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OXFORD WORLD'S CLASSICS

JOHN CLELAND

*Memoirs of a
Woman of Pleasure*

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by

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MEMOIRS OF A
WOMAN OF PLEASURE

*

VOLUME I

MADAM,

I sit down to give you an undeniable proof of my considering your desires as indispensable orders: ungracious then as the task may be, I shall recall to view those scandalous stages of my life, out of which I emerg'd at length, to the enjoyment of every blessing in the power of love, health, and fortune to bestow; whilst yet in the flower of youth, and not too late to employ the leisure afforded me by great ease and affluence, to cultivate an understanding naturally not a despicable one, and which had, even amidst the whirl of loose pleasures I had been tost in,* exerted more observation on the characters and manners of the world, than what is common to those of my unhappy profession, who looking on all thought or reflexion as their capital enemy, keep it at as great a distance as they can, or destroy it without mercy.

Hating, as I mortally do, all long unnecessary prefaces, I shall give you good quarter* in this, and use no farther apology, than to prepare you for seeing the loose part of my life, wrote with the same liberty that I led it.

Truth! stark naked truth,* is the word, and I will not so much as take the pains to bestow the strip of a gauze-wrapper on it, but paint situations such as they actually rose to me in nature, careless of violating those laws of decency, that were never made for such unreserved intimacies as ours; and you have too much sense, too much knowledge of the *originals* themselves, to snuff* prudishly, and out of character, at the *pictures* of them. The greatest men, those of the first and most leading taste, will not scruple adorning their private closets with nudities, though, in compliance with vulgar prejudices they may not think them decent decorations of the stair-case or saloon.

This, and enough, premised, I go souse* into my personal history. My maiden name was *Francis Hill*. I was born at a small

village near *Liverpool* in *Lancashire*, of parents extremely poor, and I piously believe, extremely honest.

My father, who had received a maim on his limbs that disabled him from following the more laborious branches of country-drudgery, got, by making of nets,* a scanty subsistence, which was not much enlarg'd by my mother's keeping a little day-school for the girls in her neighbourhood. They had had several children, but none lived to any age, except myself, who had received from nature a constitution perfectly healthy.

My education, till past fourteen, was no better than very vulgar; reading, or rather spelling, an illegible scrawl, and a little ordinary plain-work,* composed the whole system of it: and then all my foundation in virtue was no other than a total ignorance of vice, and the shy timidity general to our sex, in the tender stage of life, when objects alarm, or frighten more by their novelty, than anything else: but then this is a fear too often cur'd at the expence of innocence, when Miss, by degrees, begins no longer to look on man as a creature of prey that will eat her.*

My poor mother had divided her time so entirely between her scholars, and her little domestic cares, and she had spared very little of it to my instruction, having, from her own innocence from all ill, no hint, or thought of guarding me against any.

I was now entering on my fifteenth year, when the worst of ills befell me in the loss of my tender fond parents, who were both carried off by the small-pox, within a few days of each other; my father dying first, and thereby hastening the death of my mother, so that I was now left an unhappy friendless Orphan: (for my father's coming to settle there, was accidental, he being originally a *Kentish-man*.) That cruel distemper which had proved so fatal to them, had indeed seized me, but with such mild and favourable symptoms, that I was presently out of danger, and, what I then did not know the value of, was entirely unmark'd. I skip over here, an account of the natural grief and affliction, which I felt on this melancholy occasion. A little time, and the giddiness of that age, dissipated too soon my reflections on that irreparable loss; but nothing contributed more to reconcile me to it, than the notions that were immediately put into my head, of going to *London*, and looking out for a service, in which I was promised all assistance and advice, from one *Esther Davis*, a young woman that had been down to

see her friends, and who, after the stay of a few days, was to return to her place.

As I had now nobody left alive in the village, who had concern enough about what should become of me, to start any objections to this scheme, and the woman who took care of me after my parents death rather encouraged me to pursue it, I soon came to a resolution of making this launch* into the wide world, by repairing to *London*, in order to seek my fortune, a phrase, which, by the bye, has ruined more adventurers of both sexes, from the country, than ever it made, or advanced.

Nor did *Esther Davis* a little comfort and inspirit me to venture with her, by piquing my childish curiosity with the fine sights that were to be seen in *London*; the Tombs, the Lions,* the King, the Royal Family, the fine Plays and *Operies*, and in short all the diversions which fell within her sphere of life to come at; the detail of all which perfectly turn'd the little head of me.

Nor can I remember, without laughing, the innocent admiration, not without a spice of envy, with which we poor girls, whose church-going cloaths did not rise above dowdiass shifts, and stuff gowns,* beheld *Esther's* scower'd satten-gown, caps border'd with an inch of lace; taudry ribbons, and shoes belaced with silver! all which we imagined grew in *London*, and entered for a great deal into my determination of trying to come in for my share of them.

The idea however of having the company of a townswoman with her, was the trivial, and all the motive that engaged *Esther* to take charge of me during my journey to town, where she told me, after her manner and style: "as how several maids out of the country had made themselves and all their kin for ever, that by preserving their VIRTUE,* some had taken so with their masters, that they had married them, and kept them coaches, and lived vastly grand, and happy, and some, may-hap come to be Dutchesses: Luck was all, and why not I as well as another," with other almanacs to this purpose, which set me a tiptoe to begin this promising journey, and to leave a place, which though my native one, contained no relations that I had reason to regret, and was grown insupportable to me, from the change of the tenderest usage into a cold air of charity, with which I was entertain'd, even at the only friend's house, that I had the least expectations of care and protection from: She was however so just to me, as to manage the turning into money the little

matters that remained to me after the debts, and burial-charges were accounted for, and at my departure put my whole fortune into my hands, which consisted of a very slender wardrobe, pack'd up in a very portable box, and eight guineas, with seventeen shillings in silver,* stowed in a spring-pouch,* which was a greater treasure than ever I had yet seen together, and which I could not conceive there was a possibility of running out: and indeed I was so entirely taken up with the joy of seeing myself mistress of such an immense sum, that I gave very little attention to a world of good advice which was given me with it.

Places then being taken for *Esther* and me, in the *Chester-Waggon*,* I pass over a very immaterial scene of leave-taking, at which I dropt a few tears betwixt grief and joy; and for the same reasons of insignificance, skip over all that happened to me on the road, such as the Waggoner's looking liquorish* on me, the schemes laid for me by some of the passengers, which were defeated by the vigilance of my guardian *Esther*, who, to do her justice, took a motherly care of me, at the same time that she taxed me for her protection, by making me bear all travelling charges, which I defray'd with the utmost cheerfulness, and thought myself much obliged to her into the bargain. She took indeed great care that we were not over-rated,* or imposed on, as well as of managing as frugally as possible: expensiveness was not her vice.

It was pretty late in a summer evening when we reached the town, in our slow conveyance, though drawn by six at length. As we passed thro' the greatest streets that led to our inn, the noise of the coaches, the hurry, the crowds of foot passengers, in short, the new scenery of the shops and houses at once pleased and amazed me.

But guess at my mortification and surprize when we came to the inn, and our things were landed, and deliver'd to us, when my fellow traveller and protectress, *Esther Davis*, who had used me with the utmost tenderness during the journey, and prepared me by no preceding signs for the stunning blow I was to receive; when, I say, my only dependance, and friend, in this strange place, all of a sudden assumed a strange and cool air towards me, as if she dreaded my becoming a burden to her.

Instead then of proffering me the continuance of her assistance and good offices, which I relied upon, and never more wanted, she thought herself, it seems, abundantly acquitted of her engagements to me, by having brought me safe

to my journey's end, and seeing nothing in her procedure towards me, but what was natural and in order, begun to embrace me, by way of taking leave, whilst I was so confounded, so struck, that I had not spirit or sense enough so much as to mention my hopes or expectations from her experience, and knowledge of the place she had brought me to.

Whilst I stood thus stupid and mute, which she doubtless attributed to nothing more than a concern at parting, this idea procured me perhaps, a slight alleviation of it, in the following harrangue: "That now we were got safe to *London*, and that she was obliged to go to her place, she advised me by all means to get into one as soon as possible.—That I need not fear getting one—there were more places than parish-churches—that she advised me to go to an intelligence-office*—that if she heard of any thing stirring, she would find me out, and let me know,—that in the mean time I should take a private lodging, and acquaint her where to send to me,—that she wish'd me good luck,—and hop'd I should always have the grace to keep myself honest, and not bring a disgrace on my parentage;" with this she took her leave of me, and left me, as it were, on my own hands, full as lightly as I had been put into hers.

Left thus alone, absolutely destitute and friendless, I began then to feel most bitterly the severity of this separation, the scene of which had past in a little room in the inn: and no sooner was her back turned, but the affliction I felt at my helpless strange circumstances, burst out into a flood of tears, which infinitely relieved the oppression of my heart; though I still remained stupified, and most perfectly perplex'd how to dispose of myself.

One of the drawers* coming in, added yet more to my uncertainty, by asking me, in a short way, if I called for any thing? to which I replied, innocently, *No*; but I wished him to tell me where I might get a lodging for that night: he said, he would go and speak to his mistress, who accordingly came, and told me drily, without entering in the least into the distress she saw me in, that I might have a bed for a shilling: and that, as she supposed I had some friends in town (here I fetched a deep sigh in vain!) I might provide myself in the morning.

'Tis incredible what trifling consolations the human mind will seize in its greatest afflictions. The assurance of nothing more than a bed to lie on that night, calmed my agonies; and being asham'd to acquaint the mistress of the inn that I had no

friends to apply to in town, I proposed to myself to proceed, the very next morning, to an intelligence-office, to which I was furnish'd with written directions, on the back of a ballad of *Esther's* giving me. There I counted on getting information of any place that such a country-girl as I might be fit for, and where I could get into any sort of being, before my little stock should be consumed: and as to a character, *Esther* had often repeated to me, that I might depend on her managing me one; nor, however affected I was at her leaving me thus, did I entirely cease to rely on her, as I began to think, good-naturedly, that her procedure was all in course, and that it was only my ignorance of life that had made me take it in the light I at first did.

Accordingly, the next morning, I dress'd me as clean and as neat as my rustic wardrobe would permit me; and having left my box, with special recommendation, to the landlady, I ventured out by myself, and without any more difficulty than may be supposed of a young country-girl, barely fifteen, and to whom every sign or shop was a gazing-trap, I got to the wish'd-for intelligence-office.

It was kept by an elderly woman, who sat at the receipt of custom, with a book before her, in great form and order, and several scrolls, ready made out, of directions for places.

I made up then to this important personage, without lifting up my eyes, or observing any of the people round me, who were attending there on the same errand as myself, and dropping her curtsies nine-deep, made just a shift to stammer out my business to her.

Madam having heard me out, with all the gravity and brow of a petty-minister of state, and seeing, at one glance over my figure, what I was, made me no answer, but to ask me the preliminary shilling, on receipt of which she told me, places for women were exceeding scarce, especially as I seemed too slight-built for hard-work; but that she would look over her book, and see what was to be done for me, desiring me to stay a little till she had dispatched some other customers.

On this, I drew back a little, most heartily mortified at a declaration which carried with it a killing uncertainty, that my circumstances could not well endure.

Presently, assuming more courage, and seeking some diversion from my uneasy thoughts, I ventured to lift up my head a little, and sent my eyes on a course round the room, where they

met full-tilt with those of a lady (for such my extreme innocence pronounc'd her) sitting in a corner of the room, dress'd in a velvet manteel* (*nota bene*, in the midst of summer) with her bonnet off; squob-fat,* red faced, and at least fifty.

She look'd as if she would devour me with her eyes, staring at me from head to foot, without the least regard to the confusion and blushes her eying me so fixedly put me to, and which were to her, no doubt, the strongest recommendation, and marks of my being fit for her purpose. After a little time, in which my air, person, and whole figure, had undergone her strict examination, which I had, on my part, tried to render favourable to me, by priming,* drawing up my neck, and *setting* my best looks, she advanc'd, and spoke to me with the greatest demureness:

Qn. Sweet heart, do you want a place?

Ans. Yes! and please you, (with a curtsy down to the ground.) Upon this, she acquainted me, that she was actually come to the office herself, to look out for a servant—that she believed I might do, with a little of her instructions,—that she could take my very looks for a sufficient character,—that *London* was a very wicked, vile place,—that she hop'd I would be tractable, and keep out of bad company,—in short, she said all to me that an old experienced practitioner in town could think of, and which was much more than was necessary to take in an artless unexperienced country-maid, who was even afraid of becoming a wanderer about the streets, and therefore gladly jump'd at the first offer of a shelter, especially from so grave and matron-like a *lady*, for such my flattering fancy assur'd me this *now* mistress of mine was: I being actually hired under the nose of the good woman that kept the office, whose shrewd smiles and shrugs I could not help observing, and innocently interpreted them as marks of her being pleased at my getting into place so soon: but, as I afterwards came to know, these *Beldams** understood one another very well, and this was a market where Mrs. *Brown** (my mistress) frequently attended, on the watch for any fresh goods that might offer there, for the use of her customers, and her own profit.

Madam was, however, so well pleased with her bargain, that, fearing, I presume, lest better advice, or some accident might occasion my slipping through her fingers, she would officiously take me in a coach to my inn, where calling herself for my box, it was, I being present, delivered without the least scruple, or explanation as to where I was going.

This being over, she bid the coachman drive to a shop in St. Paul's churchyard, where she bought a pair of gloves, which she gave me, and thence renew'd her directions to the coachman, to drive to her house in — street, who accordingly landed us at her door, after I had been cheer'd up, and entertain'd by the way with the most plausible flams,* without one syllable from which I could conclude any thing but that I was by the greatest good luck fallen into the hands of the kindest mistress, not to say friend, that the *varsal*† world could afford; and accordingly I enter'd her doors with most complete confidence and exultation, promising myself, that, as soon as I should be a little settled, I would acquaint *Esther Davis* with my rare good fortune.

You may be sure the good opinion of my place was not lessened by the appearance of a very handsome back-parlour, into which I was led, and which seemed to me magnificently furnished, who had never seen better rooms than the ordinary ones in inns upon the road. There were two gilt pier-glasses, and a beaufet,* in which a few pieces of plate, set out to the most shew, dazzled, and altogether persuaded me, that I must be got into a very reputable family.

Here my mistress first began her part, with telling me, that I must have good spirits, and learn to be free with her; that she had not taken me to be a common servant, to do domestic drudgery, but to be a kind of companion to her; and that, if I would be a good girl, she would do more than twenty mothers for me; to all which I answered only by the profoundest and the awkwardest curtsies, and a few monosyllables, such as yes! no! to be sure.

Presently my mistress touch'd the bell, and in came a strapping maid-servant, who had let us in: Here, *Martha*, said Mrs. *Brown*, I have just hir'd this young woman to look after my linnen, so step up, and shew her her chamber; and I charge you to use her with as much respect as you would myself, for I have taken a prodigious liking to her, and I do not know what I shall do for her.

Martha, who was an arch jade, and being used to this decoy, had her cue perfect, made me a kind of half curtsy, and asked me to walk up with her, and accordingly shew'd me a neat room two pair of stairs backwards, in which there was a handsome bed, where *Martha* told me I was to *lay* with a young gentleman, a cousin of my mistress's, who she was sure would be

vastly good to me: then she ran out into such affected encomiums on her good mistress! her sweet mistress! and how happy I was to light upon her,—that I could not have bespoken a better,—with other the like gross stuff, such as would itself have started suspicions in any but such an unpractised simpleton who was perfectly new to life, and who took every word she said, in the very sense she laid out for me to take it; but she readily saw what a penetration she had to deal with, and measured me very rightly in her manner of whistling to me, so as to make me pleased with my cage, and blind to its wires.

In the midst of these false explanations of the nature of my future service, we were rung for down again, and I was reintroduced into the same parlour, where there was a table laid with three covers; and my mistress had now got with her one of her favourite girls, a notable manager of her house, and whose business it was to prepare and break such young Fillies as I was to the mounting-block:‡ and she was accordingly, in that view, allotted me for a bed-fellow; and to give her the more authority, she had the title of cousin confer'd on her by the venerable president of this college.

Here I underwent a second survey, which ended in the full approbation of Mrs. *Phœbe Ayres*, the name of my tuteress elect, to whose care and instructions I was affectionately recommended.

Dinner was now set on the table, and in pursuance of treating me as a companion, Mrs. *Brown*, with a tone to cut off all dispute, soon over-rul'd all my most humble and most confused protestations against sitting down with her *Ladyship*, which my very short breeding just suggested to me could not be right, or in the order of things.

At table, the conversation was chiefly kept up by the two madams, and carried on in double-meaning expressions, interrupted every now and then by kind assurances to me, all tending to confirm and fix my satisfaction with my present condition: augment it they could not, so very a novice was I then.

It was here agreed, that I should keep myself up, and out of sight for a few days, till such cloaths could be procured for me, as were fit for the character I was to appear in, of my mistress's companion, observing withal, that on the first impressions of my figure, much might depend; and, as they well judged, the prospect of exchanging my country-cloaths for *London* finery, made the clause of confinement digest perfectly well with me.

