



Sir George Shuckburgh Bart.
M. y

THE
COMPLETE ART
OF WRITING /
LOVE LETTERS;
OR, THE
Lover's Best Instructor.

IN WHICH

The TENDER PASSIONS are displayed in
all Forms, real or feigned; as discovered in the

SINCERE

MODEST

HONOURABLE

RAPTUROUS

PASSIONATE

FORLORN

LOVER

INSIDIOUS

BASE

PERFIDIOUS

TREACHEROUS

DISSEMBLING

MERCENARY

With Rules and Instructions to the FAIR SEX, how
to make a happy Choice of a GOOD HUSBAND.

Exhibiting in a series of Letters, a variety of Truth
and Falshood, Sincerity and Treachery, Happiness
and Misery, with several Examples in both Kinds.

To which are added, some elegant Forms of
MESSAGES for CARDS.

Heaven first taught Letters for some Wretch's Aid,
Some banish'd Lover, or some captive Maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what Love inspires,
Warm from the Soul, and faithful to it's Fires.

POPE.

L O N D O N:

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P R E F A C E.

THE affairs of Lovers are generally so intricate and perplexed, that it's no easy matter for a by-stander to find the clue that leads to their real intentions. The reason is, because very little dependance can be made on the verbal professions on one side or the other. Either the man conceals the basest designs under the cover of the most virtuous and honourable pretences; or the Lady encourages those addresses which she is resolved to disappoint. Selfish or sinister views are too apt to gain the ascendancy in the scale of love; and the word *sincerity* is too frequently made a trap to ensnare unguarded virtue and simple innocence;

cence; honour is abused to the worst purposes; and the solemnity of oaths and vows, which ought to make an Atheist tremble, prostituted to the service of Hell and the Devil.

This deceitful conduct of the two sexes, with regard to each other, is a matter of no small moment, as it is one great source of those many evils complained of in the nuptial state. Nor is it at all surprising, that where love was only feigned before, that there should be no appearance of it after marriage; or that a woman, who gives up her honour before marriage, should find herself neglected after enjoyment; since when once the bounds of modesty are broke through, what security can be given for her future honesty?

When love and honour are united, there only true happiness is to be found. So long as a couple possess each others heart, crosses and misfortunes, troubles and vexations, make but a light impression on the mind. The distresses of poverty, the frowns of the great, the treachery of friends, and the bitterness of adversity, are abundantly recompenced by the

the mutual love and tenderness of the sufferers. Though abandoned by all the world, yet love and complacency so harmonize their souls, that they scarce feel the injuries of fortune: They rather procure the envy than the contempt of mankind.

But should we turn the tables, and shew the reverse of this picture, how sad and dismal is the prospect! Here we shall see the most solemn oaths and imprecations, every obligation of religion that should bind a man to the truth, perverted and abused to the vilest ends; and whenever a too credulous fair one is prevailed on to put confidence in them, inevitable ruin is her certain portion. Innumerable instances might be produced in proof of this; and the streets of London are daily witnesses of a fact too notorious to be slighted or ridiculed; unless the most miserable condition humanity can be reduced to, should be a proper subject for jest and raillery.

On the other hand, where mutual love prevails, we behold peace, harmony and concord, and the happy pair, moving

ferenely through the vicissitudes of life; and when nature is matured with age, we see them gently drop (like ripe fruit from the tree) into the peaceful grave. But if we reverse the prospect, and exhibit a view of vicious and lawless love, with all its dreadful apparatus, what shall we see but every evil that is the plague of human life? Every passion violently agitated; anger, malice, hatred, revenge, with all their horrid concomitants, raging, by turns, in the human breast, making life one continued scene of misery, which, though sometimes varied, is but like some kind of diseases, which move from one part of the body to another, yet still leave the patient in the same pain and anguish as before; till death comes, as a relief, and puts a final period to a wretched being.

If we would make a true distinction between the honourable and the disingenuous Lover, we must view them in this light; and it behoves our youth to walk with the utmost wariness in this dangerous path, which, though strewed with roses and lillies, yet they too frequently tread on

on serpents that lurk beneath the beauteous and fragrant flowers.

That our youth of both sexes may enjoy the happiness and avoid the miseries incident to the *tender passion*, we have selected out of various Authors, different forms of Letters, which describe that passion, as first seizing the eyes, then descending to the heart, where having raised a tumult of doubts, fears, hopes, and despondencies, it issues forth upon paper, and in the humblest terms, accompanied with vows, protestations, and such kind of artillery, is conveyed to the dear object of its wishes. Thus begins an amour, which if genuine and sincere, we shall rejoice to see it meet with a reciprocal return, and consummated by the approbation of propitious *Hymen*. But as the deceitful and disingenuous Lover may obtain his vicious ends, by the same use (or rather abuse) of these Letters, we have, to prevent so fatal a consequence, interspersed, by way of caution to both sexes, several examples both of happiness and misery, as well after marriage as before, the natural and necessary consequences of love in both states; of that which is true and un-

unaffected, and that which is spurious and deceitful, to serve as beacons, to warn them of those dangerous rocks and shelves on which so many have been wrecked before them, and to guide them safe into the harbour of peace and tranquillity.

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T H E C O M P L E T E A R T O F W R I T I N G L O V E L E T T E R S.

The Royal Lover.

THE occasion of the following letter, and the lady's ingenious answer thereto, was this: Philip V. king of Spain, being at Bourdeaux, and dining in public, during his stay, people of all sorts had an opportunity of seeing him. Among the rest were several ladies of good quality, and with them a young Gascoin lady, about eighteen years of age, who drew near the king's table. She was well grown, of a majestic, lively countenance, exceeding neatly dressed; and, besides all this, she had something charming in her air, which particularly distinguished her from all others of her sex, that were about the young monarch. The king, without any ceremony, took a dish of sweetmeats, and turned them into her apron. She received his majesty's present with

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surprising modesty, but could not forbear blushing, which increased her charms, and made her admired by all the spectators. The young king smiled upon her, and signified, by the many tender glances with which he beheld her, the impressions she had made on his heart.

As the fair one could not, without confusion, bear her part in this scene, she thought proper to withdraw. His majesty, losing the sight of her, whispered to one of his pages, and bid him inform himself of the name and abode of this beauty. The repast being ended, the king retired into his closet, where he wrote a billet-deaux, and gave it to his page, to carry to the lady, who was so suddenly become the object of his passion.

L E T T E R I.

The young Monarch's Letter.

• L O V E reigns in the hearts of kings, as
• well as in those of their subjects; she
• knows no power superior to her own, and the
• greatest monarchs in the world glory in their
• submission to her empire. You may think it
• strange, my dear, that I am affected with the
• charms of your person. I beg of you one
• hour's interview, wherein I may show you
• the excess of my affection, &c.'

The king, in giving this billet to the page, gave him, at the same time, a rich diamond, with orders to present it, in his name, with the billet, to the young lady. The trusty page
faith-

faithfully performed his royal master's command. The fair Gascoin read the king's tender billet, and received his present. As she was of a sprightly genius, she immediately sent his majesty the following answer :

‘ SIR,

‘ I assure you, that if love reigns over the hearts of kings, as it does over the least of their subjects ; virtue, constancy, and fidelity, reign also among women of mean birth, as well as among queens. I return your majesty my hearty thanks for the tender love you have conceived for me, and yet more for the declaration you have made, in the billet you have been pleased to give yourself the trouble of writing to me. Perhaps, great prince, if I had been descended from the blood of queens, and sovereign princesses, you would not have regarded me. Sir, as I have already engaged my fidelity to a lover, to whom I have promised marriage, I beg your majesty to dispense with the interview, which cannot but be fatal to my virtue.

‘ Nevertheless, Sir, I will keep your fine diamond, as a precious token of the love which it has pleased so great a monarch to honour me with, at a time when I cannot answer him but with sighs and regrets.’

LETTER II.

From a Gentleman to a Lady, to whom he had formerly been a Lover, and by whom he had been highly commended.

Madam,

I Should be insensible to a stupidity, if I could forbear making you my acknowledgements for your late mention of me with so much applause.

It is, I think, your fate to give me new sentiments ; as you formerly inspired me with a true sense of love, so do you now with a true sense of glory. As desire had the least share in the passion I heretofore professed towards you, so has vanity no share in the glory to which you have now raised me. Innocence, knowledge, beauty, virtue, sincerity, and discretion, are the constant ornaments of her who has said this of me. Fame is a babler ; but I have arrived at the highest glory in this world, the commendation of the most deserving person in it.

Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

The bashful Lover, to his Mistress.

Dear Madam,

I Have long struggled with the most honourable and respectful passion that ever filled the heart of man : I have often tried to reveal it personally : as often in this way ; but never till now

now could prevail upon my fears and doubts. But I can no longer struggle with a secret that has given me so much torture to keep, and yet hitherto more, when I have endeavoured to reveal it. I never entertained the least hope to see you, without rapture; but when I have that pleasure, instead of being animated as I ought, I am utterly confounded. What can this be owing to, but a diffidence in myself, and an exalted opinion of your worthiness. And is not this one strong token of ardent love? Yet if it be, how various is the tormenting passion in its operations? Since some it inspires with courage, while others it deprives of all necessary confidence. I can only assure you, Madam, that the heart of man never conceived a stronger or sincerer passion, than mine for you. If my reverence for you is my crime, I am sure it has been my sufficient punishment. I need not say my designs and motives are honourable. Who dare approach so much virtuous excellence with a supposition that such an assurance is necessary? What my fortune is, is well known; and I am ready to stand the test of the strictest enquiry. Condescend, Madam, to embolden my respectful passion, by one favourable line; that if what I here profess, and hope for further, to have an opportunity to assure you of, be found to be unquestionably true, then, I hope my humble address will not be quite unacceptable to you; and thus you will for ever oblige,

Dear Madam,

Your affectionate admirer,

And devoted servant,

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THE COMPLETE ART OF

LETTER IV.

The Lady's discreet Answer.

Sir,

If modesty be the greatest glory of our sex, surely it cannot be blame-worthy in yours. For my own part, I must think it the most amiable quality, either man or woman can possess. Nor can there be, in my opinion, a due respect, where there is not a diffidence of one's own merit, and an high opinion of the person's we esteem.

To say more, on this occasion, would little become me: to say less, would look as if I knew not how to pay that regard to modest merit, which modest merit only deserves.

You, Sir, best know your own heart; and if you are sincere and generous, will receive as you ought, this frankness from

Your humble servant.

LETTER V.

The Sincere Lover; to Sylvia.

THOUGH it is but a few hours since I parted from my Sylvia, yet I have already, you see, taken up my pen to write to her. You must not expect, however, in this, or in any of my future letters, that I say fine things to you, since I only intend to tell you true ones. My heart is too full to be regular, and too sincere to be ceremonious. I have changed the manner,

manner, not the stile, of my former conversations; and I write to you as I used to talk to you, without form or art. Tell me then, with the same undissembled sincerity, what effect this absence has upon your usual chearfulness? As I will honestly confess, on my own part, that I am too interested to wish a circumstance so little consistent with my own repose, should be altogether reconcilable to your's. I have attempted, however, to pursue your advice, and divert myself by the subject you recommended to my thoughts: but it is impossible, I perceive, to turn off the mind at once from an object which it has long dwelt upon with pleasure. My heart, like a poor bird which is hunted from her nest, is still returning to the place of its affections; and, after some vain efforts to fly off, settles again, where all its cares, and all its tenderness, are centered. Adieu.

LETTER VI.

The Rational Lover; to Fidelia.

Madam,

I Must acquaint you, in short, that you must either pull out your eyes, or I must pull out mine; either you must not be so handsome, or I must be blind. Yet, though my passion is, perhaps, as violent as any man's, you must not expect I should either hang or drown. I should betray great want of sense, and little knowledge, of your merit, to be willing to leave the world while you are in it. To deal sincerely with you, Madam, I choose infinitely, the

happiness of living with you, before the glory of dying for you. Besides, I have that good opinion of your sense, to believe you to prefer the living lover to the dead; the lips that are warm, to those that are cold; the limbs that have motion, to those which have none. If I must die, Madam, kill me with your kindness, but not with your cruelty: let me expire rather on your bosom, than at your feet. If you shall be tenderly inclined to give me a death of this kind, I am prepared to receive it on any ground in the three kingdoms: appoint but your place, and I shall not fail to meet my fair murderer.

LETTER VII.

The Forlorn Lover; to Cleora.

My Tyrant,

I endure too much torment to be silent, and have endured it too long to make the severest complaint. I love, I dote on you. Desire makes me mad, when I am near you. Sure, of all miseries, love to me is the most intolerable. It haunts me in my sleep, perplexes me when waking: every melancholly thought makes my fears more powerful; and every delightful one makes my wishes most unruly. In all other uneasy chances of a man's life, there is immediate recourse to some kind of succour or another. In want, we apply ourselves to our friends; in sickness, to physicians: but, love, the sum total of all misfortunes, must be endured with silence; no friend so dear to trust

trust with such a secret, nor remedy in art so powerful to remove its anguish. Since the first day I saw you, I have hardly enjoyed one hour of perfect quiet. I loved you early; and no sooner had I beheld that soft bewitching face of your's, but I felt in my heart, the very foundation of all my peace give way: but when you became another's, I confess that I did then rebel; had foolish pride enough to promise myself I would, in time, recover my liberty: in spite of my enslaved nature, I swore against myself, I would not love you. I affected a resentment, stifled my spirit, and would not let it bend, so much as once to upbraid you, each day it was my chance to see, or to be near you. With stubborn sufferance I resolved to bear, and brave your power. Nay, did it often too, successfully; generally with wine, or conversation, I diverted, or appeased, the dæmon that possessed me; but when, at night, returning to my unhappy self, to give my heart an account why I had done it so unnatural a violence, it was then I paid a treble interest for the short moment of ease which I had borrowed; then every treacherous thought rose up, and took your part, nor left me till they had thrown me on my bed, and opened those fluices of tears that were to run till morning: this has been, for some years, my best condition: nay, time itself, that decays all things else, has but increased and added to my longings. I tell it you, and charge you to believe it, as you are generous, (which sure you must be, for every thing, except your neglect of me, persuades me

that you are so) even at this time, though other arms have held you, and so long trespassed on those dear joys that only were my due: I love you with that tenderness of spirit, that purity of truth, and that sincerity of heart, that I would sacrifice the nearest friends, or interest, that I have on earth, barely but to please you. If I had all the world, it should be yours; for with it I could be but miserable, if you were not mine. I appeal to you for justice, if through the whole actions of my life, I have done any one thing that might not let you see how absolute your authority was over me. Your commands have been always sacred to me; your smiles have always transported me; and your frowns awed me. In short, you will quickly become to me the greatest blessing, or the greatest curse, that ever man was doomed to. I cannot so much as look on you without confusion; wishes and fears rise up in war within me, and work a cursed distraction through my soul, that must, I am sure, in time, have wretched consequences; you only can, with that healing cordial, love, assuage and calm my torments. Pity the man then, that would be proud to die for you, and cannot live without you; and allow him thus far to boast too, that (take out fortune from the ballance) you never were beloved or courted, by a creature that had nobler, or juster, pretences to your heart, than the unfortunate, (and even at this time) weeping,

OTWAY.

LET.

LETTER VIII.

The Raving Lover; to Belinda.

IN value of your quiet, though it would be the utter ruin of my own, I have endeavoured this day to persuade myself never more to trouble you with a passion that has tormented me sufficiently already, and is so much the more a torment in me, in that, I perceive, it is become one to you, who are much dearer to me than myself. I have laid all the reasons my distracted condition would let me have recourse to before me: I have consulted my pride, whether, after a rival's possession, I ought to ruin all my peace for a woman that another has been more blessed in, though no man ever loved as I did. But love, victorious love, overthrows all, and tells me, it is his nature never to remember; but still looks forward from the present hour, expecting new dawns, new rising happiness; never looks back; never regards what is past, and left behind him, but buries and forgets it quite, in the hot fierce pursuit of joy before him. I have consulted too my very self, and find how careless nature was in framing me; seasoned me hastily with all the most violent inclinations and desires, but omitted the ornaments that should make those qualities become me. I have consulted too my lot of fortune, and find how foolishly I wish possession of what is so precious, all the world is too cheap for it; yet still I love, still I doat on, and cheat myself,

THE COMPLETE ART OF

very content, because the folly pleases me. It is pleasure to think how fair you are, though worse than death to think how cruel. Why should you tell me you have shut your heart up for ever. It is an argument unworthy of yourself, sounds like reserve, and not so much sincerity, as sure I may claim even from a little of your friendship ! Can your age, your face, your eyes, and your spirit, bid defiance to that sweet power ? No : you know better to what end Heaven made you ; know better how to manage youth and pleasure, than to let them die and pall upon your hands. It is me, it is only me, you have barred your heart against. My sufferings, my diligence, my sighs, complaints and tears, are of no power with your haughty nature ; yet sure you might, at least, vouchsafe to pity them ; not shift me off with gross, thick, homespun, friendship, the common coin that passes between worldly interests : must that be my lot ? Take it, ill-natured, take it ; give it to him that would waste his fortune for you ; give it the man that would fill your lap with gold, and court you with offers of vast rich possessions ; give it the fool that hath nothing but his money to plead for him ; love will have a much nearer relation, or none. I ask for glorious happiness ; you bid me welcome to your friendship ; it is like seating me at your side-table, when I have the best pretence to your right hand at the feast. I love, I doat, I am mad, and know no measure ; nothing but extremes can give me ease ; the kindest love, or the most provoking scorn : yet even your scorn would

would not perform the cure. It might, indeed, take off the edge of Hope, but d——d Despair will gnaw my heart for ever. If then I am not odious in your eyes, if you have charity enough to value the well-being of a man that holds you dearer than you can the child your bowels are most fond of ; by that sweet pledge of your first softest love, I charm, and here conjure you, to pity the distracting pangs of mine : pity my unquiet days and restless nights ; pity the frenzy that has half possessed my brains already, and makes me write to you thus ravingly. The wretch in Bedlam is more at peace than I am ! and if I must never possess the happiness I wish for, my next desire is (and the sooner the better) a clean swept cell, a merciful keeper, and your compassion when you find me there.

Think and be generous.

LETTER IX.

The Complaining Lover; to Clarissa.

SINCE you are going to quit the world, I think myself obliged, as a member of the world, to use the best of my endeavours to divert you from so ill-natured an inclination : therefore, by reason your visits will take up so much of this day, I have debarred myself the opportunity of waiting on you this afternoon, that I may take a time you are more mistress of, and when you shall have more leisure to hear, if it be possible for any arguments of mine to take place in a heart, I am afraid, too much hardened,

very content, because the folly pleases me. It is pleasure to think how fair you are, though worse than death to think how cruel. Why should you tell me you have shut your heart up for ever. It is an argument unworthy of yourself, sounds like reserve, and not so much sincerity, as sure I may claim even from a little of your friendship ! Can your age, your face, your eyes, and your spirit, bid defiance to that sweet power ? No : you know better to what end Heaven made you ; know better how to manage youth and pleasure, than to let them die and pall upon your hands. It is me, it is only me, you have barred your heart against. My sufferings, my diligence, my sighs, complaints and tears, are of no power with your haughty nature ; yet sure you might, at least, vouchsafe to pity them ; not shift me off with gross, thick, homespun, friendship, the common coin that passes between worldly interests : must that be my lot ? Take it, ill-natured, take it ; give it to him that would waste his fortune for you ; give it the man that would fill your lap with gold, and court you with offers of vast rich possessions ; give it the fool that hath nothing but his money to plead for him ; love will have a much nearer relation, or none. I ask for glorious happiness ; you bid me welcome to your friendship ; it is like seating me at your side-table, when I have the best pretence to your right hand at the feast. I love, I doat, I am mad, and know no measure ; nothing but extremes can give me ease ; the kindest love, or the most provoking scorn : yet even your scorn would

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hardened against me. I confess it may look a little extraordinary for one, under my circumstances, to endeavour at confirming the good opinion of the world, when it had been much better for me, if one of us had never seen it; for nature disposed me, from my creation, to love; and my ill fortune has condemned me to doat on one, who certainly could never have been deaf so long to so faithful a passion, had nature disposed her, from her creation, to hate any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this trifling, for I have so many thoughts of this nature, that it is impossible for me to take pen and ink in hand, and keep them quiet, especially when I have the least pretence to let you know, you are the cause of the severest disquiets that ever tortured the heart of

OTWAY.

