

THE

Secrets of a Woman's HEART.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM A

FRIEND,

TO

Signior F-----LLI.

Occasion'd by the EPISTLE of Mrs. C---
P-----ps, to the Angelick Signior F-----lli.

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.



L O N D O N :

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A N
E P I S T L E

F R O M A
F R I E N D,

T O
Signior *F - - - - - lli.*

TO thee, sweet Songster, my Advice I send,
Accept it kindly from your loving Friend ;

Strangers shall find Civility from me,

Who knows how soon a Stranger I may be ?

Shake *Conny* off, and cast her from your Arms,

Destructive Women have ten thousand Charms :

Consider *F - - - - - lli* thou art young,

Trust not the false, deluding *Syren's* Tongue

Can'st thou expect the fatal Rock to shun,

Where many have been Ship-wreck'd, and undone ?

If

If skillful Pilots there have met their Fate,

Reflect on thine, before it proves too late.

A British Bona Roba at the best

A Viper is, a Life-destroying Guest ;

Feign'd are her Tears, delusive are her Smiles,

And by her Stratagems Mankind beguiles.

Lucre and Lust are all the Harlot's Aim,

They boast---but only boast notorious Shame ;

Therefore in Hopes my Counsel may prevail,

Attentive be to the ensuing Tale :

No Fiction this, the Truth is too well known,

In proper Colours drawn, the Picture's shewn ;

There you will see what wicked Women are,

The blackest Devils, tho' they seem so fair.

To know the Secrets of a Woman's Heart,

Requires the Depth of Judgment, and of Art ;

Things, deem'd impossible, to some appear

Bright as the Mid-day Sun, as Chrystal clear.

The Paradox to solve, and to disjoint
 This wonderful, this arduous, knotty Point ;
 And to remove the Prejudice of Youth,
 Too frequently imbib'd instead of Truth ;
 The Task, unask'd, I freely undertake,
 Not for my own, but *F-----lli's* Sake.

With curious Eye the Frontispiece survey,
 See how the *Artist* nicely does display
 The smallest Figure, the minutest Part,
 But, ah ! what means that dismal, bleeding Heart ?
 That ghastly Female on the Table spread,
 View'd without Sense of Horror, or of Dread ?
 Explain'd in proper Place the Scene shall be,
 Which there, as in a Gloom, you faintly see.

MATILDA, who had long been bred at C----,
 But not one Jot the better Christian for't ;

Whose fav'rite Vices were excessive *Gaming*,
Pollution, and (what's much in Vogue) *Defaming* ;
 More Money spent than her uxorious Lord,
 Who Place and Pension had, cou'd well afford :
 At last by Sickness to her Bed confin'd,
 Thoughts of approaching Death perplex'd her Mind ;
 Her Lord, who lov'd his dear, false, letch'rous Wife,
Court-Miracle! much better than his Life,
 Half dead with Fear, for the Physicians sends,
 And summon'd all her Kindsfolk, and her Friends.
 The Sons of *Æsculapius* straight appear,
 His Lordship, frightened, could no longer bear
 To see the Pain his Lady underwent,
 But struggling hard to give his Sorrows vent,
 Their Judgment ask'd, proclaim'd a large Reward,
 From Death's unerring Dart his Wife to guard :
 They feel her Pulse, one shakes his empty Head,
 With Looks demure the second gravely said,

'Twas

'Twas his Opinion that in five Hours Space
 She must pay Nature's Debt in Death's Embrace :
 Let us consult, a third reply'd, ----- agreed ;
 They then retir'd, despairing to succeed.

Pens, Ink and Paper, were before them plac'd,
 Bottles and Glasses too the Table grac'd ;
 These studious Doctors, who had gain'd a Name,
 These mighty Men of Life-destroying Fame,
 Jocund appear with every circling Glas,
 A Demonstration how their Time they pass :
 Like *Bacchanals*, revel, drink, and chatter,
 But mention not one Word about the *Matter* :
 Some praise their Dogs, some this, some that fine
 Woman,
 In Consultations nothing is more common.
 A Noise is heard ----- their Pens and Ink they take,
 In Form prescribe, and write but for Form-fake.

They

They start, and seem as tho' they were afraid,
 In comes my Lord with Countenance dismay'd;
 Tears trickling down, he sighing does relate
 The sad Disaster, and his hapless Fate;
 Good Sirs, says he, to ease my Grief and Care
 The Cause of my dear Lady's Death declare.
 The Cause, my Lord, says one, we shall impart,
 Your Lady had a Stoppage in her Heart.
 With this ridic'lous Answer, he, content,
 Gave them their Fees, and then away they went.

His Lordship, pond'ring on this *grand Affair*,
 Withdrew, and privately kneel'd down to Pray'r;
 A Thing, of which to give each Lord his Due,
 Not two in fifty guilty are, 'tis true:
 But this religious P---r with fervent Zeal
 Kind Heav'n implor'd the Myst'ry to reveal,
 And as he greatly did such Knowledge covet,
 He sent immediately for Master C----t.

The Body he difsects with wondrous Art,
 And makes Incision in the Lady's Heart,
 Then holds it in his Hand, and views each Part:
 While the Spectators gaze with great Surprize,
 Some trusting to the Strength of naked Eyes,
 And some their Optic-Glaffes using, he
 A Lecture read; quoth *Wifeacre*, I see
 Here in the Cavity strange Things indeed,
 Things that wou'd make a Heart of Stone to bleed.

