

I shall conclude this Essay with observing that the two kinds of Hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely that of deceiving the World, and that of imposing on our selves, are touched with wonderful Beauty in the hundred thirty ninth Psalm. The Folly of the first kind of Hypocrisy is there set forth by Reflexions on God's Omniscience and Omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble Strains of Poetry as any other I ever met with, either Sacred or Profane. The other kind of Hypocrisy, whereby a Man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last Verses, where the Psalmist addresses himself to the great Searcher of Hearts in that emphatical Petition; *Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my Heart; prove me, and examine my Thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.* L



N^o 400. Monday, June 9.

————— *Latet Anguis in Herba.*

Virg.

IT should, methinks, preserve Modesty and its Interests in the World, that the Transgression of it always creates Offence; and the very Purposes of Wantonness are defeated by a Carriage which has in it so much Boldness, as to intimate that Fear and Reluctance are quite extinguish'd in an Object which would be otherwise desirable. It was said of a Wit of the last Age,

*Sidney has that prevailing gentle Art,
Which 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,
That the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.*

THIS prevailing gentle Art was made up of Complaisance, Courtship, and artful Conformity to the Modesty

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deftly of a Woman's Manners. Rufficity, broad Expref-
 fion, and forward Obtrufion, offend thofe of Education,
 and make the Transgreffors odious to all who have Me-
 rit enough to attract Regard. It is in this Taffe that the
 Scenary is fo beautifully ordered in the Description which
 Anthony makes, in the Dialogue between him and Dol-
 bella of Cleopatra in her Barge.

*Her Galley down the Silver Cidnos row'd ;
 The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold ;
 The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails ;
 Her Nymphs, like Nereids, round her Couch were plac'd,
 Where ſhe, another Sea-born Venus, lay ;
 She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upon her Hand,
 And caſt a Look ſo languifhingly ſweet,
 As if, ſecure of all Beholders Hearts,
 Neglecting ſhe could take 'em. Boys like Cupids
 Stood fanning with their painted Wings the Winds
 That play'd about her Face : but if ſhe ſmil'd,
 A darting Glory ſeem'd to blaze abroad,
 That Men's deſiring Eyes were never weary'd,
 But hung upon the Object. To ſoft Flutes
 The Silver Oars kept Time ; and while they play'd,
 The Hearing gave new Pleaſure to the Sight,
 And both to Thought ———*

HERE the Imagination is warmed with all the Ob-
 jects preſented, and yet there is nothing that is luſcious,
 or what raiſes any Idea more looſe than that of a beauti-
 ful Woman ſet off to Advantage. The like, or a more
 delicate and careful Spirit of Modesty, appears in the fol-
 lowing Paſſage in one of Mr. Philips's Paſtorals.

*Breathe ſoft ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow,
 Shield her ye Trees, ye Flowers around her grow,
 Ye Swains, I beg you, paſs in Silence by,
 My Love in yonder Vale aſleep does lie.*

DESIRE is corrected when there is a Tenderneſs
 or Admiration expreſſed which partakes the Paſſion.
 Licentious Language has ſomething brutal in it, which
 diſgraces Humanity, and leaves us in the Condition of
 the Savages in the Field. But it may be ask'd to what
 good Uſe can tend a Diſcourſe of this Kind at all ? It is

to alarm chaste Ears against such as have what is above called the prevailing gentle Art. Masters of that Talent are capable of clothing their Thoughts in so soft a Dress, and something so distant from the secret Purpose of their Heart, that the Imagination of the Unguarded is touched with a Fondness which grows too insensibly to be resisted. Much Care and Concern for the Lady's Welfare, to seem afraid lest she should be annoyed by the very Air which surrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind Looks, and expressed by an Interjection, an Ah, or an Oh, at some little Hazard in moving or making a Step, than in any direct Profession of Love, are the Methods of skilful Admirers: They are honest Arts when their Purpose is such, but infamous when misapplied. It is certain that many a young Woman in this Town has had her Heart irrecoverably won, by Men who have not made one Advance which ties their Admirers, tho' the Females languish with the utmost Anxiety. I have often, by way of Admonition to my Female Readers, given them Warning against agreeable Company of the other Sex, except they are well acquainted with their Characters. Women may disguise it if they think fit, and the more to do it, they may be angry at me for saying it; but I say it is natural to them, that they have no manner of Approbation of Men, without some Degree of Love: For this Reason he is dangerous to be entertain'd as a Friend or Visitant, who is capable of gaining any eminent Esteem or Observation, though it be never so remote from Pretensions as a Lover. If a Man's Heart has not the Abhorrence of any treacherous Design, he may easily improve Approbation into Kindness, and Kindness into Passion. There may possibly be no manner of Love between them in the Eyes of all their Acquaintance, no it is all Friendship; and yet they may be as fond as Shepherd and Shepherdess in a Pastoral, but still the Nymph and the Swain may be to each other no other I warrant you, than *Pylades and Orestes*.

*When Lucy decks with Flowers her swelling Breast,
And on her Elbow leans, dissembling Rest,
Unable to refrain my madding Mind,
Nor Sleep nor Pasture worth my Care I find.*

Once

*Once Delia slept, on easy Moss reclin'd,
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind;
I smooth'd her Coats, and stole a silent Kiss:
Condemn me, Shepherds, if I did amiss.*

SUCH good Offices as these, and such friendly Thoughts and Concerns for one another, are what make up the Amity as they call it, between Man and Woman.

IT is the Permission of such Intercourse, that makes a young Woman come to the Arms of her Husband, after the Disappointment of four or five Passions which she has successively had for different Men, before she is prudentially given to him for whom she has neither Love nor Friendship. For what should a poor Creature do that has lost all her Friends? There's *Marinet* the Agreeable, has, to my Knowledge, had a Friendship for Lord *Welford*, which had like to break her Heart; then she had so great a Friendship for Colonel *Hardy*, that she could not endure any Woman else should do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been Disasters between Friends who have fallen out, and these Resentments are more keen than ever those of other Men can possibly be: But in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one Friend to another, the Friends of different Sexes very often find fatal Effects from their Unanimity.

FOR my part, who study to pass Life in as much Innocence and Tranquillity as I can, I shun the Company of agreeable Women as much as possible; and must confess that I have, though a tolerable good Philosopher, but a low Opinion of Platonick Love: for which Reason I thought it necessary to give my fair Readers a Caution against it, having, to my great Concern, observed the Waste of a Platonist lately swell to a Roundness which is inconsistent with that Philosophy. T

