

A
Letter in Force:

O R,
An Extract of an ADDRESS from the C. of D.
to the D. of M.

Truly Translated from the *Dutch Copy*.

M A D A M,

AS sure as ever a *Rattle-snake* with his Eyes ever tempted a *Squirrel* to drop into his Mouth, so sure am I Enchanted with the Lustre of your fair Features; and that I could tumble into yours, were it but big enough to hold me: Had not the Promise you made me, to see me next Munday Morning, given me as great Assurance of being once more happy as e'er poor *Cuckold* had of being Miserable, when he had a Handsom Woman to his Wife, and wants Patience to bear with her; I should as certainly have run stark Mad through Dispair of your Company, as ever did old Maid that had Married a Gelt Husband or an old Gazette-monger that had lost his Spectacles. As your Beauty has made me burn like a Taylor's Goose, just fetch'd Home from an Ale-house Kitchen, so use me, Dear *Madam*, that I may press down the Seam of your Perfections; that my Weight together with, my Warmth may lay 'em all as flat as a *Floundar*. I have as little to say to recommend my self to your Favours, as a Modern *Poët* has in Defence of an old Version of the *Psalms*: But only that I Love, Honour and Adore you, as much as ever an old doating Fool did *Antiquities*, or more than My Lord Mayor's Sword-bearer does *Custard*. I therefore hope in time I have as just a Title to your Affections, as an Honest Man has to a Good Name, or an old *Scold* to a *Ducking-stool*: And if you will upon the Receipt hereof vouchsafe but to admit me into one corner of your Affections, I do Promise, Vow and Protest, with as much Sincerity as ever a *Scotchman* took the *Covenant*, that I will always be as Constant to you, as a Female-Hypocrite is to her Prayers, and cling as close to your dear Sides, as a *Virginia Creeper* to the Walls of an old Fabrick. I hope, *Most Angelical Comfortress*, these Merry Motives will induce you to Compassion as well as Laughter; and tho' they are deliver'd as if in Jest, may be taken in Earnest; and believe for this once, a Man may Love you without Expressing it in the old way of Hanging and Drowning. Therefore if this Method won't take with you, let me know it in an Answer; and my next Address shall be collected out of the last Dying Speeches. But till I find you affect Weeping rather than Laughing, and are sooner to be frighted into Pity than jested into Gratitude, I shall still proceed to gain your good Opinion, as a *Bartholomew-Fair* Player does to please his Audience, more by *Comedy* than *Tragedy*: So hoping as much for a kind Answer, and a Performance of your Word, as ever Seamen did for a fair Wind, or a Hackney Coachman for foul Weather; I Remain, but not Rest

Your Importunate Admirer,

C. of D.

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