The modish Vices of a wicked C-----,
 Which some call Jests, and make their daily Sport,
 Concentre here, without Controul they reign'd,
 Till all the Springs of Nature had been drain'd:
Pride, the Concomitant of C-----, bore Sway,
 To her *Humility* by Force gave Way,
 Heaven's Off-spring banish'd, then this Child of Hell
 Peep'd out, and left her solitary Cell,
 Courtezans Hearts possess'd, and their does dwell:

The *sooty Fiend* is plainly to be seen
In all their Looks, their Actions, Drefs and Mein;
They frown, difdainfully their Betters view,
And the *broad Way*, that leads to Death, purfue.

Ambition, Pride's Twin-lifter here took Place,
The Courtier's darling Glory, and Difgrace;
Pernicious Vice! poffefs'd of thee, Mankind
By Day or Night no Quietnefs can find.
This fatal Rock we never ftrove to fhun,
Tho' we know Thoufands by it were undone,
And when we reach the Summit of the Ball,
We giddy grow, and then despis'd we fall:
On flippery Ground with Safety who can tread?
Wife Men fuch dangerous Paths will always dread.

Here *Prudery*, that wretched Compound, dwell'd,
To what a Magnitude this Lady fwell'd!
Lust thus predominant in every Part,
Her Eyes betray'd the Secrets of her Heart:

This

This very Hypocrite, this very *Prude*,
 Extremely beautiful, extremely lewd,
 Did various Ways and Stratagems prepare,
 To catch young Witling Lovers in Love's Snare:
C-----nd cou'd ne'er so many Charms display
 When in her Monarch's Arms she melting lay;
 Nor *O--f---d* tread with half so fine a Grace,
O--f---d whom Foplings often did embrace.
Lust was her fav'rite, her dear Bosom-sin,
 She seem'd All-faint without, but was All-devil within;
 In Point of *Lewdness* she would not give Place
 To *Betty C---s*, or *Countess in Disgrace*;
 Like *Messalina*, who all Brothels try'd,
 She might be tir'd, but never satisfy'd.
 Not one in Company look'd more demure,
 Her Conversation modest, not impure,
 Double *Entendres* she cou'd never bear,
 Such Things appear'd ungrateful to her Ear;

A Reprimand at least was their Reward,
 Who kept not on their Tongues the strictest Guard.
 Whene'er the Hours, allotted for Devotion,
 Drew nigh, she always was upon the Motion ;
 With Eagerness and Haste wou'd take her Watch,
 Look on it, and the fleeting Minute catch,
 Impatient, till she heard the earliest Knell
 Of the sonorous, consecrated Bell.
 What Warriors call the Honour of the Field,
 She to no pious Nymph wou'd ever yield ;
 The first that march'd to Church, the last came out,
 Was very grave, and *damnable* devout.
 Thus by her Ladyship's ill-stated Rules,
 Bawds may be virtuous deem'd, and wise Men Fools.

Lucre and Avarice usurp'd a Part,
 And had a Share in this, once fair One's Heart ;
 The sapless Roots are visible and plain,
 But every Branch does poisonous Juice contain :

At ----- these Vices a Reception find,
 To them ----- Ladies always have been kind,
 Tho' they cloud Reason, and infect the Mind :

Yet they are deem'd but Trifles in a -----,

But in the Vulgar, or the midling Sort,

As gross Enormities condemn'd they stand,

And call for Vengeance with a heavy Hand :

This is the Courtier's Language, with a Smile,

Others he does arraign, himself beguile ;

As if to Vice Nobility could give

A Sanction, grant a Pardon, or Reprieve.

What can the Thirst of *Avarice* abate ?

Plenty serves only to increase the Heat ;

Like Oil it nourishes the lambent Flame,

Till bursting forth with Violence, the Frame

Of Nature shakes, then Death puts in her Claim.

Lucre, the Courtier's Wish, the Statesman's Bane,

The Mind perplexes, and disturbs the Brain ;

D

Treasure

Treasure immense their daily Thoughts employs,
 Haunts all their Dreams, and their Repose destroys,
 Their Princes Secrets basely they unfold,
 And prostitute their Consciences for Gold.

As largest Rivers from their Fountains flow,
Gaming to *Avarice* her Rise does owe,
 To this ----- Ladies seem by Nature led,
 She that games most, is most politely bred:
 Taught from their Infancy, they *cheat* and *lie*,
 And they who *palm* a Card, or *cogg* a Die,
 Artists are dubb'd, extoll'd, and gain Applause,
 Not so, if they engag'd in Virtue's Cause.
 This Lady's Heart confirms what I relate,
 For complicated Vices were her Fate;
 From Heaven to Hell, to make a *Third*, she'd strole,
 And would betray her *Maker* for a *Vole*.

Now, *F-----lli*, if thou hast a Heart,
 Or, of that god-like Creature, M A N, a Part,

Exert

Exert thy *Reason*, like a *Man* appear,
Recal thy scatter'd Senses from the Rear :
What Diff'rence, say, between *Matilda* lies
And *Conny*, who makes you her Sacrifice?
Matilda had a Husband-----this I own,
But make, my Friend, that Husband's Case thy own,
So far, I mean, as he had been abus'd,
Cornuted, and for too much Love misus'd ;
Reduc'd to Poverty, a Beggar made,
By a deceitful, gaming, lustful Jade.
Trust me, when Harlots into *Keeping* come,
'Tis easy to foretel their *Keepers* Doom ;
Others, whom they esteem, they surely keep,
And in their Arms with Pleasure often sleep :
Dear-bought Experience tells me it is true,
And Friendship bids me tell this Truth to you.

F I N I S.