But the truth was, Mrs. *Brown* did not care that I should be seen or talked to by any, either of her customers, or her *Does*, (as they call'd the girls provided for them) till she had secured a good market for my maidenhead, which I had at least all the appearances of having brought into her *ladyship's* service.

To slip over minutes of no importance to the main of my story, I pass the interval to bed-time, in which I was more and more pleased with the views that open'd to me of an easy service under these good people: and after supper, being shew'd up to bed, Miss *Phœbe*, who observed a kind of modest reluctance in me to strip, and go to bed in my shift before her, now the maid was withdrawn, came up to me, and beginning with unpinning my handkerchief,* and gown, soon encouraged me to go on with undressing myself, and, still blushing at now seeing myself naked to my shift, I hurried to get under the bed-cloaths, out of sight. *Phœbe* laugh'd, and was not long before she placed herself by my side. She was about five and twenty, by her own most suspicious account, in which, according to all appearances, she must have sunk at least ten good years, allowance too being made for the havoc which a long course of hacney-ship, and hot waters,* must have made of her constitution, and which had already brought on, upon the spur, that stale stage, in which those of her profession are reduced to think of *showing* company, instead of *seeing* it.

No sooner then was this precious substitute of my mistress's lain down, but she, who was never out of her way when any occasion of lewdness presented itself, turned to me, embraced, and kiss'd me with great eagerness. This was new, this was odd; but imputing it to nothing but pure kindness, which, for ought I knew, it might be the *London* way to express in that manner, I was determin'd not to be behind-hand with her, and returned her the kiss and embrace, with all the fervour that perfect innocence knew.

Encouraged by this, her hands became extremely free, and wander'd over my whole body, with touches, squeezes, pressures, that rather warm'd and surpriz'd me with their novelty, than they either shock'd or alarm'd me.

The flattering praises she intermingled with these invasions, contributed also not a little to bribe my passiveness, and knowing no ill, I fear'd none; especially from one who had prevented all doubt of her womanhood, by conducting my hands to a pair of breasts that hung loosely down, in a size and

volume that full sufficiently distinguished her sex, to me at least, who had never made any other comparison.

I lay then all tame and passive as she could wish, whilst her freedom, raised no other emotion but those of a strange, and till then unfelt pleasure: every part of me was open, and exposed to the licentious courses of her hands, which like a lambent fire ran over my whole body, and thaw'd all coldness as they went.

My breasts, if it is not too bold a figure to call so, two hard, firm, rising hillocks, that just began to shew themselves, or signify any thing to the touch, employ'd and amused her hands a while, till slipping down lower, over a smooth track, she could just feel the soft silky down that had but a few months before put forth, and garnish'd the mount-pleasant* of those parts, and promised to spread a grateful shelter over the sweet seat of the most exquisite sensation, and which had been, till that instant, the seat of the most insensible innocence. Her fingers play'd, and strove to twine in the young tendrils of that moss which nature has contrived at once for use and ornament.

But not contented with these outer-posts, she now attempts the main-spot, and began to twitch, to insinuate, and at length to force an introduction of a finger into the quick itself, in such a manner, that had she not proceeded by insensible gradations, that enflamed me beyond the power of modesty to oppose its resistance to their progress, I should have jump'd out of bed, and cried out for help against such strange assaults.

Instead of which, her lascivious touches had lighted up a new fire that wanton'd through all my veins, but fix'd with violence in that center appointed them by nature, where the first strange hands were now busied in feeling, squeezing, compressing the lips, then opening them again, with a finger between, till an Oh! express'd her hurting me, where the narrowness of the unbroken passage refused it entrance to any depth.

In the mean time the extension of my limbs, languid stretchings, sighs, short heavings, all conspired to assure that experienced wanton, that I was more pleased then offended at her proceedings, which she seasoned with repeated kisses and exclamations, such as "Oh! what a charming creature thou art!—what a happy man will he be that first makes a woman of you!—Oh! that I were a man for your sake—!" with the like broken expressions, interrupted by kisses as fierce and salacious as ever I received from the other sex.

For my part, I was transported, confused, and out of myself:

Feelings so new were too much for me; my heated and alarm'd senses were in a tumult that robb'd me of all liberty of thought; tears of pleasure gush'd from my eyes, and somewhat assuaged the fire that rag'd all over me.

Phœbe herself, the hackney'd, thorough-bred *Phœbe*, to whom all modes and devices of pleasure were known and familiar, found, it seems, in this exercise of her art to break young girls, the gratification of one of those arbitrary tastes, for which there is no accounting: not that she hated men, or did not even prefer them to her own sex; but when she met with such occasions as this was, a satiety of enjoyments in the common road, perhaps too a secret byass, inclined her to make the most of pleasure, where-ever she could find it, without distinction of sexes. In this view, now well assured that she had, by her touches, sufficiently inflamed me for her purpose, she roll'd down the bed-cloaths gently, and I saw myself stretch'd naked, my shift being turned up to my neck, whilst I had no power or sense to oppose it; even my glowing blushes expressed more desire than modesty, whilst the candle left, to be sure not undesignedly, burning, threw a full light on my whole body.

"No! (says *Phœbe*) you must not, my sweet girl, think to hide all these treasures from me, my sight must be feasted as well as my touch—I must devour with my eyes this springing *bosom*,—suffer me to kiss it—I have not seen it enough—let me kiss it once more—what firm, smooth, white flesh is here—how delicately shaped!—then this delicious down! Oh! let me view the small, dear, tender cleft!—this is too much, I cannot bear it, I must, I must—". Here she took my hand, and, in a transport, carried it where you will easily guess; but what a difference in the state of the same thing!—a spreading thicker of bushy curls mark'd the full-grown complete woman: then the cavity, to which she guided my hand, easily received it, and as soon as she felt it within her, she moved herself to and fro, with so rapid a friction, that I presently withdrew it, wet and clammy, when instantly *Phœbe* grew more composed, after two or three sighs, and heart-fetch'd Oh's! and giving me a kiss, that seemed to exhale her soul through her lips, she replaced the bed-cloaths over us.

What pleasure she had found I will not say; but this I know, that the first sparks of kindling nature, the first ideas of pollution, were caught by me that night, and that the acquaintance and communication with the bad of our own sex, is often

as fatal to innocence, as all the seductions of the other: But to go on:—when *Phœbe* was restor'd to that calm, which I was far from the enjoyment of myself, she artfully sounded me on all the points necessary to govern the designs of my virtuous mistress on me, and by my answers, drawn from pure undissembled nature, she had no reason but to promise herself all imaginable success, so far as it depended on my ignorance, easiness, and warmth of constitution.

After a sufficient length of dialogue, my bed-fellow left me to my rest, and I fell asleep, through pure weariness, from the violent emotions I had been led into, when nature (which had been too warmly stir'd, and fermented to subside without allaying by some means or other) relieved me by one of those luscious dreams, the transports of which are scarce inferior to those of waking, real action.

In the morning I awoke, about ten, perfectly gay and refreshed; *Phœbe* was up before me, and asked me in the kindest manner how I did, how I had rested, and if I was ready for breakfast? carefully at the same time avoiding to encrease the confusion she saw I was in, at looking her in the face, by any hint of the night's bed-scene.—I told her, if she pleased, I would get up, and begin any work she would be pleased to set me about. She smil'd; presently the maid brought in the tea-equipage, and I just huddled my cloaths on, when in waddled my mistress. I expected no less than to be told of, if not chid for, my late rising, when I was agreeably disappointed by her compliments on my pure and fresh looks: "I was a bud of beauty; (this was her stile) and how vastly all the fine men would admire me!" to all which my answers did not, I can assure you, wrong my breeding: they were as simple, and silly as they could wish, and, no doubt, flattered them infinitely more than had they proved me enlightened by education and knowledge of the world.

We breakfasted; and the tea-things were scarce removed, when in were brought two bundles of linnen and wearing apparel; in short, all the necessaries for *rigging me out*,* as they termed it, compleatly.

Imagine to yourself, madam, how my little coquet-heart flutter'd with joy at the sight of a white lute-string,* flower'd with silver, scoured indeed, but past on me for spick-and-span new, a *Brussel*-lace cap, braided shoes,* and the rest in proportion, all second-hand finery, and procured instantly for the

occasion, by the diligence and industry of the good Mrs. *Brown*, who had already a chapman* for me in the house, before whom my charms were to pass in review; for he had not only in course insisted on a previous sight of the premises, but also on immediate surrender to him, in case of his agreeing for me; concluding very wisely, that such a place as I was in, was of the hottest, to trust the keeping of such a perishable commodity in, as a maidenhead.

The care of dressing, and tricking me out* for the market, was then left to *Phœbe*, who acquitted herself, if not well, at least perfectly to the satisfaction of every thing but my impatience of seeing myself dress'd. When it was over, and I view'd myself in the glass, I was, no doubt, too natural, too artless, to hide my childish joy at the change; a change in real truth for much the worse, since I must have much better become the neat easy simplicity of my rustic dress, than the awkward, untoward, taudry finery, that I could not conceal my strangeness to.

Phœbe's compliments, however, in which her own share in dressing me was not forgot, did not a little confirm me in now the first notions I had ever entertained concerning my person, which, be it said without vanity, was then tolerable enough to justify a taste for me, and of which it may not be out of place here to sketch you an unflatter'd picture.

I was tall, yet not too tall of my age, which, as I before remark'd, was barely turned of fifteen, my shape perfectly straight, thin waisted, and light and free, without owing any thing to stays.* My hair was a glossy auburn, and as soft as silk, flowing down my neck, in natural buckles, and did not a little set off the whiteness of a smooth skin. My face was rather too ruddy, though its features were delicate, and the shape was a roundish oval, except where a pit in my chin had far from a disagreeable effect: my eyes were as black as can be imagin'd, and rather languishing than sparkling, except on certain occasions, when I have been told they struck fire fast enough: my teeth, which I ever carefully preserv'd, were small, even, and white; my bosom was finely rais'd, and one might then discern rather the promise, than the actual growth, of the round, firm breasts, that in a little time made that promise good: in short, all the points of beauty that are most universally in request, I had, or at least my vanity forbid me to appeal from the decision of our sovereign judges the men, who all, that I ever knew at least, gave it thus highly in my favour; and I met with, even in my

own sex, some that were above denying me that justice, whilst others praised me yet more unsuspectedly, by endeavouring to detract from me, in points of person and figure that I obviously excelled in.—This is I own, too much, too strong of self-praise; but should I not be ungrateful to nature, and to a form to which I owe such singular blessings of pleasure and fortune, were I to suppress, through an affectation of modesty, the mention of such valuable gifts?

Well then, dress'd I was, and little did it then enter into my head that all this gay attire was no more than decking the victim out for sacrifice, whilst I innocently attributed all to sheer friendship and kindness in the sweet good Mrs. *Brown*, who, I was forgetting to mention, had, under pretence of keeping my money safe, got from me, without the least hesitation, the Driblet,* (so I now call it) which remained to me after the expences of my journey.

After some little time, most agreeably spent before the glass, in scarce self-admiration, since my new dress had by much the greatest share in it, I was sent for down to the parlour, where the old lady saluted* me, and wished me joy of my new cloaths, which, she was not asham'd to say, fitted me as if I had worn nothing but the finest all my life time; but what was it she could not see me silly enough to swallow? at the same time she presented me to another cousin of her own creation, an elderly gentleman, who got up at my entry into the room, and on my dropping a curtsy to him, saluted me, and seemed a little affronted that I had only presented my cheek to him; a mistake, which, if one, he immediately corrected, by glewing his lips to mine with an ardour which his figure had not at all disposed me to thank him for: his figure, I say, than which nothing could be more shocking or detestable; for ugly, and disagreeable, were terms too gentle to convey a just idea of it.

Imagine to yourself, a man rather past threescore, short and ill made, with a yellow cadaverous hue, great goggling eyes, that stared as if he was strangled; an out-mouth from two more properly rushes* than teeth, livid lips, and a breath like a jakes;* then he had a peculiar ghastliness in his grin, that made him perfectly frightful, if not dangerous to women with child; yet, made as he was thus in mock of man, he was so blind to his own staring deformities, as to think himself born for pleasing, and that no woman could see him with impunity: in consequence of which idea, he had lavished great sums on such wretches as

could gain upon themselves to pretend love to his person, whilst to those who had not art or patience to dissemble the horror it inspired, he behaved even brutally. Impotence, more than necessity, made him seek in variety, the provocative that was wanting to raise him to the pitch of enjoyment, which too he often saw himself baulked of by the failure of his powers: and this always threw him into a fit of rage, which he wreak'd, as far as he durst, on the innocent objects of his fit of momentary desire.

This then was the monster to which my conscientious benefactress, who had long been his purveyor in this way, had doomed me, and sent for me down purposely for this examination: accordingly, she made me stand up before him, turned me round, unpin'd my handkerchief, remark'd to him the rise and fall, the turn, and whiteness of a bosom just beginning to fill; then made me walk, and took even a handle from the rusticity of my gait, to inflame the inventory of my charms: in short, she omitted no point of jockey-ship,* to which he only answer'd by gracious nods of approbation, whilst he look'd goats and monkeys* at me: for I sometimes stole a corner-glance at him, and, encountering his fiery eager stare, looked another way from pure horror and affright, which he, doubtless in character, attributed to nothing more than maiden modesty, or at least the affectation of it.

However, I was soon dismiss'd, and reconducted to my room, by *Phœbe*, who stuck close to me, by way of not leaving me alone, and at leisure, to make such reflections as might naturally rise to any one, not an idiot, on such a scene as I had just gone through; but to my shame be it confess'd, that such was my invincible stupidity, or rather portentous innocence, that I did not yet open my eyes on Mrs. *Brown*'s designs, and saw nothing in this titular cousin of her's, but a shocking hideous person, which did not at all concern me, unless that my gratitude for my benefactress made me extend my respect to all her cousinhood.

Phœbe, however, began to sift the state and pulses of my heart towards this monster, asking me how I should approve of such a fine gentleman for a husband? (fine gentleman, I suppose she called him, from his being daubed with lace). I answered her very naturally, that I had no thoughts of a husband; but that if I was to choose one, it should be among my own degree *sure!* so much had my aversion to that wretch's hideous figure indis-

posed me to all *fine gentlemen*, and confounded my ideas, as if those of that rank had been necessarily cast in the same mould that he was; but *Phœbe* was not to be beat off so, but went on with her endeavours to melt and soften me for the purposes of my reception into that hospitable house: and whilst she talked of the sex in general, she had no reason to despair of a compliance, which more than one reason shewed her would be easily enough obtained of me; but then she had too much experience not to discover that my particular fix'd aversion to that frightful cousin, would be a block not so readily to be removed, as suited with the consummation of their bargain and sale of me.

Mother *Brown* had in the mean time agreed the terms with this liquorish old goat, which I afterwards understood were to be fifty guineas peremptory* for the liberty of attempting me, and a hundred more at the compleat gratification of his desires, in the triumph over my virginity: and as for me, I was to be left entirely at the discretion of his liking and generosity. This unrighteous contract being thus settled, he was so eager to be put in possession, that he insisted on being introduc'd to drink tea with me that afternoon, when we were to be left alone; nor would he hearken to the procuress's remonstrances, that I was not sufficiently prepared, and ripened for such an attack; that I was yet too green and untam'd, having been scarce twenty-four hours in her house: it is the character of lust to be impatient, and his vanity arming him against any supposition of other than the common resistance of a maid on those occasions, made him reject all proposals of delay, and my dreadful trial was thus fix'd, unknown to me that very evening.

At dinner, Mrs. *Brown* and *Phœbe* did nothing but run riot in praises of this wonderful cousin, and how happy that woman would be that he would favour with his addresses: in short, my two gossips exhausted all their rhetoric to persuade me to accept them; "that the gentleman was violently smitten with me at first sight . . . that he would make my fortune if I would be a good girl, and not stand in my own light . . . that I should trust his honour . . . that I should be made for ever, and have a chariot to go abroad in; . . . with all such stuff as was fit to turn the head of such a silly ignorant girl as I then was: but luckily here my aversion had taken already such deep root in me, my heart was so strongly defended from him by my senses, that, wanting the art to mask my sentiments, I gave them no hopes of their

employer's succeeding, at least very easily, with me. The glass too march'd pretty quick, with a view, I suppose, to make a friend of the warmth of my constitution, in the minutes of the imminent attack.

Thus they kept me pretty long at table, and about six in the evening, after I was retired to my own apartment, and the tea-board was set, enters my venerable mistress, follow'd close by that satyr, who came in grinning in a way peculiar to him, and by his odious presence confirm'd me in all the sentiments of detestation which his first appearance had given birth to.

He sat down fronting me, and all tea-time kept ogling me in a manner that gave me the utmost pain and confusion, all the marks of which he still explained to be my bashfulness, and not being used to see company.

Tea over, the commode* old lady pleaded urgent business, (which indeed was true) to go out, and earnestly desired me to entertain her cousin *kindly* till she came back, both for my own sake and her's; and then, with a "pray sir, be very good, be very tender of the sweet child," she went out of the room, leaving me staring, with my mouth open, and unprepared, by the suddenness of her departure, to oppose it.

