

**OVID , HENRY FIELDING**

**THE LOVERS  
ASSISTANT; OR,  
NEW ART OF  
LOVE**

Генри Филдинг

**The Lovers Assistant;  
Or, New Art of Love**

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# Henry Fielding

## The Lovers Assistant; Or, New Art of Love

### INTRODUCTION

The publishing history of this translation has been sketched by Cross, in his *History of Henry Fielding*, and may simply be summarized here. The first edition, entitled *Ovid's Art of Love Paraphrased and Adapted to the Present Time (or Times)* was first issued in February, 1747, and was advertised in the *Gentleman's* and *Scots Magazines* in that month. During March, further advertisements appeared in the *London Magazine* and the *St. James Evening Post*. The most extensive notice ran, however, in Fielding's own *Jacobite Journal* (No. 15), where it served as basis for a detailed comparison between the art of love and the art of Jacobitism. Of this 1747 anonymous, original edition no copy is known.

In 1759, the work was reissued in London and Dublin, under the title *The Lover's Assistant*, and again in London in 1760. Meanwhile, advertisements for the original edition, as by Henry Fielding, had been run by the publisher, Andrew Millar, in 1754 and 1758. Inasmuch as Millar apparently still had unsold sheets in 1758, the 1759 edition may comprise these sheets with new title pages and prefatory matter necessary because of Fielding's death in 1754. At any rate, the "modern instances" referred to by the author of the 1759 Preface are not too modern to have been written in 1747. There has been no reprint since 1760.

The present text is printed from the 1760 edition, collated with a copy of the 1759 issue. The Latin text, which in the original faces the English, is omitted. Notes keyed by letters and asterisks appear in the original; it will be noted that Fielding's notes combine scholarly and facetious remarks; he frequently used footnotes for comic effect, especially in the translation of the *Plutus* of Aristophanes in which he collaborated.

Literature affords few pleasures so satisfying as translations done by those who are not only expert in the languages concerned, but who also are of the same spirit as the authors they translate. Some examples come readily to mind: Pope's Horace, Dryden's Juvenal and Persius, Smollett's LeSage, Lang's *Aucassin and Nicolette*, and Pound's translations from Provençal. Such a felicitous combination appears in Henry Fielding's translation of Book I of Ovid's *Ars Amoris*.

Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, English translators of the classics abounded, including Marlowe, Jonson, Chapman and Sandys; Roscommon, Waller, Denham, Cowley and Dryden. By 1700, the major kinds of translation had been differentiated, described, evaluated and practised.

To summarize, Dryden wrote as follows in his Preface to the 1680 edition of *Ovid's Epistles*, Translated by Several Hands:

All translation I suppose may be reduced to these three heads:

First, that of Metaphrase, or turning an Author word by word, and line by line, from one language to another... The second way is that of Paraphrase, or Translation with Latitude, where the Author is kept in view by the Translator, so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly follow'd as his sense, and that too is admitted to be amplyfied, but not alter'd... The Third way is that of Imitation, where the Translator (if now [i.e. by taking such liberties] he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty not only to vary from the words and sence, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion: and taking only some general hints from the Original, to run division on the ground-work, as he pleases...

Doubtless, he refers to the translation of verse into verse, but actually verse-into-prose also falls within Dryden's "third way." When the author of the Preface to *The Lover's Assistant* speaks of it as an "undertaking" in translation, he means prose imitation, or paraphrase of verse.

Earlier, in the 1743 *Miscellanies*, Fielding had published "Part of Juvenal's Sixth Satire Modernized in Burlesque [i.e. Hudibrastic] Verse." The modernization, as in his *Art of Love*, was of place (England instead of Italy) as well as time, and allowed the author to satirize some of his contemporaries, as well as the customs of his own age.

When, four years later, he turned to the first book of Ovid's *Artis Amatoriae*, he found prose an even better medium for "Imitation," or "Modernization." The result is a most enjoyable *pot pourri* of Roman mythology and eighteenth century social customs, combined with some of the patriotism left over from Fielding's anti-Jacobinism during the Forty-Five. His devotion to, and constant use of, the classics has excited comment from every Fielding biographer since his own time. His works abound in classical instances, references and imitations; and most of his writing includes translations from Greek or Roman authors. His library, as Austin Dobson observed, was rich in editions of the classics.