LETTER X.

The Urgent Lover; to Stella.

COULD I see you without passion, or be absent from you without pain, I need not beg your pardon for thus renewing my vows, that I love you more than health, or any happiness upon earth. Every thing you do is a new charm to me; and, though I have languished for seven long tedious years of desire, jealousy despairing, yet every minute I see you, I still discover something more new and bewitching. Consider how I love you; what would I not renounce, or enterprize for you? I must have you mine, or I am miserable; and nothing but knowing

knowing which shall be the happy hour, can make the rest of my life that is to come, tolerable. Give me a word or two of comfort, or resolve never to look with common goodness on me more, for I cannot bear a kind look, and after it a cruel denial. This minute my heart akes for you; and if I cannot have a right in your's, I wish it would ake till it could complain to you no more. ——— *Remember poor OTWAY.*

LETTER XI.

The Upbraiding Lover; to Cœlia.

YOU cannot but be sensible that I am blind, or you would not so openly discover what a ridiculous fool you make of me. I should be glad to discover to whose satisfaction I was sacrificed this morning: for I am sure your own ill-nature could not be guilty of inventing such an injury to me, merely to try how much I could bear, were it not for the sake of some ass that has the fortune to please you. In short, I have made it the business of my life to do you service, and please you, if possible, by any way to convince you of the unhappy love I have, for seven years, toiled under; and your whole business is, to pick ill-natured conjectures out of my harmless freedom of conversation, to vex and gaul me with, as often as you are pleased to divert yourself at the expence of my quiet. Oh, thou tormentor! could I think it was jealousy, how should I humble myself to be justified; but I cannot bear the thought of being made a property,

perty, either of another man's good fortune, or the vanity of a woman that designs nothing but to plague me.

There may be means found, some time or other, to let you know your mistake.

LETTER XII.

The Facetious Lover; from Monsieur Collitier to Madam de Chaux.

Madam,

DID you ever see an almanack in your life? You will say this is an odd question. I will give the reason then, why I ask it: there is an odd sort of a fellow pictured in it, Madam, with the devil knows how many darts in his body. And what of him? cry you. Why, Madam, he is only a type of your humble servant; for that son of a whore, Cupid, has pinked me all over with his confounded arrows, that, by my troth, I look like—let me think—like what?—like your ladyship's pincushion. But this is not all: your eyes had like to have proved more fatal to me than Cupid, and all his roguery: for, Madam, while I was star-gazing the other night at your window, full of fire and flame (as we lovers used to be) I dropt plump into your fishpond, by the same token, that I hissed like a red-hot horse-shoe flung into the smith's trough. It was a hundred pound to a penny, but I had been drowned; for those that came to my assistance, left me to shift for myself, while they scrambled for boiling fish that were as plenty as herrings at Rotterdam.

Rotterdam. Some of my fellow sufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an offering to your ladyship, as well as of,

Madam,

Your most devoted slave,

COLLITIER.

LETTER XIII.

The Lover repulsed; from Lycander to Amyntor.

YOU desire to know what progress our friend Damon has made in the affections of his mistress, whom he has so long besieged ; and I am sorry I cannot send you so good news as I could wish. He threw himself down at her feet ; and, in the common strain of lovers, will you not, says he, take compassion on my youth ? Will you not pity one that dies every moment for you ? Shew, at least, some tenderness to the man, who never was conquered by any beauty but your's. But she returned him a compliment as cold as if it had come out of the midst of Tartary : Leave persecuting me, says she, with idle stories of your passion, with your pretended darts and romantic flames, for you do but lose your time and labour. The youth was reduced to the last despair, when he found himself thus slighted ; and, as anger, on these occasions, generally succeeds to love, he said the most reproachful bitter things against her, that his imagination could inspire him with. When his fury had spent itself, looking upon him with a scornful air, I know, says she, how

how to punish the insolence of your tongue. All your sex are perfidious and false: you devour us; nay, you devour one another: the savage beasts in the wood, unless compelled by hunger, seldom attack the traveller; but when they are taken by you, and have been debauched with a domestic education, they prove arranter brutes than any in the forest. To be short with you, your perjury and inconstancy teach us to lay aside all pity, and treat you as you deserve; for, in the first ardor of your love, you can lie all night at our thresholds, on the bare ground; you can say the most sublime things in the world; you can whine and cry, and make goddesses of us; you have oaths perpetually at command, and with those counters you deceive us: but no sooner have we granted the last favours, but you grow insolent and haughty; you make us the subjects of your ill-manner'd mirth, and you disdainfully reject her, whom, the hour before, you adored like a divinity. You are all Atheists, as to love, and pretend that Jupiter has other business on his hands, than to trouble himself with the oaths of lovers.

Thus the lady discards the unfortunate Damon; and, as partial as I am to my friend, I cannot but own there is a great deal of truth in her invective.

L E T.

LETTER XIV.

This Letter was wrote by an unknown Lady, to a young Gentleman, on whom she had unfortunately fixed her Affections; and having no better Opportunity, she, this Way, signified her Inclinations.

Sir,

I Rely on your goodness to redress and conceal the misfortunes I now labour under. But oh! with what words shall I declare a passion which I blush to own? It is now a year and an half since I first saw, and (must I say) loved you, and so long have I strove to forget you; but a frequent sight of what I could not but admire, hath made my endeavours prove vain. I dare not subscribe this letter, lest it should fall into hands that may possibly expose it; but if you, Sir, have any curiosity, or desire to know who I am, I shall be in the Park to-morrow exactly at two o'clock. I cannot but be under apprehensions, lest you should come more out of curiosity than compassion: but, however, that you may have some notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a short description of my person, which is tall and slender, my eyes and hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you, that my person altogether, is what the flattering world calls handsome; and, as to my fortune, I believe you will have no reason to find fault with it. I doubt you will think such a declaration as this, from a woman, ridiculous;

Ious ; but, if you will consider, it is custom, not nature, that makes it so : my hand trembles so, while I write, that I believe you can hardly read it.

LETTER XV.

The Gentleman, instead of gratifying the Lady with an Interview, according to her Desire, took great Pains to expose and ridicule her Letter, though reproved for it by his Acquaintance; which coming to her Knowledge, she wrote to him as follows :

Sir,

YOU will the more easily pardon this second trouble from a slighted correspondent, when I assure you it shall be the last.

A passion, like mine, violent enough to break through customary decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once : but, I hope, I shall undergo no severer trials, or censures, than what I have done, by taking this opportunity of discharging the remains of a tenderness, which I have so unfortunately, and so imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your unkindness, and want of generosity, in exposing my letter ; because the man who is so unworthy of a woman's love, is too inconsiderable for her resentment ; but I cannot forbear asking you, what could induce you to publish my letter, and so cruelly to sport with the misery of a person whom you know nothing worse of, than that she had entertained too good, too fond an opinion of you ?

For

For your own sake, I am loth to speak it, but such conduct cannot be accounted for, but from cruelty of mind, a vanity of temper, and an incurable defect of understanding; but whatsoever be the reason, amidst all my disappointments, I cannot but think myself happy in not subscribing my name; for you, perhaps, might have thought my name a fine trophy to grace your triumph after the conquest; and how great my confusion must have been to be exposed to the scorn, at least to the pity, of the world? I may guess from the mortifications I now feel, from seeing my declarations and professions returned without success, and in being convinced, by the rash experiment I have made, that my affections have been placed without discretion. How ungenerous your behaviour hath been, I had rather you were told by the gentlemen, (who, I hear, universally condemn it) than force myself to say any thing severe; but although their kind sense of the affair must yield me some satisfaction under my present uneasiness, yet it furnishes me with a fresh evidence of my weakness, in lavishing my esteem upon a person that least deserved it.

I hope the event will give me reason, not only to forgive, but thank you, for this ill usage. That pretty face, which I have so often viewed with a mistaken admiration, I believe shall be able to look on with an absolute indifference; and time, I am sensible, will abundantly convince me, that your features are all the poor amends which nature has made you for

for the want of understanding ; and teach me to consider them only as a decent cover for the emptiness and deformity within. To cut off all hope of a discovery who I am, if you do not know, I have taken care to convey this by a different hand from the former letter ; for which I am obliged to a friend, on whose goodness and fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last request, that you would make this letter as public as you have done the former ; if you do not, there are other copies ready to be dispersed ; for though I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am very sure of making it plain to every one else, that you are a coxcomb.

Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

The Delights and Miseries of Matrimony ; to a Lady.

While we are describing the Efforts and Powers of Love, in all its various Shapes and Appearances, we hope a short Essay upon Matrimony, which is, or ought to be, the End of all amorous Addresses, and Pursuits, will not be thought improper in this Place.

Madam,

THE next subject was matrimony ; upon which it was observed, that among a thousand different ways, in which happiness is pursued, lavish encomiums are bestowed on the wedded state. But does experience warrant a belief, that there is no intermediate condition between the bliss of good spirits, and the torment of the bad,

bad, in this state? The inconsiderate part of mankind, think matrimony celestial or infernal, as they see married persons happy or miserable; but a very little reflection would convince them of their mistake: it is men or women that are heavenly-minded, or diabolical. The institution in itself is of vast importance: Christianity cannot stand without it; nor can the common liberty and rights of mankind subsist without some contract, which shall be equally binding to both sexes; yet, if avarice or ambition, even love unguided by prudence, or any other passion, are the cause of engagements which are not consistent, we must not lay it to the charge of the institution. But here also, the laws of God, and of the land, have provided for our security: no more is required than in all other cases, a pious resignation to our condition, whilst we make up for the deficiency of our pleasure by another; I mean, so to cultivate reason, as to raise our sense of duty, in proportion as our affections flag.

And which do you think is most easily reformed, a vicious man by a virtuous woman, or the contrary? By vice, I mean every defect of mind, or corruption of heart. Women are generally most disposed to piety; and, when kindly treated, give the strongest proofs of native ingenuousness; whence I conclude, that, notwithstanding man's boasted pre-eminence, your defects are most easily corrected: the very superiority which we claim, renders us impatient of controul,

Hence

Hence you may discover the indulgence of Providence; for even the subjection of which women inconsiderately complain, is generally conducive to their happiness. Your felicity arises chiefly from your subjection; and it is no paradox to say the same of your power. ‘As the climbing a sandy way to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to the quiet man.—But if there be kindness, meekness, and comfort, in her tongue, then is not her husband like other men?’ This conveys the strongest sense of a man’s happiness, whose wife has tender affections, good sense, and a virtuous mind. She who makes trial with sincerity, may easily find the meaning of the words, and the weighty instruction contained in them. But in our days, men set out upon principles, which will by no means bear examination. It is presumed that very little, or no virtue, is to be found; therefore provision for those pleasures which money can purchase, is the first object. Either we are not taught what we owe to God and our neighbour; religious and domestic duties are neglected; our parents, mistaking external parade for happiness, seek after the greatest fortunes, be the advantages of them what they may; they teach us the very lesson which the greatest part of mankind learn, in spite of all the care which the wise and virtuous take to prevent it.

In the mean while, the laws of God and nature are invariable, and we can never beat out an artificial happiness, whose pleasures compensate

enfase for the neglect of nature, though the taste may become so depraved, as hardly to leave any vestiges on the mind of the lesson which nature teaches. I have read many beautiful passages on this subject; in every Work of eminence one finds some, with regard to men as well as women. I recollect one more, which seems to be of great force, because it is very natural: ‘Where no hedge is, the possession is spoiled; and he that hath no wife, will wander up and down mourning.’ It often happens that the unmarried are unhappy, they know not why: whilst the capricious in taste, inconstant in temper, or vicious by inclinations, are reformed by wedlock. And as we may with great propriety say, Blessed is she who converteth a sinner to repentance, I think we may add, Cursed is he whose carelessness or folly induces his wife to go astray.

Whatever our state or condition may be; however foever our pursuit of happiness; how infinitely diversified our opinions, on which our felicity so much depends; and how contradictory however our practice may be to such opinions, so long as we have senses to distinguish light from darkness, or bitter from sweet; so long as we have a ray of reason to distinguish truth from falsehood, or joy from anguish or perturbation, we must come back to our text.

*That to be good is to be happy;
Angels are happier than men, because
They are better; guilt is the source of sorrow;
'Tis the fiend, the avenging fiend,*

*That follows us behind with whips and scourge,
The bless'd know none of this, but rest
In everlasting peace of mind, and find
The height of all their heaven is goodness.*

You see, Madam, I learn morality from poets, as well as divines, and have my ears open to instruction in a playhouse, as well as in a church. But as we are not quite so good, we must be contented if we are not quite so happy as angels, let us keep in view the glorious rewards of virtue, nor suffer our enjoyment of a small portion of felicity, if a large one is not our lot, to dishearten us in the pursuit. The time will very shortly come, when the seeming inequality amongst mankind will be settled. Farewel.

LETTER XVI.

The Lover in Raptures; to Delia.

Dear Madam,

NO T believe that I love you! you cannot pretend to be so incredulous. If you do not believe my tongue, consult my eyes, consult your own. You will find by your's, that they have charms; by mine, that I have a heart which feels them. Recall to mind what happened last night: that at least was a lover's kiss. Its eagerness, its fierceness, its warmth, expressed the God its parent. But oh! its sweetness, and its melting softness, expressed him more, with trembling in my limbs, and fever in my soul, I ravished it. Convulsions, pantings,

ings, murmurings, shewed the mighty disorder within me ; the mighty disorder increased by it ; for those dear lips shot through my heart, and through my bleeding vitals, delicious poison, and avoidless, yet charming ruin. What cannot a day produce ? The night before I thought myself a happy man. In want of nothing, and pleased with the fairest expectations of fortune ; approved of by men of wit, and applauded by others ; pleased, nay charmed with my friends, then my dearest friends ; sensible of every delicate pleasure, and in their turns possessing all. But love, almighty love ! seems, in a moment, to have removed me to a prodigious distance from every object but you alone. In the midst of crowds I remain in solitude. Nothing but you can lay hold of my mind, and that can lay hold of nothing but you. I seem transported to some foreign desert with you, (oh that I were really thus transported !) where, abundantly supplied with every thing in thee, I might live out an age of uninterrupted extasy. The scene of the world's great stage, seems suddenly and sadly changed. Unlovely objects are all around me, excepting thee. The charms of all the world appear to be translated to thee. Thus, in this sad, but oh ! too pleasing state ! my soul can fix upon nothing but thee ; thee it contemplates, admires, adores, nay, depends on ; trusts in you alone. If you and hope forsake it, despair and endless misery attend it.

LETTER XVII.

The Constant Lover; to Amanda.

Dear Madam,

THIS I send by the permission of a severe Father; I will not say a cruel one, since he is your's. What is it he has taken so mortally ill of me! That I die for his daughter, is my only offence. And yet he has refused to let me take even my farewell of you. Thrice happy be the omen! may I never take my farewell of thee, till my soul takes leave of my body. At least he cannot restrain me from loving: no, I will love thee, in spite of all opposition. Though your friends and mine prove equally averse, yet I will love with a constancy that shall appear to all the world, to have something so noble in it, that all the world shall confess, that it deserved not to be unfortunate. I will forsake even my friends for thee, my honest, my witty, my brave friends; who had always been, till I had seen thee, the dearest part of mankind to me. Thou shalt supply the place of them all with me. Thou shalt be my bosom, my best beloved friend; and, at the same time, my only mistress, and dearest wife; have the goodness to pardon this familiarity. It is the tenderest leave of the faithullest lover; and here, to shew an over-respectfulness, would be to wrong my passion. That I love thee more than life, nay, even than glory, which I courted once with a burning desire, bear witness all my quiet

quiet days, and every restless night, and that terrible agitation of mind and body, which proceeded from my fear of losing thee; to lose thee, is to lose all happiness: tormenting reflection to a sensible soul! how often has my reason been going upon it! but the loss of reason would be but too happy, upon the loss of thee. Since all the advantage I could draw from its presence, would be to know myself miserable. But the time calls upon me, I am obliged to take an odious journey, and leave thee behind with my enemies. But thine shall never do thee harm with me. Adieu, thou dearest, thou loveliest of creatures! no change of time or place, or the remonstrances of the best of friends, shall ever be able to alter my passion for thee. Be but one quarter so kind, so just to me, and the sun will not shine on a happier man than myself.

LETTER XVIII.

The Penitent Lover; to Dorinda.

Dear Madam,

MAY I presume to beg pardon for the fault I committed? so foolish a fault, that it was below, not only a man of sense, but a man; of which nothing could ever have made me guilty, but the fury of a passion, with which none but your lovely self could inspire me. May I presume to beg pardon for a fault which I can never forgive myself? To purchase that pardon, what would I not endure? You shall see me

prostrate before you, and use me like a slave, while I kiss the dear feet that trample upon me. But if my crime be too great for forgiveness, as indeed it is very great, deny me not one parting look ; let me see you once more, before I must never see you more. O ! I want patience to support that distracting thought. I have nothing in the world that is dear to me but you. You have made every thing else indifferent : and can I resolve never to see you more ? In spite of myself, I must always see you. Your form is fixed by fate on my mind, and is never to be removed. I see those lovely piercing eyes continually. I see each moment those ravishing lips, which I have gazed on still with desire, and still have touched with transport ; and at which I have so often flown with the fury of the most violent lover. Heavens ! from whence, and whither am I fallen ? From the hopes of blissful extasies to black despair : from the expectation of immortal transports, which none but your dear self can give me, and which none but he who loves like me, could ever so much as think of, to a complication of cruel passions, and the most dreadful condition of human life. My fault indeed, has been very great, and cries aloud for the severest vengeance. See it inflicted on me. See me despair and die for that fault. But let me not die unpardoned, Madam. I die for you, but die in the most cruel and dreadful manner. The wretch that lies broken on the wheel alive, feels not a quarter of what I endure. Yet boundless love has been all my crime. Unjust, ungrateful, barbarous return of it ! Suffer me to take
my

my eternal leave of you ; when I have done that, how easy will it be to bid all the rest of the world adieu !

LETTER XIX.

The complaining Lover; to Amelia.

Dear Madam,

THIS is the third letter that I have sent you since I came hither. Those that went before were all the overflowings of a heart more full of passion than ever was man's before. It is impossible for me to be distant from you, but I must send to you by every occasion. And yet you can resolve to take no notice of all my tenderness : yes, my dearest, inhuman creature, you can. You have been sick, nay dangerously sick, and have never sent to me. Have I left all the world for you, and could you resolve to leave the world without me ; nay, without giving me the least notice of it ? Heavens ! could you resolve to leave me to despair and to endless misery, without expressing the least concern for me ! And can I persist in loving one so ungrateful ? Is there such another ungrateful creature alive ? No, there lives not so ungrateful a creature, but there lives not one so charming.

LETTER XX,

The Pleading Lover; to Livia.

Madam,

CAN you be angry still with your penitent? you cannot have the ill nature sure! Yes, but you can, you say, since he could have the presumption to be angry with you. But, my dearest, there is this difference between your anger and mine; mine, caused by the cruelty of your supposed infidelity, and your's by the kindness of your lover's resentment: for if I had not been fond of thee to the last degree, I had not been so incensed against you. Yet even, when I was most so, I could sooner have plucked out an eye, than have resolved to have parted with thee. Nay, I could sooner have plucked out both eyes, if the loss of both would not have deprived me of that dear, the ravishing sight of thee. But if you still think that my anger had guilt in it, and that I ought to suffer for it, the means to punish me with the utmost severity, and to make me my own tormenter, is to tell me, you love me: then I shall curse myself and my rage, and feel all the plague of remorse for having offended thee. I shall look upon myself as the basest, the most ungrateful of men, for abusing thy goodness, and thy charming tenderness. I shall believe, that I can never humble myself enough, and never suffer enough to deserve forgiveness. Thus, Madam, you have your revenge in your power. It is a false modesty

desty, which restrains you from taking it. In order to it, you have nothing to do, but to prove yourself tender, and to shew yourself grateful. If you must be ashamed, blush at your cruelty; blush at your inhumanity: but gratitude is reason, and love is nature; never be ashamed of those. Do but consider, there was a time, when I was happy in your esteem; yes, there has been a time, when I was thought, not altogether void of reason by you. How then can you blush at the owning a passion, which you command with an absolute sway, at the very time that it tyrannizes over me?