We were now alone; and on that idea a sudden fit of trembling seized me;—I was so afraid, without a precise notion of why, and what I had to fear, that I sat on the settee, by the fire-side, motionless, and petrified, without life or spirit, not knowing how to look, or how to stir.

But long I was not suffered to remain in this state of stupefaction: the monster squatted down by me on the settee, and without farther ceremony, or preamble, flings his arms about my neck, and drawing me pretty forcibly towards him, oblig'd me to receive, in spite of my struggles to disengage from him, his pestilential kisses, which quite overcame me: finding me then next to senseless and unresisting, he tears off my neck-handkerchief, and laid all open there to his eyes, and hands; still I endur'd all without flinching, till embolden'd by my sufferance, and silence, (for I had not the power to speak, or cry out) he attempted to lay me down on the settee, and I felt his hand on the lower part of my naked thighs, which were cross'd, and which he endeavour'd to unlock. Oh then! I was rouz'd out of my passive endurance, and springing from him with an activity he was not prepar'd for, threw myself at his feet, and begg'd him, in the most moving tone, not to be rude, and that he

would not hurt me: . . . "Hurt you, my dear! says the brute, I intend you no harm . . . Has not the old lady told you that I loved you? . . . that I shall do handsomely by you?" . . . she has indeed, sir, said I; but I cannot love you, indeed I cannot!—pray, let me alone . . . yes! I will love you dearly, if you will let me alone, and go away:—but I was talking to the wind; for whether my tears, my attitude, or the disorder of my dress prov'd fresh incentives, or whether he was now under the dominion of desires he could not bridle, but snorting and foaming with lust and rage, he renews his attack, seizes me, and again attempts to extend and fix me on the settee; in which he succeeded so far as to lay me along; and even to toss my petticoats* over my head, and lay my thighs bare, which I obstinately kept close, nor could he, though he attempted with his knee to force them open, effect it so as to stand fair for being master of the main avenue: he was unbuttoned, both waistcoat and breeches, yet I only felt the weight of his body upon me, whilst I lay struggling with indignation, and dying with terrors; but he stopt all of a sudden, and got off, panting, blowing, cursing, and rehearsing upon me *old* and *ugly!* for so I had very naturally called him, in the heat of my defence.

The brute had, it seems, as I afterwards understood, brought on, by his eagerness, and struggle, the ultimate period of his fit of lust, which his power was too short-liv'd to carry him through the full execution of; of which my thighs and linnen received the effusion.

When it was over, he bid me, with a tone of displeasure, get up . . . "that he would not do me the honour to think of me any more, . . . that the old b—h* might look out for another cully,* . . . that he would not be fool'd so by e'er a country modesty in *England* . . . that he supposed I had left my maidenhead with some hobnail* in the country, and was come to dispose of my skim-milk in town," with a volley of the like abuse; which I listened to with more pleasure than ever fond woman did to protestations of love, from her darling minion: for, uncapable as I was of receiving any addition to my perfect hatred and aversion to him, I look'd on his railing, as my security against his renewing his most odious caresses.

Yet, plain as Mrs. *Brown's* views were now come out, I had not the heart, or spirit to open my eyes on them: still I could not part with my dependence on that beldam; so much did I think myself her's, soul and body: or rather, I sought to deceive

myself with the continuation of my good opinion of her, and chose to wait the worst at her hands, sooner than being turn'd out to starve in the streets, without a penny of money, or a friend to apply to: these fears were my folly.

Whilst this confusion of ideas was passing in my head, and I sat pensive by the fire, with my eyes brimming with tears, my neck still bare, and my cap fall'n of in the struggle, so that my hair was in the disorder you may guess, the villain's lust began, I suppose, to be again in flow, at the sight of all that bloom of youth which presented itself to his view, a bloom yet unenjoy'd, and in course not yet indifferent to him.

After some pause, he ask'd me, with a tone of voice mightily soften'd, whether I would make it up with him before the old lady returned, and all should be well; he would restore me his affections: at the same time offering to kiss me, and feel my breasts. But now my extreme aversion, my fears, my indignation, all acting upon me, gave me a spirit not natural to me, so that breaking loose from him, I ran to the bell, and rang it, before he was aware, with such violence and effect, as brought up the maid to know what was the matter, or whether the gentleman wanted any thing? and, before he could proceed to greater extremities, she bounc'd into the room, and seeing me stretch'd on the floor, my hair all dishevell'd, my nose gushing out blood, (which did not a little tragedize the scene) and my odious persecutor still intent on pushing his brutal point, unmov'd by all my cries and distress, she was herself confounded, and did not know what to do.

As much however as *Martha* might be prepared, and harden'd to transactions of this sort, all womanhood must have been out of her heart, could she have seen this unmov'd. Besides that, on the face of things, she imagin'd that matters had gone greater lengths than they really had, and that the courtesy of the house had been actually consummated on me, and flung me into the condition I was in: in this notion she instantly took my part, and advis'd the gentleman to go down, and leave me to recover myself, and that all would be soon over with me.—That when *Mrs. Brown*, and *Phœbe*, who were gone out, were return'd, they would take order for every thing to his satisfaction, . . . that nothing would be lost by a little patience with the poor tender thing, . . . that for her part, she was frighten'd, . . . she could not tell what to say to such doings, . . . but that she would stay by me till my mistress came home. As the wench said all this in a

resolute tone, and the monster himself began to perceive that things would not mend by his staying, he took his hat and went out of the room murmuring, and pleading his brows like an old ape, so that I was deliver'd from the horrors of his detestable présence.

As soon as he was gone, *Martha* very tenderly offer'd me her assistance in any thing, and would have got me some hartshorn* drops, and put me to bed; which last I, at first, positively refus'd, in the fear that the monster might return, and take me at that advantage: however, with much persuasion, and assurances that I should not be molested that night, she prevail'd on me to lie down; and indeed I was so weakened by my struggles, so dejected by my fearful apprehensions, so terrour-struck, that I had no power to sit up, or hardly to give answers to the questions with which the curious *Martha* ply'd and perplex'd me.

Such too, and so cruel was my fate, that I dreaded the sight of *Mrs. Brown*, as if I had been the criminal, and she the person injur'd: a mistake which you will not think so strange, on distinguishing that neither virtue, or principles, had the least share in the defence I had made; but only the particular aversion I had conceiv'd against this first brutal and frightful invader of my tender innocence.

I pass'd then the time till *Mrs. Brown*'s return home, under all the agitations of fear and despair that may easily be guessed.

About eleven at night my two ladies came home, and having receiv'd rather a favourable account from *Martha*, who had run down to let them in: (for *Mr. Crofts*, that was the name of my brute, was gone out of the house, after waiting till he had tired his patience for *Mrs. Brown*'s return) they came thundering up stairs, and seeing me pale, my face bloody, and all the marks of the most thorough dejection, they employ'd themselves more to comfort and re-inspirit me, than in making me the reproaches I was weak enough to fear: I who had so many juster and stronger to retort upon them.

Mrs. Brown withdrawn, *Phœbe* came presently to bed to me, and what with the answers she drew from me, what with her own method of *papably* satisfying herself, she soon discover'd that I had been more frighted than hurt; upon which, I suppose being herself seiz'd with sleep, and reserving her lectures and instructions till the next morning, she left me, properly speaking, to my unrest: for after tossing, and turning, the greatest

part of the night, and tormenting myself with the falsest notions and apprehensions of things, I fell, through meer fatigue, into a kind of delirious doze, out of which I wak'd late in the morning, in a violent fever; a circumstance which was extremely critical to reprove me, at least for a time, from the attacks of a wretch, infinitely more terrible to me than death itself.

The interested care that was taken of me during my illness, in order to restore me to a condition of making good the bawd's engagements, or of enduring further trials, had however such an effect on my grateful disposition, that I even thought myself oblig'd to my undoers for their attentions to promote my recovery, and, above all, for the keeping out of my sight that brutal ravisher, the author of my disorder, on their finding I was too strongly mov'd at the bare mention of his name.

Youth is soon raised; and a few days were sufficient to conquer the fury of my fever: but what contributed most to my perfect recovery, and to my reconciliation with life, was the timely news, that Mr. Crofts, who was a merchant of considerable dealings, was arrested at the king's suit, for near forty thousand pounds, on account of his driving a certain contraband trade, and that his affairs were so desperate, that even were it in his inclination, it would not be in his power to renew his designs upon me: for he was instantly thrown into a prison, which it was not likely that he would get out of in haste.

Mrs. Brown, who had touch'd his fifty guineas, advanc'd to so little purpose, and lost all hopes of the remaining hundred, began to look upon my treatment of him with a more favourable eye; and as they had observ'd my temper to be perfectly tractable, and conformable to their views, all the girls that compos'd her flock, were suffer'd to visit me, and had their cue to dispose me, by their conversation, to a perfect resignation of myself to Mrs. Brown's direction.

Accordingly they were let in upon me, and all that frolic and thoughtless gaiety in which those giddy creatures consume their leisure, made me envy a condition of which I only saw the fair side: insomuch, that the being one of them became even my ambition: a disposition which they all carefully cultivated; and I wanted now nothing but to restore my health, that I might be able to undergo the ceremony of the initiation.

Conversation, example, all, in short, contributed, in that house, to corrupt my native purity, which had taken no root in education, whilst now the inflammable principle of pleasure, so

easily fired at my age, made strange work within me, and all the modesty I was brought up in the habit, (not the instruction) of, began to melt away, like dew before the sun's heat; not to mention that I made a vice of necessity, from the constant fears I had of being turn'd out to starve.

I was soon pretty well recover'd, and at certain hours allow'd to range all over the house, but cautiously kept from seeing any company, till the arrival of lord B—— from Bath, to whom Mrs. Brown, in respect of his experienced generosity on such occasions, proposed to offer the refusal of that trinket of mine, which bears so great an imaginary value; and his lordship being expected in town in less than a fortnight, Mrs. Brown judg'd I should be entirely renewed in beauty, and freshness, by that time, and afford her the chance of a better bargain than she had driven with Mr. Crofts.

In the mean time, I was so thoroughly, as they call it, brought over, so tame to their whistle, that, had my cage-door been set open, I had no idea that I ought to fly anywhere, sooner than stay where I was; nor had I the least sense of regretting my condition, but waited very quietly for whatever Mrs. Brown should order concerning me, who on her side, by herself, and her agents, took more than the necessary precautions to lull and lay asleep all just reflexions on my destination.

Preaments of morality over the left shoulder,* a life of joy painted in the gayest colours, caresses, promises, indulgent treatment, nothing in short was wanting to domesticate me entirely, and to prevent my going out any where to get better advice; alas! I dream'd of no such thing.

Hitherto I had been indebted only to the girls of the house for the corruption of my innocence: their luscious talk, in which modesty was far from respected, their descriptions of their engagements with men, had given me a tolerable insight into the nature and mysteries of their profession, at the same time that they highly provok'd an itch of florid warm-spirited blood through every vein; but above all, my bed-fellow Phœbe, whose pupil I more immediately was, exerted her talents in giving me the first tinctures of pleasure; whilst nature now warm'd, and wantoned with discoveries so interesting, piqu'd a curiosity which Phœbe artfully whetted, and leading me from question to question of her own suggestion, explain'd to me all the mysteries of Venus;* but I could not long remain in such an

house as that, without being an eye-witness of more than I could conceive from her descriptions.

One day about twelve at noon, being thoroughly recover'd of my fever, I happened to be in Mrs. Brown's dark closet,* where I had not been half an hour, resting on the maids settle-bed,* before I heard a rustling in the bed-chamber, separated from the closet only by two sash-doors,* before the glasses of which were drawn two yellow-damask curtains, but not so close as to exclude the full view of the room from any person in the closet.

I instantly crept softly, and posted myself so, that seeing every thing minutely, I could not myself be seen; and who should come in but the venerable mother Abbess herself! handed in by a tall, brawny, young horse-grenadier,* moulded in the *Hercules-stile*; *in fine*, the choice of the most experienced dame, in those AFFAIRS, in all *London*.

Oh! how still and hush did I keep at my stand, lest any noise should baulk my curiosity, or bring madam into the closet!

But I had not much reason to fear either, for she was so entirely taken up with her present great concern, that she had no sense of attention to spare to any thing else.

Droll was it to see that clumsy fat figure of her's flop down on the foot of the bed, opposite to the closet-door, so that I had a full front-view of all her charms.

Her paramour sat down by her: He seemed to be a man of very few words, and a great stomach; for proceeding instantly to essentials, he gave her some hearty smacks, and thrusting his hands into her breasts, disengag'd them from her stays, in scorn of whose confinement they broke loose, and swagg'd* down, navel low at least. A more enormous pair did my eyes never behold, nor of a worse colour, flagging-soft,* and most lovingly contiguous: yet such as they were, this neck-beef-eater seemed to paw them with a most unenviable gust, seeking in vain to confine or cover one of them with a hand scarce less than a shoulder of mutton: after toying with them thus some time, as if they had been worth it, he laid her down pretty briskly, and canting up her petty-coats, made barely a mask of them to her broad red face, that blush'd with nothing but brandy.

As he stood on one side for a minute or so, unbuttoning his waste-coat, and breeches, her fat brawny thighs hung down, and the whole greasy landskip* lay fairly open to my view: a wide open-mouth'd gap, overshadowed with a grizzly bush, seemed held out like a beggar's wallet for its provision.

But I soon had my eyes called off by a more striking object, that entirely engross'd them.

Her sturdy stallion had now unbutton'd, and produced naked, stiff, and erect, that wonderful machine,* which I had never seen before, and which, for the interest my own seat of pleasure began to take furiously in it, I star'd at with all the eyes I had: however my senses were too much flurried, too much concentr'd in that now burning spot of mine, to observe any thing more than in general the make and turn of that instrument, from which the instinct of nature, yet more than all I had heard of it, now strongly informed me, I was to expect that supreme pleasure which she has placed in the meeting of those parts so admirably fitted for each other.

Long, however, the young spark did not remain, before, giving it two or three shakes, by way of brandishing it, he threw himself upon her, and his back being now towards me, I could only take his being ingulph'd for granted, by the direction he mov'd in, and the impossibility of missing so staring a mark; and now the bed shook, the curtains rattled so, that I could scarce hear the sighs, and murmurs, the heaves, and pantings that accompanied the action, from the beginning to the end; the sound and sight of which thrill'd to the very soul of me, and made every vein of my body circulate liquid fires: the emotion grew so violent that it almost intercepted my respiration.

Prepared then, and disposed as I was by the discourse of my companions, and *Phœbe's* minute detail of every thing, no wonder that such a sight gave the last dying blow to my native innocence.

Whilst they were in the heat of the action, guided by nature only, I stole my hand up my petty-coat, and with fingers all on fire, seized, and yet more inflamed that center of all my senses; my heart palpitated, as if it would force its way through my bosom: I breath'd with pain: I twisted my thighs, squeezed, and compress'd the lips of that virgin-slit, and following mechanically the example of *Phœbe's* manual operation on it, as far as I could find admission, brought on at last the critical ecstasy, the melting flow, into which nature, spent with excess of pleasure, dissolves and dies away.

After which my senses recover'd coolness enough to observe the rest of the transaction between this happy pair.

The young fellow had just dismounted, when the old lady immediately sprung up, with all the vigour of youth, derived no

doubt from her late refreshment, and making him sit down, began in her turn to kiss him, to pat and pinch his cheeks, and play with his hair, all which he receiv'd with an air of indifference, and coolness, that showed him to me much altered from what he was when he first went on to the breach.*

My pious governess, however, not being above calling in auxiliaries, unlocks a little case of cordials that stood near the bed, and made him pledge her in a very plentiful dram: after which, and a little amorous parley, madam sat herself down upon the same place at the bed's foot; and the young fellow standing sideways by her, she, with the greatest effrontery imaginable, unbuttons his breeches, and removing his shirt, draws out his affair, so shrunk and diminish'd that I could not but remember the difference, now crest-fallen, or just faintly lifting its head: but our experienc'd matron very soon, by chafing it with her hands, brought it to swell to that size and erection I had before seen it up to.

I admired then, upon a fresh account, and with a nicer survey, the texture of that capital part of man: the flaming red head as it stood uncap'd, the whiteness of the shaft, and the shrub-growth of curling hair that embrown'd the roots of it, the roundish bag that dangled down from it, all exacted my eager attention, and renew'd my flame; but as the main-affair was now at the point the industrious dame had laboured to bring it to, she was not in the humour to put off the payment of her pains, but laying herself down, drew him gently upon her, and thus they finish'd, in the same manner as before, the old last act.

This over, they both went out lovingly together, the old lady having first made him a present, as near as I could observe, of three or four pieces;* he being not only her particular favourite on the account of his performances, but a retainer to the house, from whose sight she had taken great care hither to secret me, lest he might not have had patience to wait for my lord's arrival, but have insisted on being his taster, which the old lady was under too much subjection to him to dare dispute with him; and every girl of the house fell to him in course, and the old lady only now and then got her turn, in consideration of the maintenance he had, and which he could scarce be accused of not earning, from her.