Curiously, the sale catalogue lists only one, unidentifiable, Ovid item, as contrasted with 5 editions of Horace, 9 of Lucian and 13 (between 1504 and 1629) of Aristotle. This probably means that, along with other unlisted works known to have been in his possession, his Ovid was retained by his family or given to a friend. Dryden's translation of Book One of the *Ars Amoris* is included among Fielding's books, however, and Cross suggests that Fielding "kept one eye" on it. It is surprising how much visualization there is in his imitation. Many of the incidents resemble those treated by Hogarth, with whom by 1747 Fielding was on excellent terms. There is also some resemblance in his contemporaneous materials, or modernization, to scenes in Fielding's own later plays, and in his novels.

## PREFACE

*This Work was begun many Years ago, though altered in some Places by the Author, before his Death; as will appear by the modern Instances introduced in it. Many of which being so applicable to the present Time, is the Occasion of it being now published.*

*As to any Exception which may be made to the Impurity of this Work, we shall transcribe what was written long ago in its Defence, from the Preface prefixed to Mr. Dryden's Translation of this Poem.*

'A great many People are mistaken in these Books; and tho' they were made use of as a Pretence to drive the Author from the Court of *Augustus*, and confine him to *Tomos* on the Frontiers of the *Getae* and *Sarmatae*, yet they were not the true Cause of his Confinement. They are very far from being so licentious as the Writings of several other Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*. However we must own he might have been a little more discreet, especially in some Places<sup>1</sup>

'That which offended the *Romans* most in this Work, cannot touch us. It has always been more dangerous in *Italy* to converse with Women of Honour, and frequent their Houses, than 'tis with us; where there is more Liberty, and what in that Country may be an Occasion of Debauchery, would not at all be so in ours.

'Notwithstanding all that has been said against these Books of *the Art of Love*, by some over-scrupulous Persons, whose Discretion has too much of Affectation in it: they are not only necessary for the Knowledge of the *Latin* Tongue, and the *Roman* History, concerning which they contain several Things very particular; but for the noble Sentiments we find in them, which the *Gravest* and *Learnedest* Writers have thought worthy to be quoted for *Authorities*.

'In a Word, there's nothing in them that comes near the *Licence* of some *Epigrams* of *Catullus*, *Martial*, and *Ausonius*, of some *Satires* of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, and several other Pieces of *Ancient* and *Modern* Authors, which are read and commented upon; and about which even celebrated *Jesuits* and other religious Persons, as eminent for their Piety as their Erudition, have employed their Studies. Yet who has condemn'd or complain'd of them? We must confess, such Things should be managed with Address; and those of them who have meddled with any of the Authors I have named, have shewn that it may be done so, by their succeeding so happily in it.

'As for this Treatise of the *Art of Love*, for which the Author has also prescrib'd a *Remedy*, as it is liable to be ill interpreted by those whose Pens poison every Thing they touch; so it may bear a good Construction, by such as know how to turn every Thing to Advantage.

'I will yet say, this *Art* may be apply'd to those that intend to marry. There is nothing sure against Decency in all that. I agree, if you will have it so, that it extends so far as to direct one to the Means to gain a Mistress. If this was not lawful heretofore in *Italy*, on account of the jealous Humour of the *Italians*, we cannot, for the same Reason only, say it ought to be forbidden in our Country, any more than in several others, provided we could be sure the Ladies Modesty would not be offended, before whom Youth should be always careful not to exceed the Bounds of the Respect that's due to them.'

*To this I may add, that if the Objection of Impurity lies against any Part of this Work, it is only against the two latter Books, for in that which we have here paraphrased, there is nothing capable of offending the nicest Ear.*

*With regard to the Merit of this Paraphrase, which is entirely a new Undertaking, and might perhaps, if properly encouraged, be carried on with other Latin Poets, we shall only observe, that the utmost Care hath been taken to preserve the Spirit and true Sense of the Author, and where we have been obliged to deviate, we have given the literal Translation in the Notes.*

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<sup>1</sup> He means in the other two Books.

