A LETTER
From Artemiza in the Town, to Chloe in the Country.

By a Person of Honour.

Chloe, in Verse, by your Command I write,
Shortly you'll bid me ride astride, and fight.
Thee, these talents better with our Sex agree,
Than lofty flights of dangerous Poetic.
Amongst the men, I mean the men of Wit,
At least that paid for such, before they writ.

How many bold Adventures for the Bays,
Proudly designing large return of praise?
Who durst that thorny pathless World explore,
Were soon dash'd back, and wrack'd on the dull shore,
Broke of that little flock they had before.

How would a woman's tottering Barque be loft,
Where stout Ships (the men of Wit) are loft?
When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise,
And my own self thus gravely I advise:

Dear Artemiza, Poetry is a Snare,
Bedlam has many Mansions,———have a care.
Your Muse divert's you, makes the Reader sad.
You fancy 'tis inspir'd, he thinks you mad.

But like an Arrant woman, as I am,
No sooner well convinc'd, writing's a shame,
That Whore is scarce a more reproachful name
Than Poets.———

Like Men that marry, or like Maids that woe,
'Cause 'tis the very worst thing they can do.

Pleased with the Contradictions and the like,
Methinks I stand on Thorns till I begin:
Y'expect to hear at least what Loves have paid
In this lewd Town, since you and I met last.
But how, my dearest Chloe, shall I let
My Pen to write what I would fain forget;
Or name that lost thing Love, without a tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred Cuiilions here?

"Love, the most generous Passion of the Minde,
The softest Refuge, Innocence can find.
The safe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kinder Wishes, and secur'd by Truth.
That Cordial drop Heaven in our Cup hath thrown,
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down.
In which one only Blessing God might raise,
In Lands of Atheists, subficies of praise:
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and blest his power in Love,
This only Joy for which poor We were made,
Is grown, like Play, to be an errant Trade.
The Rooks creep in, and it has got of late;
As many little Cheats and Tricks as that.
But what yet more a Womans heart would vex,
'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own Sex.
Our silly Sex, who born like Monarchs free,
Turn Captives for a manner Libertic.
And hate Restraint, though but from Infancie.
They call whatever is not common, nice,
And deaf to Natures Rules and Loves Advice,
Forfake the Pleasure, to pursue the Vice.
To an exact perfection they have wrought
The Action Love; the Passion is forgot.
On him our gods dull common Fl turneiss pale
Ever most poyish, when mott made an Ais, Heavy to apprehend, though all mankind Perceives us falls, the Pop concord is blind, Who, mourning on his head, Thanks every one that fees him, of his mind. There are true women men, here fond to scale Through want of breath, nor will the hold his peace. She to the window runs, where the lad spied Her motto etc. dear Friend the Monks ty'd. With forty faces, as many weeps, As it's had been the Lady of the Houfe, The dirty chartering Monks the embrac'd, And made it this fine reader Spruce, at last: Kiss me, thou curious Minaret of Man, How odd thou art, how pretty, how fair! Oh, I could live and die with thee! Thus on, For half an hour in Complement the run. I took this time to think what Nature meant, When this mixt thing into the world the first: So very wise, yet so impatient.
One who knew every thing, whom God thought fit Should be an Ais through Flumice, not want of Wit. Whole Foperny, without the help of Scowl, Could ne'er have rode to such an Excellence. Nature's as late in making a true Fop. As a Philosopher. The very top And dignity of Folly we attain, By tedious flocks, and labour of the Brain, By observation, counsel, and deep thought, God never made a Concomb worth a Great; We owe that Name to Industrie and Arts; An eminent Fool must be a Fool of Parts. And such a one was I, who mutt turn'd one As many Bees as Man a lord much, read more: Had a dilicious Wit to her was known. Every one fault, or merit, but her own. And the good Qualities that ever brought A woman to distinguish from the rest. Except Difference only, the poffes. But now, Mon-bye, dear Fopp (the critic) adies; And the Difcourfe broke off, does thus reprove: You finite to see me (who the world, pinnace, Mistakes to have some Wit) to far advanced The Interest of Fools, that I approve their Merit more than means of Wit in Love. But in our Sex too many proofs there are Of such who Witts unde, and Fools repair. This in my time was so recived a Rule, Hardly a Wench in Town but had her Fool. The merest common Slut, who long was grown The jilt and leam of every Pit-Bottom, Had yet left Chams enough to have turk'd Some Fop or other, food to be thought lowd.
A Woman's nay fo wretched, but the can Be still revenge on her unde, Man. How left force, she'll find none. Love more, A lowd absurdly Fool, when he's a Whore. That wretched thing Gerina, who had run Through all the several ways of being undone, Consid'd at first by Love, and living them, By turning the too dear-bought tricks on men. Ohy we're the hours, and winged with joy they flew, When left the Town her early Beauties know. Counted, admired, and lov'd with Prefous fed; Youth in her looks, and Pleasure in her Bed:

...
Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a man of Wit.
Who found 'twas dull to love above a day,
Made his ill-natured Jeff, and went away.
Now scorn'd by all, forlorn, and opprest,
She's a Memento mori to the rest.
Poor Creature, who unheard-of, as a Fly,
In some dark hole must all the Winter lie.
Both want and dirt endure a whole half year,
That for one month she---tawdry may appear.
In Easter-term she gets her a new Gown,
When my young Master's Worship comes to Town,
From Pedagogue and Mother just let free,
The Heir and hopes of a great Family,
Which with strong Ale and Beef the Country rules,
And ever since the Conquest have been fools.
And now with careful prospect to maintain
This Character, lost crouling of the Brain
Should men the Booby-breed, his Friends provide
A Cousin of his own for his fair Bride.
And thus set out, -------
With an Estate, no Wit, and a new Wife,
(The fond Comfort of a Coxcombs life)
Dunghill and peace forsook, he comes to Town,
Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.
Nothing lutes more with Vice than want of Sense;
Fools are still wicked at their own Expense.
This o'regrown School-boy, left Corinna wins,
And at first dull to make an Ass begins;
Pretends to, like a man that has not known
The Vanities nor Vices of the Town.
Frel in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,
Eager of Joys which he doth seldom prove.
Healthful and strong, he does no pains endure,
But which the fair one he adores, can cure.
Grateful for Favour does the Sex esteem,
And Libels none for being kind to him.
Then of the Lewdnesses of the times complains;
Rayls at the Wits, and Atheists: and maintains
'Tis better than good Sense, than Power and Wealth,
To have a long untainted Youth and Health.
The unbridged Puppy, that had never seen
A Creature look to gay, or talk so fine,
Believes, then falls in Love, and then in Debt,
Mortgages all, even to the ancient Seat,
To buy his Mirthless new house for life,
To give her Plate and Jewels, robs his Wife.
And when to height of Fondness he is grown,
'Tis time to poison him, then all's her own.
Thus meeting in her common arms his Fate;
He leaves his Battal Heir to his Estate.
And as the Race of such an Owl defeces,
His own dull Lawful Progeny he harves.
Nature (who never made a thing in vain,
But does each interest to some end ordain)
"Witlike contriv'd kindle-keeping Fools (no doubt)
"To pinch up Vices men of Wit wear out.
Thus the run on two hours, some grains of Sense,
Still mixt with follies of Impertinence.
But now 'tis time I should some pity show
To Cibes; since I cannot chuse but know
Readers must reap the dulness Writers sow.
By the next Part such Stories I shall tell,
As joyous to thee, shall to a Volume swell,
(As true as Heaven) more infamous than Hell:
But you are tir'd, and I am I. ------ Farewell