As soon as I heard them go down stairs, I stole up softly to my own room, out of which I had been luckily not mist. There I began to breath a little freer, and to give a loose to those warm

emotions which the sight of such an encounter had rais'd in me. I laid me down on the bed, stretch'd myself out, joining,* and ardently wishing, and requiring any means to divert or allay the rekindl'd rage and tumult of my desires, which all pointed strongly to their pole, man. I felt about the bed, as if I sought for something that I grasp'd in my waking dream, and not finding it, could have cried for vexation, every part of me glowing with stimulating fires. At length, I resorted to the only present remedy, that of vain attempts at digitation, where the smallness of the theater, did not yet afford room enough for action, and where the pain my fingers gave me, in striving for admission, though they procur'd me a slight satisfaction for the present, started an apprehension, which I could not be easy till I had communicated to *Phœbe*, and received her explanations upon it.

The opportunity however did not offer till next morning, for *Phœbe* did not come to bed till long after I was gone to sleep: as soon then, as we were both awake, it was but in course to bring our ly-a-bed chat to land on the subject of my uneasiness: to which a recital of the love-scene, I had thus, by a chance been spectatress of, served for a preface.

Phœbe could not hear it to the end without more than one interruption by peals of laughter, and my ingenious way of relating matters did not a little heighten the joke to her.

But on her sounding me how the sight had affected me: without mincing or hiding the pleasurable emotions it had inspir'd me with, I told her at the same time that one remark had perplex'd me, and that very considerably: "Ay! says she, what was that?" why, replied I, having very curiously and attentively compared the size of that enormous machine, which did not appear, at least to my fearful imagination, less than my wrist, and at least three of my handfuls long, to that of the tender, small part of me which was framed to receive it, I could not conceive its being possible to afford it entrance there, without dying, perhaps in the greatest pain, since she well knew that even a finger thrust in there, hurt me beyond bearing: . . . as to my mistress's and your's . . . I can very plainly distinguish the different dimensions of them from mine, palpable to the touch, and visible to the eye, so that in short, great as the promised pleasure may be, I am afraid of the pain of the experiment.

Phœbe at this redoubl'd her laugh, and, whilst I expected a very serious solution of my doubts and apprehensions in this matter, only told me that she never heard of a mortal wound

being given in those parts, by that terrible weapon, and that some she knew younger, and as delicately made as myself, had outlived the operation, that she believed, at the worst, I would take a great deal of killing: . . . that true it was, there was a great diversity of sizes in those parts, owing to nature, child-bearing, frequent over-stretching with unmerciful machines; but that at a certain age, and habit of body, even the most experienc'd in those affairs could not well distinguish between the maid, and the woman, supposing too an absence of all artifice, and things in their natural situation: but that since chance had thrown in my way one sight of that sort, she would procure me another, that should feast my eyes more delicately, and go a great way in the cure of my fears from that imaginary disproportion.

On this she asked me if I knew *Polly Philips*. Undoubtedly, says I, the fair girl which was so tender of me when I was sick, and has been, as you told me, but two months in the house? the same says *Phœbe*. You must know then, she is kept by a young *Genoese* merchant, whom his uncle, who is immensely rich, and whose darling he is, sent over here with an *English* merchant his friend, on a pretext of settling some accounts, but in reality to humour his inclinations for travelling, and seeing the world. He met casually with this *Polly* once in company, and taking a liking to her, makes it worth her while to keep entirely to him: he comes to her here twice or thrice a week, and she receives him in the light closet up one pair of stairs, where he enjoys her in a taste I suppose peculiar to the heat, or perhaps the caprices of his own country. I say no more; but tomorrow being his day, you shall see what passes between them, from a place only known to your mistress, and myself.

You may be sure, in the ply I was now taking,* I had no objection to the proposal, and was rather auptoe for its accomplishment.

At five in the evening then, next day, *Phœbe*, punctual to her promise, came to me as I sat alone in my own room, and beckon'd me to follow her.

We went down the back-stairs very softly, and opening the door of a dark closet, where there was some old furniture kept, and some cases of liquors, she drew me in after her, and fastening the door upon us, we had no light but what came through a long crevice in the partition between ours, and the light closet,* where the scene of action lay: so that sitting on those low cases, we could, with the greatest ease, as well as

clearness, see all objects, (ourselves unseen) only by applying our eyes close to the crevice, where the moulding of a pannel had warp'd, or started a little on the other side.

The young gentleman was the first person I saw, with his back directly towards me, looking at a print. *Polly* was not yet come. In less than a minute tho', the door opened, and she came in, and at the noise the door made, he turned about, and came to meet her, with an air of the greatest tenderness and satisfaction.

After saluting her, he led her to a couch that fronted us, where they both sat down, and the young *Genoese* help'd her to a glass of wine, with some *Naples* biscuit on a salver.

Presently, when they had exchanged a few kisses, and questions in broken *English* on one side, he began to unbutton, and, in fine, stript into his shirt.

As if this had been the signal agreed on for pulling off all their cloaths, a scheme which the heat of the season perfectly favoured, *Polly* began to draw her pins, and as she had no stays to unlace, she was in a trice, with her gallant's officious* assistance, undress'd to all but her shift.

When he saw this, his breeches were immediately loosen'd, waist, and knee-bands, and slipt over his ancles, clean off: his shirt collar was unbuttoned too: then first giving *Polly* an encouraging kiss, he stole as it were the shift off the girl, who being I suppose broke and familiariz'd to this humour, blush'd indeed, but less than I did, at the apparition of her now standing stark-naked, just as she came out of the hands of pure nature, with her black hair loose, and a-float down her dazzling white neck and shoulders, whilst the deepen'd carnation of her cheeks went off gradually into the hue of glaz'd snow; for such were the blended tints, and polish of her skin.

This girl could not be above eighteen. Her face regular and sweet-featur'd, her shape exquisite, nor could I help envying her two ripe enchanting breasts, finely plump'd out in flesh, but withal so round, so firm, that they sustain'd themselves, in scorn of any stay: then their nipples pointing different ways mark'd their pleasing separation: beneath them lay the delicious tract of the belly, which terminated in a parting or rift scarce discernable, that modestly seem'd to retire downwards, and seek shelter between two plump fleshy thighs: the curling hair that overspread its delightful front, cloathed it with the richest sable fur in the universe: in short, she was evidently a subject for the painters to court her sitting to them for a

pattern of female beauty, in all the true pride and pomp of nakedness.

The young *Italian* (still in his shirt) stood gazing, and transported at the sight of beauties that might have fir'd a dying hermit; his eager eyes devour'd her, as she shifted attitudes at his discretion: neither were his hands excluded their share of the high feast; but wander'd, on the hunt of pleasure, over every part, and inch of her body so qualified to afford the most exquisite sense of it.

In the mean time, one could not help observing the swell of his shirt before, that bolster'd out, and pointed out the condition of things behind the curtain: but he soon remov'd it, by slipping his shirt over his head; and now, as to nakedness, they had nothing to reproach one another.

The young gentleman, by *Phœbe's* guess, was about two and twenty: tall and well limb'd. His body was finely form'd, and of a most vigorous make, square shoulder'd, and broad-chested. His face was not remarkable any way, but for a nose inclining to the *Roman*, eyes large, black, and sparkling, and a ruddiness in his cheeks that was the more a grace for his complexion being of the brownest, not of that dusky dun colour which excludes the idea of freshness, but of that clear, olive gloss, which glowing with life, dazzles perhaps less than farness, and yet pleases more, when it pleases at all. His hair being too short to tie,* fell no lower than his neck, in short easy curls: and he had a few sprigs about his paps, that garnish'd his chest in a stile of strength and manliness. Then his grand movement, which seem'd to rise out of a thicket of curling hair that spread from the root, all round his thighs and belly up to the navel, stood stiff, and upright, but of a size to frighten me, by sympathy, for the small tender part, which was the object of its fury, and which now lay expos'd to my fairest view: for he had immediately, on stripping off his shirt, gently push'd her down on the couch, which stood conveniently to break her willing fall. Her thighs were spread out to their utmost extension, and discovered between them the mark of the sex, the red-center'd cleft of flesh, whose lips vermilioning inwards, express a small rubid* line in sweet miniature, such as not *Guido's* touch or colouring* could ever attain to the life, or delicacy of.

Phœbe, at this, gave me a gentle jog, to prepare me for a whisper'd question, "whether I thought my little maiden-toy was much less?" but my attention was too much engross'd, too much enwrap'd with all I saw, to be able to give her any answer.

By this time, the young gentleman had changed her posture from lying breadth to length-wise on the couch: but her thighs were still spread, and the mark lay fair for him, who now kneeling between them, display'd to us a side-view of that fierce erect machine of his, which threaten'd no less than splitting the tender victim, who lay smiling at the uplifted stroke, nor seem'd to decline it. He look'd upon his weapon himself with some pleasure, and guiding it with his hand to the inviting slit, drew aside the lips, and lodg'd it (after some thrusts, which *Polly* seem'd even to assist) about half way: but there it stuck, I suppose, from its growing thickness: he draws it again, and just wetting it with spittle, re-enters, and with ease sheath'd it now up to the hilt, at which *Polly* gave a deep sigh, which was quite in another tone than one of pain; he thrusts, she heaves, at first gently, and in a regular cadence, but presently the transport began to be too violent to observe any order or measure, their motions were too rapid, their kisses too fierce, and fervent, for nature to support such fury long: both seem'd to me out of themselves, their eyes darted fires; "Oh! Oh!—I can't bear it—It is too much.—I die.—I am a going.—" were *Polly's* expressions of ecstasy: his joys were more silent; but soon broken murmurs, sighs heart-fetch'd, and at length a dispatching thrust, as if he would have forced himself up her body, and then the motionless languor of all his limbs, all showed that the die-away moment was come upon him, which she gave signs of joining with, by the wild throwing of her hands about, closing her eyes, and giving a deep sob, in which she seem'd to expire in an agony of bliss.

When he had finish'd his stroke, and got from off her, she lay still without the least motion, breathless, as it should seem, with pleasure. He replaced her again breadthwise on the couch, unable to sit up, with her thighs open, between which I could observe a kind of white liquid, like froth, hanging about the outward lips of that recent opened wound, which now glowed with a deeper red. Presently she gets up, and throwing her arms round him, seem'd far from undelighted with the trial he had put her to, to judge at least by the fondness with which she ey'd, and hung upon him.

For my part, I will not pretend to describe what I felt all over me, during this scene; but from that instant, adieu all fears of what man could do unto me; they were now changed into such ardent desires, such ungovernable longings, that I could have

pull'd the first of that sex that should present himself, by the sleeve, and offered him the bauble, which I now imagin'd the loss of would be a gain I could not too soon procure myself.

Phœbe, who had more experience, and to whom such sights were not so new, could not however be unmov'd at so warm a scene; and drawing me away softly from the peep-hole, for fear of being over-heard, guided me as near the door as possible; all passive, and obedient to her least signals.

Here was no room either to sit, or lie, but making me stand with my back towards the door, she lifted up my petticoats, and with her busy fingers fell to visit, and explore that part of me, where now the heat, and irritations were so violent, that I was perfectly sick and ready to die with desire: that the bare touch of her finger in that critical place, had the effect of fire to a train,* and her hand instantly made her sensible to what a pitch I was wound up, and melted by the sight she had thus procured me: satisfied then with her success, in allaying a heat that would have made me impatient of seeing the continuation of actions between our amorous couple, she brought me again to the crevice, so favourable to our curiosity.

We had certainly been but a few instants away from it, and yet on our return we saw every thing in good forwardness for recommencing the tender hostilities.

The young foreigner was sitting down, fronting us, on the couch; with *Polly* upon one knee, who had her arms round his neck, whilst the extreme whiteness of her skin was not undelightfully contrasted by the smooth glossy brown of her lover's.

But who could count the fierce, unnumber'd kisses given and taken? in which I could often discover their exchanging the velvet thrust, when both their mouths were double-tongu'd, and seem'd to favour the mutual insertion with the greatest gust and delight.

In the mean time, his red-headed champion that had so lately fled the pit,* quell'd, and abash'd, was now recover'd to the top of its condition, perk'd and crested up between *Polly*'s thighs, who was not wanting on her part to coax and keep it in good humour, stroking it with her head down, and receiv'd even its velvet tip between the lips of not its proper mouth, whether she did this out of any particular pleasure, or whether it was to render it more glib,* and easy of entrance, I could not tell; but it had such an effect, that the young gentleman seem'd by his eyes, that sparkled with more excited lustre, and his inflamed coun-

tenance, to receive encrease of pleasure. He got up, and taking *Polly* in his arms embraced her, and said something too softly for me to hear, leading her withal to the foot of the couch, and taking delight to slap her thighs, and posteriors with that stiff sinew of his, which hit them, with a spring, that he gave it with his hand, and made them resound again, but hurt her about as much as he meant to hurt her, for she seem'd to have as frolick a taste as himself.

But, guess my surprise, when I saw the lazy young rogue lie down on his back, and gently pull down *Polly* upon him, who giving way to his humour, straddled, and with her hands conducted her blind favourite to the right place, and following her impulse, ran directly upon the flaming point of this weapon of pleasure, which she stak'd herself upon, up-pierc'd, and infix'd to the extremest hair-breadth of it: thus she sat on him, a few instants, enjoying, and relishing her situation, whilst he toyed with her provoking breasts.—Sometimes she would stoop to meet his kiss: but presently the sting of pleasure spur'd them up to fiercer action: then began the storm of heaves, which, from the undermost combatant, were thrusts at the same time: he crossing his hands over her, and drawing her home to him with a sweet violence: the inverted strokes of anvil over hammer soon brought on the critical period, in which all the signs of a close conspiring ecstasy, informed us of the *point* they were at.

For me, I could bear to see no more: I was so overcome, so inflamed at this second part of the same play, that, mad with intolerable desire, I hugg'd, I clasp'd *Phœbe*, as if she had had wherewithal to relieve me: pleased however with, and pitying the taking,* she could feel me in, she drew me towards the door and opening it as softly as she could, we both got off undiscover'd, and she reconducted me to my own room, where unable to keep my legs, in the agitation, I was in, I instantly threw myself down on the bed, where I lay transported, tho' asham'd at what I felt.

Phœbe lay down by me, and asked me archly, if now that I had seen the enemy, and fully considered him, I was still afraid of him? or did I think I could venture to come to a close engagement with him? to all which not a word on my side: I sigh'd, and could scarce breath: She takes hold of my hand, and having roll'd up her own petticoats, forced it half-strivingly towards those parts, where now grown more knowing, I mist

the main object of my wishes; and finding not even the shadow of what I wanted, where every thing was so flat! or so hollow! In the vexation I was in at it, I should have withdrawn my hand, but for fear of disobliging her. Abandoning it then entirely to her management, she made use of it as she thought proper, to procure herself rather the shadow than the substance of any pleasure. For my part, I now pin'd for more solid food, and promis'd tacitly to myself that I would not be put off much longer with this foolery from woman to woman, if Mrs. *Brown* did not soon provide me with the essential specific: in short I had all the air of not being able to wait the arrival of my lord *B——*, tho' he was now expected in a very few days: nor did I wait for him, for love itself took charge of the disposal of me, in spite of interest, or gross lust.

It was now two days after the closet-scene, that I got up about six in the morning, and leaving my bed-fellow fast a-sleep, stole down, with no other thought than of taking a little fresh air in a small garden, which our back-parlour open'd into, and from which my confinement debarr'd me at the times company came to the house: but now sleep and silence reign'd all over it.

I open'd the parlour-door, and well surpriz'd was I, at seeing, by the side of a fire half out, a young gentleman in the old lady's elbow chair,* with his legs laid upon another, fast a-sleep, and left there, by his thoughtless companions, who had drank him down, and then went off with every one his mistress, whilst he stay'd behind by the curtesy of the old matron, who would not disturb, or turn him out in that condition at one in the morning, and beds, it is more than probable, there were none to spare: On the table still remain'd the punch-bowl and glasses, strow'd about in their usual disorder after a drunken revel.

But when I drew nearer to view the sleeping estray:* Heavens! what a sight! no! no term of years, no turns of fortune could ever erase the lightning-like impression his form made on me . . . Yes! dearest object of my earlier passion, I command for ever the remembrance of thy first appearance to my ravish'd eyes,—it calls thee up, present; and I see thee now!

Figure to yourself, *Madam*, a fair stripling, between eighteen and nineteen, with his head reclin'd on one of the sides of the chair, his hair in disorder'd curls, irregularly shading a face, on which all the roseate bloom of youth, and all the manly graces conspired to fix my eyes and heart. Even the languor, and paleness of his face, in which the momentary triumph of the lilly

over the rose, was owing to the excesses of the night, gave an inexpressible sweetness to the finest features imaginable: his eyes closed in sleep, displayed the meeting edges of their lids beautifully bordered with long eye-lashes, over which no pencil could have describ'd two more regular arches than those that grac'd his fore-head, which was high, perfectly white and smooth; then a pair of vermilion lips, pouting, and swelling to the touch, as if a bee had freshly stung them, seem'd to challenge me to get the gloves* of this lovely sleeper, had not the modesty, and respect, which in both sexes are inseparable from a true passion, check'd my impulses.