LETTER XXI.

The discarded Lover; to Mira.

Dear Madam,

MY Friend's stratagem gave me an opportunity of seeing you, by finding fault with you. It must proceed from design or madness, if I find fault with thee. Thy lovely face is the very same that set all my blood in a flame, and I am sure my heart can never be altered. How it trembled in my breast when I saw you last, and by its trouble, confessed its conqueror! How it has burned ever since with redoubled fury! When I shall be free from this flame, heaven only knows. It is a flame that has incorporated with that of my life, and both will go out together. In vain I invoke my reason to resist my sense. My reason finds you more lovely than my eyes did before; shews me all the

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graces of thy beauteous mind, and grows pleased,
and prides itself in its own captivity. You ac-
cuse me, they say, of some extraordinary crime.
A crime, against whom? against you, whom I
loved! against you, for whom I would die!
strange accusation! Yet, at the same time, you
refuse to see me, you refuse to receive any let-
ters: and must I be condemned unheard? rob-
bers are allowed to speak before they are sen-
tenced; murderers have the privilege to plead
for their lives; and shall the tenderest love be
denied the privilege, which is granted to the
blackest malice? I have been guilty of nothing
but too much love, if too much love be a fault.
Why have you given credit to my enemies, be-
fore you have heard me? I may indeed be con-
vinced of an error, but I can never be convicted
of a crime against you. The man must be mad,
nay desperately mad, who can design to injure
himself, and thou art by much the better, the
dearer part of me. Give me leave to see you
once more before I depart; let me see, once
more, that face which has undone me, yet
charms me even in ruin:

*A face, industriously contriv'd by heaven,
To fix my eyes, and captivate my soul.*

Nay, I will see you, if it is but to upbraid you
with your barbarous wish. If at the time you
made it, you had stuck a dagger in my heart,
you had given it a gentler wound.

The only wish I have to make is, to be happy
in thee; if that succeeds not, I have another,
and that is, to be at rest in my grave.

L E T-

LETTER XXII.

Love triumphant in Death.

SIR,

THE following is a no less true, than remarkable instance of his late Majesty's (K. Geo. I.) Goodness and clemency, extended to one of the meanest of his subjects, viz. one John Hurst, a soldier in Col. Chudleigh's regiment, quartered at Exeter, who was sentenced to be shot to death for desertion ; but a few days before the intended execution, writing a letter to his sweetheart, who lived with a certain great Lord in London, (to whose hands the letter came by accident) his Lordship immediately sent it to Mr. Pultney, then Secretary at War, who caused it to be translated into French, and presented it to his Majesty, who considering the meanness of the man, and the admirable style of his letter, immediately ordered his pardon, though no manner of intercession had been made for that purpose. The letter is as follows, the original whereof is now in the War Office, and copies are desired by most of the nobility..

Dear Nancy,

THESE unhappy mournful lines will inform you, that we must now separate for ever, and never more behold each other ; for, since my departure from London, my poverty and

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small debts made me fly for succour to a fatal
remedy : I was obliged, for safety, to list for a
a soldier, and not being used to the hardships
they imposed, in a short time deserted, and
was, within three days after, taken prisoner,
and brought back to the castle. In fifteen days
after my confinement, a Court Martial was
called, where I was condemned, and am, the
6th of next month, to suffer death, with ano-
ther poor wretch, as miserable as myself. I must
confess my doom is severe ; but it's too late to
repent : and I do not, nor can I justly blame
any body but myself. But my life might have
been prolonged, had not the cruelty of Mr. ----,
drove me to this extremity ; for what could
he expect but an untimely end of one, brought
up to no calling or trade, and yet abandoned to
the world, and forced to seek my bread ? I am
sorry I did not acquaint him of my misfortune ;
I was afraid it had been in vain. Perhaps, when
I am gone, he may relent and pity me. I wish
some happy cause had been the tale or subject of
my pen ; but the bravest must submit when for-
tune frowns. I thank God I have learned that
moral philosophy, not to fear death ; and I be-
lieve the crime for which I am to suffer, will be
no bar to my future happiness, if I can but
make my peace with heaven for the many sins
and follies of my youth, which I do unfeignedly
repent of. Before I end my tale, I must beg
this, my last request, that you would favour me
with a line, which will be a great comfort to
me in the midst of my affliction. If you have
not forgot our past, though unhappy loves, let
friend-

friendship plead in your tender bosom in my behalf. I believe I had once some small interest there; and though I have not carried myself as I ought, my sufferings now claim your pity and your pardon; and may Heaven, in return, reward you with eternal blessings, which was always my sincere and hearty wish. I desire no mournful heart for me; neither let my misfortunes trouble you; but, all night, let your heart breathe a fervent prayer for the unhappy wretch, who, while he remains, will be really yours,

JOHN HURST.

Thursday, May 20, 1717.

LETTER XXII.

*True Conjugal Love; in a Letter to Col. K---s,
in Spain, from his Dying Wife.*

BEFORE this can reach the best of husbands, and the fondest lover, those tender names will be no more of concern to me. The indisposition, in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and country, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted, by my physicians, I cannot live a week longer. At this time my spirits fail me; and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you the most painful thing in the prospect of death is, that I must part with you; but let it be a comfort to you, that I have no guilt that hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but I pass away my last hours in the reflections upon the happiness we have lived in together, and

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and in sorrow that it is so soon to have an
end. This is a frailty which I hope is so far
from being criminal, that methinks there is a
kind of piety in being so unwilling to be sepa-
rated from a state, which is the institution of
heaven, and in which we have lived according
to its laws. As we know no more of the next
life, but that it will be an happy one to the
good, and miserable to the wicked, why may
not we please ourselves at least, to alleviate the
difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining
that we shall have a sense of what passes below ;
and may possibly be employed in guiding the
steps of those with whom we walked with inno-
cence, when mortal ? Why may I not hope to
go on in my usual work, and, though unknown-
to you, be assitant in all the conflicts of your
mind ? Give me leave to say to you, O best
of men ! that I cannot figure to myself a great-
er happiness than in such an employment ; to
be present at all the adventures to which hu-
man life is exposed ; to administer slumber to
the eye-lids in the agonies of a fever ; to cover
thy beloved face in the day of battle ; to go
with thee a guardian angel, incapable of wound
and pain, where I have longed to have attended
thee, when a weak, a fearful woman. These, my
dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my
poor languid heart ; but indeed I am not capa-
ble, under my present weakness, of bearing the
strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form
to myself the grief you must be in upon your
first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell
upon this, because your kind and generous
heart

heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the person, for whom you lament, offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see thy face again.

Farewel for ever.

LETTER XXIV.

As a Contrast to the Subject of the foregoing Letter, we imagine it will not be improper to introduce here the Story of the Ephesian Matron, as related by Mons. de St. Euremont. For, as in the above Instance, we see true Conjugal Happiness is built on religious Fear and unaffected Piety; so, in this, we shall find how weak, frail, and transient, are those Resolutions, which have not Religion and Virtue for their Basis.

The Ephesian Matron.

THERE was a lady at Ephesus, in so high a reputation for her chastity, that even women from the neighbouring countries came, out of curiosity, to see her, as a miracle. This extraordinary person, having lost her husband, was not content, as the fashion then was, to assist at the funeral rites, with her hair dishevelled, and to beat her breast before the people; she resolved to follow the deceased even to his monument: and having laid him in his sepulchre, after the Grecian manner, she watched the body, wept incessantly over it, abandoning herself to all the excesses of despair and grief; and so obstinately determined to destroy herself

by

by hunger, that neither her friends nor relations were able to conquer this fatal resolution. The magistrates of the place, who met with no better success, were the last that took their leave of her. And in this manner our illustrious matron, lamented by all the world as a dead person, had already passed five days without eating.

A faithful and affectionate maid bore this unfortunate lady company, who mingled her tears with those of her mistress, and renewed the lights as often as there was occasion. Nothing was talked of in the city but this unprecedented adventure; and every one agreed, that this was the first example of conjugal love and chastity which the world had ever beheld.

It so happened, at the same time, that the governor of the province ordered certain robbers to be fastened on crosses near the dismal cave, where this virtuous lady bewailed herself over the body of her dear husband. On the following night, a soldier, who was appointed sentinel to watch the crosses, lest the bodies should be stolen, perceiving a light in the monument, and hearing the sad complaints of a person who seemed to be affected to the last degree, was led, by a curiosity common to all men, to see what the matter might be. With these intentions he went down to the sepulchre, and surprised at the sight of so beautiful a creature, he continued for some time astonished, as if he had seen a phantom; then earnestly beholding the dead body, which lay stretched out before his eyes, considering the lady's tears,

her

her countenance disfigured with her nails, and all the other marks of despair, he imagined, at last, what the occasion was; that a poor disconsolate woman gave herself up to her sorrow, and lamented in this manner the loss of a beloved husband.

Upon this he went back, and brought his small supper with him to the monument, and began to persuade her to abandon herself no longer to insignificant grief and so superfluous complaints, that all men must depart out of this world in the same manner, and go to the same place: in short he attacked her with all those reasons that used to be employed in the relief of the most unfortunate persons. But the lady, being but the more provoked by so unexpected a consolation, redoubled her lamentations, beat her breasts with more violence than before, and tore off her hair, which she threw upon the miserable body. The soldier was not at all discouraged by this; but, with the same exhortation, endeavoured to persuade her to take some nourishment, till the maid, who was undoubtedly conquered by the delicious smell of the wine, as well as by his discourse, stretched out her hands to the person, who invited them both in so obliging a manner; and having recruited her spirits by what she eat and drank, began herself to combat the obstinacy of her mistress. And what will you be the better, said she, to murder yourself by hunger, to bury yourself alive, and, like a prodigal, throw away that life which can never be retrieved afterwards?

Think

*Think you the ashes of the dead
Regard those tears, so vainly shed?*

How can you imagine you can bring the dead to life again, contrary to the order of nature? for once be advised by me; lay aside this weakness, which none but women are capable of, and enjoy the advantages of life, while heaven gives you leave to do it. This very body, which lies before you, sufficiently shews you the price of life, and may serve to instruct you how to manage it better; few people listen with regret, when they are pressed to eat on the like occasions. Thus our matron, emaciated by so long an abstinence, suffered her contumacious humour to be at last vanquished, and took her victuals with the same greediness the maid had done before her. I need not here inform you, that temptations of another kind generally follow a repast. With the same arms the soldier employed to combat her despair, with the very same arms does he now attack her chastity; and as this young tempter appeared neither disagreeable, nor unprovided with wit and vigour, the maid was not wanting, on her part, to do him all the good offices she could; and directing herself to her mistress, says she,

*No longer blind to your int'rest prove,
But yield to the commanding pow'rs of love.*

Why should I use more words? our virtuous matron shewed the same abstinence as to what

what concerned this part of her body as the other ; and the soldier, fully satisfied, succeeded in both his attempts upon her. Thus they continued together not only the first night of enjoyment, but the next day, and the next after that. The doors of the monument were so carefully shut, that whoever had come thither, whether friend or stranger, he would have concluded, without doubt, that this most pious wife in the universe, had expired upon the body of her husband.

The soldier, perfectly charmed with the beauty of his fair mistress, and with the secret of his good fortune, laid out all the little stock he had upon provisions for her, and no sooner was the night arrived, but he carried them to the monument. In the mean time, the relations of one of the men that were hanged perceiving that nobody looked after them, took this opportunity in the night to carry off the body, and bestowed the rights of sepulchre upon it.

But the poor soldier, who suffered this scurvy trick to be played upon him, while he was too busily pursuing his private pleasures, finding in the morning one of the crosses without a body, repaired immediately to his mistress in the greatest apprehensions for being punished for his neglect, and acquainted her with what had happened ; that, as for himself, he was fully resolved not to stay till his condemnation, but would execute a piece of justice upon himself, and pursue his fatal imprudence with his own hand ; that all the favour he demanded of her was, to see the last ceremonies performed to

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to his ashes, and to prepare the same tomb for
him, fatal both to her husband and gallant.

At this our matron, who had an equal share
of charity and discretion, startled ; and heaven
forbid, said she, that I ever should behold, at
the same time, the funerals of two persons who
are so dear to me. She had no sooner spoke the
words, but she drew her husband's corpse out
of the coffin, in order to fasten it to the cross,
from whence the body was stolen. The sol-
dier immediately put in execution the season-
able advice of this ingenious lady ; and next
morning every one was astonished to think
how a dead man should be able to find his way
to the gibbet.

LETTER XXV.

The Disinterested Lover ; to Melinda.

IF you find any extravagancies in this little
book I send you, you are obliged in honour
to excuse them, since you have robbed me of
my judgment, which might have hindered me
from committing them.

I have been honoured in my time with the
company of very amiable persons to whom I
am beholden for leaving me so much good
sense, as I had occasion to esteem their merit,
without disturbing my repose ; but I have just
grounds to complain of you, for plundering me
of all the reason which the others had left me.

How unhappy is my condition ! I have lost
every thing on the side of reason, and see no-
thing

thing for me to pretend to on the side of passion. Shall I ask you to love a man of my age? I am not so foolish as to expect miracles in my favour. If the merit of my passion could obtain of you a regret that I am old, and a desire that I were young again, I should be content. The favour of a wish is but a small thing; pray refuse me not that. It is natural to wish that every thing we love were amiable.

There never was so disinterested a passion in the world as mine. I love those that love you; I consider your lovers as your subjects, instead of hating them as my rivals; and that, which is dear to you, is much more so to me, than that which is against me is hated by me.

As for what relates to the persons who are dear to you, I take no less a concern in them than you; my soul carries its movements and affections to the place where you are. I relent when you grow tender; when you languish, it is the same case with me. The most passionate songs at the Opera make no impression upon me of themselves; they have no manner of influence over me, but by that which they have over you; I am touched to see you touched; and those melancholy sighs, which steal now and then unawares from you, put my heart to no less expence than they do your's.

I have little or no part in causing any of your pains, but I suffer from them as much as you do.

Sometimes you produce in us a passion different from that which you designed to excite.

If

If you repeat any verses out of the Andromache, you give us love; when you read the words of a mother, who would only give us pity! you endeavour to make us sensible of your own charms. Sad and compassionate expectations revive secretly in our hearts the passion which they have for you; and the grief, which would raise in us for an unfortunate lady, gives a lively idea of our own inquietude.

We should not believe this without making experience of it at our own cost. These matters, which are most opposite to tenderness, assume a touching air in your mouth; your reasonings, your disputes, your contestations, nay, your very anger, have their charms, so difficult it is to find any thing in you, which does not contribute to the passion you inspire; nothing is formed in you that does not turn to love.

Upon a serious reflection, I am apt to believe that you will laugh at me for this discourse, but cannot make merry with my weakness, without being pleased with your beauty; and I am satisfied with my shame, if it gives you any satisfaction.

It is a common thing with us to sacrifice our repose, our liberty, and our fortune. Montaigne indeed says, that we never sacrifice our glory; but I will make bold to contradict Montaigne in this particular, and do not refuse to become ridiculous for the love of you. But upon second thoughts, Madam, we cannot make you a sacrifice of this nature, it can never make a man ridiculous to love you.

A minister of state renounces his politics for you, and a philosopher his morals, without being concerned for their reputation.

The power of an exquisite beauty justifies all the passions which it is capable of producing; and after having consulted my judgment as nicely as my heart, I will tell you without fearing to be ridiculed for it, that I love you.

LETTER XXVI.

The Whimsical Lover; to Flavilla.

I Remember, Madam, that as I went to the army, I begged of you to love the Count of B----, in case I should be so unfortunate as to meet with my death there; in which particular I have been so well obeyed, that you do not hate him at all during my life, to learn (I suppose) the better how to love him after my death. Madam, you have punctually observed my orders, and should I continue to give you the same commission, in all appearance you would see it carefully executed.

You may imagine, Madam, that I design to hide a real grief, under a pretended grievance; and being so well acquainted with my passion, you cannot, without difficulty, persuade yourself, that I suffer a rival without jealousy. But perhaps you do not know, Madam, that if I dare not complain of you, because I love you too much, I dare not complain of him, because I love him little less. And if you must of necessity make me angry, teach me whom I am to

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to be most angry with, either the person who
goes to rob me of my mistress, or you who
steal my friend from me.

Let the matter be how it will, you need not
give yourself much trouble to appease my in-
dignation. My passion is too violent to allow
the least interval to my resentment; and my
tenderness will always make me forget the in-
juries I have received from you. I love you
that are perfidious and faithless; and only fear
that a sincere lover is none of the favourites of
heaven. Farewel; let us enter, I beseech
you, into a new unknown sort of confederacy,
and by a strange mystery, let his, let your, and
my friendship, be only one and the same thing.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

The Injured Lover; to Flirtilla.

YOU imagine, Madam, that I hate you,
and so far are you in the right on it, that
if you consult the reason I have to do so, you
may believe that I hate you most abominably;
but when you consider the mighty power you
have always had over me, you conclude rightly
enough, that it is not in my power to hate
you; and to my shame, I acknowledge it, that
I still love and doat upon you, after all the
cruel injuries you have done me.

The difference between your and my way of
procedure is extraordinary enough; you wish
me ill, because you have been obliged by me;
on

on the other hand, I wish you all the prosperity in the world, in spite of the ill treatment I have received at your hands. For God's sake, Madam, pardon me the injuries you have done me, forget what I have done for you, and you will remove all the occasion you have to hate me.

Let us, therefore, if you please, begin a new sort of friendship, where neither reproach nor justification, nor quarrels nor reconcilements, shall have any thing to do. The only motive of my friendship is, because you are lovely in all respects ; that of yours ought to be the opinion you now have, or at least I desire you to have, that I am an honest well-meaning admirer of yours.

Excuse my vanity. My conversation with the Gascons could not give me a less share of it ; and provided I stop here, you and I are sufficiently even with one another ; but I will by no means promise to imitate those people in all things, particularly where you have any manner of concern.

LETTER XXVIII.

The Sickly Lover; to Mrs. Hunt, at Epsom.

Windsor, July 26, 1694.

Angel,

THERE can be no stronger motive to bring me to Epsom, or to the North of Scotland, or to Paradise, than your being in either of these places ; for you make every place alike

alike heavenly, wherever you are: and I believe, if any thing would cure me of a natural infirmity, seeing and hearing you would be the surest remedy; at least I should forget that I had any thing to complain of, while I had so much more reason to rejoice. I should certainly (had I been at my own disposal) have immediately taken post for Epsom, upon receipt of your letter. But I have a nurse here who has dominion over me, and a most unmerciful she-afs.

Balaam was allowed an angel to his afs; I'll pray, if that will do any good, for the same grace. I would have set out upon my afs to have waited upon you, but I was afraid I should be a tedious while in coming, having a great experience of the slowness of that beast; for you must know I am making a journey towards health upon that animal, and find I make such slow advances, that I despair at arriving at you, or any great blessing, till I am capable of using some more expeditious means. I could tell you of a great inducement to bring you to this place, but I am sworn to secrefy. However, if you were here, I would contrive to make you one of the party. I will expect you, as a good Christian may every thing he devoutly prays for.

I am,

Your everlasting admirer,

W. CONGREVE.

L E T-

LETTER XXIX.

The Doubtful Lover; to Saphira.

