once spoke Passion and Respect,
Honoriam

Honoria cast a triumphant Glance at *Flavia*, as exulting in the Elegance of *Craftin's* Courtship, and upbraiding her with the Homeliness of *Tulip's*. *Tulip* understood the Reproach, and in Return began to applaud the Wisdom of old amorous Gentlemen, who turned their Mistress's Imagination as far as possible from what they had long themselves forgot, and ended his Discourse with a fly Commendation of the Doctrine of *Platonick Love*; at the same time he ran over, with a laughing Dye, *Craftin's* thin Legs, meagre Looks, and spare Body. The old Gentleman immediately left the Room with some Disorder, and the Conversation fell upon untimely Passion, After-Love, and unseasonable Youth. *Tulip* sung, danced, moved before the Glass, led his Mistress half a Minuet, hummed

Celia the Fair, in the bloom of Fifteen;

when there came a Servant with a Letter to him, which was as follows.

S I R,

I Understand very well what you meant by your Mention of *Platonick Love*. I shall be glad to meet you immediately in *Hide-Park*, or behind *Montague-House*, or attend you to *Barn-Elms*, or any other fashionable Place that's fit for a Gentleman to die in, that you shall appoint for,

Sir, Your most Humble Servant,

Richard Craftin.

TULIP's Colour changed at the reading of this Epistle; for which Reason his Mistress snatched it to read the Contents. While she was doing so *Tulip* went away, and the Ladies now agreeing in a Common Calamity, bewailed together the Danger of their Lovers. They immediately undressed to go out, and took Hackneys to prevent Mischief: but, after alarming all Parts of the Town, *Craftin* was found by his Widow in his Pumps at *Hide-Park*, which Appointment *Tulip* never kept, but made his Escape into the Country. *Flavia* tears her Hair for his inglorious Safety, curses and despises her Charmer, is fallen in Love with *Craftin*: Which is the first Part of the History of the *Rival Mother*.

R

Friday,