But on seeing his shirt collar unbutton'd, and a bosom whiter than a drift of snow, the pleasure of considering it could not bribe me to lengthen it at the hazard of a health that began to be my life's concern: Love that made me timid, taught me to be tender too: with a trembling hand I took hold of one of his, and waking him as gently as possible, he started, and looking at first a little wildly, said, with a voice that sent its harmonious sound to my heart: "Pray, child, what a clock is it?" I told him: and added, that he might catch cold, if he slept longer with his breast open in the cool of the morning air: On this he thanked me, with a sweetness perfectly agreeing with that of his features and eyes: the last now broad open, and eagerly surveying me, carried the sprightly fires they sparkled with directly to my heart.

It seems that having drank too freely before he came upon the rake* with some of his young companions, he had put himself out of a condition to go through all the weapons with them, and crown the night with getting a mistress, so that seeing me in a loose undress, he did not doubt but I was one of the misses of the house, sent in to repair his loss of time; but though he seiz'd that notion, and a very obvious one it was, without hesitation; yet, whether my figure made a more than ordinary impression on him, or whether it was his natural politeness, he address'd me in a manner far from rude, though stull on the foot of one of the house-pliers,* come to amuse him; and giving me the first kiss that I ever relish'd from man in my life, ask'd me if I could favour him with my company, assuring me that he would make it worth my while: but had not even new-born love, that true refiner of lust, oppos'd so sudden a surrender, the fear of being surpriz'd by the house, was a sufficient bar to my compliance.

I told him then, in a tone set me by love itself, that for reasons

I had not time to explain to him, I could not stay with him, and might not even see him again, with a sigh at these last words which broke from the bottom of my heart. My conqueror, who, as he afterwards told me, had been struck with my appearance, and lik'd me as much as he could think of liking any one in my suppos'd way of life, ask'd me briskly at once, if I would be kept by him, and that he would take a lodging for me directly, and relieve me from any engagements he presum'd I might be under to the house. Rash, sudden, undigested, and even dangerous as this offer might be from a perfect stranger, and that stranger a giddy boy, the prodigious love I was struck with for him, had put a charm into his voice there was no resisting, and blinded me to every objection: I could, at that instant, have died for him; think, if I could resist an invitation to live with him! thus my heart beating strong to the proposal, dictated my answer, after scarce a minute's pause, that I would accept of his offer, and make my escape to him, in what way he pleased, and that I would be entirely at his disposal, let it be good or bad. I have often since wondered that so great an easiness did not disgust him, or make me too cheap in his eyes; but my fate had so appointed it, that, in his fears of the hazard of the town, he had been some time looking out for a girl to take into keeping, and my person happening to hit his fancy, it was by one of those miracles reserv'd to love, that we struck the bargain in the instant, which we sealed by an exchange of kisses, that the hopes of a more uninterrupted enjoyment engaged him to content himself with.

Never, however, did dear youth carry in his person more wherewith to justify the turning of a girl's head, and making her set all consequences at defiance, for the sake of following a gallant.

For besides all the perfections of manly beauty which were assembled in his form, he had an air of neatness and gentility, a certain smartness in the carriage and port of his head, that yet more distinguish'd him: his eyes were sprightly, and full of meaning; his looks had in them something at once sweet and commanding. His complexion out-bloom'd the lovely-colour'd rose, whilst its inimitable tender vivid glow, clearly sav'd it from the reproach of wanting life, of raw and dough-like, which is commonly made to those so extremely fair as he was.

Our little plan was, that I should get out about seven the next

morning, (which I could readily promise, as I knew where to get the key of the street-door) and he would wait at the end of the street with a coach, to convey me safe off; after which he would send and clear any debt incurr'd by my stay at Mrs. Brown's, who he only judg'd, in gross,* might not care to part with one, he thought, so fit to draw custom to the house.

I then just hinted to him not to mention in the house his having seen such a person as me, for reasons I would explain to him more at leisure: and then, for fear of miscarrying by being seen together, I tore myself from him with a bleeding heart, and stole up softly to my room, where I found *Phœbe* still fast asleep, and hurrying off my few cloaths, lay down by her, with a mixture of joy and anxiety, that may be easier conceived than express'd.

The risks of Mrs. Brown's discovering my purpose, of disappointments, misery, ruin, all vanish'd before this new-kindl'd flame. The seeing, the touching, the being, if but for a night, with this idol of my fond virgin-heart, appeared to me a happiness above the purchase of my liberty or life. He might use me ill! let him! he was the master! happy, too happy even to receive death at so dear a hand.

To this purpose were the reflexions of the whole day, of which every minute seem'd to me a little eternity. How often did I visit the clock? nay, was tempted to advance the tedious hand, as if that would have advanc'd the time with it! Had those of the house made the least observations on me, they must have remark'd something extraordinary from the discomposure I could not help betraying: especially when at dinner mention was made of the charmingest youth having been there, and stay'd breakfast! Oh, he was such a beauty! I should have died for him! they would pull caps* for him! and the like fooleries, which however, was throwing oil on a fire I was sorely put to it to smother the blaze of.

The fluctuations of my mind, the whole day, produc'd however one good effect; which was, that through mere fatigue I slept tolerably well till five in the morning, when I got up, and having dress'd myself, waited, under the double tortures of fear and impatience, for the appointed hour: It came at last, the dear, critical, dangerous hour came; and now supported only by the courage love lent me, I ventur'd a tip-toe down stairs, leaving my box behind, for fear of being surpriz'd with it in going out.

I got to the street-door, the key whereof was always laid on

the chair by our bed-side, in trust with *Phœbe*, who having not the least suspicion of my entertaining any design to go from them, (nor indeed had I but the day before) made no reserve, or concealment of it from me. I open'd the door then with great ease; love that embolden'd, protected me too: and now, got safe into the street, I saw my new guardian-angel waiting at a coach-door ready open: How I got to him I know not: I suppose I flew; but I was in the coach in a trice, and he by the side of me, with his arms clasp'd round me, and giving me the kiss of welcome.—The coachman had his orders, and drove to them.

My eyes were instantly fill'd with tears, but tears of the most delicious delight. To find myself in the arms of that beautiful youth, was a rapture that my little heart swam in. Past or future were equally out of the question with me. The present was as much as all my powers of life were sufficient to bear the transport of without fainting: Nor were the most tender embraces, the most soothing expressions wanting on his side, to assure me of his love, and of never giving me cause to repent the bold step I had taken, in throwing myself thus entirely upon his honour and generosity: but, alas! this was no merit in me, for I was drove to it by a passion too impetuous for me to resist, and I did what I did, because I could not help it.

In an instant, for time was now annihilated with me, we were landed at a publick house in *Chelsea*, hospitably commodious for the reception of duet-parties of pleasure, where a breakfast of chocolate was prepared for us.

An old jolly stager* who kept it, and understood life perfectly well, breakfasted with us, and leering archly at me, gave us both joy, and said, we were well paired, e'faith! that a great many gentlemen and ladies used his house, but he had never seen a handsomer couple;—He was sure I was a fresh piece—I look'd so country, so innocent! well, my spouse was a lucky man!—all which common landlord's cant, not only pleas'd and sooth'd me, but help'd to divert my confusion at being with my new sovereign, whom, now the minute approach'd, I began to fear to be alone with, a timidity which true love had a greater share in, than even maiden bashfulness.

I wish'd, I doated, I could have died for him, and yet I know not how, or why, I dreaded the point which had been the object of my fiercest wishes; my pulses beat fears, amidst a flush of the warmest desires: this struggle of the passions, however, this conflict betwixt modesty and love-sick longings, made me burst

again into tears, which he took as he had done before, only for the remains of concern and emotion at the suddenness of my change of condition, in committing myself to his care, and in consequence of that idea, did, and said, all that he thought would most comfort and re-inspire me.

After breakfast, *Charles*, the dear familiar name I must take the liberty henceforward to distinguish my *Adonis** by, with a smile full of meaning, took me gently by the hand, and said, "Come, my dear, and I will show you a room that commands a fine prospect over some gardens:" and without waiting for an answer, in which he relieved me extremely, he led me up into a chamber airy and lightsome, where all seeing of prospects was out of the question, except that of a bed, which had all the air of having recommended the room to him.

Charles had just slipp'd the bolt of the door, and running, caught me in his arms, and lifting me from the ground, with his lips glew'd to mine, bore me trembling, panting, dying with soft fears, and tender wishes, to the bed; where his impatience would not suffer him to undress me more than just unpinning my handkerchief, and gown, and unlacing my stays.

My bosom was now bare, and rising in the warmest throbs, presented to his sight and feeling the firm hard-swell of a pair of young breasts, such as may be imagin'd of a girl not sixteen, fresh out of the country, and never before handled; but even their pride, whiteness, fashion, pleasing resistance to the touch, could not bribe his restless hands from roving, but giving them the loose, my petty-coats and shift were soon taken up, and their stronger center of attraction laid open to their tender invasion: my fears however made me mechanically close my thighs; but the very touch of his hand insinuated between them, disclosed them, and open'd a way for the main-attack.

In the mean time I lay fairly exposed to the examination of his eyes, and hands, quiet and unresisting, which confirm'd him in the opinion he proceeded so cavalierly upon, that I was no novice in these matters, since he had taken me out of a common bawdy-house: nor had I said one thing to prepossess him of my virginity; and if I had, he would sooner have believ'd that I took him for a cully that would swallow such an improbability, than that I was still mistress of that darling treasure, that hidden mine, so eagerly sought after by the men, and which they never dig for but they destroy.

Being now too high wound up to bear a delay, he unbutton'd,

and drawing out the engine of love-assaults, drove it currently,* as at a ready-made breach: then! then! for the first time did I feel that stiff horn-hard gristle, battering against the tender part; but imagine to yourself his surprize, when he found, after several vigorous pushes, which hurt me extremely, that he made not the least impression.

I complain'd, but tenderly complain'd; "I could not bear it —" Indeed! he hurt me—still he thought no more than that being so young, the largeness of his machine (for few men could dispute size with him) made all the difficulty, and that possibly I had not been enjoy'd by any so advantageously made in that part as himself; for still, that my virgin-flower was yet uncrop'd never once enter'd into his head, and he would have thought it idling with time and words to have question'd me upon it.

He tries again; still no admittance; still no penetration; but he had hurt me yet more, whilst my extreme love made me bear extreme pain almost without a groan: at length, after repeated fruitless trials, he lay down panting by me, kiss'd my falling tears, and ask'd me tenderly, what was the meaning of so much complaining, and if I had not born it better from others than I did from him? I answer'd with a simplicity fram'd to perswade, that he was the first man that ever serv'd me so: truth is powerful, and it is not always that we do not believe what we eagerly wish.

Charles already dispos'd by the evidence of his senses to think my pretences to virginity not entirely apocryphal, smothered me with kisses, begs me, in the name of love, to have a little patience, and that he will be as tender of hurting me, as he would be of himself.

Alas! it was enough I knew his pleasure, to submit joyfully to him, whatever pain I foresaw it would cost me.

He now resumes his attempts in more form: first he put one of the pillows under me, to give the blank* of his aim a more favourable elevation, and another under my head, in ease of it: then spreading my thighs, and placing himself standing between them, made them rest upon his hips: applying then the point of his machine to the slit, into which he sought entrance; it was so small, he could scarce assure himself of its being rightly pointed. He looks, he feels, and satisfies himself; then driving forward with fury, its prodigious stiffness thus impacted, wedge-like, breaks the union of those parts, and gain'd him just the insertion of the tip of it, lip-deep; which being sensible of, he improves

his advantage, and following well his stroke, in a strait line, forcibly deepens his penetration; but put me to such intolerable pain, from the separation of the sides of that soft passage by a hard thick body, I could have skream'd out; but unwilling as I was to alarm the house, I held in my breath, and cram'd my petticoat (which was turn'd up over my face) into my mouth, and bit it through in the agony. At length, the tender texture of that tract giving way to such fierce tearing and rending, he pierc'd something further into me: and now, outrageous; and no longer his own master, but born head-long away by the fury and over-mettle of that member, now exerting itself with a kind of native rage, he breaks in, carries all before him, and one violent merciless lunge, sent it, imbrew'd,* and reeking with virgin blood, up to the very hilts in me: then! then! all my resolution deserted me: I skream'd out, and fainted away with the sharpness of the pain; and (as he told me afterwards) on his drawing out, when emission was over with him, my thighs were instantly all in a stream of blood, that flow'd from the wounded torn passage.

When I recover'd my senses, I found myself undress'd, and a-bed, in the arms of the sweet relenting murderer of my virginity, who hung mourning tenderly over me, and holding in his hands a cordial, which coming from the still-dear author of so much pain! I could not refuse: my eyes, however moisten'd with tears, and languishingly turn'd upon him, seem'd to reproach him with his cruelty, and ask him if such were the rewards of love? but *Charles*, to whom I was now infinitely endear'd by his compleat triumph over a maidenhead, where he so little expected to find one, in tenderness to that pain which he had put me to, in procuring himself the height of pleasure, smother'd his exultation, and employ'd himself with so much sweetness, so much warmth, to sooth, to caress, and comfort me in my soft complainings, that breath'd indeed more love than resentment, that I presently drown'd all sense of pain in the pleasure of seeing him, of thinking that I belong'd to him, he who now was the absolute disposer of my happiness, and in one word, my fate.

The sore was however too tender, the wound too bleeding fresh, for *Charles*'s good-nature to put my patience presently to another trial; but as I could not stir or walk a-cross the room, he order'd the dinner to be brought to the bed-side, where it could not be otherwise than my getting down the wing of a

fowl, and two or three glasses of wine, since it was my ador'd youth who both serv'd, and urged them on me, with that sweet irresistible authority with which love had invested him over me.

After dinner, and every thing but the wine was taken away, *Charles* very impudently asks a leave, he might read the grant of in my eyes, to come to-bed to me, and accordingly falls to undressing; which I could not see the progress of, without strange emotions of fear and pleasure.

He is now in bed with me the first time, and in broad day; but when thrusting up his own shirt, and my shift, he laid his naked glowing body to mine: . . . Oh insupportable delight! oh superhumane rapture! what pain could stand before a pleasure so transporting? I felt no more the smart of my wounds below; but curling round him like the tendril of a vine, as if I fear'd any part of him should be untouch'd or unpress'd by me; I returned his strenuous embraces and kisses with a fervour and gust only known to true love, and which mere lust could never rise to.

Yes even at this time, that all the tyranny of the passions is fully over, and that my veins roll no longer but a cold tranquil stream, the remembrance of those passages that most affected me in my youth, still cheers, and refreshes me: Let me proceed then—my beauteous youth was now glew'd to me in all the folds and twists that we could make our bodies meet in: when no longer able to rein in the fierceness of refresh'd desires, he gives his steed the head, and gently insinuating his thighs between mine, stopping my mouth with kisses of humid fire, makes a fresh irruption, and renewing his thrusts, pierces, tears, and forces his way up the torn tender folds of the sheath, that yielded him admission with a smart little less severe than when the breach was first made: I stifled however my cries, and bore him with the passive fortitude of an heroine: soon his thrusts more and more furious, cheeks flush'd with a deeper scarlet, his eyes turn'd up in the fervent fit, and rolling nothing but their whites, some dying sighs, and an agonizing shudder, announced the approaches of that extatic pleasure, I was yet in too much pain, to come in for my share of.

Nor was it till after a few enjoyments had numb'd and blunted the sense of the smart, and giving me to feel the titillating inspersion* of balsamic sweets, drew from me the delicious return, and brought down all my passion, that I arriv'd at excess of pleasure, through excess of pain; but when successive engagements had broke and inur'd me, I began to

enter into the true unallay'd relish of that pleasure of pleasures, when the warm gush darts through all the ravish'd inwards; what floods of bliss! what melting transports! what agonies of delight! too fierce, too mighty for nature to sustain: well has she therefore, no doubt, provided the relief of a delicious momentary dissolution, the approaches of which are intimated by a dear delirium, a sweet thrill, on the point of emitting those liquid sweets in which enjoyment itself is drown'd, when one gives the languishing stretch-out, and dies at the discharge.

How often, when the rage and tumult of my senses has subsided after the melting flow, have I, in a tender meditation, ask'd myself coolly the question, if it was in nature for any of its creatures to be so happy as I was? or, what were all the fears of my future fate, put in the scale of one night's enjoyment of any thing so transcendently the taste of my eyes, and heart, as that delicious, fond, matchless youth?

Thus we spent the whole afternoon, till supper-time, in a continued circle of love-delights, kissing, turtle-billing, toying, and all the rest of the feast. At length supper was served in, before which *Charles* had, for I do not know what reason, slip'd his cloaths on, and sitting down by the bed-side, we made table and table-cloth of the bed and sheets, whilst he suffer'd nobody to attend or serve but himself. He eat with a very good appetite, and seem'd charm'd to see me eat. For my part, I was so enchanted with my fortune, so transported with the comparison of the delights I now swam in, with all the insipidity of my past scenes of life, that I thought them sufficiently cheap at even the price of my ruin, or the risque of their not lasting. The present possession was all my little head could find room for.