Madam,

IT is a great pity you do not take pleasure in doing good oftener, since, whenever you undertake it, none can do it more obligingly, or with so good a grace. I received the late compliment you made me with all the deference I ought; and you have not only alleviated my misfortune, but have put me in some doubt, whether I shall call it so: for, since you told me that your kindness for me shall last no longer than my unhappiness, you have almost forced me to wish it may never end. See, Madam, how much my fate is at your disposal; you have, by the bare inserting these words, so changed two contraries, I mean your presence and your absence (one of which is certainly the greatest good, and the other the greatest evil in the world) that I know not which is the good, or which is the evil, and consequently which of them to choose. However, since I must suffer one way or the other, I had rather do it in your presence; and though you are as cruel as possible, yet, in my opinion, you can shew it no way so essentially, as by refusing to see me. I must confess, Madam, I fear you beyond what you can imagine, and more than any thing in nature; but without forfeiting the respect I owe you, I love you (if

D 2

I may

I may so express myself) much more than I fear you. Though you frighten me a little sometimes, yet I am infinitely pleased to see you in all your shapes. Nay, should you be changed once a week into a dragon, I believe I should fall in love with your scales and claws. By what alterations I have observed in you, I believe this metamorphosis may one day happen ; and whereas you tell me that three days in a month you are not to be conversed with, methinks that seems some disposition to such a change. I am of Mons. de C---'s opinion, that you will come to some strange end, and then we shall know what judgment to pass upon you. In the mean time, be what you will, all the world must own, you are a most amiable creature ; and while you continue under your present shape, as your whole sex can shew nothing so divine and perfect, so no man shall be, with more zeal than I am,

Madam,

Your's, &c.

LETTER XXX.

*The Cautious Lady, with Regard to Matrimony ;
to her Brother.*

WHY does my ever-dearest brother blame his sister for performing her duty ; that duty which God hath commanded, which nature dictates, and which reason approves ? Had I given Mr. ----- encouragement, after I had received my parent's strict command to the con-

contrary, you might have blamed me, the world would have censured me, and Mr. -----, in his own mind, despised me; for what man of sense will venture to make that woman his wife, who will deceive her parents? may he not reasonably imagine she would do the same by him, had she an opportunity? but suppose she should not; yet, my dear brother, tell me, is it not better to deal sincerely by a man, than to deceive him with vain hopes, or promise what it may never be in my power to perform? I am, at present, too young, and hope I shall never be so old, as to have art enough to deceive a person in that manner. Virtue, innocence, and truth, have hitherto attended me, and I will use my utmost endeavours to preserve those amiable qualities; for what real satisfaction would all the pleasures this world affords, give me, if I am deprived of the paternal blessing, the greatest blessing this world can give! and if I am deprived of this blessing, how can I expect that blessing of heaven! and without that, I shall not only be miserable in this life, but in the life to come. Therefore urge me no more to that which my duty forbids me to comply with. Though, believe me, I have a very great respect for Mr. -----, and my good wishes will ever attend him. In me he shall always find a sincere friend; but I beg he would think of nothing more, but endeavour to compose his mind, and be

Convinc'd all things are order'd for the best.

For my own part, I resign myself entirely to the wise Creator of the Universe, to be disposed of as he shall see good : for I am satisfied, as long as we shall use our endeavours to keep his commands, he will not let us be miserable, but will, in time, provide for us better than we can do for ourselves. Therefore, you may tell Mr. -----, his flattery has had no effect on me ; for could I perform all the duties of those tender names he has mentioned, I would, with pleasure, resign all those charms, all that vivacity of sparkling wit, which he vainly endeavours to persuade me I am possessed of, to divert, and, if possible, to prevent that dreadful thing, old age, from growing too fast upon a person, whose life and quiet I prefer to my own. Perhaps, in the heat of friendship, you may blame this as much as you have done some of my former epistles ; and I readily allow what friendship demands : but yet give me leave to hope, that experienced years and ripening judgement will convince you I am right, and confirm you in my opinion. Therefore forbear to call me a whimsical girl ; for I take so much pleasure in moralizing on my own thoughts, that all the rhetoric you are master of will never persuade me to the contrary ; and such an innocent pleasure as this, I hope you will allow me, who am, with the greatest sincerity,

Your affectionate sister.

L E T.

LETTER XXXI.

Love Unrequited; to Philander.

O My Philander, if you knew with what anxieties I have passed this tedious moon, you sure would pity my distracted passion. Sleep flies from me ! The day is hateful to me ! The smiling sun, furnished with rays divine, adds but new sorrow to my troubled breast ! All day in sighing silence I remain ; and when the peaceful gloom of night appears, it more indulges my unfeigned sorrow ! Oft, when the smiling morn chases away the misty shades of death, with fainting steps I bend my forward way, till entering beneath a shady grove, with sighs and tears I there renew my grief. The rustling winds beneath the leafy screens, the warbling birds that chant with tuneful notes, the murmuring streams that gently glide along, and every other object else, conspire to feed my hapless flame ! Without the grave there is no joy for me, unless my dear Philander says he loves. Adieu, thou object of my soul's desire ! Oh ! would kind heaven but aid my just request, I might be happy in the glooms of death ! Death, with his leaden arms, would clasp me close in his embrace, I should forget my passion, and mourn no more my unrequited love.

A. BEHN.

LETTER XXXII.

A BUTCHER'S COURSHIP.

I BEG pardon, dear Madam, for not answering your's sooner, but, upon my word, I have been so tormented with the head-ach, that I thought I should have gone mad ; besides I have got an admirer, but as the d---l will have it, I am in a night's time to be in the middle of an island, by which means I cannot go out to give him a leer. Now, is not this enough to make one sick ? As for my man, perhaps, you would like to know what sort of a creature he is. Why then I will tell you : he is really handsome, and not very ungenteel : his occupation, I own, I have some dislike to, for you must know the gentleman is a butcher, but to make up for that dislike, he is, what I much admire, that is, a jolly dog, and accosted me in a free easy manner, such as, you are a young widow, I am a widower, and if you will drink a dram with me, I will tell you more of my mind. I, fond of having a few fine things said to me, had the bottle brought : so then the discourse run thus ; faith, widow, I like you, and if you will have me, I will settle fifty pounds a year upon you, and a great pair of bull's horns, to dispose of as you think fit. This last proposal, I must say, I thought a good one, so would not give him a positive denial, but told him, I would consider of it ; since

since which I have heard no more of the gentleman ; when I do, you shall partake.

I hope to see you in town very soon, at which time we will talk over the coy widow, wanton girls, and huge man, &c.

Pray my service to Mrs. P----, tell her, that last Wednesday night, was such a dreadful night of thunder and lightning, that all the town of B----s got up to their prayers, believing it the last day. It was (they say) diametrically opposite, in a parallel line to this house, and every body thought we should be snatched away, in our climacteric. I need not tell you my study, for you will all know by this, that it is algebra. This seems to me a very learned letter ; I wish it may divert you, and I shall think my time well spent ; I wish I knew of any thing more entertaining, if I did you should have it ; but you must take the will for the deed, and excuse the nonsense of,

Your's &c.

FLORIMEL.

LETTER XXXIII.

The ROYAL SUITOR.

The following seventeen Letters were wrote by Henry VIII. to Ann Bullen; the originals of which are still kept at the Vatican at Rome.

My Sweetheart and Friend,

AND my heart put themselves into your hands, begging of you to take them to your good favour; and that being absent from you, your affection may not be diminished towards them; for it would be a great pity to augment their pain; for absence gives me enough, and more than ever, and more than I could have thought; and calls to my mind a point of astronomy, which is this. That by how much farther Moors are distant from the sun, the heat notwithstanding is more fervent; so it is with our love; for though we are personally distant from each other, the heat of love remains at least on our side, and I hope the same on yours; assuring you, that the anxiety of absence is already too great, when I think of the augmentation thereof, which I must still suffer, if it was not for the firm hope I have of your inviolable affection towards me, to put you in remembrance, that, since I cannot be personally with you at present, I send you the nearest likeness to it I can, to wit, my picture, set in bracelets, the only device which I have left,

left, wishing myself in their place whenever it shall please you. Written by the hand of
Your Servant and Friend.

LETTER XXXIV.

To my Sweetheart,

AS the time seems very long to me since I heard of your health, or from you, the affection I bear you, obliges me to send the bearer hereof to be better informed of your health and pleasure ; and because, since my departure from you, I have been informed you have altogether changed the mind I left you in, that you will neither come to court with Madam your mother, nor any otherwise, I cannot enough wonder. Since that I never gave offence, it seems to me but small retaliation for the great love I bear you, to keep me at a distance from the person and presence of the woman, whom, of all the world, I most esteem. And if you bear an equal affection to me, as I hope you do, I am fully persuaded that the separation of our persons will be a little troublesome to you ; but as it not always affects the mistress as it does the servant, think well, my dear, that your absence gives me a great deal of pain ; but hoping that it is not your will that it is so ; but were I certainly informed that it was your own voluntary desire, I can do nothing else but complain of my own hard fortune, and by degrees check the greatness of my folly. Want of time puts an end to my rude

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letter; begging you to give credit to what the
bearer shall tell you on my part. Written
with the hand of

Your Servant.

LETTER XXXV.

THE uneasiness I bore, by being uncertain
of your health, gave me a great idea of
trouble; nor could I enjoy any quiet without
knowing the truth; but as you have yet felt
nothing, I hope I may assure you that you will
escape it*, as I hope we have; for we were at
Waltham, where two ushers, two valets de
chambre, your brother, and master-treasurer,
fell sick, but are now perfectly recovered;
since which we betook ourselves to your house
at Honsdon, where, God be praised, we are
very well for the present, and I believe, if you
will retire from Surry, as we have done, you
will escape it without any danger. And to
give you still greater comfort, I am informed of
a truth, that very few, or no women have fell
sick, but none of our court, and that very few in
these parts have died; wherefore I beg of you,
my dearly beloved, to harbour no fear, nor to
give yourself uneasiness at our absence: for
wheresoever I am, I am your's. Notwithstanding
we must sometimes bear the will of for-
tune; for who will, in some things, strive
against her, are often drove the farthest back;
wherefore comfort yourself and be courageous,

* *The sweating sickness.*

and

and fling away evil as far as you can. I hope soon to make you sing the return. Time, at present, will let me write no more, but that I wish myself in your arms, to ease you of your just thoughts. Written by the hand of him, who is, and ever shall be,

You's.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

THE examining the contents of your letters put me into very great agony, not knowing how to understand them, whether to my disadvantage, as in some others I understand ; begging of you, with a sincere heart, to inform me of your intentions, in regard to the love between us. Necessity obliges me to insist on this answer, having, for more than a year past, been pierced with a dart of love, not being assured where to find place in your heart and affection ; which certain last point has guarded me a little in this, not to call you my mistress, with which, if you love me but with a common love, this name is not appropriated to you ; for that denotes a singularity vastly different from common love. But if you have a mind to perform the truly loyal mistress and friend, give yourself, body, and heart to me, who would be, and has been long, your most loyal servant. If with rigour you don't forbid me, I promise, that not only the name shall be due to you, but likewise take you for my mistress ; rejecting and treating others, in comparison of you, far from

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from thought and affection, and to serve you
only, begging of you to give a full answer to
this rude letter, on which, and in which I may
trust. But if you do not please to give an
answer in writing, appoint some place where I
may have it by word of mouth, and with a
willing heart I will meet you at the place. No
more, for fear of incommoding you. Written
by the hand of him, who would willingly re-
main,

Your's.

LETTER XXXVII.

I Heartily thank you for your handsome pre-
sent, than which, well weighing the whole,
nothing is more beautiful, not only for the
beautiful diamond, and vessel in which the soli-
tary damsel is tossed ; but principally for the
beautiful interpretation, and most humble sub-
mission, by your goodness in this case made use
of, well thinking that to merit this by oppor-
tunity will be very difficult, if your great hu-
manity and favour did not assist me, for which
I have watched, watch, and will watch all
opportunities of retaliation possible ; to remain
in which, my whole hope has placed its imme-
diate intention, which says, *aut illic, aut nullibi.*

The demonstrances of your affection are
such, the beautiful words, the letters so affec-
tionately couched, which in truth oblige me for
ever to honour you, love, and serve you ; beg-
ging you to continue in this firin and constant
purpose ; on my part assuring you, that I will
rather

rather augment it, than make it reciprocal, if loyalty of heart, desire of pleasing you, without any motive, may advance it; praying you, that if at any time heretofore I have given you offence, that you would give me the same pardon that you ask; assuring you, that for the future, my heart shall be wholly dedicated to you, much desiring that the body might be also, as God can do it if he pleases, to whom I beg, once a day, to do it, hoping that, in time, my prayers may be heard, wishing the time to be short, thinking it very long to our review. Written by the hand of my secretary, who, in heart, body, and will, is

Your loyal and affectionate servant.

LETTER XXXVIII.

THE reasonable requests of your last letter, with the pleasure I also take to know them true, cause me to send you now the news. The Legate, which we most desired, arrived at Paris on Sunday or Monday last past, so that I trust by next Monday, to hear of his arrival at Calais; and then I trust, within a while after, to enjoy that which I have so long longed for, to God's pleasure, and both our comforts. No more to you at this present, mine own darling, for lack of time, but that I would you were in mine arms, or I in yours, for I think it long since I kissed you. Written after the killing of an hart, at eleven of the clock, minding, with God's grace, tomorrow mighty timely, to kill

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kill another, by the hand of him, which, I
trust, shortly shall be,

Your's.

LETTER XXXIX.

Darling,

THOUGH I have skant leisure, yet re-member my promise, I thought it conve-nient to certify you briefly in what case our affairs stand. As touching a lodging for you, we have gotten one by my Lord Cardinal's means, the like whereof could not be found hereabout for all causes, as this bearer shall more shew you. As touching our other af-fairs, I ensure you there can be no more done, nor more diligence used, nor all manner of dan-ger, both foreseen and provided for; so that I trust it shall be hereafter to both our comforts, the specialties whereof were both too long to be written, and hardly by messenger to be de-clared; whereof, till you repair hither, I keep something in store, trusting it shall not be long too; for I have caused my Lord your fa-ther to make his provisions with speed: and thus, for lack of time, Darling, I make an end of my letter. Written by the hand of him, which, I would, were

Your's.

LETTER XL.

NOTwithstanding it does not belong to a gentleman to take his lady instead of a servant,

servant, in following at all times your desires, that I will willingly forego, if thereby you can find the place which you chose, and I gave you, less disagreeable ; returning you most hearty thanks, if you please still to have some remembrance of me. 6n Ri De R. O.M. C.Z.

LETTER XLI.

THE cause of my writing at this time, good sweetheart, is only to understand of your good health and prosperity, whereof to know I would be as glad as in manner mine own, praying God, that it be his pleasure to send us shortly together ; for I promise you I long for it ; howbeit, trust it shall not be long too. And seeing my darling is absent, I can no less do than to send her some flesh, representing my name, which is hart's flesh for Henry, prognosticating that hereafter, God willing, you must enjoy some of mine, which, if he pleased, I would were now. As touching your sister's matter, I have caused Walter Welsh to write to my Lord my mind therein, whereby I trust that Eve shall not have power to deceive Adam; for surely whatsoever is said cannot so stand with his honour, but that he must needs take his natural daughter now in her extreme necessity. No more to you at this time, mine own darling, but with a wish I would we were together one evening. With the hand of

Your's.

L E T-

LETTER XLII.

EACH time, my darling, that it hath not pleased you to remember the promise that you made when I was last with you, and know your answer to my last letter; nevertheless it seems to me to be the office of a true servant (seeing of that otherwise we cannot know) to send and enquire the health of his mistress; therefore, to acquit myself of the office of a faithful servant, begging of you to inform me of your prosperity, which, I pray God, may be as long as I could wish my own to be; and to put you into more remembrance of me, I send you by the bearer a buck, killed late last night by my own hand, hoping that, when you eat it, you will remember the huntsman. So here, for want of time, I make an end of my letter. Written by the hand of your servant, who often wishes for you in the room of your brother.

LETTER XLIII.

APPROACHING near the time, which has seemed so long to me, I rejoice the more, because it seems to me almost come, notwithstanding the entire accomplishment cannot be till the two persons are met; which meeting is more desired on my part than any worldly thing: for what satisfaction can be so great in this world, as to enjoy the company of one's most

most dearly beloved, knowing that she has the same pleasure on her side, the thought of which gives me a deal of pleasure ; then judge, what must the person do, whose absence has given me more heart-achings than tongue or writing can express, and which nothing but her presence can remedy ; begging you, my dear, to tell you farther on my part, to come two days before the time appointed, that he may be at court, or at least on the day fixed ; for otherwise I shall think he made not the least course of the amorous, nor answered my expectation. No more at present, for want of time, hoping very soon that, by word of mouth, I shall tell you the pains I have suffered during your absence. Written by the hand of my secretary, who wishes himself now privately with you, who is, and ever will be,

Your loyal and most assured servant.

LETTER XLIV.

I RECEIVED suddenly, last night, the most disagreeable news that could be brought me, for three reasons, which I cannot but lament. The first, to hear of the sickness of my lover, which I esteem more than all the world, whose health I wish as much as my own, and would willingly bear a part of her illness to have her in perfect health. The second, is the fear of being oppressed longer with the impatience of a tedious absence, which has hitherto given me all the uneasiness imaginable, and gives me room to fear and judge still worse. The third reason

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reason is, because the doctor, in whom I most
depend, is absent; for he could give me plea-
sure, hoping by him, and his means, to obtain
one of my most principal joys of this world,
that is, to see my mistress recovered. Never-
theless I send you our second physician, and
all praying God that he may soon restore you
to your health, and then I shall love him more
than ever, begging you to be ruled by his direc-
tions concerning your sickness, by complying
with which, I hope soon to see you, which
will be a greater cordial to me than all the
precious stones in the world. Written by the
secretary, who is, and ever will be,

Your loyal and most assured servant.

LETTER XLV.

SINCE your last letters, my own darling,
Walter Welsh, Master Brown, John Care,
Frion of Brearton, John Cork the apothecary,
be fallen of the sweat in this house, and, thank-
ed be God, all well recovered: so that, as yet,
the plague is not fully ceased here; but I
trust, shortly it shall, by the mercy of God.
The rest of us yet be well, and I trust shall
pass it, either not to have it, or at least as easily
as the rest have done. As touching the matter
of Wilton, my Lord Cardinal hath had the
nuns before him, and examined them, Mr.
Bell being present, which hath certified me,
that for a truth she hath confessed herself
(which we would have an Abbess) to have had
two children by two sundry Priests; and fur-
ther

ther since hath been kept by a servant of the Lord Broke that was, and that not long ago ; wherefore I would not, for all the gold in the world, clog your conscience nor mine, to make her ruler of a house, which is of so ungodly a demeanour ; nor I trust you would not, that neither for brother nor sister, I should so stain mine honour or conscience. And as touching the Princess, or Dame Eleanor's eldest sister, though there is no evident case proved against them, and that the Princess is so old, that of many years she would not be as she was named ; yet notwithstanding, to do you pleasure, I have done that neither of them shall have it ; but that some other good and well-disposed woman shall have it, whereby the house shall be the better reformed (whereof I ensure you it hath much need) and God much the better served. As touching abode at Hever, do therein as best shall like you ; for you know best what air doth best with you : but I would that it were come thereto, if it pleased God, that neither of us need care for that ; for I assure you I think it long. Suche is fallen sick of the sweat, and therefore I send you this bearer, because I think you long to hear tiding from us, as we do in likewise from you, written with the hand

De votre seul.

L E T-

LETTER XLVI.

Darling,

I Heartily recommend to you, ascertaining you that I am not a little perplexed with such things as your brother shall on my part declare; to whom, I pray you, give full credence; for whom it were too long to write. In my last letter I wrote to you, that I trusted shortly to see you, which is better known at London, than with any that are about me, whereof I not a little marvel: but lack of discrete handling must needs be the cause thereof. No more to you at this time, but that I trust shortly our meeting shall not depend upon other men's light handlings, but upon your own. Written by the hand of him that longeth to be

Yours.