*Upon the whole, we cannot suppress, what one of the most learned Men of this Age, said upon persuing the Paraphrase, viz. That he thought it would serve better to explain the Meaning of Ovid to a Learner, than any other Translation, or all his numerous Commentators.*

## BOOK I

If in so learned an Age as this, when Arts and Sciences are risen to such Perfection, there be any Gentleman unskilled in the Art of Loving, let him come to my School; where, if he hath any Genius, he will soon become an Adept: For I would by no means have any young Gentlemen think, that Erudition is unnecessary upon this Occasion. It is well known that the <sup>2</sup>Rules of Art are necessary to the Conduct of a Ship; for which reason, none but able and experienced Seamen are preferred to the Command of one. Rules are necessary even to make a good Coachman, as those Gentlemen who have the Ambition to excel this way very well know. In the same manner is Art required to drive the Chariot of Love well. Now it hath pleased *Venus* to place me in the Coach-Box: what a Captain is to a Ship, or the Driver to his Chariot, that am I to Love. I own indeed Master *Cupid* is a little wild, and often stubborn; but he is only a Child, and of an Age to be disciplined: And however fierce the Disposition of a Lad may be, a judicious Schoolmaster knows very well how to correct it: For many a Boy who hath afterwards turned out a Hero, hath when at School very patiently submitted to the Lash, and quietly, at the Word of Command, held out his Hands to be whipt <sup>3</sup>. Duke *William* <sup>4</sup> himself, when a Lad, very possibly submitted to Correction; and he <sup>5</sup> who was hereafter to become the Terror of his Enemies, might in his Youth have been afraid of his Tutor. Mr. *Pointz* was his Preceptor: I am the Preceptor of Love. Both these Youths were of a fierce Disposition, both elevated <sup>6</sup> in their Birth. But as the stoutest Ox submits himself to the Yoke, and the most fiery Horse to the Bridle, so shall Love to me. Though he may bend his Bow against my Breast, and shake his Torches at me; no matter: nay, the more he pierces me with his Arrows, the more he burns me, the more severely will I be revenged of him.

But here, Master *Apollo*, I will tell no lies to my Readers. I do not pretend to have received any Inspiration from you, any more than from Parson *Whitefield* <sup>7</sup>: And as for Miss *Clio* <sup>8</sup> and her eight Sisters, I never visit them; nor have I even a Cap-Acquaintance with them. I write from Experience only; and *Experto crede Roberto* is my Motto. I promise my Readers that I will tell them truth; and if I must, for form sake, invoke any Muse, *Venus* herself shall be the Person <sup>9</sup>. Sweet Goddess! then be thou present, and smile at my Undertaking. But as for you who cannot smile, I mean you, Prudes, with your screw'd Faces, which may be considered as Signs hung forth before the Door of Virtue, and which perhaps, like other Signs, promise what is not to be found in the House; I desire neither

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<sup>2</sup> Here *Ovid* uses the Examples of *Automedon*, who was the Coachman of *Achilles*; and of *Tiphys*, who was Pilot or Steersman to the *Argonauts*.

<sup>3</sup> This is a literal Translation; by which it appears this barbarous Custom of whipping Boys on the Hands, till they look as if they had the Itch, was used by the *Roman* Schoolmasters as well as by ours.

<sup>4</sup> The Original introduces *Achilles*, who was the pupil of *Chiron*.

<sup>5</sup> In the Original, —held forth at his Master's Commands those Hands to be whipt, which Hector was hereafter to feel. The Indelicacy of which Image we have avoided applying to our *British* Hero.

<sup>6</sup> Both born of a Goddess.

<sup>7</sup> This is transferred, we hope not improperly from *Roman* to *British* Superstition. The *Latin* alludes to Augury, and very justly ridicules the Folly of Divination by the Flight of Birds.

<sup>8</sup> Nor were *Clio* or her Sisters seen by me, while I tended a Flock in the Valleys of *Ascra*. This *Ascra* was a Valley near the *Helicon*, which was the Residence of the Parents of *Hesiod*. Now *Hesiod* was fabled, whilst he was keeping his Father's Sheep, to have been led by the Muse to the Fountain *Hippocrene*; and being, I suppose, well ducked in that Water, commenced Poet.

<sup>9</sup> This whole Passage is a manifest Burlesque on the Invocations with which the Ancients began their Poems. Not very different is that Sneer at the Beginning of the *Metamorphosis*,—*Dii, caeptis, (NAM VOS MUTASTIS ET ILLAS) Adspirate* —But the strongest Piece of Burlesque of this kind is the Invocation to *Venus* at the Beginning of *Lucretius*: For what can be more so than a solemn Application to a Deity for her Assistance in a Work, the professed Intention of which is to expose the Belief of any Deity at all; and more particularly of any Concern which such superior Beings might be supposed to take in the Affairs of Men. For my own part, I must confess, I cannot perceive that graceful Air of *Enthusiasm* which a noble Author observes in the Invocation of the Antients; many of them indeed seem to have been too apparently in jest, to endeavour to impose on their Readers, and in reality to apply to the Muses with less Devotion than our modern Poets, many of whom perhaps believe as much in those Deities as in any other.

your Favour nor your Company. Good-natur'd Girls<sup>10</sup> are all I write to; and such I promise them may read my Works without a Blush.