We lay together that night, when after playing repeated prizes* of pleasure, nature overspent, and satisfy'd, gave us up to the arms of sleep: those of my dear youth encircl'd me, the consciousness of which made even that sleep more delicious.

Late in the morning I wak'd first; and observing my lover slept profoundly, softly disengag'd myself from his arms, scarcely daring to breathe, for fear of shortening his repose: my cap, my hair, my shift were all in disorder, from the rufflings I had undergone; and I took this opportunity to adjust, and set them as well I could: whilst every now and then, looking at the sleeping youth with inconceivable fondness and delight; and reflecting on all the pain he had put me to, tacitly own'd that the pleasure had over-paid me for my sufferings.

It was then broad day. I was sitting up in the bed, the cloaths of which were all tost, or roll'd off, by the unquietness of our motions, from the sultry heat of the weather; nor could I refuse myself a pleasure that solicited me so irresistibly, as this fair occasion of feasting my sight with all those treasures of youthful beauty I had enjoy'd, and which lay now almost entirely naked, his shirt being trust up in a perfect wisp,* which the warmth of the room and season made me easy about the consequence of. I hung over him enamour'd indeed! and devour'd all his naked charms with only two eyes, when I could have wish'd them at least a hundred, for the fuller enjoyment of the gaze.

Oh! could I paint his figure as I see it now still present to my transported imagination! a whole length of an all-perfect manly beauty in full view. Think of a face without a fault, glowing with all the opening bloom, and vernal freshness of an age, in which beauty is of either sex, and which the first down over his upper-lip scarce began to distinguish.

The parting of the double ruby-pout of his lips, seem'd to exhale an air sweeter and purer than what it drew in: Ah! what violence did it not cost me to refrain the so tempted kiss?

Then a neck exquisitely turn'd, grac'd behind and on the sides with his hair playing freely in natural ringlets, connected his head to a body of the most perfect form, and of the most vigorous contexture, in which all the strength of manhood was conceal'd and soften'd to appearance, by the delicacy of his complexion, the smoothness of his skin, and the plumpness of his flesh.

The plat-form of his snow-white bosom, that was laid out in a manly proportion, presented on the vermillion summit of each pap, the idea of a rose about to blow.

Nor did his shirt hinder from observing that symmetry of his limbs, that exactness of shape, in the fall of it towards the loins, where the waist ends, and the rounding swell of the hips commences, where the skin, sleek, smooth, and dazzling white, burnishes on the stretch over firm, plump-ripe flesh, that crimped and run into dimples at the least pressure, or that the touch could not rest upon, but slid over as on the surface of the most polish'd ivory.

His thighs finely fashion'd, and with a florid glossy roundness gradually tapering away to the knee, seem'd pillars worthy to support thatauteous frame, at the bottom of which I could

not without some remains of terror, some tender emotions too, fix my eyes on that terrible spit-fire machine, which had not so long before, with such fury broke into, torn, and almost ruin'd those soft tender parts of mine, which had not yet done smarting with the effects of its rage; but behold it now! crest-fall'n, reclining its half-capt vermillion head over one of his thighs, quiet, pliant, and to all appearance incapable of his mischiefs and cruelty it had committed. Then the beautiful growth of the hair, in short and soft curls round its root, its whiteness, branch'd veins, the supple softness of the shaft, as it lay foreshorten'd, roll'd and shrunk up into a squob thickness, languid, and born up from between the thighs, by its globular appendage, that wondrous treasure-bag of nature's sweets, which rivell'd* round, and purs'd up in the only wrinkles that are known to please, perfected the prospect; and all together form'd the most interesting moving picture in nature, and surely infinitely superior to those nudities furnish'd by the painters, statues, or any art, which are purchas'd at immense prices, whilst the sight of them in actual life is scarce sovereignly tasted by any but the few whom nature has endowed with a fire of imagination, warmly pointed by a truth of judgment to the spring-head, the originals of beauty of nature's unequal'd composition, above all the imitations of art, or the reach of wealth to pay their price.

But every thing must have an end. A motion made by this angelic youth, in the listlessness of going-off sleep, replac'd his shirt and cloaths in a posture that shut up that treasury from longer view.

I lay down then, and carrying my hands to that part of me, in which the objects just seen had begun to raise a mutiny, that prevail'd over the smart of them, my fingers now open'd themselves an easy passage; but long I had not the time to consider the wide difference *there*, between the maid, and the now finish'd woman, before *Charles* wak'd, and turning towards me, kindly enquir'd how I had rested? and scarce giving me time to answer, imprinted on my lips one of his burning rapture-kisses, which darted a flame to my heart, that from thence radiated to every part of me: and presently, as if he had proudly meant revenge for the survey I had smuggled of all his naked beauties, he spurns off the bed-cloaths, and trussing up his shift as high as it would go, took his turn to feast his eyes with all the gifts nature had bestow'd on my person; his busy

hands too rang'd impertrantly over every part of me. The delicious austerity, and hardness of my yet unripe budding breasts, the whiteness and firmness of my flesh, the freshness and regularity of my features, the harmony of my limbs, all seem'd to confirm him in his satisfaction with his bargain: but, when curious to explore the havoc he had made in the tender center of his over-fierce attack, he not only directed his hands there, but with a pillow put under, placed me favourably for his wanton purpose of inspection; then, who can express the fire his eyes glisten'd, his hands glow'd with? whilst sighs of pleasure, and tender broken exclamations were all the praises he could utter. By this time, his machine stiffly risen at me, lifted and bore the flap of his shirt out, which presently fiercely removing, gave me to see it in its highest state and bravery: He feels it himself, seems pleas'd at its condition, and, smiling loves and graces, seizes one of my hands, and carries it, with a gentle compulsion, to this pride of nature, and its richest master-piece.

I struggling faintly, could not help feeling what I could not grasp, a column of the whitest ivory, beautifully streak'd with blue veins, and carrying, fully uncap't, a head of the liveliest vermilion: no horn could be harder, or stiffer; yet no velvet more smooth or delicious to the touch; presently he guided my hand lower, to that part, in which nature and pleasure keep their stores in concert, so aptly fasten'd and hung on to the root of their first instrument and minister, that not improperly he might be stil'd their purse-bearer* too: there he made me feel, distinctly, through their soft cover, the contents, a pair of roundish balls, that seem'd to play within, and elude all pressure, but the tenderest, from without.

But now this visit of my soft warm hand, in those so sensible parts, had put every thing into such ungovernable fury, that disdaining all further prelude, and taking the advantage of my commodious posture, he made the storm fall where I scarce patiently expected, and where he was sure to lay it: presently then I felt the stiff interserction between the yielding divided lips of the wound now open for life; where the narrowness no longer put me to intollerable pain, and afforded my lover no more difficulty than what heighten'd his pleasure, in the strict embrace of that tender warm sheath, round the instrument it was so deliciously adjusted to, and which, now cased home, so gorged me with pleasure, that it perfectly suffocated me, and took away my breath: then the killing thrusts! the unnumber'd

kisses! every one of which was a joy inexpressible! and that joy lost in a crowd of yet greater blisses; but this was a disorder too violent in nature to last long: the vessels so stir'd, and intensely heated, soon boil'd over, and for that time put out the fire: mean while all this dalliance and disport had so far consum'd the morning, that it became a kind of necessity to lay breakfast and dinner into one.

In our calmer intervals *Charles* gave the following account of himself, every tittle of which was true. He was the only son of a father, who having a small post in the revenue, rather over-liv'd his income, and had given this young gentleman a very slender education*: no profession had he bred him up to, but design'd to provide for him in the army, by purchasing him an ensign's commission; that is to say, provided he could raise the money, or procure it by interest, either of which clauses was rather to be wish'd than hop'd for by him: on no better a plan, however, than this, had this improvident father suffer'd this youth, and a youth of great promise, to run up to the age of manhood, or near it at least, in next to idleness, and had besides taken no sort of pains to give him even the common premonitions against the vices of the town, and the dangers of all sorts which wait the unexperienc'd, and unwary, in it. He liv'd at home, and at discretion, with his father, who himself kept a mistress, and for the rest, provided *Charles* did not ask him for money, he was indolently kind to him: he might lie out when he pleas'd: any excuse would serve, and even his reprimands were so slight, that they carried with them rather an air of connivance at the fault, than any serious controul or constraint. But, to supply his calls for money, *Charles*, whose mother was dead, had, by her side, a grand mother who doated upon, and did not a little help spoil him. She had a considerable annuity to live upon, and very regularly parted with every shilling she could spare, to this darling of her's, to the no little heart-burn of his father, who was vex'd, not that she by this means fed his son's extravagance; but that she preferred *Charles* to himself; and we shall too soon see what a fatal turn such a mercenary jealousy could operate on the breast of a father.

Charles was however, by the means of his grand-mother's lavish fondness, very sufficiently enabl'd to keep a mistress so easily contented as my love made me; and my good fortune, for such I must ever call it, threw me in his way, in the manner above related, just as he was on the look-out for one.

As to his temper, the even sweetness of it made him seem born for domestic happiness: tender, naturally polite, and gentle-manner'd; it could never be his fault, if ever jars,* or animosities ruffled a calm he was so qualify'd every way to maintain or restore. Without those great or shining qualities that constitute a genius, or are fit to make a noise in the world, he had all those humble ones that compose the softer social merit: plain common sense, set off with every grace of modesty and good-nature, made him, if not admir'd, what is much happier, universally belov'd and esteem'd. But, as nothing, but the beauties of his person had at first attracted my regard, and fix'd my passion, neither was I then a judge of that internal merit, which I had afterward full occasion to discover, and which perhaps, in that season of giddiness and levity, would have touch'd my heart very little, had it been lodg'd in a person less the delight of my eyes, and idol of my senses. But to return to our situation.—

After dinner, which we eat a-bed in a most voluptuous disorder, *Charles* got up, and taking a passionate leave of me for a few hours, he went to town, where concerting matters with a young sharp lawyer, they went together to my late venerable mistress's, from whence I had but the day before made my elopement, and with whom he was determin'd to settle accounts in a manner that should cut off all after reckonings from that quarter.

Accordingly, they went; but by the way, the Templar,* his friend, on thinking over *Charles*'s information, saw reason to give their visit another turn, and instead of offering satisfaction, to demand it.

On being let in, the girls of the house flock'd round *Charles*, whom they knew, and from the earliness of my escape, and their perfect ignorance of his ever having so much as seen me, not having the least suspicion of his being accessory to my flight, they were, in their way, *making up* to him; and as to his companion, they took him probably for a fresh cully: but the Templar soon check'd their forwardness by enquiring for the old lady, with whom he said, with a grave judge-like countenance, that he had some business to settle.

Madam was immediately sent for down, and the ladies being desir'd to clear the room, the lawyer ask'd her severely if she did not know, or had not decoy'd, under pretence of hiring as a servant, a young girl, just come out of the country, called

Frances or *Fanny Hill*, describing me withal as particularly as he could from *Charles*'s description.

It is peculiar to vice to tremble at the enquiries of justice: and Mrs. *Brown*, whose conscience was not entirely clear upon my account, as knowing as she was of the town, as hackney'd as she was in buffing* through all the dangers of her vocation, could not help being alarm'd at the question, especially when he went on to talk of a Justice of Peace, *Newgate*, the *Old Bailey*, Indictments for keeping a disorderly house, Pillory, Carting,* and the whole process of that nature: She who, it is likely, imagin'd I had lodg'd an information against her house, look'd extremely blank, and began to make a thousand protestations, and excuses. However, to abridge, they brought away triumphantly my box of things, which had she not been under an awe, she might have disputed with them; and not only that, but a clearance and discharge of any demands on the house, at the expence of no more than a bowl of arrack-punch,* the treat of which, together with the choice of the house-conveniences, was offer'd, and not accepted. *Charles* all the time acted the chance-companion of the lawyer who had brought him there, as he knew the house, and appear'd in no wise interested in the issue, but he had the collateral pleasure of hearing all I had told him verified, so far as the bawd's fears would give her leave to enter into my history, which, if one may guess by the composition she so readily came into, were not small.

Phœbe, my kind tutress *Phœbe*, was at that time gone out, perhaps in search of me, or their cook'd up story had not, it is probable, pass'd so smoothly.

This negotiation had however taken up some time, which would have appear'd much longer to me, left as I was in a strange house, if the landlady, a motherly sort of woman, to whom *Charles* had liberally recommended me, had not come up and born me company: We drank tea, and her chat help'd to pass away the time very agreeably, since he was our theme; but as the evening deepened, and the hour set for his return was elaps'd, I could not dispel the gloom of impatience, and tender fears which gather'd upon me, and which our timid sex are apt to feel in proportion to their love.

Long however I did not suffer, the sight of him over-paid me; and the soft reproach I had prepar'd for him, expir'd before it reach'd my lips.

I was still a-bed, yet unable to use my legs otherwise than

awkwardly, and *Charles* flew to me, catches me in his arms, raised, and extending mine to meet his dear embrace, and gives me an account, interrupted by many a sweet parenthesis of kisses, of the success of his measures.

I could not help laughing at the fright the old woman had been put into, which my ignorance, and indeed my want of innocence, had far from prepar'd me for bespeaking: She had, it seems, apprehended that I had fled for shelter to some relation I had recollected in town, on my dislike of their ways and proceeding towards me, and that this application came from thence. For, as *Charles* had rightly judg'd, not one neighbour had, at that still hour, seen the circumstance of my escape into the coach, or at least notic'd him; neither had any in the house the least hint or clue of suspicion of my having spoke to him, much less of my having clapt up such a sudden bargain with a perfect stranger: Thus the greatest improbability is not always what we should most mistrust.

We suppd with the all the gayety of two young giddy creatures at the top of their desires; and as I had most joyfully given up to *Charles* the whole charge of my future happiness, I thought of nothing beyond the exquisite pleasure of possessing him.

He came to bed in due time, and this second night, the pain being pretty well over, I tasted, in full draughts, all the transports of perfect enjoyment. I swam, I bath'd in bliss, till both fell fast asleep, through the natural consequences of satisf'd desires, and appeas'd flames; nor did we wake but to renew'd raptures.

Thus making the most of love, and life, did we stay at this lodging in *Chelsea* about ten days, in which time *Charles* took care to give his excursions from home a colourable gloss, and to keep his footing with his fond, indulgent grandmother, from whom he drew constant and sufficient supplies for the charge I was to him, and which was very trifling, in comparison with his former less regular course of pleasures.

Charles remov'd me then to a private ready-furnish'd lodging in *D——street*, *St. James's*, where he paid half a guinea a week for two rooms and a closet on the second floor, which he had been some time looking out for, and was more convenient for the frequency of his visits, than where he had at first plac'd me, in a house which I cannot say but I left with regret, as it was infinitely endear'd to me by the first possession of my *Charles*,

and the circumstance of loosing there the never be twice lost. The landlord however complain of any thing, but of a procedure in *Chelsea* not to make him regret his loss of us.

Arriv'd at our new lodgings, I remember I thought extremely fine, though ordinary enough even at that place had it been a dungeon that *Charles* had brought me to presence would have made it a little *Versailles*.

The landlady, *Mrs. Jones*, waited on us to our apartment, and with great volubility of tongue explain'd to us all its conveniences, "that her own maid should wait on us,—that the best of quality had lodg'd at her house,—that her first floor was let to a foreign secretary of an embassy, and his lady,—that I look'd like a very good-natur'd lady—." At the word lady, I blush'd out of flatter'd vanity: this was too strong for a girl of my condition; for though *Charles* had had the precaution of dressing me in a less taudry flaunting stile than were the cloaths I escap'd to him in, and of passing me for his wife that he had secretly married, and kept private, (the old story) on account of his friends, I dare swear this appear'd extremely apocryphal to a woman who knew the town so well as she did; but that was the least of her concern; it was impossible to be less scruple-ridden than she was: and the advantage of letting her rooms being her sole object, the truth itself would have far from scandaliz'd her, or broke her bargain.

A sketch of her picture and personal history will dispose you to account for the part she is to act in my concerns.

She was about forty six years old, tall, meager, red-hair'd, with one of those trivial ordinary faces you meet with every where, and go about unheeded and unmention'd. In her youth she had been kept by a gentleman, who dying, left her forty pounds a year during her life, in consideration of a daughter he had by her; which daughter, at the age of seventeen, she sold, for not a very considerable sum neither, to a gentleman, who was going an *Ervey* abroad, and took his purchase with him, where he us'd her with the utmost tenderness, and it is thought was secretly married to her: but had constantly made a point of her not keeping up the least correspondence with a mother base enough to make a market of her own flesh and blood. However, as she had no nature, nor indeed any passion but that of money, this gave her no further uneasiness, than, as she thereby lost a handle of squeezing presents, or other after-advantages out of

the bargain. Indifferent then by nature or constitution to every other pleasure but that of increasing the lump, by any means whatever, she commenc'd a kind of private procurer, for which she was not amiss fitted by her grave decent appearance, and sometimes did a job in the match-making way; in short there was nothing that appear'd to her under the shape of gain, that she would not have undertaken. She knew most of the ways of the town, having not only herself been upon, but kept up constant intelligences in it, dealing, besides her practice in promoting a harmony between the two sexes, in private pawn-broking, and other profitable secrets. She rented the house she liv'd in, and made the most of it by letting it out in lodgings; and though she was worth, at least, near three or four thousand pounds, she would not allow herself even the necessities of life, and pinn'd her subsistence entirely on what she could squeeze out of her lodgers.