LETTER XLVII.

Mine own Sweetheart,

THIS shall be to advertise you of the great ailingness that I find here since your departing now last, than I was wont to do a whole fortnight. I think your kindness and my fervence of love causes it; for otherwise I would not have thought it possible, that so little a while should have grieved me. But now that I am coming towards you, methinketh that my pains are half released; and also I am right

right well comforted, in so much that my book maketh substantially for me matter, in writing whereof I have spent above four hours this day, which caused me now to write the shorter letter to you at this time, because of some pain in my head, wishing myself (especially an evening) in my sweetheart's arms, whose pretty dukkies I trust shortly to kiss. Written by the hand of him that was, is, and shall be

Your's by his will.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO inform you what joy it is to me to understand of your conformableness to reason, and of the suppressing your inutile and vain thoughts and fantasies with the bridle of reason; I ensure you all the good in the world could not counterpoise for my satisfaction for the knowledge and certainty thereof. Wherefore, good sweetheart, continue the same, not only in this, but in your doings all hereafter, for thereby shall come, both to you and me, the greatest quietness that may be in this world. The cause why the bearer tarrieth so long is, the business that I have had to dress up geer for you, which I trust ere long to see you occupy, and then I trust to occupy yours, which shall be recompence enough to me for all my pains and labours. The unfeigned sickness of this well-willing legate doth somewhat retard his access to your person; but I trust verily, when God shall send him health, he will with diligence recompence his demur. For I know well

well where he hath said (lamenting the saying, and brute that he shall be imperial) that it shall be well known in this matter that he is not imperial: and this, for lack of time, farewell. Written with the hand which fain would be yours, and so is the heart.

Here end the Letters of King Henry to Anne Bullen, which passed in the course of his courtship; and from the infinite fondness he expresses for her, one would imagine, that their union, whenever it should happen, would be indissoluble, and their happiness complete. However, he had not been married to her any long time, before this fair prospect terminated in the utter ruin, of this beautiful, though much envied Queen. Whether the King, satiated with the enjoyment of this, had fixed his fancy on some other more pleasing object; or whether the Queen's incautious gaiety in her behaviour and conduct, gave her enemies an opportunity to accuse her of incontinence, we are not able to say. However, on a charge that she abused the King's bed, she was committed to the Tower, and lost her head. While in the Tower she wrote to the King the following letter, containing her justification.

LETTER XLIX.

*Queen Ann Bullen's last Letter to King Henry ;
from the Manuscript in the Cotton Library.*

SIR,

YOUR Grace's displeasure, and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one, whom you know to be mine antient professed enemy. I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning ; and if, as you say, confessing a truth, indeed, may procure safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof proceeded. And, to speak a truth, never Prince had a wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Ann Bullen ; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I, at any time, so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration I now find. For the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration,

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I

I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate, to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant Princess your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies set as my accusers, and judges: yea, let me receive an open trial (for my truth shall fear no open shame) then shall you see either my innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, before God and Man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me, as an unlawful wife; but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could, some good while since, have pointed out unto your Grace, being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great

great sin therein, and likewise mine enemy the instrument thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself only may bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the souls of those poor Gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strong imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Ann Bullen hath been pleasing to your ear, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any farther with my earnest prayers to the Trinity, to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this 6th of May.

Your most loyal,
And ever faithful wife,
ANN BULLEN.

LETTER L.

Love unrequited; from a dying Wife to her Husband.

My Dear,

AS I employed every moment of my life to please you, but in vain, I am still willing to employ my last in what I am sure will give you a sensible pleasure, that is, to tell you I have not many more to live. Even while I write, I expect death would render my letter imperfect; but if he suffers me to write three lines more, I'll meet him with courage and resignation. You will now expect reproaches from me; and justly you may expect them: but I have too much generosity, too much love, and too much religion, to make you such a return: No, my dear, I forgive you from my soul; and only desire, that as you never paid any regard to my former wishes, yet you would to my last. I conjure you then, for your own welfare, to abandon what will prove your ruin: seek a virtuous wife, and make up in her the loss of your,

LAVINIA.

L E T-

LETTER LI.

Love confessed at Death; from Sabinia to Eugenius.

SIR,

IN answer to your kind enquiry, I think myself obliged to tell you, that I this morning sent for my Physician and Apothecary, who (at my earnest request) have been so sincere as to tell me, that their skill and medicines can be of no farther service to me. I have often experienced their judgment, and my present weakness confirms their opinion, and I am satisfied my life is almost at an end. I may now, in justice to your merit, (though perhaps not necessary to tell you) confess, how much I have esteemed your person, and reverenced your virtues; and believe the regard you professed for my person was sincere; since neither my fortune, nor future expectations, were equal to yours. 'Tis for this reason, Sir, that I return you my thanks, and your letters; and assure you that none but my own eyes have ever seen them; and that, if I am not deprived of my reason, the secret shall die with me. I have been so long inured to the thoughts of dying, that they are grown familiar to me, and have prevented my laying any impracticable schemes of happiness in this life, and have given me time to reflect, and repent of many crimes, many follies, and many inadvertencies which in my perfect health

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appeared very inconsiderable. I have took
my leave of all friends, except one faithful
attendant, who has promised not to leave me,
till my eyes are closed for ever. May you
live, Sir, long and happy, and in your last
moments enjoy a firm and well grounded hope
of future happiness, with as much serenity of
mind, as that which is the present happy con-
dition of

Your sincere and faithful friend,
SABINIA.

LETTER LII.

An amorous Flight; from a young Oxonian to Adoranda.

Most Divine and adorable Goddess,
THE bright beams of your transcendent
beauty, have burnt up my inflamed heart
to a cinder; and your angelic face, your ex-
quisite complexion, taper shape, brilliant eyes,
ivory neck, and alabaster skin, in short your
every thing has struck me blind; and I shall
never escape the claws of that long-lived mon-
ster Death, unless you will be most graciously
pleased to cast an eye of commiseration and
pity on this devoted slave of yours, who now
lies bound in the heaviest chains that ever your
little brother Cupid put on the legs of the most
waining lover in his dominions. Nor am I
alone captivated with the outward appearance
of those perfections that always shine about
you, like the sun at its meridian height: No,
most

most bright charmer, I must also acknowledge myself ravished with those inward perfections of mind, which you are endowed with to so great a degree, that if any other of your sex had but the hundredth part of them, she would nevertheless excel the whole race of woman-kind, yourself excepted. So that was you but sufficiently known, you would be universally gazed at and admired like a blazing star. No wonder therefore, that your most sensible laugh, as witty as it is loud, your very agreeable vivacity, gay air, cheerful sprightliness, excessive good-humour, sound judgment in the choice of your Paraphonalia, should forcibly attract the heart of all the men of sense who approach you; as they have done mine to an infinite degree. Be pleased therefore to ease the raging torture of my impaled heart, and look down from your imperial seat, where, like the Queen of Love, you sit attended by millions of little smiling Cupids, and condescend to accept of my most ardent vows; and let me beseech your divinityship to assure me, whether I must live or die, be happy or miserable; they both depend on your imperial nod. Nod therefore in my favour: for even despair itself is scarce so tormenting as the state of uncertainty; and in return, the choicest of my wishes shall always wait your steps; that no dull cares may ever disturb your features, nor old age ever wrinkle your face, but that you may be ever young and ever gay; and that every breathing creature may always adore and worship,

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love, esteem, and reverence you, as much as
does,

Your most devoted,
and obsequious Slave,
DAMON.

LETTER LIII.

The Fair Sex defended; in a Letter to Virginia.

Madam,

HAppening to be lately in company with a young Oxonian, who asserted that women had no souls, I undertook their defence; and affirmed, that women are capable of the highest improvements, and the greatest glory to which men can be advanced. To make good my assertion, I appealed to Plutarch, who, if he was to compare the lives and actions of men and women, I have no doubt but he could make it appear, that as Sappho's verses were equal to those of Anacreon, so Semiramis was full as magnificent as Sesostris, that Tanquailla was as politic as Servius, and that Porcia was not inferior in virtue, courage, and manliness of soul, to Brutus himself. I likewise added the story of Arria and Pætus, as a fine example of conjugal affection. Nero, envious of the felicity in which they spent their days, sent them an order to dispatch themselves out of hand. Pætus happened to be absent when the order was brought; on his return home, Arria with one hand plunged a dagger into her side, and with a smile said.—

It

It is not from the wound I have received, my Pætus, that I feel any pain; 'tis that which you will receive that grieves me.

'Tis true, many of the antients, and from them the moderns, have reproach'd the sex for being weak in council, deficient in courage, inordinate in their passions, mutable in their wills, and unfit for Government; that therefore the Greeks and Romans made laws that they should have Guardians even in their grown age and widowhood.

But what excellence is there in man which is not in woman? In sacred history we find Abigail preventing the destruction of her family by her prudence. Plutarch gives an instance of wisdom in the whole body of the Celtic women, who when their country was torn in pieces by a civil war, never desisted from their importunity, till a general peace was settled in all their cities and families; an action so acceptable to their country, that afterwards they admitted their women into council. So that in the league they long afterwards made with Hanibal, this was one Article.—*If the Celts have any manner of complaint against the Carthaginians, the Carthaginian Commander in Spain shall judge it: But if the Carthaginians have any thing to lay to the charge of the Celtæ, it shall be brought before the Celtic women.*

Nor have women less share of learning than of wisdom and discretion. The antient Mythologists, made Minerva the Goddess, as well as Apollo the God of learning. In holy writ

we find Huldah the Prophetess, who lived in a College, consulted by the greatest Statesmen of her time. Aspasia instructed the famous Pericles. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, instructed both her sons, and enabled them to make considerable figures in the Forum; and Athenais rose to the Eastern Empire by the force of her learning, though the daughter of a mean Athenian.

Nor has our nation wanted such ornaments of the sex, in a Gray, Chudleigh, Finch, Philips, Astley, Behn, Singer, Thomas, &c. To these we might add Mrs. Barber, whose poems excel most of the modern poetry, particularly in the purity of her stile and diction.

These allegations being built upon known facts, and the Oxonian having nothing to reply, I received the plaudit of the whole company; and proud enough, you may be sure, I was of the opportunity of vindicating the honour and dignity of the fair sex, from such aspersions and calumny as this young scatter-brain would have fixed upon them. And if I should be so fortunate as to meet with your approbation likewise, I shall think myself at the very summit of all my glory.

I am, Madam,

With the greatest respect,

Your most devoted,

Humble Servant,

FRANK FAIRLOVE.

L E T-

LETTER LIV.

The Perjured Lover; Amasia to Philander.

YOU have now a complete conquest to boast of; ere this can reach you, the unhappy Amasia is no more; since your unkindness forced me upon this unnatural design, I have endeavoured to persuade myself into a kind of atheism, and would willingly have embraced that absurd doctrine of the soul, annihilation; a thought! the most gloomy to all, but the guilty, or the despairing. But my endeavours are vain; nor can I be an unbeliever. That there is a God! all nature cries aloud! and by the undeniable testimony of the divine oracles, I am as fully persuaded of the certainty of an hereafter--as of my present existence. Imagine then! you see the injured Amasia sit pale and trembling with the fatal draught before me! challenging death! and beginning a voluntary encounter with the King of terrors! who stands armed in all his real and substantial horrors! and after a sharp conflict, rushing into the presence of an offended deity, by the immediate breach of one of his commands! Tremendous thought! it shocks my very being! yet, terrible as it is, so intolerable are my present sufferings, that a life, with Philander's insults, is not to be supported another hour; hard-hearted cruel man! could you be satisfied with nothing less than my eternal ruin? So artful a deceiver are you, that I could as soon have questioned my own

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existence, as your sincerity ; till sad experience forced me, unwilling as I was, to know you false. Oh, Philander, think how you vowed, and then, if you are not quite lost to all sentiment of humanity, you cannot avoid such reflections as these : wretch that I am ! why did I swear, only to deceive her ? Why did I use all the arts of soft persuasion, to impose on her credulity ? and then ! leave, and abandon her for a wretch, that had no merit of her own, nor any other recommendation but her father's illegal treasure, to boast of. Oh mercenary device ! fatal consequence ! I could reproach you with the perjury of a thousand broken vows, and the violation of as many tender engagements ; but I will not rail at you with my dying breath : no, I had rather let that expire, as (heaven is my witness) many more have, in a prayer for you ; but the success of those petitions for myself and you---I must leave---and how far the unbounded goodness of that being, who declares mercy is his darling attribute, may extend, I know not ! but venturing my naked soul upon it, I bid adieu to the world, and to the much loved charming man, for whose sake I am forced to leave it. Farewel for ever !

AMASIA.

L E T-

LETTER LV.

Love in Distress; Cleora's case, in a Letter to a Friend.

Dear Sir,

YOU know that I am an only daughter, and that my father is excessive fond of me; he can give me a very large fortune, and has often assured me, that my happiness was his only study, and my being well married, would be the pride and comfort of his old age. Now, good Sir, I always understood, that he meant by my being well married, my being married to a man where our loves would be mutual, and where a mutual liking would constitute a mutual happiness; yet I was not forward to make my choice for myself, and beheld with an indifferent eye all the young gentlemen, who, at various times, made their addresses to me. My pappa, at last, bid me look on a young gentleman in our neighbourhood, as the person who was intended to be my future husband, and introduced him to gain my heart, as he had before his consent.

I had for some time no particular esteem for my young suitor, and heard all the fine things he could say rather with contempt than pleasure; but I know not how, or by what artifice gained, I at last listened to him with pleasure, my heart felt an unusual fluttering, and my blushing, my eyes, and my tongue, all confessed that I returned his passion with an equal ardour

ardour and sincerity. None seemed half so happy as myself, and I not only indulged myself in my present joys, but flattered my imagination with future unbounded felicities, in having a husband whose love, honour, sense, and conduct all my sex might envy; and a father, whose care and indulgence sought out for me such a man, and approved of such a match. But observe, Sir, how miserably I am disappointed. A Baronet, who is a widower of greater fortune than Eugenius, and who has offered to settle on me a larger jointure, has prevailed on my father to admit him to be his son-in-law. The man who has engaged my soul is kept from my sight, and I am told, that this Baronet only shall be my husband; and it is for my happiness and future good, that such a resolution has been taken: but how can I be happy with a man I detest? Where consists my good, in having a greater equipage and a heavier heart? My pappa may think wealth may produce at least content; but what is bare content to those nuptial joys which mutual love and endearments raise in generous minds.

CLEORA.

L E T.

LETTER LVI.

Short Courtship best ; to Myrtilla.

Dear Madam,

I SHALL make no apology for troubling you (contrary to the custom usual in cases of this kind) because I have always been of opinion, that your sex never liked us one bit the better for our sheepish looks, or tedious awkwardness in coming to the point. To deal plainly then, Madam, my business is to tell you, that I am your lover ; nay, don't wonder ! and have been so almost three whole days, though this is the first time I have had an opportunity of communicating the secret to you. My mind being thus made known, I shall take the liberty to invite myself to drink tea with you to-morrow evening. In the interim, pray do not imagine you will be at all discredited by my visit, for know, Madam, my name is Cock, and that my family has had the honour to match into the greatest in Britain. In this town particularly we can boast our long standing, where we have been famous for generations. However, though I am sprung from so extraordinary a lineage, I own to you (for I hate deceit) I keep no coach, notwithstanding I can afford it as much, or more than many who do. My person is of a good size, neither old nor impotent ; but of those truths, I hope you will have more ample testimony soon. Having thus

thus given you an account of my person and family, I heartily wish for to-morrow at five, when I intend to use the most prevailing argument, to convince you how much I am,

Madam,

Your most devoted,

Richmond,

Humble Servant,

June 16.

A. Cock.

LETTER LVII.

Avarice the Bane of Love; or the disappointed Lover; as related by Portius to his Friend.

SIR,

BY the consent and approbation of a certain gentleman, I made my addresses to his daughter, whose person, conduct and behaviour had long raised in me a particular esteem. Our age was equal, and our fortunes justly proportioned; and if her fortune, which her father said he would give her, was added to mine, such an union, with that of our hearts, would have made us happy; but when I had gained her affections, and she reciprocally mine; when I pressed the old gentleman that we might happily end our amours in marriage, which had been happily carried on, and which he had himself so long encouraged and approved, he put it off from time to time, and still new invented delays set aside new solicitations. At last, finding by my anxiety, my repeated requests, and my tenderness for his daughter,
that

that I was desperately in love with her, he even fairly told me, ‘ That his girl had not made such a choice as he liked ; that he was disengaged at her, and that if I would have her, I should take her without a farthing of money.’---Sir, I was confounded at his speech, and as soon as I could possibly recover myself, I urged to him his prior approbation, his encouragement, his verbal agreement, the stipulated fortune, the breach of faith, and the shocking injury not to me only, but also to his daughter.---It was all in vain, he would hear no argument because he could give no answer to any. His determination was seemingly resolute to dispose of his daughter to some lover in reserve, or his daughter without his money to me, if I would take her. I was not so much a fool but I immediately saw through the whole course of the old man’s policy, which was first to fix me fast in the noose, and then save his daughter’s portion by the effect of her beauty ; nor was I indeed so ridiculous and imprudent a lover to be tricked into a marriage, which, from this new turn, would be attended with inconveniences, that might make my own life miserable. With the utmost speed I had an interview with the lady, whom I loved, I think, as much a man could. I acquainted her with this new caprice of her father ; I pitied her absolute dependance on him ; I renewed the sincerity of my prior vows, and then set before her the dismal consequences that might ensue on an imprudent marriage, when it was the dependence on her fortune, that was, in a great measure,

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measure, to have constituted our happiness ; concluding, that if her father remained obstinate, as we must not think of living together, it would be most proper not to see one another but as seldom as possible.----With the most affecting innocence and concern, mixed with love, she heard me, till I came to the article separation, at that I saw another passion glow in her eyes, and with resentment she cried,--- Must it not be proper to see one another?---- Must it be as seldom as possible ?---Indifferent, perjured, dishonourable man ! it shall never be. Are these your vows ?---is this your fidelity ?--- My father may be a miser, but you are a--- I know not what to name you.----You for ever have deprived me of rest, hope, pleasure and felicity, and may never either of them be your lot.----Your constancy after marriage, might have made my father relent, and heaven have blessed that fidelity you have not had constancy enough to shew.---But, Sir, I am not persuading, but reproaching you ; to evince it, farewell, farewell for ever.---She left me, with how much concern upon my heart, as it was beyond what I ever felt, it is beyond what I ever can express. Though I was assured her reproach was unjust, yet from the principle of affection that gave occasion to it affected me. I struggled long between romantic love and prudent conduct. One day I resolved to fling myself at her feet the next, and give a proof of my love, by ruining myself in marriage ; but the next, I thought it better to see her father again, and strive if any reasonable terms could be

be made.—I went, but the old gentleman, now convinced within himself that I must comply at any rate, with an ironical smile, answered, I know you will run away with my girl, her I cannot guard, but my money, I swear you shall never touch a doit of.—This I thought justification enough to put an end entirely to my amour ; but the gentlewoman, to whom my addresses were paid, has flung herself into a frantic melancholy, accuses me as a villain, and I am at least thought a dishonourable wretch by all who knew our courtship, but not these latter circumstance of it.

PORTIUS.

LETTER LVIII.

Love varies with the climate ; verified by Aaron Monseca, a Jew, to Jacob Brito, his countryman.

I HAVE undergone one of the greatest dangers that ever I shall make trial of. I happened to fall in love with a young creature, amiable, but giddy ; witty, but capricious ; engaging, but haughty and proud. Consider to what condition I should have been reduced, had I suffered myself to have been the slave of this dangerous beauty. A heart like mine must have been at a loss to have accommodated itself to the method of loving a Parisian. The Nazareens in general think they love, when they do not love at all. I dare aver, that in Spain, Italy, France and Germany, and even in England,

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land, they know not what is true love. This
passion is only known in Asia. There it reigns
with delicacy, and seems to be agreeable to
reason.