Know then, my good Scholar, that art unexperienced in the Art of Love, that this Art consists of three principal Points: First, to select a proper Mistress: Secondly, to win her Affections: And, Thirdly, to preserve your mutual Affection. Of all these therefore we will treat; or, to speak metaphorically, through these three Roads we will drive the Chariot we have undertaken to guide.

First then as to the Choice of a Mistress, to whom you may say, *In Thee alone my choice is fixed*. Do not believe such a one will fall into your Lap. It will become you to look about sharp for her, and with all your Eyes, I do assure you. And here my first Instruction shall be, where she may most probably be found: For he is a bad Huntsman who would beat about the *Royal Exchange* for a Hare or a Fox; and not a much better Gunner or Fisherman, who goes a shooting in *Somerset-Gardens*, or attempts to angle in the magnificent Bason there. As these all know the Places where their Game resort, so must you.

Here then, I by no means advise you to make a long Voyage after a foreign Mistress, as *Perseus* did, who fetched *Andromeda*<sup>11</sup> from the *Indies*; or *Paris*, whom nothing would serve but a *Grecian* Mistress. Your own Country, my Friend, will produce Women which the World cannot equal. Beauties are as plenty in the City of *London* as Apples in<sup>12</sup> *Herefordshire*, or Grains of Wheat<sup>13</sup> in *Hampshire*; they are indeed as plenty as Fish in the Sea, or Birds in the Air; nay, the Sky hath not more Stars than *London* hath Beauties: for *England*<sup>14</sup>, not *Cyprus*, is the Queen of Love's favourite Island. Whether you love green Fruit, and which is in the Bud only, or Beauty in its fuller Bloom, or that which is arrived to perfect Ripeness; nay, if nothing but Wisdom or Sagacity will serve your turn, of these too *Old England* will afford you a sufficient Plenty.

In the pleasant Month of *May*, repair to *Vaux-Hall*<sup>15</sup>. Here take your Evening Walk, either round the verdant Scenes, where *Nightingales*, the only *Foreigners* who give us their Songs for nothing,

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<sup>10</sup> *Ovid* would here insinuate, that the Courtezans only were the Subjects of the ensuing Poem; and in his *Tristibus* he cites these Lines, and pleads them in his Defence: But he is not over-honest in his Profession; for in many Parts it appears, that his Instructions are calculated for much more than *concessa furtia*.

<sup>11</sup> *Andromeda* was the Daughter of *Cepheus* King of *Aethiopia* and of *Cassiope*. Her Mother having offended the *Nereids*, by contending with them for Superiority in Beauty, *Neptune*, at their Petition, sent a Sea-Monster, which greatly annoyed the *Aethiopians*. Upon this they consulted the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, who ordered them to expose one of the Progeny of *Cepheus* and *Cassiope* to be devoured by the Monster. *Andromeda* was accordingly ty'd to a Rock, where she was espied by *Perseus*, who killed the Monster, and rescued the Lady; for which he received her at the Hands of her Parents as his Reward. The Story is told in the 4th Book of the *Metamorphosis*.

<sup>12</sup> *Bunches of Grapes* in *Methymna*; a City of *Lesbia*, the Wine of which Country was famous among the Ancients.

<sup>13</sup> *Ears of Corn* in *Gargara*; which was in *Mysia*, a Province of the *Hellespont*.

<sup>14</sup> The Original is, *And the Mother of Aeneas resides in the City of her Son*. *Aeneas*, from whom the Romans derived their Original, was the Son of *Venus* by *Anchises*.