When she saw such a young pair come under her roof, her immediate notions doubtless were how she should make the most money of us, by every means that money might be made, and which she rightly judg'd our situation and inexperience would soon beget her occasions of.

In this hopeful sanctuary, and under the clutches of this harpy, did we pitch our residence. It will not be mighty material to you, or very pleasant to me, to enter into a detail of all the petty cut-throat ways and means with which she us'd to fleece us; all which *Charles* indolently chose to bear with, rather than take the trouble of removing, the difference of the expence being scarce attended to by a young gentleman who had no ideas of stint, or even œconomy, and a raw country girl who knew nothing of the matter.

Here, however, under the wings of my sovereignly belov'd, did I flow the most delicious hours of my life; my *Charles* I had, and in him every thing my fond heart could wish or desire. He carried me to Plays, Operas, Masquerades, and every diversion of the Town, all which pleas'd me indeed, but pleas'd me infinitely the more for his being with me, and explaining every thing to me, and enjoying perhaps the natural impressions of surprize and admiration, which such sights, at the first never fail to excite in a Country Girl new to the delights of them: but to me they sensibly prov'd the power and full dominion of the sole passion of my heart over me, a passion in which soul and body were concentred, and left me no room for any other relish of life but love.

As to the men I saw at those places, or at any other, they suffer'd so much in the comparison my eyes made of them with my all-perfect *Adonis*, that I had not the infidelity even of one wandering thought to reproach myself with upon his account. He was the universe to me, and all that was not him, was nothing to me.

My love, in fine, was so excessive, that it arriv'd at annihilating every suggestion or kindling spark of jealousy, for one idea only tending that way gave me such exquisite torment, that my self-love, and dread of worse than death, made me for ever renounce and defy it: nor had I indeed occasion, for were I to enter here on a recital of several instances wherein *Charles* sacrific'd to me women of greater importance than I dare hint, (which considering his form was no such wonder), I might indeed give you full proof of his unshaken constancy to me, but would not you accuse me of warming up again a feast, that my vanity ought long ago to have been satisfy'd with?

In our cessations from active pleasure, *Charles* fram'd himself one, in instructing me, as far as his own lights reach'd; in a great many points of life, that I was, in consequence of my no-education, perfectly ignorant of: nor did I suffer one word to fall in vain from the mouth of my lovely teacher: I hung on every syllable he utter'd, and receiv'd as oracles all he said: whilst kisses were all the interruption I could not refuse myself the pleasure of admitting, from lips that breath'd more than *Arabian* sweetness.

I was in a little time enabl'd, by the progress I had made, to prove the deep regard I had paid to all that he had said to me; repeating it to him almost word for word; and to show that I was not entirely the parrot, but that I reflected upon, that I enter'd into it, I join'd my own comments and ask'd him questions of explanation.

My country accent, and the rusticity of my gait, manners, and deportment, began now sensibly to wear off, so quick was my observation, and so efficacious my desire of growing every day worthier of his heart.

As to money, though he brought me constantly all he receiv'd, it was with difficulty he even got me to give it room in my bureau, and what cloaths I had, he could prevail on me to accept of, on no other foot, than that of pleasing him by the greater neatness in my dress, beyond which I had no ambition; I

could have made a pleasure of the greatest toil, and work'd my fingers to the bone, with joy, to have supported him: guess then, if I could harbour any idea of being burdensome to him: and this disinterested turn in me was so unaffected, so much the dictate of my heart, that *Charles* could not but feel it, and if he did not love me as much as I did him, (which was the constant and only matter of sweet contention between us) he manag'd so at least as to give me the satisfaction of believing it impossible for man to be more tender, more true, more faithful than he was.

Our landlady, *Mrs. Jones*, came frequently up to my apartment from whence I never stirr'd on any pretext without *Charles*: nor was it long before she worm'd out, without much art, the secret of our having cheated the church of a ceremony; and in course of the terms we liv'd together upon: a circumstance which far from displeas'd her, considering the designs she had upon me, and which, alas! she will have too soon room to carry into execution. But in the mean time her own experience of life, let her see that any attempt however indirect, or disguis'd, to divert or break, at least presently, so strong a cement of hearts as ours was, could only end in losing two lodgers, of whom she made very competent advantages, if either of us came to smooke* her commission, for a commission she had from one of her customers, either to debauch or get me away from my keeper at any rate.

But the barbarity of my fate, soon sav'd her the task of disuniting us. I had now been eleven months with this life of my life, which had past in one continu'd rapid stream of delight: but nothing so violent was ever made to last. I was about three months gone with child by him, a circumstance which would have added to his tenderness, had he ever left me room to believe it could receive an addition, when the mortal, the unexpected blow of separation fell upon us. I shall gallop post* over the particulars, which I shudder yet to think of, and cannot to this instant reconcile to myself how, or by what means I could outlive it.

Two live-long days had I linger'd through, without hearing from him, I who breath'd, who existed but in him, and had never yet seen twenty-four hours pass without seeing or hearing from him. The third day my impatience was so strong, my alarms had been so severe, that I perfectly sicken'd with them, and being unable to support the shock longer, I sunk upon the

bed, and ringing for *Mrs. Jones*, who had far from comforted me under my anxieties, she came up and I had scarce breath and spirit enough to find words to beg of her if she would save my life, to fall upon some means of finding out instantly what was become of its only prop, and comfort: She pity'd me in a way that rather sharpen'd my affliction than suspended it, and went out upon this commission.

For she had but to go to *Charles*'s house, who liv'd but at an easy distance, in one of the streets that run into *Covent-Garden*.* There she went into a public-house, and from thence sent for a maid servant, whose name I had given her, as the properest to inform her.

The maid readily came, and as readily, when *Mrs. Jones* enquir'd of her what was become of *Mr. Charles*, or whether he was gone out of town, acquainted her with the disposal of her master's son, which the very day after was no secret to the servants; such sure measures had he taken for the most cruel punishment of his child, for having more interest with his grand-mother than he had, though he made use of a pretence, plausible enough to get rid of him in this secret and abrupt manner, for fear her fondness should have interpos'd a bar to his leaving *England*, and proceeding on a voyage he had concerted for him, which pretext was, that it was indispensably necessary to secure a considerable inheritance, that devolv'd to him by the death of a rich merchant (his own brother) at one of the factories in the South-Seas,* of which he had lately receiv'd advice, together with a copy of the Will.

In consequence of which resolution to send away his son, he had, unknown to him, made the necessary preparations for fitting him out, struck a bargain with the captain of a ship, whose punctual execution of his orders he had secured by his interest with his principal owner and patron, and in short concert'd his measures so secretly and effectually, that whilst his son thought he was going down the river that would take him a few hours, he was stopt on board of a ship, debar'd from writing, and more strictly watch'd than a state-criminal.*

Thus was the idol of my soul torn from me, and forc'd on a long voyage without taking leave of one friend, or receiving one line of comfort, except a dry explanation and instructions from his father how to proceed, when he should arrive at his destin'd port, enclosing withal some letters of recommendation to a

memory of him, that I shall ever retain, I grew somewhat comforted by the prospect that now open'd to me, if not of happiness, at least of affluence, and independence.

I saw myself then, in the full bloom and pride of youth (for I was not yet nineteen) actually at the head of so large a fortune, as it would have been even the height of impudence in me, to have rais'd my wishes, much more my hopes, to: and that this unexpected elevation did not turn my head, I ow'd to the pains my benefactor had taken to form and prepare me for it, as I ow'd his opinion of my management of the vast possessions he left me, to what he had observ'd of the prudential oeconomy I had learned under Mrs. Cole, of which the reserve he saw I had made, was a proof, and encouragement, to him.

But alas! how easily is the enjoyment of the greatest sweets in life, in present possession, poisoned by the regret of an absent one! but my regret was a mighty and a just one, since it had my only truly belov'd Charles for its object.

Given him up I had indeed compleatly, having never once heard from him since our separation; which as I found afterwards, had been my misfortune, and not his neglect, for he wrote me several letters which had all miscarried, but forgotten him I never had; and amidst all my personal infidelities, not one had made a pin's point impression on a heart impenetrable to the true love-passion, but for him.

As soon, however, as I was mistress of this unexpected fortune, I felt more than ever how dear he was to me: from its insufficiency to make me happy, whilst he was not to share it with me: my earliest care, consequently, was to endeavour at getting some account of him; but all my researches produc'd me no more light, than that his father had been dead some time, not so well as even with the world; and that Charles had reached his port of destination in the *South-Seas*, where finding the estate he was sent to recover, dwindled to a trifle, by the loss of two ships, in which the bulk of his uncle's fortune lay, he was come away with the small remainder, and might perhaps, according to the best advice, in a few months return to *England*, from whence he had, at the time of this my enquiry, been absent two years and seven months: a little eternity in love!

You cannot conceive with what joy I embraced the hopes thus given me of seeing the delight of my heart again; but as the term of months was assign'd it, in order to divert, and amuse my impatience for his return, after settling my affairs with much

ease, and security, I set out on a journey for *Lancashire*, with an equipage* suitable to my fortune, and with a design purely to revisit my place of nativity, for which I could not help retaining a great tenderness, and might naturally not be sorry to show myself there, to the advantage I was now in pass to do, after the report *Esther Davis* had spread of my being spirited away to the Plantations,* for on no other supposition could she account for the suppression of myself to her, since her leaving me so abruptly at the inn. Another favourite intention I had, to look out for my relations, though I had none besides distant ones, and to prove a benefactress to them. Then Mrs. Cole's place of retirement lying in my way, was not amongst the least of the pleasures I had propos'd to myself in this expedition.

I had taken nobody with me but a discreet decent woman, to figure it as my companion, besides my servants, and was scarce got into an inn, about twenty miles from *London*, where I was to sup and pass the night, when such a storm of wind and rain sprang up, as made me congratulate myself on having got under shelter before it began.

This had continu'd a good half hour, when bethinking me of some directions to be given to the coachman, I sent for him, and not caring that his shoes should spoil the very clean parlour, in which the cloth was laid, I stept into the hall-kitchen, where he was, and where, whilst I was talking to him, I slantingly observ'd two horsemen driven in by the weather, and both wringing wet; one of whom was asking if they could be assisted with a change, till their cloaths could be dried: but heavens! who can express what I felt at the sound of a voice, ever present to my heart, and that it now rebounded at? or when pointing my eyes towards the person it came from, they confirm'd its information; in spite of so long an absence, and of a dress one would have imagin'd studied for disguise: a horseman's great coat with a stand-up cape,* and his hat flapp'd; but what could escape the piercing alertness of a sense surely guided by love? a transport then, like mine, was above all consideration, or schemes of surprize, and I, that instant, with the rapidity of the emotions that I felt the spur of, shot into his arms, crying out as I threw mine round his Neck, "My life!—my soul!—my Charles!"—and, without further power of speech swoon'd away, under the oppressing agitations of joy and surprize.

Recover'd out of my enrancement, I found myself in my charmer's arms, but in the parlour, surrounded by a croud

which this event had gather'd round us, and which immediately, on a signal from the discreet landlady, who currently took him for my husband, clear'd the room, and desirably left us alone to the raptures of this re-union, my joy at which, had like to have prov'd, at the expence of my life, its power superior to that of grief at our fatal separation.

The first object then, that my eyes open'd on, were their supreme idol, and my supreme wish, *Charles*, on one knee, holding me fast by the hand, and gazing at me in a transport of fondness. Observing my recovery, he attempted to speak, and give vent to his impatience of hearing my voice again, to satisfy him once more that it was *me*: but the mightiness, and suddenness of the surprize continuing to stun him, choak'd his utterance: he could only stammer out a few broken, half-form'd, faultering accents, which my ears greedily drinking in, spelt, and put together so as to make out their sense. "After so long!—so cruel!—an absence,—my dearest *Fanny*!—Can it be you?"—stiffing me at the same time with kisses, that stopping my mouth, at once prevented the answer that he pant'd for, and increas'd the delicious disorder, in which all my senses were rapturously lost. Amidst, however, this croud of ideas, and all blissful ones, there obtruded only one cruel doubt, that poison'd nearly all this transcendent happiness: and what was it, but my dread of its being too excessive to be real? I trembled now with the fear of its being no more than a dream, and of my waking out of it into the horrors of finding it one: under this fond apprehension, imagining I could not make too much of the present prodigious joy, before it should vanish and leave me in the desert again, nor verify its reality too strongly, I clung to him, I clasp'd him, as if to hinder him from escaping me again. "Where have you been?—how could you, could you leave me?—Say you are still mine,—that you still love me,—and thus! thus! (kissing him as if I would consolidate* lips with him) I forgive you—forgive my hard fortune in favour of this restoration."—All these interjections breaking from me, in that wildness of expression, that justly passes for eloquence in love, drew from him all the returns my fond heart could wish, or require. Our caresses, our questions, our answers, for some time, observ'd no order: all crossing, or interrupting one another in sweet confusion, whilst we exchang'd hearts at our eyes, and renew'd the ratifications of a love unabated by time or absence: not a breath, not a motion, not a gesture on either side,

but what was strongly impressed with it. Our hands lock'd in each other, repeated the most passionate squeezes, so that their fiery thrill went to the heart again.

Thus absorpt, and concentr'd in this unutterable delight; I had not attended to the sweet author of it, being thoroughly wet, and in danger of catching cold, when, in good time, the landlady, whom the appearance of my equipage (which by the by *Charles* knew nothing of) had gain'd me an interest in, for me, and mine, interrupted us, by bringing in a decent shift* of linnen, and cloaths, which now, somewhat recover'd into a calmer composure by the coming in of a third person, I prest him to take the benefit of, with a tender concern, and anxiety, that made me tremble for his health.

The landlady leaving us again, he proceeded to shift, in the act of which, tho' he proceeded with all that modesty, which became these first solemn instances of our re-meeting, after so long an absence, I could not contain certain snatches of my eyes, lur'd by the dazzling discoveries of his naked skin, that escap'd him as he chang'd his linnen, and which I could not observe the unfaded life, and complexion of, without emotions of tenderness and joy, that had himself too purely for their object, to partake of a loose or mis-tim'd desire.

He was soon drest in these temporary cloaths, which neither fitted him, nor became the light my passion plac'd him in, to me at least: yet as they were on him, they look'd extremely well, in virtue of that magic charm which love put into every thing that he touch'd, or had relation to him; and where indeed was that dress that a figure like his would not give grace to? For now as I ey'd him more in detail, I could not but observe the even favourable alteration which the time of his absence had produc'd in his person.

There were still the same exquisite lineaments, still the same vivid vermilion, and bloom reigning in his face, but now the roses were more fully blown: the taint* of his travels, and a beard somewhat more distinguishable, had, at the expence of no more delicacy than what he could better spare, than not, given it an air of becoming manliness, and maturity, that symmetriciz'd nobly with that air of distinction and empire, with which nature had stamp'd it, in a rare mixture with the sweetness of it; still nothing had he lost of that smooth plumpness of flesh, which glowing with freshness, blooms florid to the eye, and delicious to the touch: then, his shoulders were grown more square, his

shape more form'd, more portly, but still free, and airy. In short, his figure show'd riper, greater, and perfecter to the experienced eye, than in his tender youth; and now, he was not much more than two and twenty.

In this interval, however, I pick'd out of the broken, often pleasingly, interrupted account of himself, that he was, at that instant, actually on his road to *London*, in not a very paramount plight, or condition, having been wreck'd on the *Irish* coast, for which he had prematurely embark'd, and lost the little all he had brought with him from the *South-Seas*, so that he had not, till after great shifts and hardships, in the company of his fellow traveller, the captain, got so far on his journey; that so it was, (having heard of his father's death and circumstances,) he had now the world to begin again, on a new account: a situation, which he assur'd me, in a vein of sincerity, that flowing from his heart, penetrated mine, gave him no farther pain, than that he had it not in his power, to make me as happy as he could wish. My fortune, you will please to observe, I had not enter'd upon any overture of, reserving to feast myself with the surprize of it to him, in calmer instants. And as to my dress, it could give him no idea of the truth, not only as it was mourning, but likewise in a stile of plainness and simplicity, that I have ever kept to with studied art. He press'd me indeed tenderly to satisfy his ardent curiosity, both with regard to my past and present state of life, since his being torn away from me; but I had the address to elude his questions, by answers that shewing his satisfaction at no great distance, won upon him to waive his impatience, in favour of the thorough confidence he had in my not delaying it; but for respects I should in good time acquaint him with.

Charles however thus return'd to my longing arms, tender, faithful, and in health, was already a blessing too mighty for my conception! but, *Charles* in distress!—*Charles* reduc'd, and broke down to his naked personal merit, was such a circumstance, in favour of the sentiments I had for him, as exceeded my utmost desires: and accordingly, I seem'd so visibly charm'd, so out of time, and measure pleas'd at his mention of his ruin'd fortune, that he could account for it no way but that the joy of seeing him again, had swallow'd up every other sense, or concern.