The Frenchman affects the passion much
more than what he really feels ; coquet in tem-
perament ; light, airy, giddy in his nature ;
he dances, sings, whistles and plays the fool
before his mistress. If she turns a favourable
ear to him, he presently leaves her ; if she is
cruel, he consoles himself with the couplet of
a song against the fair, in recompence of his
trouble lost, and goes and repeats his madri-
gal to the woman best acquainted with the lady
that was so insensible of his merit. Nothing
can fix his inconstancy ; his love extinguishes
by enjoyment, and loses itself by rigour.

The Italian, close in his projects, and firm
in his resolutions, attacks a heart as a Gene-
ral of an army does a fortress ; he disposes of his
batteries, furnishes himself with all the help
that art can afford him ; endeavours to block
up the house of the person he adores, and hin-
ders the entry of any competitor ; entering secret
correspondence in the place, and gets the
chambermaid, or some other domestic in his
interest. If he succeeds in his attack, he shuts
up his mistress for all the rest of her life, and,
for the price of his love, takes from her her li-
berty. If he is forced to raise the siege, he
revenges himself on his rivals, whom he endea-
vours to poison, and from the object of his
love, she becomes that of his hatred, and he
is

is sure to destroy her character by the blackest calumnies he can invent.

The Englishman is a very bold adventurer ; he thinks himself too perfect, to imagine he is obliged to any woman that indicates an affection to his person. If he is beloved, he fancies he merits ; if otherwise, he easily comforts himself with the hope of finding women enough that are sensible. He measures love by riches, and judges a heart by the guineas in his pocket.

The German, phlegmatic, is difficult to be moved, is slow, cold, circumspect and pensive. He hardly ever languishes, unless he is enlivened by *Bacchus*. His passion rises with wine, and evaporates with its fumes. If at any time, in spite of his natural constitution, he becomes enamoured, he returns presently to his phlegm. Love with the Germans is petrifying like the ice of the North Sea.

The Spaniard, haughty, proves a turbulent kind of a lover ; he is ever in action ; he torments himself, sighs the day in churches, and the night under his mistress's window. He plays upon the guittar during the carnival, and piously whips himself all Lent. All serves to help his amour. He interests the saints in his affairs, and causes oraisons to be sung to St. Francis and St. Anthony, to engage them to render his mistress flexible. If he has no succour from heaven, he has recourse to hell, and consults witches, sorcerers and magicians. Love banishes all fears of the inquisition. Is he happy ? he forgets the pains, the cares, the fatigues

fatigues he has gone through, and, what is more, his tenderness. He often plunges a poignard in the bosom of the person whom he adores ; but vanity has a greater share in his crime than jealousy.

In Asia, Love is a soft, sweet, lasting passion, never works up the heart to a fury, but moves it with an amiable trouble. They commit fewer follies for women than they do in France, but then they love them with more sincerity.

I tremble, dear Brito, when I think of my danger. I actually felt in my heart those motions of which the consequences are so fatal in this country. I was ready in short to hug my chain, when a little reflection recovered me. I resolved to see my enchantress no more, and absence has entirely brought me back to my reason. Not that I would make it my glory of being insensible. There is no person but once in his life has felt the shafts of love ; if I must love, I would not have my passion to be my punishment, but serve for my happiness.

I laugh at those Philosophers who make a vain merit of being always insensible. Tenderness for the fair sex is the noblest present we receive from Heaven. 'Tis this delicacy of sentiments, which distinguishes us from the rest of the animals ; 'tis to the ardor of pleasing that the finest knowledge is owing. Sculpture and designing were invented by an ingenuous lover. 'Tis pretended that love gave the first idea of writing. If we examine the most

most considerable events, we shall find it is from that they have their spring. Without love, every thing in nature would languish : it is the soul of the world, and the harmony of the universe. Heaven in creating man gave him the inclination which drew him towards woman ; and the tenderness we feel from them is a present of the divinity : we ought not to blush at being sensible of it, we follow natural impressions, which have nothing criminal in them, if we do not corrupt them by debauchery.

It seems as if the Nazareens cannot love women without guilt. They condemn the plurality of wives among the Turks, while they ruin themselves with common strumpets, The French especially maintain, that marriage and enjoyment are the grave of love, and this passion appears amiable to them, but in proportion as it is criminal.

Farewel, dear Brito ; mayest thou prosper in all thy affairs, and marry a faithful wife for the glory of Israel.

E

LETTER LIX.

The dishonourable Lover : Isabella to her Friend Eusebius.

My good Friend,

I Shall begin with telling you what may surprise you, that what you have recommended to me as the only method to true happiness, has made

made me unhappy.---A lover of virtue.---To explain this riddle.---I have for some time been addressed by a young Gentleman in whom all charms seemed to meet for my undoing. His conversation was genteel and engaging; his person formed to please, but his soul filled with treachery and hypocrisy. Such was the man, who after fréquent visits, and constant pretensions to honourable love, won so far upon my affections as to make me confess the esteem I had for him. Scarce had he gained this confession from me, but this artful, treacherous creature changed the scene. At the next visit he began a conversation which surprised me, for he ridiculed marriage as the invention of priestcraft, an imposition on mankind, and that true love required no such ties. In short, with a great deal of gravity, he would have persuaded me, to have yielded up my honour.---Believe me, Sir, this unexpected proposal struck me with so much horror, that I could not immediately make him any answer; but when I had a little recovered myself, I shewed such a detestation to his discourse, and urged such reason against him, that he asked pardon in the most submissive terms, and owned himself convinced of his error. Pleased with the imaginary conquest, I readily forgave him. Several days passed, and nothing but the most solemn protestations of virtuous love and esteem were uttered by him, till being alone with him one evening, he endeavoured to possess that by force he could not gain by false vows and falser arguments; but I was again conqueror, and

fool

Fool enough again to forgive him. If the most modest behaviour and tenderest expressions was a sign of real love, he for some time shewed it, but it was only to introduce another artifice, in a manner he hoped would succeed. He owned he thought marriage the only solid happiness, and desired I would give my consent to have him. My heart would not deny what it so much wished for ; I consented immediately, and he fixed the day : We joined hands to make the engagement more sacred : But while he grasped mine, looking eagerly upon me, he cryed, in a tender tone of voice----
‘ Now, now, my dear, we are in the sight of heaven actually man and wife, you have now nothing to fear on account of your virtue ; for what before would have been your dis- honour, is now become your duty. Deny me no longer those pleasures which now I have a just claim to, which I will ever repay with mutual love and mutual constancy, or may heaven pour on me all the curses---.’

Here I interrupted him, and bid him not call down vengeance upon his head ; ‘ I see, Sir,’ said I, ‘ your design, and that you are not shocked to desire heaven to be a witness of your falsehood ; you design not to marry me, for would you think me worthy to be your wife, when you found me wicked enough to be your----what I cannot name to you---’

‘ No, Sir, you are base enough to be bent on my ruin, but at least it shall be innocent : I have been weak enough to confess I loved you, I do so, but unless you intend to per-

'form your promise, never see me more, I shall
 bear the pain of loosing the man I esteem,
 but never can the reflection of the loss of
 my virtue.' On this he protested his intents
 were still honourable, and I should soon be con-
 vinced they were: we parted, I in hopes of
 being happy, he with a design never to see me
 more; for the next morning he sent me the fol-
 lowing billet.

Madam,

Your notion of virtue and mine don't at
 all agree: nor do your sentiments about mar-
 riage; in complaisance I gave up the argument,
 but here I shall take the liberty to tell you, I
 never intend to marry, therefore you'll be
 troubled with no more occasions to shew your
 virtue, to (once)

Your's.

LUCIUS.

L E T T E R LX.

Constant Love rewarded; or the Rake reformed.

AS love before and after marriage is the same, and differs only in the varied manner of its operations; we imagine a scene of the latter kind will be as agreeable and instructive, as one of the former, as well to those who are already engaged in the nuptial state, as to those who are making advances towards it. And as our design is, to point out the right method to Happiness to those whom Hy-
 men

men has, or may join in his silken bands, we shall make no scruple to introduce the following story.

Amanda was the only daughter of Sir Jasper Traffick, a Merchant of London, whom fortune and industry had from small beginnings made rich. She was of a sedate rather than a gay disposition, and rather an agreeable than a complete beauty. Her good humour and her great fortune were sufficient charms to recommend her to any one for a wife, tho' her person might not be so engaging as to procure her many lovers, for the sake of love. Among the several gallants that made their addresses to her, Mr. Rover, whose father was very intimate with Sir Jasper, was the best received. The old gentlemen soon agreed on the match, and the nuptials were consummated, Amanda bringing her husband 20,000l. and he settling an equivalent jointure upon her. As this marriage was rather a kind of Smithfield bargain than the union of two persons, who were the most dear to one another, it is not to be wondered if there was a great difference between their tempers. Rover was all gaiety, looseness, and extravagance; she, all vity, prudence, and parsimonious. Nor did she obey her father only in accepting him as a husband, but taught her heart to love him with a proper tenderness. Her husband, on the contrary, looked on the match as a necessity, not choice; therefore, as he had no love before marriage, he could scarce force himself to the rules of common decency after

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it. Within a few months after they were
married, the fathers of Rover and Amanda
both died, and left their children to behave
to one another as they thought proper, with-
out any farther controul over their actions and
conduct. Here was the beginning of Aman-
da's hard trials, which her husband's forego-
ing indifference gave but too certain promise
of. He now plunged headlong into all the
fashionable vices and extravagancies of the
age; his life was one continued scene of re-
vels and riots. He was seldom sober, and as
seldom refrained from gaming. He was a
cully to all the sharpers about Town, and
when he had lost his money abroad, he con-
stantly came to take his revenge at home. His
wife was generally thought the most proper
object, and he consequently used her with all
the inhumanity that his brutal temper could
inspire him with. Amanda bore it with pa-
tience, and never returned him an ill-natured
word, nor complained to her relations who vi-
sited her; but, on the contrary, disguised his
his faults, and gave him that good character
which she hoped he would deserve. Gaming
and drinking were not vices offensive enough,
but he must run into that polite one of keeping.
From the most infamous part of the town he
selects a mistress, whom he maintained in the
most public and genteel manner; she appeared
like a lady of the first quality, and shone at
the play and opera in jewels once Amanda's.
By her nature this creature was insolent, proud,
and wanton; she was false to him, yet he
was

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was fond of her; she quarrelled with him only to make him buy his peace with some extraordinary present or other; for so bewitched was he to this profligate, that he could not forsake her, he would have sacrificed every thing that was dear to him to her will. Whatever regret, whatever sorrows Amanda might in private know, she never troubled her husband with her reproaches, nor contradicted his humour in its utmost extravagance. When he came home she received him with open arms, and with the utmost gentleness repaid his brutality.

By this extravagant course of life his estate was mortgaged and encumbered, debts were every day contracted, till they grew so numerous, and his means of discharging them so small, that his goods were seized, himself arrested and flung into prison. Amanda's relations would have taken her home to them, but she could not desert her husband. She made herself a voluntary prisoner, cherished him with kind endearing expressions, and strove to pacify his rage at his present misfortunes. The prison, and despair of ever being free from it, threw him into a violent fit of sickness, in which she attended him with indefatigable diligence, and shewed the same concern as if he had been the most endearing of husbands. She wept over him, clasped his hand, and wished, with the utmost fervency, he might recover; tho' it were only to give new proofs of his hatred and dislike to her. This indeed made him somewhat relent;

he owned his indiscretion, in his conduct to her, but at the same time owned he was convinced of his folly when it was too late. The physician told Amanda his life might be saved; but it must be by moving him into the air, otherwise he would inevitably die. This was enough for the love of Amanda to work on; she immediately caused his debts to be enquired into, and found that if she could part with her jointure, it would entirely pay them off, and leave them about 50l. a year to live upon. She takes no notice of any thing to her husband, but disposes of her jointure and sets him at liberty. Immediately he is removed into the country, attended with his wife and only one maid servant, in order to recover his health. It was now that he reflected on the falsehood of his friends and mistresses, and the constancy and affection of his wife, who, notwithstanding all his barbarities, retained her endearments and good nature; who nursed him and supported him in prison; who preferred a dungeon and obscurity with him, to pomp and plenty with her relations. Convinc'd with these reflections, he tenderly embraced his wife; assured her he was by her conduct made a perfect convert, and all the proof he could give of his sincerity, was to make their narrow circumstances as easy as possible. I am well repaid, my dear Rover, replied Amanda, for all that is past, by this tender kindness; by what I have done I shall not suffer at all, if it may only make you think I am worthy of your love.---Then embracing,

bracing, from that moment their mutual happiness began. He had gratitude to love her as the best of wives and she had good nature enough to esteem him as the best of husbands. Heaven was not long before it rewarded such a reformation in him, and so much virtue in her Rover. Within the Year, he had an estate 2000*l.* *per ann.* left him by a relation, who was charmed at his new manner of life, and a son about the same time given him to inherit it. By this unexpected acquisition of so plentiful a fortune he shewed his gratitude to Amanda, by settling a larger jointure on her than she had disposed of to relieve him. Thus they two live in perfect unanimity and concord; e an example of gratitude to the men; she; strong recommendation of patience and good nature to the women.

LETTER LXI.

Courage the best Recommendation in a Lover;
Milo to his Friend Standard.

YOU know, Jack, I am by profession a soldier, and have rather the manly roughness of an old Campaigner, than the polite effeminacy which too generally reigns among our modern pretty fellows of the army, but as there is no resisting the power of beauty, I make my addresses to a lady who has too many charms to have only a single swain to languish at her feet. I have a number of rivals, but two only that I reckon dangerous;

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the one a smart spark, who relies on the trim-
mings of his cloaths, and his knowledge in
the fashions, to gain her affections ; the other
a Temple wit, who with a brisk repartee and
a jingling sonnet, is telling her she has as much
sense as beauty, and would secure the possession
of her person by praising the endowments of
her mind. The other day we all three drank
tea with the lady, who seemed to indulge
herself with having three of her humble slaves
at once paying their devoirs to her. The
beau complimented her on the elegance of her
taste which she had shewn by the dress she had
appeared in at court on the birth-day ; the
wit made his address by acquainting her,
that the simile she made at the drawing-room
on the frightful appearance of Miss Aukward's
Dutch head was universally approved : as for
myself, I only humbly mentioned, that she
had done as much execution at the levee on
our general officers as they had formerly done
on the French at Blenheim or Ramilie.

As both my rivals had kept strict to cha-
racter in their several recommendations, I
could do no otherwise ; and advanced that no-
thing is more necessary to procure or merit the
love of the fair sex than valour, and I am glad
I did so, as it gives me not a little consolation
in my amour with the most deserving of wo-
men. It is a proof of a lady's good judg-
ment, when she prefers a man of courage to
a timorous fopling ; for he who dares shew
his valour to a man will consequently shew
his courage to a lady. And it is most political
in

in the fair sex to esteem that which is capable of their protection. Besides, a soldier would not make all those idle punctilioes of ceremony which the more bashful lover thinks needful; a lady by him would be prevented from putting on pride and disdain; which, at the same time they are foreign to her heart, she is forced to; for the cold pride in women generally arises from the base servility of the men, for as cowards in a quarrel grow valiant on those whom they find are more cowards, so cowards in love, from their servile fear in asking the question, give women the courage to deny them, and by their own doubts teach them that they ought to be hard to be obtained. This kind of bashfulness, or rather fear, is far from men of valour, and especially from soldiers, for they are forward and confident, losing no time least they should lose an opportunity; for on the vigilance of the lover, as of the soldier, the success of the amour, as well as of a military expedition, depends; besides, they know that women, like enemies, are apt to dissemble, therefore they will never believe them when they deny.

LETTER LXII.

Love in a Mask; Will. Wimble to Masquitilla.

I have had your letter, Madam, and all that I understand in it is, that your hand is as great a riddle as your face ; and it is as difficult to find out your sense in your characters, as to know your beauty in your mask : But I have at last conquered the maidenhead of your writing, as I hope I shall one day that of your person ; and am sure you have not lost your virginity, if the lines in your complection be half so crooked as those in your letters. I return your compliment of advice in the same number of particulars as you was pleased to send me. First, if you are not handsome, never shew a face that may frighten away that admirer which your wit has engaged. Secondly, never believe what a gentleman speaks to you in a mask ; for while the ladies wear double faces, 'tis but justice that our words should have a double meaning. Lastly, you must never advise a man against wandering, if you design to be his guide. You tell me of swearing to a known lie. I don't remember, Madam, that I ever swore I loved you ; tho' I must confess that a little lady in half mourning mantua and a deep mourning complection has been in my head so much since Monday night, that I am afraid she will soon get into my heart : But now, Madam, hear my misfortune.

The

*The angry fates, and dire stage coach,
Upon my liberties encroach,
To bear me hence with many a jog
From thee my charming dear incog.
Unhappy wretch! at once who feels
O'erturning back and fortune's wheels.*

This is my Epitaph, Madam; for now I am a dead man ; and the stage-coach may most properly be called my hearse, bearing the corps only of Will. Wimble ; for his soul is left with you, whom he loved above all women kind ; by whom you may judge of the height of his passion, for he cares not one farthing for your whole sex, as I hope to be saved.

LETTER LXIII.

The mad Lover ; from Jack Hairbrain to Teraminta.

B OPEEP is child's play, and 'tis time for a man to be tired of it. I went yesterday to Bedlam upon your mad assignation, staid till seven, like a fool, to expect one, who, unless she was mad, would never come. I begin to think that they only are wise that are there, and we possessed that put them in ; they at least have this advantage over us lunatics at liberty, that they find pleasure in their frenzy, and we a torture in our reason. I was so tired with walking there so long, that

I could not bear the fatigue of pulling off my cloaths, but sat up all night at the tavern; so that your letter is but just come to hand, when, like prince Prettyman, I have one boot on and the other off. Love and honour have had a strong battle, but here comes my friend to claim my engagement, so love is put to the rout, and away for Essex immediately; but a word of advice before we part. Pray consider, Madam, whether your good or ill stars have usually the ascendant over your inclinations, and accordingly prosecute your intentions of corresponding with me or not; would you be advised by me, you would let it alone; for by the uneasiness which my small converse has already raised in me, I guess at the greater disturbance of being further exposed to your charms, unless I may hope for something which my vanity is too weak to ensure. Fortune has always been my adversary; and may conclude that woman, who is much of the same nature, may use me the same way; but if you prove as blind as she, you may, perhaps, love me, as much as she hates me. My humble service to your two sister fairies, and so the devil take you all.

If you will answer this----you may.

L. E. T.

LETTER LXIV.

Love a Hunting Match; from Ned. Sportall to Lepida.

I Have been a horseback, Madam, all this morning, which has so discomposed my hand and head, that I can hardly think or write sense; the posture of my affairs is a little extraordinary in other parts about me; for my saddle was very uneasy. The hare we hunted put me in mind of a mistress, which we must gallop after with the hazard of breaking our necks, and after all our pains, the puss may prove a witch at the long run. I have had no female in my company since I left the town, or any thing of your sex to entertain me. For your Essex women, like your Essex calves, are only Butcher's meat; and if I must cater for myself, commend me to a pit Partridge, which comes pretty cheap, and where I may have my choice of a whole covey: How well I love this kind of meat you may guess, when I assure you, that I have purely fed upon your idea ever since, which has stuck as close to me as my shirt; which, by the way, I han't shifted since I came into the country; for clean linnen is not so modish here as a lover might require. I received just now an impertinent piece of banter from an angry fair; she says, I pawned my soul to the devil for the success of my play. But her ladyship is thus angry, because I would not pawn my soul to the devil for another sort of play, of which I presume

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presume the lady to be a very competent judge; -
I shall disappoint her now as formerly; for I
will set her raging mad at the calmness of my
answer: Besides, Madam, there is nothing can
put me out of humour that comes by the post
which brings me a line from you; though I
must tell you in plain terms, that I begin
to have but a mean opinion of your beauty;
for were it in the least parallel to your wit,
the number of your other conquests would
raise your vanity above any correspondence
with a person, whose chief merit is his indif-
ference.