<sup>15</sup> The Original, rendered as literally as possible, is as follows: *Walk at your ease under the Pompeian Shade, when the Sun enters the Herculean Lion; or where the Mother hath added her Benefactions to those of her Son; a work rich in foreign Marble: Nor avoid that Portico adorned with ancient Pictures, which is called Livia, from the Name of its Founder: nor that adorned by the Statues of the Belides, who attempted the Lives of their unfortunate Cousins; and where you see the cruel Father standing with his drawn Sword: Nor pass by the Temple of Venus and her lamented Adonis; nor omit the Seventh-Day Festivals of the Jews; nor the Egyptian Temples of the Linnen-clad Heifer: She makes many Women to be that which she herself was to Jupiter.* To explain these several Particulars to an English Reader, it must be known, that the Portico's in *Rome* were the publick Walks; and here Persons of both Sexes used to assemble. Among these was one built by *Pompey*. The second Portico mentioned, is by the best Commentators understood of the *Octavian*, which was built by *Octavia*, Sister to *Augustus*, and Mother to *Marcellus*; and this adjoined to a Temple built by the same *Marcellus*. The third Portico was built by *Livia* the Wife of *Augustus*, and called from her Name. The fourth, where the Picture of the *Belides* was, is to be understood of the Portico of *Apollo Palatinus*, in which were the Statues of the fifty Daughters of *Danaus* and Granddaughters of *Belus*. These being married to the fifty Sons of their Uncle *AEgyptus*, every one, by her Father's Command, slew her husband on the first Night, save only *Hypermnestra*. For this they were punished in the lower World, by being obliged to fill a Barrel full of Holes with Water. *Scaliger* and others have here made a mistake, supposing the Picture of the *Belides* was here hung up: But the contrary appears by many Authorities, particularly by this in *Qv. Trist. 3. Signa peregrinis ubi sunt alterna columnis, Belides, & stricto barbarus ense pater*. It appears that the Number of Pillars was equalled by the Number of Statues. 5thly, The Temple of *Venus*, in which she was worshipped, together with *Adonis*, after the *Assyrian* manner. This *Adonis* was the Son of *Cinyras* King of *Cyprus*, begotten by him on his own Daughter *Myrrha*. The Fame of his Beauty, and the Passion which *Venus* bore towards him, are well known. 6thly, The *Jewish*

warble their most delicious Notes. When your Limbs demand Repose, you may enjoy it in an Alcove, from whence the embattel'd Troops of *Venus* will pass in review before you. Again, the lofty Dome of *Ranelagh* invites your Steps. Whether the illustrious Artist took his Model from that House, which as a Reward for their Industry, or for some little regard for their Honey, the benevolent Nature of Man hath conferred on that laborious Animal the Bee: Or whether a more pious Disposition chose this Form from the musical Instrument which summons the whole Parish to Church: Or whether the wondrous Force of Genius, unassisted by any Model, did not of itself strike out this wondrous Architecture; let *Kent* or *Benson* inquire. Hither, from every Corner of the Town, repair the loveliest Nymphs. Here too thou may'st survey them, either walking or reposed on Benches at thy Ease. Nor is the *Mall* to be neglected, where once the brawny Arm of *Charles* displayed its Strength, and beat his subtle Courtiers at the Play, whence it derives its Name. Nor, *Kensington*, must thy Gardens be passed by, once the Delight of mighty *Caroline*, and to the future Age a Monument of her Taste. Here the Charmers draw in sweet Air, and send it forth again in sweeter Sighs, as Tributes to the loved Memory of that mighty Queen. As for the Ring, formerly the Scene of Beauty's many Triumphs, it is now become a lonely deserted Place: Brilliants and brilliant Eyes no longer sparkle there: No more the heedless Beau falls by the random Glance, or well-pointed Fan. The Ring is now no more: Yet *Ruckholt*, *Marybone* and *The Wells* survive; Places by no means to be neglected by the Gallant: for Beauty may lurk beneath the Straw Hat, and *Venus* often clothes her lovely Limbs in Stuffs. Nay, the very Courts of Law are not excluded; and the Scenes of Wrangling are sometimes the Scenes of Love. In that Hall where *Thames* sometimes overflowing, washes the Temple of *Venus Lucy*, the grave Serjeant becomes a Victim to the Fair; and he who so well knows how to defend others, cannot defend himself. Here the Special Pleader loses all Power to Demurr, and finds beyond his Expectation a novel Assignment spring up in the Cause. Him *Venus Lucy*<sup>16</sup> laughs at from her neighbouring Temple; for the Council is now become the Client, and squeezes an empty Hand harder than he ever did a full one. But above all, the Theatres are the Place of Sport: for these will be most fruitful to your Wishes. Here you will find one Object to love, and another to toy with. Some, of whom a single Touch will suffice, and others, in whom you will desire a stronger Tenure. Neither do the Ants in pursuit of Grain, or the Bees in quest of Flowers, swarm in greater Numbers than the Beauties to the Theatres. The variety of Charmers here have often distracted my Choice. Hither they come to see, and to be themselves seen; and many are the Love-Bargains here made.