In the mean time, my woman had taken all imaginable care of *Charles's* travelling companion; and, as supper was coming in,

he was introduc'd to me, when I receiv'd him, as became my regard for all of *Charles's* acquaintance, or friends.

We four then supp'd together in the stile of joy, congratulation, and pleasing disorder, that you may guess. For my part, though all these agitations had left me not the least stomach, but for that uncloying feast, the sight of my ador'd youth, I endeavour'd to force it, by way of example for him, who, I conjectur'd, must want such a recruit after riding, and indeed, he eat like a traveller; but gaz'd at, and addressed me all the time like a lover.

After the cloth was taken away, and the hour of repose came on, *Charles* and I were, without further ceremony, in quality of man and wife, shown up together to a very handsome apartment, and, all in course, the bed, they said, to be the best in the inn.

And here, decency forgive me! if, once more I violate thy laws, and keeping the curtains undrawn, sacrifice thee for the last time, to that confidence, without reserve, with which I engaged to recount to you the most striking circumstances of my youthful disorders.

As soon then as we were in the room together, left to ourselves, the sight of the bed starting the remembrance of our first joys, and the thought of my being instantly to share it with the dear possessor of my virgin heart, moved me so strongly, that it was well I lean'd upon him, or I must have fainted again, under the overpowering sweet alarm. *Charles* saw into my confusion, and forgot his own, that was scarce less, to apply himself to the removal of mine.

But now the true refining passion had regain'd thorough possession of me, with all its train of symptoms; a sweet sensibility, a tender timidity, love-sick yearnings temper'd with diffidence and modesty, all held me in a subjection of soul, incomparably dearer to me than the liberty of heart which I had been long, too long! the mistress of, in the course of those grosser gallantries, the consciousness of which now made me sigh with a virtuous confusion and regret: no real virgin in short, in view of the nuptial bed, could give more bashful blushes to unblemish'd innocence, than I did to a sense of guilt; and indeed I lov'd *Charles* too truly not to feel severely, that I did not deserve him.

As I kept hesitating, and disconcerted under this soft distraction, *Charles*, with a fond impatience, took the pains to undress

me, and all I can remember, amidst the flutter and discomposure of my senses, was, some fluttering exclamations of joy and admiration, more especially at the feel of my breasts now set at liberty from my stays, and which panting and rising in tumultuous throbs, swell'd upon his dear touch, and gave it the welcome pleasure of finding them well-form'd, and unfrail'd in firmness.

I was soon laid in bed, and scarce languish'd an instant for the darling partner of it, before he was undress'd and got between the sheets, with his arms clasp'd round me, giving and taking, with a gust inexpressible, a kiss of welcome, that my heart rising to my lips, stamp'd with its warmest impression, concurring to my bliss, with that delicate and voluptuous emotion which *Charles* alone had the secret to excite, and which constitutes the very life, the essence of pleasure.

Mean while, two candles lighted on a side-table near us, and a joyous wood-fire, threw a light into the bed, that took from one sense of great importance to our joys, all pretext of complaining of its being shut out of its share of them: and indeed, the sight of my idolized youth, was, alone from the ardour with which I had wish'd for it, without other circumstance, a pleasure to die of.

But as action was now a necessity to desires so much on edge as ours, *Charles*, after a very short prelude of dalliance, lifting up my linen and his own, laid the broad treasures of his manly chest close to my bosom, both beating with the tenderest alarms! when now, the sense of his glowing body in naked touch with mine, took all power over my thoughts out of my own disposal, and deliver'd up every faculty of my soul to the sensibleness of joys, that affecting me infinitely more with my distinction of the person, than of the sex, now brought my conscious heart deliciously into play; my heart, which, eternally constant to *Charles*, had never taken any part in my occasional sacrifices to the calls of constitution, complaisance, or interest. But, ah! what became of me, when, as the powers of solid pleasure thickened upon me, I could not help feeling the stiff stake that had been adorned with the trophies of my despoiled virginity, bearing hard and inflexible against one of my thighs, which I had not yet opened, from a true principle of modesty, revived by a passion too sincere to suffer any aiming at the false merit of difficulty, or my putting on an impertinent mock-coyness.

I have, I believe, somewhere before remark'd, that the feel of

that favourite piece of manhood has, in the very nature of it, something inimitably pathetic. Nothing can be dearer to the touch, or can affect it with a more delicious sensation. Think then! as a lover think, what must be the consummate transport of that quickest of our senses, in their central seat too! when after so long a deprivation, it felt itself re-inflamed under the pressure of that peculiar scepter-member, which commands us all; but especially my darling elect from the face of the whole earth. And now, at its mightiest point of stiffness, it felt to me something so subduing, so active, so solid, and agreeable that I know not what name to give its singular impression; but the sentiment of consciousness of its belonging to my supremely beloved youth, gave me so pleasing an agitation, and work'd so strongly on my soul, that it sent all its sensitive spirits to that organ of bliss in me, dedicated to its reception: there concentrating to a point, like rays in a burning-glass, they glow'd, they burnt with the intensest heat: the springs of pleasure were, in short, wound up to such a pitch! I panted now with so exquisitely keen an appetite for the imminent enjoyment, that I was even sick with desire, and unequal to support the combination of two distinct ideas that delightfully distracted me! for all the thought I was capable of, was that I was now in touch at once with the instrument of pleasure, and the great-seal* of love; ideas that mingling streams, pour'd such an ocean of intoxicating bliss on a weak vessel,* all too narrow to contain it, that I lay overwhelm'd, absorpt, lost in an abyss of joy, and dying of nothing but immoderate delight.

Charles then rouz'd me somewhat out of this extatic distraction, with a complaint softly murmur'd amidst a croud of kisses, at the position, not so favourable to his desires, in which I receiv'd his urgent insistence for admission, where that insistence was alone so engrossing a pleasure, that it made me inconsistently suffer a much dearer one to be kept out; but how sweet to correct such a mistake! my thighs now obedient to the intimations of love and nature, gladly disclose, and with a ready submission resign up the soft gateway to entrance at pleasure: I see! I feel! the delicious velvet tip!—he enters might and main with—oh!—my pen drops from me here in the extasy now present to my faithful memory! Description too deserts me, and delivers over a task, above its strength of *Wing*, to the imagination: but it must be an imagination exalted by such a flame as mine, that can do justice to that sweetest, noblest of all Sensa-

tions that hailed and accompany'd the stiff insinuation all the way up, till it was at the end of its penetration, sending up, through my eyes, the Sparks of the love-fire that ran all over me, and blaz'd in every vein, and every pore of me: a system incarnate of joy all over.

I had now totally taken in love's true arrow from the point up to the feather, in that part, where making no new wound, the lips of the original one of nature, which had owed its first breathing to this dear instrument, clung, as if sensible of gratitude, in eager suction round it, whilst all its inwards embrac'd it tenderly, with a warmth of gust, a compressive energy that gave it, in its way, the heartiest welcome in nature, every fibre there gathering tight round it, and straining ambitiously to come in for its share of the blissful touch.

As we were giving then a few moments of pause to the delectation of the senses, in dwelling with the highest relish on this intimate point of re-union, and chewing the cud of enjoyment, the impatience natural to the pleasure soon drove us into action. Then began the driving tumult on his side, and the responsive heaves on mine, which kept me up to him: whilst as our joys grew too mighty for utterance, the organs of our voice, volitionally intermixing, became organs of the touch: And, oh, that touch, how delicious! how poignantly luscious!—And now! now! I felt! to the heart of me, I felt the prodigious keen edge, with which love, presiding over this act, points the pleasure: Love! that may be stiled the artic salt* of enjoyment: and indeed, without it, the joy, great as it is, is still a vulgar one, whether in a king or a beggar: for it is undoubtedly love alone, that refines, ennobles, and exalts it.

Thus happy then, by the heart, happy by the senses, it was beyond all power, even of thought, to form the conception of a greater delight, than what I was now consummating the fruition of.

Charles, whose whole frame all convulsed with the agitation of his rapture, whilst the tenderest fires trembled in his eyes, all assured me of a perfect concord of joy, penetrated me so profoundly, touch'd me so vitally, took me so much out of my own possession, whilst he seem'd himself so much in mine, that in a delicious enthusiasm I imagin'd such a transfusion of heart and spirit, as that coaling,* and making one body and soul with him, I was him, and he, me.

But all this pleasure tending, like life from its first instants,

towards its own dissolution, liv'd too fast, not to bring on upon the spur its delicious moment of mortality; for presently the approach of the tender agony discover'd itself by its usual signals, that were quickly follow'd by my dear love's liquid emanation of himself, that spun out, and shot feelingly indeed! up the ravish'd indraught, where the sweetly soothing balmy titillation open'd at the warm jerk, all the sluices of joy on my side, which extatically in flow, help'd to allay the prurient glow, and drown'd our pleasure for awhile, soon however to be on float again! for *Charles*, true to nature's laws, in one breath expiring, and ejaculating, languish'd not long in the dissolving trance, but recovering spirit again, soon gave me to feel that the true-mettle springs* of his instrument of pleasure, were by love, and perhaps by a long vacation, wound up too high to be let down by a single explosion; his stiffness still stood my friend: resuming then the action afresh, without dislodging, or giving me the trouble of parting from my sweet tenant, we play'd over again the same opera, with the same delightful harmony and concert: our ardours, like our love, knew no remission: and, all as the tide serv'd, my lover, lavish of his stores, and pleasure-milk'd, overflow'd me once more from the fulness of those his oval reservoirs of the genial emulsion: whilst on my side, a convulsive grasp in the instant of my giving down my liquid contribution, render'd me sweetly subservient at once, to the increase of his joy, and of its effusions, moving me so as to make me exert all those springs of the compressive exsuction, with which the sensitive mechanism of that part thirstily draws and drains the nipple of Love, with much such an instinctive eagerness, and attachment, as, to compare great with less, kind nature engages infants at the breast, by the pleasure they find in the motion of their little mouths and cheeks, to extract the milky stream prepar'd for their nourishment.

But still there was no end of his vigour: this double-discharge, had so far from extinguish'd his desires, for that time, that it had not even calm'd them: and, at his age, desires are power: he was proceeding then amazingly to push it to a third triumph, still without uncasing: if a tenderness natural to true love, had not inspir'd me with self-denial enough to spare, and not overstrain him, and accordingly, entreating him to give himself and me quarter, I obtain'd at length a short suspension of arms, but not before he had exultingly satisfy'd me that he gave out standing.

The remainder of the night, with what we borrow'd upon the day, we employ'd with unwear'd fervour, in celebrating thus the festival of our re-meetings; and got up pretty late in the morning, gay, brisk, and alert, though rest had been a stranger to us, but the pleasures of love had been to us, what the joy at victory is to an army, repose, refreshment: every thing.

The journey into the country being now intirely out of the question, and orders having been given over-night for turning the horses heads towards *London*, we left the inn as soon as we had breakfasted, not without a liberal distribution of the tokens of my grateful sense of the happiness I had met with in it.

Charles and I were in my coach, the captain and my companion in a chaise hir'd purposely for them, to leave us the conveniency of a *tête-à-tête*.

Here, on the road, as the tumult of my senses was tolerably compos'd, I had command enough of head, to break, properly, to him, the course of life that the consequences of my separation from him had driven me into, which, at the same time that he tenderly deplor'd with me, he was the less shock'd at, as on reflecting how he had left me circumstanc'd, he could not be intirely unprepar'd for it.

But when I open'd the state of my fortune to him, and with that sincerity, which from me, to him, was so much a nature in me, I begg'd of him his acceptance of it, on his own terms, I should appear to you perhaps too partial to my passion, were I to attempt the doing his delicacy justice. I shall content myself then with assuring you, that after his flatly refusing the unreserv'd, unconditional donation that I long persecuted him in vain to accept, it was at length, in obedience to his serious commands (for I stood out unaffectedly, till, he exerted the sovereign authority which love had given him over me) that I yielded my consent to wave the remonstrance I did not fail of making strongly to him, against his degrading himself, and incurring the reflexion, however unjust, of having, for respects of fortune, barter'd his honour for infamy and prostitution, in making one his wife, who thought herself too much honour'd in being but his mistress.

The plea of love then over-ruling all objections, *Charles*, entirely won with the merit of my sentiments for him, which he could not but read the sincerity of in a heart ever open to him, oblig'd me to receive his hand, by which means I was in pass,* amongst other innumerable blessings, to bestow a legal parent-

age on those fine children you have seen by this happiest of matches.

Thus, at length, I got snug into port,* where, in the bosom of virtue, I gather'd the only uncorrupt sweets: where, looking back on the course of vice, I had run, and comparing its infamous blandishments with the infinitely superior joys of innocence, I could not help pitying, even in point of taste, those who, immers'd in a gross sensuality, are insensible to the so delicate charms of VIRTUE, than which even PLEASURE has not a greater friend, nor than VICE a greater enemy. Thus temperance makes men lords over those pleasures that intemperance enslaves them to: the one, parent of health, vigour, fertility, cheerfulness, and every other desirable good in life, the other, of diseases, debility, barrenness, self-loathing, with only every evil incident to human nature.

You laugh perhaps at this tail-piece of morality, express'd from me by the force, of truth, resulting from compar'd experiences: you think it, no doubt, out of place; out of character: possibly too you may look on it as the poultry finesse of one who seeks to mask a devotee to Vice under a rag of a veil, impudently smuggled from the shrine of Virtue; just as if one was to fancy one's self completely disguis'd at a masquerade, with no other change of dress, than turning one's shoes into slippers: or, as if a writer should think to shield a treasonable libel, by concluding it with a formal prayer for the king. But, independent of my flattering myself that you have a juster opinion of my sense, and sincerity, give me leave to represent to you, that such a supposition is even more injurious to Virtue, than to me: since consistently with candour and good-nature it can have no foundation but in the falsest of fears, that its pleasures cannot stand in comparison with those of Vice, but let truth dare to hold it up in its most alluring light: then mark! how spurious, how low of taste, how comparatively inferior its joys are to those which Virtue gives sanction to, and whose sentiments are not above making even a sauce for the senses, but a sauce of the highest relish! whilst vices, are the harpies, that infect, and foul the feast.* The paths of Vice are sometimes strew'd with roses, but then they are for ever infamous for many a thorn; for many a canker-worm: those of Virtue are strew'd with roses purely, and those eternally unfading ones.

If you do me then justice, you will esteem me perfectly consistent in the incense I burn to virtue: if I have painted vice

all in its gayest colours, if I have deck'd it with flowers, it has been solely in order to make the worthier, the solemner sacrifice of it, to virtue.

You know Mr. C—— O——, you know his estate, his worth, and good sense: can you? will you pronounce it ill meant, at least of him? when anxious for his son's morals, with a view to form him to Virtue, and inspire him with a fixt, a rational contempt for vice, he condescended to be his master of the ceremonies, and led him by the hand thro' the most noted bawdy-houses in town, where he took care that he should be familiariz'd with all those scenes of debauchery, so fit to nauseate a good taste. The experiment, you will cry, is dangerous. True, on a fool: but are fools worth the least attention to?

I shall see you soon, and in the mean time think candidly of me, and believe me ever.

Madam,
Yours, &c. &c. &c.

* * * * *

EXPLANATORY NOTES

The following abbreviations are used in the notes:

- Braudy Leo Braudy, *Fanny Hill and Materialism', Eighteenth-Century Studies*, 4 (1970), 21-40
- Brooks-Davies Douglas Brooks-Davies, 'The Mythology of Love: Venerian (and Related) Iconography in Pope, Fielding, Cleland and Sterne', in *Sexuality in Eighteenth-Century Britain*, ed. Paul-Gabriel Boucé (Manchester, 1982), 176-97
- Charney Maurice Charney, *Sexual Fiction* (London, 1981)
- Cunnington C. Willett and Phillis Cunnington, *Handbook of English Costume in the Eighteenth Century* (London, 1937)
- Johnson Samuel Johnson, *A Dictionary of the English Language* (London, 1755)
- Lonsdale Roger Lonsdale, 'New Attributions to John Cleland', *Review of English Studies*, n.s. 30 (1979), 268-90
- Naumann Peter Naumann, *Keyhole und Candle: John Clelands 'Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure' und die Entstehung des pornographischen Romans in England* (Heidelberg, 1976)
- OED *Oxford English Dictionary*
- Tilley M. P. Tilley, *A Dictionary of the Proverbs in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (Michigan, 1950)
- Wilding Michael Wilding, 'Paradise Lost and Fanny Hill', *Milton Quarterly*, 5 (1971), 14-15

VOLUME I

1 *whirl... I had been tost in*: this image of Fanny as a ship tossed in a whirlwind begins a sequence that runs through the novel, in which the ancient comparison between life and a ship's voyage is repeatedly given sexual connotations. See Naumann, pp. 333-6.

good quarter: good treatment or terms.

apology... Truth! stark naked truth: an allusion to Fielding's *An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews* (1741), which reveals Pamela 'with all the pride of ornament cast off'. See Introduction, pp. xxii-vi.