LETTER LXV.

The Sunday Lover; from Tom. Amoret to Devotilla.

Sunday, after Sermon.

I Came, I saw, and was conquered; never
had man more to say, and yet I can say no-
thing; where others go to save their souls;
there have I lost mine; but I hope that divi-
nity, which has the justest title to its service;
has received it; but I will endeavour to sus-
pend these raptures for a moment, and talk
calmly.

Nothing on earth, Madam, can charm be-
yond your wit, but your beauty; after this,
not to love you, would proclaim me a fool;
and to say I did, when I thought otherwise,
would pronounce me a knave: if any body
called me either, I should resent it; and if
you

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you but think me either, I shall break my heart. You have already, Madam, seen enough of me to create a liking or an aversion; your sense is above your sex, then let your proceedings be so likewise, and tell him plainly what I have to hope for. Were I to consult my merit, my humility would chide any shadow of hope; but after a sight of such a face, whose whole composition is a smile of good nature, why should I be so unjust as to suspect you of cruelty? Let me either live in London and be happy, or retire again to my desart to check my vanity that drew me hence; but let me beg to receive my sentence from your own mouth, that I may hear you speak, and see you look at the same time, then let me be unfortunate if I can.

If you are not the lady in mourning that sat upon my right hand at church, you may go to the devil, for I am sure you are a witch.

LETTER LXVI.

The hearty Lover; from Jerry Trueblue to Honora.

Madam,

IF I han't begun thrice to write, and as often thrown away my pen, may I never take it up again; my head and my heart have been at cuffs about you these two long hours.----Says my head, you are a coxcomb for troubling

ing your noddle with a lady, whose beauty is as much above your pretensions, as your merit is below your love. Then answers my heart, good Mr. Head, you are a blockhead; I know Mr. Trublue's merit better than you; as for your part, I know you to be as whiinsical as the devil, and changing with every new notion that offers; but for my share, I'm fix'd and can stick to my opinion of a lady's merit for ever; and if the fair she can secure an interest in me, Monsieur head, you may go whistle: come come (answered my head) you, Mr. Heart, are always leading this Gentleman into some inconvenience or other; was it not you that first enticed him to talk to this lady? Your d----d confounded warmth made him like this lady; and your busy impertinence has made him write to her. Your leaping and skipping disturbs his sleep by night, and his good humour by day. In short, Sir, I will hear no more of it: I am head and I will be obeyed.---You lie Sir, replied my heart, (being very angry) I am head in matters of love, and if you do not give consent, you shall be forced; for I am sure that in this case all the members will be on my side. What say you gentlemen Hands? Oh (say the Hands) we would not forego the tickling pleasure of touching a delicious, white, soft skin for the world.---Well, what say you, Mr. Tongue? Bless me! says the linguist, there is more extasy in speaking three soft words of Mr. Heart's suggesting, than whole orations of signs or heads; so I am for the lady, and here is my honest neighbour.

neighbour Lips will stick to it. By the sweet power of kisses that we will, (replied the lips) and presently some other worthy members standing up for the heart, they laid violent hands (*nem. con.*) upon poor Head, and knocked out his brains. So now, Madam, behold me as perfect a lover as any in Christendom, my heart purely dictating every word I say; the little rebel throws itself into your power, and if you do not support it in the cause it has taken up for your sake, think what will be the consequence of the headless and heartless

TRUBLE.

LETTER LXVII.

Monday 12 o'Clock at Night.

The protesting Lover; from Simon Everlove to Dulcetta.

GIVE me leave to call you, dear Madam, and tell you that I am now stepping into Bed, and that I speak with as much sincerity as if I was stepping into my grave; sleep is so great an emblem of death, that my words ought to be as real, as if I was sure never to awaken: Then may I never again be blessed with the light of the sun, and the joys of Wednesday, if you are not as dear to me as my hopes of waking in good health tomorrow morning; your charms lead, my inclinations prompt, and my reason confirms me,

Madam,

Your faithful humble servant.

L E T-

LETTER LXVIII.

The rational Lover; from Theophilus Beatrix.

Madam,

IN order to obey your ladyship's commands I have sent you my thoughts upon your two weighty maxims of amorous policy----*If we fly, they pursue, and enjoyment quenches love.* But I should run a greater hazard of your displeasure by my obedience, than I should by the neglect of your commands ; these subjects leading me into more gravity, than is well consistent with my own inclinations, or the perusal of a fair lady. But to the business.

To examine rightly how far these female maxims are in force, we must dispose mankind into a division, which I think has hitherto escaped the Logicians ; to wit, the men of idleness, and the men of business. Under the first branch of which distinction is reducible a great share of the world, and especially that which we call the Beau Monde ; for to make them all of a piece, we must give them a French name too.

The practice of these gentlemen, I must confess, has gone a great way to make these maxims pass for authentic, and have sufficiently authorized the ladies to stick so firm to their principles ; but would they consider a little upon what a scurvy foundation these topics

pics are grounded, they would damn the doctrine for the sake of the adorer.

Those idle gentlemen, (begging their pardon for so familiar an epithet) should shew the ladies what a difference there is between modish intriguing and true love; for these sparks make intriguing their business, and love, only their diversion. They visit their mistresses as they go to the Park, because it is the mode; and continue to solicit their favour, not through the impulse of passion, but because they have nothing else to do. Some other motives there are to engage these sparks in the pursuit of a fair lady; as for instance, upon the survey of his rent-roll the lover finds 2 or 3000*l.* a year still unmortgaged, sends down immediately to his steward to screw up his Tenants to due payments, and concludes with *Money conquers all things*: A potent proverb, I must confess, to back his resolution. But here consider, Madam, what it is that pursues you; not the gentleman, but Fidlers, Masquerades, Jewellers, Grovers, Milliners, hired Poets, with the confused equipage of all their respective trades; the devil a dart of love is in the whole bundle, no more than there is in the straw and oats that keep horses for New-Market; here are only two beasts to be backed, one for pleasure, and the other for profit; I will feed one for the plate, and pamper the other for my own riding.

A second life to his pursuit is his vanity; the Beau having received a repulse over-night, steps to his glass in the morning, and surveying his charming

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charming shape, 'sdeath, says he, why should
I despair of success? Blood, I am as pretty a Fel-
low as another, but I think my calves are a little
of the largest. Ah! that is it, she did not like
my dress yesterday. Here, Boy, reach my blue-
coat, I will tie my cravat with a double knot to-
day, and the buckles of my garters behind. Thus
while his soppish fancy can invent any parti-
cular change or whimsey in his dress, his
hopes are nourished by an abusive presumption,
that ladies are smitten by such bagatel imper-
tinence. Here indeed, Madam, the first max-
im, *If we fly, they pursue*, is in force, upon
scurvy terms; for the confirmation of such a
coxcomb's address is the greatest satyr upon
the sex; and a woman of sense, rather than be
plagued with such a follower, if there were no
other way, should give him her person to be
quit of his company; for here I dare be sworn
your second maxim will hold, that *enjoyment*
quenches love: for these gentlemen love as
they hunt, for diversion, as I said before; and
no sooner is one hare snapt up, but they beat
about for another. Besides, Madam, it is
but a modest presumption, that these men of
pleasure and idleness, must have an ingredient
of the fool in their composition, which cannot
relish the true and lasting beauties of a fine
woman; they cannot make a true estimate of
her sense, her constancy, her several kind and
endearing offices, which can only engage the
affections of a man that truly understands their
value.

This

This brings into my consideration how far these maxims may be applicable to your corresponding with the latter part of your distinction; which I called the men of business; by which I understand men of sense, learning and experience, and call them men of business, because I would exclude a parcel of flashy, noisy, rhyming, atheistical gentlemen, who arrogate to themselves the title of wit and sense, for no other cause but the abuse of it; Such must be ranked with the first sort of lovers, for they are the idlest of mankind; neither do I confine the character of a man of business to the law, the church, the court, trade, or any particular employment: I intend it a farther latitude, and inclusive of all those, who, deriding the fop, and detesting the debauchee, have laid down to themselves some certain scheme of theory, in any lawful art or science, for the benefit of the public, or their own private improvement.

Upon this foundation we may rationally conclude the actions of such men to flow directly from the operations of their reason. But here, Madam, without doubt the ladies will interrupt me.---*Hold Sir*, say they, '*we absolutely deny, that love and reason are consistent,*' from which it follows, that your men of business have no business here.

I am very sorry, Madam, in the first place, that the qualification, which must recommend a man to a fair lady, must debase him so near the level of a brute, and deprive him of that divine stamp which distinguishes him from the beasts

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beasts of the field. What an affront is this
to your sex, that one must no sooner begin to
admire a woman, but he must cease to be a
man, and that the glory which a lady receives
by the plurality of her adorers, should depend
only upon the esteem of so many irrational
creatures! No, no, Madam, I am too much
a courtier to let this vulgar calumny and se-
vere reflection upon your sex to pass unex-
amined.

I shall therefore make bold to say, that this
very opinion, touching the inconsistency of
love and reason, has cost the fair sex more
tears, and have subjected men to more curses,
than the worst circumstances of falsehood and
perjury ; for depending upon this principle of
the ladies, the greatest rascals have appeared
the most passionate lovers, because the greatest
knaves make the best fools, and the most usual
cloak for natural villainy, is an artificial sim-
plicity.

But granting such follies and absurdities to
be the result of a real passion, such love ought
not to gain one grain the more weight in the
balance of true sense ; for if the lover be a
fool, this extravagance is but what is natural
to his temper, and exposes itself as wildly in
the effects of his other ordinary passions, as in
anger, fear, joy, grief, and the like, and must
not properly be called the strength of his love,
but the weakness of his reason ; and the same
pitch of passion that makes a Wittall appear
lunatic, would scarcely be discernible in a Do-
rimant. But if the force of love raise a man
of

of true sense to the pitch of playing the fool, 'tis then, if not more ridiculous, at least much more dangerous in the consequence; for be assured, Madam, that the bent of his desire must be too violent to last long, and when it once begins to decline, it will prove as violent in the fall as in the rise; and the constant result of a sober reflection, is the hatred and detestation of any thing that had made him guilty of extravagance, and debased him below the dignity of his reason; and there is no medium in this case between the extravagant lover and the inveterate enemy.

But begging your Ladyship's pardon for this digression, I shall return to my man of business, and see how far your principle, *If we fly, they pursue,* is applicable to a person of his character.

To the examination of this point, it will not be amiss, to consider the several paces and proceedings of such a lover in his amour. A man of business and study has his thoughts too round and compact within himself, to have his fancy sallying out upon the appearance of every beauty that his daily conversation may throw in his way; but if it once lights upon that fair who can rouze him from his indifference, raising a pleasure in his eyes when she is present, and an uneasiness in his heart in her absence, it is no imprudence to indulge the thought. Love (he confesses) is a blessing; and since it depends upon a sympathy of nature, why may not I expect that the fair creature, who has raised such emotions in me, may

may in time, perhaps, be brought to have a mutual concern upon her? The happiness that I may expect from her love, if her other qualities be proportionable to her beauty, will infinitely reward the pains of my enquiring into her life and conversation. Here is the foundation of love fairly laid; and now my gentleman goes on to work upon the structure; he first enquires into the lady's character, but so as a man of sense ought to do, without trusting the malice of some that may be her enemies, nor yet consulting the partiality of her friends. His reason may make a tolerable good balance between both; and if perhaps some slip in her conduct has made the scale in accusation the heaviest, he has some grains of love to throw into the other to counterpoise it. His next business, is to gain admittance into her company; here he may find a thousand beauties to augment, or as many failings, perhaps, to destroy his passion: and to his examination he must refer his judgment upon the different character he might have heard of her before; for no reasonable man will peremptorily conclude from the mouth of common fame; it is a notorious liar, and generally in extremes. If he believes it to the lady's pre-judice, he may wrong her innocence past redress; and if he trust flying report in her favour, he may be imposed upon himself: for the vulgar (I mean the laced coat as well as the hobnail) cannot enter into the nice secrets of female behaviour; they sometimes mistake levity for freedom, ill humour for gravity,

vity, noise and tattle for wit and sense. Sometimes they change hands, and call an air of good breeding coquetry ; they brand affability and good nature with the name of looseness ; and, in short, there can be no such thing as a woman in their estimate, all must be angels, or all devils. Now my lover shall find out all these distinctions ; he shall, in spite of female dissimulation, search to the very bottom, and discover the least paint upon the mind, as he does that upon the face. Having found the lady's temper conformable to his own, or being at least assured, that he can frame his own humour to square with hers ; having known her sense and understanding sufficient for a prudent conduct, at least pliable to good advice, he stands fixed in his resolution, and resolved upon his affection.

Thus the beautiful edifice of love is gradually and finely raised, whereof reason is still the corner-stone, not like the trifling of a fop's preparation, which, like a Lord-Mayor's pageant, is built in a night, glitters and is gazed at for a day, and the next dwindleth into nothing. The building thus finished, the next business is, to invite the fair guest ; it is impossible to confine the rules of his address to any particular observation, because they must be so diversified by the circumstances of the lover, the accidents of time, place, or according to some humours and inclinations in the lady's temper, which last have always proved the most effectual means of gaining a lady's heart. If the lady's disposition be inclinable

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to gaiety, he makes the muses speak a good
word for him; he can dispense in an evening with
a very dull play, to have the pleasure of acting
the lover himself, nay, he can comply so far
as to commend a very dull thing, if his mistress
is pleased to approve it; he can take a turn
in the Mall with his hat off, though the wea-
ther be very cold, and join with her in railing
at my Lord Such-a-one, or Mistress Such-a-one,
though perhaps he understands the quarrel to
be no more than a pique, or a piece of malice.
If the lady's temper be more grave and sedate,
he can sit an hour or two condemning the
vices of the town, and extolling the pleasure
of a country life; nay, sometimes perhaps he
can have a fling at the government, and be a
little jacobitish to please her; he can wait on
her to church, and hear a Levite thump dust
and nonsense out of a pulpit cushion for an
hour, and call it an excellent sermon, to hu-
mour her approbation. With a thousand
other foolish fancies, which, because they are
not very hurtful in themselves, and that cus-
tom has brought them into play, must be borne
with upon this occasion; and when all is done,
ceremony looks as decently in love, as in re-
ligion; and a clown in intrigue makes as awk-
ward a figure as a Quaker at church. Our
lover therefore, writes, visits, sighs, declares
his passion with all demonstrations of submission
and sincerity; all which is often repeated to
sate the lady's modesty, and to sooth a little
pleasing vanity incident to the fair sex of fee-
ing themselves admired. He is satisfied also
that

that the world should know it, and submits to the censure of a whining coxcomb, to favour the lady's yielding by the plausible excuse of a hard siege: But if after all this, he finds his pretensions to no purpose, your maxim, Madam, *if we fly, &c.* will not be of force to detain him longer; he has the same thread of reason to guide him out of the labarynth as led him in; he has not perhaps the same support to his hopes, that every glittering spark with a coach and six can pretend; but were his fortune ever so considerable, he would not affront the lady's honour, nor his own judgment so far as to suppose her of a mercenary temper; neither can he imagine that the charming fair, whose sense he has so much admired, should be captivated with the tying of his cravat, or the fancy of his snuff-box. No, no, he is rather convinced, that there is something disagreeable to the lady in his person, behaviour, or conversation, which being a defect of nature, or education, he must patiently submit to without cutting his throat; and is the more willing to put up with her failings, because fate perhaps may produce some other lady, that may value him upon these very circumstances that made the first disdain him; so that in spite of your celebrated maxim, he betakes himself to his business, has the manners to free the lady from his impertinence, and the prudence to disengage himself of the trouble. Neither is he much distressed to withdraw his affections; for as the prospect of happiness was the first foundation of his love,

so the progress of his passion, must have been nourished with favours to keep it alive, and as naturally without this fuel will the fire go out of itself.

I have already, Madam, so far transgressed the bounds of a Billet-doux, that I am afraid to meddle with your second maxim, and I'll make quick work with----*enjoyment quenches love*: One simile, Madam, and I take my leave. What a strange and unaccountable madness would it appear in a subject of England, a gentleman that enjoys peace and plenty, ease and luxury, if he, discontented with his happy state, should raise combustion in his country, turn ambitious rebel, make a party against his Prince, and by force and treachery lay hold upon the government, and all this for the bare pleasure of being called King. I can assure you, Madam, did the pleasure of a monarch consist in nothing more than being placed on a throne, with a crown upon his head, and the sceptre in his hands, we should have the upstart prince use the government, as a fool does a fair lady after enjoyment; he would soon be cloyed with his desire, and uneasy till he got quit of it. But if our Noll understands the policy of government, the many glories that attend a crown, the pomp of dependencies, the sweets of absolute power, with the many delights and joys that attend his royalty, he would maintain his station to the last drop of blood. This is easily applicable to a man of sense, gaining the crown of beauty; he can judge of the charms of his possession, and value

lue enjoyment only as the title to his greater pleasure. There are a thousand Cupids attending the throne of love, all which have their several petty offices, and serviceable duties to exhilarate their master's joy, and contribute to his constant diversion, if he but understands how to employ them.

How far, Madam, I have recommended to you the addresses of an ingenious man, I dare not determine; but I am afraid I have said so much against the passion of fools, that I have ruined my own interest; though you cannot reckon me among the idle part of men, being so happily employed this morning by the commands of so fair a lady.

Your Ladyship's
most humble servant.

LETTER LXIX.

The Dreaming Lover; from Ben. Restless to Lucinda.

Friday Night, 11 o'Clock.

IF you find no more rest from your thoughts in bed than I do, I could wish you, Madam, to be always there, for there I am most in love. I went to the play this evening, and the music raised my soul to such a pitch of passion, that I was almost mad with melancholy. I flew thence to Spring-Garden, where with envious eye, I saw every man pick up his mate, whilst I alone walked like solitary Adam, before the creation of his Eve; but the

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place was no paradise to me ; nothing I found
entertaining but the nightingale, which methinks
in sweet notes, like your own, pronounced
the name of my dear Lucinda-----
as the fool thinketh the bell clinketh. From thence
I retired to the tavern, where methought the
shining glass represented your fair person, and
the sparkling wine within it looked like your
lovely wit and spirit, I met my dear mistress
in every thing, and I propose presently to see
her in a lively dream, since the last thing I
do, is to kiss her dear letter, clasp her charm-
ing idea in my arms, and so fall fast asleep.

*My morning song, my evening pray'rs,
My daily musings, nightly cares.*

Adieu.

LETTER LXX.

*The Drunken Lover; from Bob. Brimmer to
Alamira.*

HERE am I drinking, Madam, at the sign
of the globe ; and it shall go hard but I
make the voyage of old Sir Drake by to-mor-
row morning. We have a fresh gale and a
round sea ; for here is very good company, and
excellent wine : From the orb in the sign I will
step to the globe of the moon, thence make
the tour of all the planets, and fix on the
constellation of Venus. You see, Madam, I
am elevated already. Here's a gentleman tho',
who swears he loves his mistress better than

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I do mine ; but if I do not make him so drunk that he shall disgorge his opinion, may I never drink your health again ; the generous wine scorns to lie upon a traytor's stomach ; 'tis poison to him that prophanes society by being a rogue in his cups. I wish, dear Madam, with all my heart, that you saw me in my present circumstances, you would certainly fall in love with me, for I am not myself ; I am now the pleasantest foolish fellow that ever gained a lady's heart, and a glass or two more will fill me with such a variety of impertinence, that I cannot fail to pass for agreeable. You, drawer, bring me a plate of ice---hah ! how the wine whizzes upon my heart ; Cupid is forging his love-dart in my belly.----Ice you dog, ice.---The son of a whore has brought me anchovies. Well ! This is a vexatious world. I wish I were fairly out of it, and happy in heaven, I mean your dear arms, which is the constant prayer of your humble servant, drunk or sober.

I design to-morrow in the afternoon to beg pardon for all the ill manners of my debauch, and make myself as great as an emperor, by inviting your ladyship to the entertainment of Dioclesian.

