

‘ struments thereof, and that he will not call you to a
 ‘ strict Account for your unprincipally and cruel Usage of
 ‘ me, at his general Judgment-Seat, where both you and
 ‘ my self must shortly appear, and in whose Judgment
 ‘ I doubt not (whatsoever the World may think of me)
 ‘ mine Innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently
 ‘ cleared.

‘ MY last and only Request shall be, that my self may
 ‘ only bear the Burden of your Grace’s Displeasure, and
 ‘ that it may not touch the innocent Souls of those poor
 ‘ Gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strait
 ‘ Imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found Fa-
 ‘ vour in your Sight, if ever the Name of *Ann Boleyn*
 ‘ hath been pleasing in your Ears, then let me obtain this
 ‘ Request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any
 ‘ further, with mine earnest Prayers to the Trinity to
 ‘ have your Grace in his good Keeping, and to direct you
 ‘ in all your Actions. From my doleful Prison in the
 ‘ *Tower*, this sixth of *May*;

Your most Loyal

and ever Faithful Wife,

L

Ann Boleyn.



N^o 398. *Friday, June 6.*

Insanire pares certâ ratione modoque.

Hor.

CYNTHIO and *Flavia* are Persons of Distinction
 in this Town, who have been Lovers these ten
 Months last past, and writ to each other for Gal-
 lantry Sake, under those feigned Names; Mr. Such-a-one
 and Mrs. Such-a-one not being capable of raising the Soul
 out of the ordinary Tracts and Passages of Life, up to
 that Elevation which makes the Life of the Enamoured
 so much superior to that of the rest of the World. But
 ever

ever since the beauteous *Cecilia* has made such a Figure as she now does in the Circle of Charming Women, *Cynthio* has been secretly one of her Adorers. *Latitia* has been the finest Woman in Town these three Months, and so long *Cynthio* has acted the Part of a Lover very awkwardly in the Presence of *Flavia*. *Flavia* has been too blind towards him, and has too sincere an Heart of her own to observe a thousand things which would have discovered this Change of Mind to any one less engaged than she was. *Cynthio* was musing Yesterday in the Piazza in *Covent-Garden*, and was saying to himself that he was a very ill Man to go on in visiting and professing Love to *Flavia*, when his Heart was enthralled to another. It is an Infirmity that I am not constant to *Flavia*; but it would be still a greater Crime, since I cannot continue to love her, to profess that I do. To marry a Woman with the Coldness that usually indeed comes on after Marriage, is ruining ones self with ones Eyes open; besides it is really doing her an Injury. This last Consideration, forsooth, of injuring her in persisting, made him resolve to break off upon the first favourable Opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this Thought, he saw *Robin* the Porter who waits at *Will's* Coffee-house, passing by. *Robin*, you must know, is the best Man in Town for carrying a Billet; the Fellow has a thin Body, swift Step, demure Looks, sufficient Sense, and knows the Town. This Man carried *Cynthio's* first Letter to *Flavia*, and by frequent Errands ever since, is well known to her. The Fellow covers his Knowledge of the Nature of his Messages with the most exquisite low Humour imaginable: The first he obliged *Flavia* to take, was by complaining to her that he had a Wife and three Children, and if she did not take that Letter, which, he was sure, there was no Harm in, but rather Love, his Family must go supperless to Bed, for the Gentleman would pay him according as he did his Business. *Robin* therefore *Cynthio* now thought fit to make use of, and gave him Orders to wait before *Flavia's* Door, and if she called him to her, and asked whether it was *Cynthio* who passed by, he should at first be loth to own it was, but upon Importunity confesses it. There needed not much Search into that Part of the Town to find a well-dressed
Hussy

Hurry fit for the Purpose *Cynthia* designed her. As soon as he believed *Robin* was posted, he drove by *Flavia's* Lodgings in an Hackney-Coach and a Woman in it. *Robin* was at the Door talking with *Flavia's* Maid, and *Cynthia* pulled up the Glass as surpris'd, and hid his Associate. The Report of this Circumstance soon flew up Stairs, and *Robin* could not deny but the Gentleman favoured his Master; yet if it was he, he was sure the Lady was but his Cousin whom he had seen ask for him; adding that he believed she was a poor Relation, because they made her wait one Morning till he was awake. *Flavia* immediately writ the following Epistle, which *Robin* brought to *Will's*.