And now, Friend, I will tell you a Story. *Romulus* was the first Person who ever made this use of the Theatre, when he ordered his Soldiers to fall foul on the *Sabine* Ladies, whom he invited to a Play acted by his Command. Not that I would have you think, that Theatre was like the Playhouse in *Convent-Garden*, enriched with Scenes, Machines, and other Decorations. To say the truth, it was no better than a Barn, or Booth. Here he assembled the *Sabine* Girls, and ordered his *Romans* to chuse every Man his Miss. They did so, and while the poor Girls thought no Harm, those Fellows felt strange Emotions within. Now while a certain Dancer, called, *The Ludio*, was performing a *Tambourine*, which I suppose took greatly at that time, *Romulus* on a sudden gave the Signal for falling on. This was instantly obeyed. They all rushed in, laid their Hands upon the Girls, and soon gave them sufficient Tokens of their Purpose.

As the Doves, who are the most timorous of Birds, fly from Eagles; or as the young Lamb runs from Wolves, as soon as she sees them, so terrified were these Ladies, at the Men rushing upon

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Synagogues. The *Jews* having been encouraged by *Julius Caesar*, were very numerous in *Rome* at that time; and the Strangeness and Pomp of their Ceremonies inviting the Curiosity of the *Roman* Ladies, their Synagogues became famous Places of Intrigue. 7. The Temple of *Isis*. This Goddess, when a Woman, was called *Io*. She was the Daughter of *Inachus*; and being beloved by *Jupiter*, was by him, to preserve her from his Wife's Jealousy, turned into a Heifer, *Juno* suspecting the Fact, obtained this Heifer of her Husband, and set *Argus* to watch over her. *Jupiter* wanting to visit his old Friend, sent *Mercury* to kill *Argus*; in revenge of which, *Juno* ordered a Gad-Bee to sting the poor Heifer; which thereupon growing mad, ran to *Egypt*, where she was again restored to the Shape of a Woman, and married to *Osiris*. The Feast of *Isis* was celebrated in *Rome* ten Days together by the Women, and was a time of Carnival among them.

<sup>16</sup> In *Caesar's Forum*, which was built on the *Appian Way*, was the Temple of *Venus Genetrix*.

them, in this unlawful manner. The Colour forsook their Cheeks at once. All were equally in a Fright, though they discovered their Fear by different Symptoms. Some of them tear their Hair, others sit in Amazement, Terror strikes some dumb, others call in vain for the Assistance of their Mammæ. One cries out, another is shocked to death; one stands still, another endeavours to get out of the House. But all their Endeavours are vain; and perhaps indeed their Blushes heightened their Beauty; they were all led off, and those who would not go were carried. Methinks, I hear one of their Gallants thus addressing his weeping Fair. *Why, my Dear, will you spoil those lovely Eyes with Tears? I promise you, you shall be served no worse than your Mother hath been before. I will only do to you, what your Father did to her. Ah Romulus! Romulus!* no General ever better knew how to reward his Soldiers; I promise you, that when I hear your Drum beating up for Volunteers, I will enlist under your Command.

Ever since that time, the Theatre hath been consecrated to Love, and many a pretty Girl, since the *Sabines*, hath owed the Loss of her Maidenhead to it.

Other Places of public Meeting may likewise be frequented, as Horse Races<sup>17</sup> and the Like. And especially public Shews, which never fail of Women. Here get upon a crowded Scaffold, and sit next to the Girl you like. Squeeze yourself as close to her as you can; for Custom here countenances such squeezing whether the pretty Creatures will or no. Here find some Opportunity to begin a Discourse; you will not be driven to talk upon your Fingers, or by Signs, but may use your Tongue[B]. Begin then with News, or the Chit-chat of the Town. Nay, the Shew itself will afford a Subject: for instance supposing it was my Lord Mayor's Shew, you may ask her what Alderman that Coach, or those Liveries belong to; and be sure to admire the same with herself: Do not omit moreover, to give her an early Intimation of your Gallantry, and that you are a Woman's Man. If it should happen that any one of the Aldermen should be a greater Cuckold than the rest of his Brethren; take care to titter at his Appearance; and while the Pageants<sup>18</sup>

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<sup>17</sup> Races were run at Rome in April in the *Circus Maximus*, which was likewise the Scene of many other public Exercises and Shews.

<sup>18</sup> *And when the Procession shall pass on with the Ivory Deities, do you applaud most the Statue of Lady Venus.* Thus the Original. The Paraphrase preserves the same Sense, though in other Circumstances. These Statues were carried in Procession on many Occasions, particularly at the *Maegalesian Games*.

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