

thought to teach what principally distinguishes us from the Brute Creation, even Dancing-Masters themselves, might possibly find no Place in Society. In short, all the Graces which young Ladies and young Gentlemen too learn from others; and the many Improvements which, by the Help of a Looking-glass, they add of their own, are in Reality those very *Spicula & Faces Amoris*, so often mentioned by *Ovid*; or, as they are sometimes called in our own Language, *The whole Artillery of Love*.

Now Mrs. *Waters* and our Heroe had no sooner sat down together, than the former began to play this Artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a Description hitherto unessayed either in Prose or Verse, we think proper to invoke the Assistance of certain Aerial Beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our Aid on this Occasion.

‘ Say then, ye Graces, you that inhabit the heavenly Mansions of *Seraphina*’s Countenance; for you are truly Divine, are always in her Presence, and well know all the Arts of charming; say, what were the Weapons now used to captivate the Heart of Mr. *Jones*.’

‘ First, from two lovely blue Eyes, whose bright Orbs flashed Lightning at their Discharge, flew forth two pointed Ogles. But happily for our Heroe, hit only a vast Piece of Beef which he was then conveying into his Plate, and harmless spent their Force. The fair Warrior perceived their Miscarriage, and immediately from her fair Bosom drew forth a deadly Sigh. A Sigh, which none could have heard unmoved, and which was sufficient at once to have swept off a dozen Beaus; so soft, so sweet, so tender, that the insinuating Air