S I R,

June 4, 1712.

IT is in vain to deny it, basest, falsest of Mankind;
my Maid, as well as the Bearer, saw you.

The injur'd *Flavia*.

AFTER *Cynthia* had read the Letter, he asked *Robin* how she looked, and what she said at the Delivery of it. *Robin* said she spoke short to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to say to him, and bid him and all the Men in the World go out of her Sight; but the Maid followed, and bid him bring an Answer.

CYNTHIO returned as follows.

Madam,

June 4, Three Afternoon, 1712.

THAT your Maid and the Bearer has seen me very often is very certain; but I desire to know, being engaged at Picket, what your Letter means by 'tis in vain to deny it. I shall stay here all the Evening.

Your amazed *Cynthia*.

AS soon as *Robin* arrived with this, *Flavia* answered:

Dear *Cynthia*,

I Have walked a Turn or two in my Anti-Chamber since I writ to you, and have recovered my self from an impertinent fit which you ought to forgive me, and
desire

‘ desire you would come to me immediately to laugh off
 ‘ a Jealousy that you and a Creature of the Town went
 ‘ by in a Hackney-Coach an Hour ago.

I am Your most humble Servant,

FLAVIA.

‘ I will not open the Letter which my *Cynthia* writ
 ‘ upon the Misapprehension you must have been under
 ‘ when you writ, for want of hearing the whole Circum-
 ‘ stance.

ROBIN came back in an Instant, and *Cynthia* answered :

Half an Hour, six Minutes after Three,

Madam,

June 4, Will's Coffee-house.

‘ IT is certain I went by your Lodging with a Gen-
 ‘ tlewoman to whom I have the Honour to be known,
 ‘ she is indeed my Relation, and a pretty sort of Wo-
 ‘ man. But your starting Manner of Writing, and own-
 ‘ ing you have not done me the Honour so much as to
 ‘ open my Letter, has in it something very unaccountable,
 ‘ and alarms one that has had Thoughts of passing his
 ‘ Days with you. But I am born to admire you with
 ‘ all your little Imperfections.

CYNTHIO.

ROBIN run back, and brought for Answer ;

‘ EXACT Sir, that are at *Will's Coffee-house* six
 ‘ Minutes after Three, *June 4* ; one that has had
 ‘ Thoughts, and all my little Imperfections. Sir, come to
 ‘ me immediately, or I shall determine what may per-
 ‘ haps not be very pleasing to you.

FLAVIA.

ROBIN gave an Account that she looked excessive angry when she gave him the Letter ; and that he told her, for she asked, that *Cynthia* only looked at the Clock, taking Snuff, and writ two or three Words on the Top of the Letter when he gave him his.

NOW

NOW the Plot thickened so well, as that *Cynthia* saw he had not much more to accomplish being irreconcilably banished, he writ,

Madam,

I Have that Prejudice in Favour of all you do, that it is not possible for you to determine upon what will not be very pleasing to

Your Obedient Servant,

CYNTHIO.

THIS was delivered, and the Answer returned, in a little more than two Seconds.

S I R,

IS it come to this? You never loved me; and the Creature you were with is the properest Person for your Associate. I despise you, and hope I shall soon hate you as a Villain to

The Credulous Flavia.

ROBIN ran back, with

Madam,

YOUR Credulity when you are to gain your Point, and Suspicion when you fear to lose it, make it a very hard Part to behave as becomes

Your humble Slave,

CYNTHIO.

ROBIN whipt away, and returned with,

Mr. Wellford,

FLAVIA and *Cynthia* are no more. I relieve you from the hard Part of which you complain, and banish you from my Sight for ever.

Ann Heart.

ROBIN had a Crown for his Afternoon's Work; and this is published to admonish *Cecilia* to avenge the Injury done to *Flavia*.

T
Saturday,