LETTER LXXI.

*Love a blind Guide; from Hugh Madlove to
Penelope.*

WHY should I write to my dearest Penelope, when I trouble her with reading what she will not believe? I have told my passion, my eyes have spoke it, my tongue pronounced it, and my pen declared it; I have signed it, sworn it, and subscribed it; now my heart's full of you, my tongue raves of you, my hand writes to you, but all in vain. If you think me a dissembler, use me generously like a villain, and discard me for ever; but if you will be so just to my passion, as to believe it sincere, tell me so, and make me happy; 'tis but justice, Madam, to do one or the other.

Your indisposition last night, when I left you, put me into such disorder, that not finding a coach, I missed my way, and never minded whither I wandered, till I fancied myself close by Tyburn. When blind love guides, who can forbear going astray? instead of laughing at myself, I fell to pitying poor Madlove, who, whilst he roved abroad among your whole sex, was never out of his way, and now by a single she was led to the gallows. From thoughts of hanging I naturally entered upon those of matrimony: I considered how many gentlemen have taken a handsome swing, to avoid some inward disquiets;---then why should not I hazard the noose, to ease me of my

my torments? Then I considered whether I should send for the Ordinary of Newgate, or the parson of St. Anne's; but considering myself better prepared for dying in a fair lady's arms, than on the three-legged tree, I was not much inclinable to the parish priest: Besides, if I died in a lady's arms, I should be sure of christian burial at least, and should have the most beautiful tomb in the universe. You may imagine, Madam, that these thoughts of mortality were very melancholy; but who could avoid the thoughts of death when you were sick? And if your health be not dearer to me than my own, may the next news I hear be your death, which would be as great a hell, as your life and welfare is a heaven to the most amorous of his sex.

Pray let me know in a line, whether you are better or worse, whether I am honest or a knave, and whether I shall live or die.

LETTER LXXII.

The confessing Lover; to Penelope.

I Can no more let a day pass without seeing or writing to my dear Penelope, than I can slip a minute without thinking of her, I know nobody can lay a juster claim to an account of my hours, than she who has so indisputable a title to my service; and I can no more keep the discovery of my faults from you, than from my own conscience, because you com-

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pose so great a part of my devotion. Let me, therefore, confess to my dearest angel, how last night I sauntered to the Fountain, where some friends waited for me; one of them was a parson, who preaches over any thing but his glafs: Had not this company on Sunday night sanctified the debauch, I should be very fit for repentance this morning; the searching wine has sprung the rheumatism in my right hand, my head aches, my stomach pukes, I dreamed all this morning of fire, and waked in a flame: To complete my misery, I must let you know all this, and make you angry with me. I designed though, this afternoon, to repair to St. Anne's prayers, to beg absolution of my creator and my mistress; if both prove merciful, I will put on the resolution of amending my life, to fit me for the joys of heaven and you.

LETTER LXXIII.

The rheumatic Lover; to Penelope.

Dear Madam,

NOW I write with my aching hand the dictates of my aching heart; my body and my soul are of a piece, both uneasy for want of my dear Penelope. Excuse me, Madam, for troubling you with my distemper; but my hand is so ill that I can write nothing else, because it can go no farther.

L E T.

LETTER LXXIV.

A Gentleman to a Lady, professing an Aversion to the tedious Formality in Courtship.

Dear Madam,

I Remember that one of the ancients, in describing a youth in love, says, he has neither wisdom enough to speak, nor to hold his tongue. If this be a just description, the sincerity of my passion will admit of no dispute: and whenever, in your company, I behave like a fool, forget not that you are answerable for my incapacity: Having made bold to declare this much, I must presume to say, that a favourable reception of this, will, I am certain, make me more worthy of your notice; but your disdain would be what I believe myself incapable ever to surmount. To try by idle fallacies, and airy compliments, to prevail on your judgment, is a folly for any man to attempt who knows you. No, Madam, your good sense and endowments have raised you far above the necessity of practising the mean artifices which prevail upon the less deserving of your sex: You are not to be so lightly deceived; and if you were, give me leave to say, I should not think you deserving of the trouble that would attend such an attempt.

This, I must own, is no fashionable letter from one, who, I am sure, loves up to the greatest hero of romance: But as I would

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hope, that the happiness I sue for should be
lasting, it is certainly most eligible to take no
step to procure it but what will bear no re-
flection; for I should be happy to see you
mine, even when we have both outlived the
taste for every thing that has not virtue and
reason to support it. I am, Madam, notwith-
standing this unpolished address,

Your most respectful admirer,
and obedient humble servant.

LETTER LXXV.

*A young Lady's Answer to a Gentleman's Letter,
who professes an Aversion to the tedious Forms of
Courtship.*

SIR,

I AM no more fond of the fashionable modes
of courtship than yourself. Plain dealing
I own is best; but methinks common decency
should always be preserved.

There is something so peculiar and whim-
sical in your manner of expression, that I am
absolutely at a loss to determine whether you
are really serious, or only write for your own
amusement. When you explain yourself in
more intelligible terms, I shall be better able
to form a judgment of your passion, and more
capable of returning you a proper answer.
What influence your future addresses may
have over me I cannot say; but to be free
with you, your first attempt has made no im-
pression on the heart of

MIRA.
LET-

LETTER LXXVI.

The Gentleman's Reply, more openly declaring his Passion.

Dearst Madam,

NOW I have the hope of being not more despised for my acknowledged affection, I declare to you with all the sincerity of a man of honour, that I have long had a sincere passion for you; but I have seen gentlemen led such dances, when they have given up their affections to the lovely tyrants of their hearts, and could not help themselves, that I had no courage to begin an address in the usual forms, even to you, of whose good sense and generosity I had nevertheless a good opinion. You have favoured me with a few lines, which I most humbly thank you for. And I do assure you, Madam, if you will be pleased to encourage my humble suit, you shall have so just an account of my circumstances and pretensions, as I hope will intitle me to your favour in the honourable light, in which I profess myself, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and faithful admirer.

Be so good as to favour me with one line more to encourage my personal attendance, if not disagreeable.

L E T-

LETTER LXXVII.

The Lady's Answer to his Reply, putting the Matter on a sudden Issue.

Sir,

AS we are both so well inclined to avoid unnecessary trouble, as well as unnecessary compliments, I think proper to acquaint you, that Mr. Durnford of Winchester, has the management of all my affairs; and is a man of such probity and honour, that I do nothing in any matters of consequence without him. I have no dislike to your person; and if you approve of what Mr. Durnford can acquaint you with, in relation to me, and I approve of his report in your favour, I shall be far from shewing any gentleman, that I have either an insolent or a sordid spirit, especially to such as do me the honour of their good opinion. I am,

Sir, your humble servant.

LETTER LXXVIII.

The fond Lover..

My charming Tyrant,

IF distraction be an argument of love, I need no other to convince you of my passion; All my past actions have discovered it, since I had the honour to know you; though not any so

so sensibly as my behaviour on Sunday night. My reflection on it, gives me more pain than I can express, or you imagine; though in my mind those actions may be forgiven, that proceed from the excess of love. My letter will discover the loss of my senses, which I never had so much occasion for as now, especially when I presume to write to one of so much judgment as yourself; but you, my dearest creature, must look upon the infirmities and distress of a love sick wretch, with the same candour and mildness that heaven does upon you; and let all my faults be forgiven by your tender heart, that is designed for nothing but compassion, and all the gentle actions of softest love. Whilst I am preaching up pity, I must remember to practise it myself, and not to persecute you with more words, than to tell you, that I love you to death; and, when I cease to do it, may heaven justly punish my broken vows, and may I be as miserable as I now think myself happy. But as the greatest passions are discovered by silence, so that must direct me to conclude

Yours,

L E T.

LETTER LXXIX.

*A Letter from a Lady to a Gentleman, to whom
she was shortly to have been married.*

MY dearest Billy's orders (as they ever shall by me) were punctually observed. How has your letter at once delighted and distressed me !---How happy that you was pleased with my poor scrawl ! How rejoiced was I at your arrival in town!---But I partake of your fatigue, and your tenderness makes too sensible an impression upon me. You must forbear expressing yourself so affectingly, if you would not add to that distress which will ever attend your absence, even when I have reason to hope you are in health : What then must I feel when your apprehensions are so alarming ! Heavens preserve my best beloved ! And let me flatter myself, that nothing but a depression of spirits occasions them ; and that the next post, for which I shall wait with extreme impatience, will bring me a more favourable account.

The thoughts of your return, which you mentioned so tenderly, at first softened that bitterness of parting, which is not yet worn off: but, upon reflection, it cannot be; 'tis two days fatigue added to a tedious journey. Your stay can be momentary, and will renew a concern I can at present but ill support : Your infinite good-nature suggested it to you ; but I should shew very little in desiring it.

----- Providence bless the delight of my of my soul, to whose protection I commit you.

L E T -

LETTER LXXX.

From a Gentleman to his Mistress, resenting her supposed Coquetry.

Madam,

BEAUTY has charms which are not easily resisted; but it is, I presume, in the power of the finest woman-breathing, to counter-ballance all her charms by a conduct unworthy of them. This manner of speaking, Madam, is what I am apprehensive you have not been enough used to: The advantages you possess, independently of any act of your own, cannot be any warrant for a behaviour repugnant to honour, and strict good manners. I ventured to address myself to you, Madam, upon motives truly honourable, and best to be defended; but suffer me to say, that I never proposed to glory in adding one to the number of your public admirers, or to be so tame, as to subject myself to any usage. And if this be your intention, and this only, I shall still admire you; but must leave the flattering of your vanity to gentlemen who have more leisure, and less sincerity, than, Madam,

Your most obedient servant.

L E T-

LETTER LXXXI.

The Lady's Angry Answer.

Sir,

BY the letter I just now received from you, I fancy you have been a little too hasty, as well as too free, in your conjectures about my conduct. I hope it is such, and will be always such, as shall justify me to persons of honour of my own sex, as well as yours. You have surely, Sir, a right to act as you please; and (at present, however) so have I. How long I should have this liberty, were I at your mercy, this letter of yours gives me a most desirable and seasonable Intimation.

For goodness sake, Sir, let me do as I think proper: I see, you will. I sent not for you, nor asked you to be one of the number you mention. And, if you think fit to withdraw your name from the list, can I help it, if I would ever so fain? But could you not do this without resolving to affront me, and to reflect on my conduct; I am unworthy of your address. I grant it---Then you can forbear it. Perhaps I like to see the young fellows dying for me; but since they can do it without impairing their health, do not be so very angry at me. In short, Sir, you are your own master; and, heaven be thanked, I am, at present, my own mistress; and your well mannered letter will make me resolve to be so longer than perhaps I had otherwise resolved. You see my follies

follies in my conduct. Thank you, Sir, for letting me know you do. I see your sex in your letter. Thank you, Sir, for that too. So being thus much obliged to you, in a double respect, can I do otherwise than subscribe myself,

Your thankful servant.

LETTER LXXXII.

The Gentleman's submissive Reply.

Dear Madam,

I BEG ten thousand pardons for my rash letter to you. I wished, too late, I could have recalled it. And when I had the favour of yours, I was under double concern. But indeed, Madam, you treated me, I thought, too lightly; and contempt is intolerable where a mind is so sincerely devoted. I never saw a lady I could love before I saw you. I never shall see another I wish to be mine; and as I must love you whether I will or no, I hope you will forgive my foolish petulance. I am sure it was inspired by motives, that, however culpable in their effects, are intitled to your forgiveness, as to the cause. I cannot meanly sue, though to you. Do not let me undergo too heavy a penance for my rashness. You can mould me to any form you please. But, dear lady, let not my honest heart suffer the more torture, because it is so devotedly at your service. Once again, I ask a thousand pardons.

dons.—What can I say more? I own I am hasty; but it is most when I think myself slighted, or used contemptuously, by those I love. Such tempers, Madam, are not the worst, let me tell you. And though I may be ready to offend, yet am I always as ready to repent. And, dear, good Madam, let me be received to favour this once, and I will be more cautious for the future. For I am, and ever must be, whether you will allow it or not,

Your most devoted admirer

and humble servant.

LETTER LXXXIII.

The Lady's forgiving Return.

Sir,

I Cannot help answering your letter, because you seem sensible of your fault. If your temper is so captious, your guard against it should be the stronger. It is no very comfortable view, let me tell you, that one sees a person who wants to recommend himself to one's friendship, so ready to take fire. What has a woman to do in common discretion, but to avoid, while she can, a prospect so unpleasing? For if she knows she cannot bear disreputable imputations, as indeed she ought not, and that the gentleman is not able to contain himself whenever he is pleased to be moved, from giving them; why this, truly, affords a most comfortable appearance of a happy life! However, Sir, I cannot bear malice for a first fault, though yet it looks like a temper, even in a friend,

friend, that one would rather fear than love. But if it be never repeated, at least till I give such reasons for it, that neither charity, nor a professed esteem, can excuse, I shall hope, that what has happened may rather be of good than bad use to us both. But indeed I must say, that if you cannot avoid such disagreeable instances of your sensibility, it will be justice to both, now we are both free, to think no more of

Your humble servant.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From a young Maiden, deserted by her Lover for the Sake of a greater Fortune.

Mr. John,

I Must take up my pen and write, though perhaps you will only scoff at me for so doing; but when I have said what I have to say, then I shall have eased my mind, and will endeavour to forget you for ever. I have had so many cautions given me against the false hearts of men, and was so often told how they will vow and forswear themselves, that I ought to have been on my guard, that's true: And indeed, so I was a great while: You know it well. But you courted me so long, vowed so earnestly, and seemed so much in love with me, that it was first pity in me, that made me listen to you; and, oh! this nasty pity, how soon did it bring----But I won't say love neither. I thought if all the young men in the world

world besides proved false, yet it was impossible you should. Ah ! poor silly creature that I was, to think, though every body flattered me with being sightly enough, I could hold a heart so sordidly bent on interest, as I always saw yours to be ; but that, thought I, though it is a meanness I don't like, yet will it be a security of his making a frugal husband in an age so fruitful of spendthrifts.

But at length it has proved, that you can prefer Polly Bambridge, and leave poor me, only because she has a greater portion than I have.

I say nothing against Polly. I wish her well. Indeed I do. And I wish you no harm neither. But as you knew Polly before, why could you not have made to yourself a merit with her, without going so far with me ? What need you have often begged and prayed, sighed and vowed, (never leaving me, day nor night) till you had got me foolishly to believe and pity you ? and so, after your courtship was made a town talk, then you could leave me to be laughed at by every one I slighted for you ! Was this just, was this well done, think you ?

Here I cannot go out of doors but I have some one or other simpering and sneering at me ; and I have had two willow-garlands sent me ; so I have---But what poor stuff, in some of my own sex too, is this, to laugh at and deride me for your baseness ? I can call my heart to witness to my virtue in thought, in word, and in deed ; and must I be ridiculed for a false one, who gives himself airs at my expence

expence, and at the expence of his own truth and honour? Indeed you cannot say the least ill of me, that's my comfort. I defy the world to say any thing to blast my character: Why then should I suffer in the world's eye, for your baseness.

I seek not to move you to return to the fidelity you have vowed; for by this time, mayhap, you would be as base to Polly as you have been to me, if you did; and I wish her no willow-garlands, I'll assure you. But yet, let me desire you to speak of me with decency: that is no more than I deserve, you well know. Do not, to brave through the perfidy you have been guilty of, mention me with such fleers, as, I hear, you have done to several; and pray call me none of your poor dear girls! And, I hope she will not take it to heart, poor thing!----with that insolence that so little becomes you, and I have so little deserved. I thought to have appealed to your conscience, on what has passed between us, when I began. I thought to have put the matter home to you! But I have run out into this length, and now do not think it worth while to write much more: For what is conscience to a man who could vow as you have done, and act as you have done?

Go then, Mr. John, naughty man as you are! I will try to forget you for ever. Rejoice in the smiles of your Polly Bambridge, and glad your heart with the possession of an hundred or two pounds more than I have; and see what you will be the richer or happier a few

few years hence. I wish no harm to you. Your conscience will be a greater trouble to you than I wish it to be, if you are capable of reflecting. And for your sake, I will henceforth set myself up to be an adviser to all my sex, never to give ear to a man, unless they can be sure, that his interest will be a security for his pretended affection to them. I am though greatly injured and deceived, naughty Mr. John,

Your well wisher.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

From a Gentleman to his Mistress, who seeing no Hopes of Success, respectfully withdraws his Suit,

Madam,

I Make no doubt but this will be the welcomest letter that you ever received from me; for it comes to assure you, that it is the last trouble you will ever have from me. Nor should I have so long withheld from you this satisfaction, had not the hope your brother gave me, that in time I might meet with a happier fate, made me willing to try every way to obtain your favour. But I see, all the hopes given me by his kind consideration for me, and those that my own presumption had made me entertain, are all in vain. And I will therefore rid you of so troublesome an importuner, having nothing to offer now but my ardent

ardent wishes for your happiness ; and these, Madam, I will pursue you with to my life's latest date.

May you, whenever you shall change your condition, meet with a heart as passionately, and as sincerely devoted to you as mine ! And may you be happy for many, very many years, in the man you can honour with your love ! For, give me leave to say, Madam, that in this, my end will be in part answered, because it was most sincerely your happiness I had in view, as well as my own, when I presumptuously hoped, by the contributing to the one, to secure the other. I am Madam, with the highest veneration,

Your most obedient humble servant.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From a Lady to a Gentleman of superior Fortune, who, after a long address in an honourable way, proposes to live with her as a gallant.

Sir,

AFTER many unaccountable hesitations, and concealed meanings, that your mind seemed of late big with, but hardly knew how to express, you have, at last, spoken out all your mind ; and I know what I am to trust to ! I have that disdain of your proposal that an honest mind ought to have. But I wish, for my own sake, (and I will say for yours too, because your honour is concerned in it so deeply) that I had had, at my first acquaintance

H with

with you, such an instance of your plain-dealing, or rather baseness : Then I should have had no regret in letting you know how much I scorned the proposer, and the proposal : Though I hope, as it is, a little time and reflection will make me, for the sake of the latter, abhor the former.

However, Sir, I must say, you are very cruel to use me thus, after you had, by all the alluring professions of an honourable love, inspired me with a grateful return, and brought me to the freedom of owning it---Nor yet will I be an hypocrite, or deny my honest passion ; for that would be to lessen your guilt. God is my witness, I loved you beyond all your sex ; yet I loved you virtuously ; I loved you because I thought you virtuous. And now, though it may take some time, and too much regret, to get over, yet do I hope, your behaviour will enable me to conquer my fond folly.

Ungenerous man ! to take advantage of your superior fortune to insult me thus, when, you had gain'd my affections ! What, though I am not blessed with a worldly circumstance equal to what you might expect in a wife, can you think my mind so base as to submit to be yours on unworthy terms ? Go unworthy man, and make your court to Miss Reynolds, as you seem to threaten. She has a fortune equal to your own, and may you be happy together ! I should have been so, had I never known you. I never deceived you ; You knew my scanty fortune

fortune, and yet pretended to prefer me to all my sex.

On me you might have laid the highest obligation, by raising me to a condition I was humble enough to think above me; and I should have been, on that account, all gratitude, all duty, all acknowledgment. On Miss Reynolds you will confer none; her fortune will quit scores with yours, and you must both, in your union, be strangers to the inexpressible pleasure of receiving or conferring of benefits: But this is a pleasure which none but generous minds can taste. That yours is not so, witness your detested proposal, after such solemn professions of faithful and honourable love. And I have one consolation, tho' a consolation I did not wish for, that I am under no obligation, but the contrary, to such a man. And am as much your superior, as the person who would do no wrong, is to one that will do nothing else. Send me, however, my letters, that I may be assured my fond credulity will not be the subject of fresh insult, and that perhaps to the person that shall be what you made me expect I should be. I will send you all yours, the last only excepted. Which, as it may assist me to conquer my fond folly for you, I hope you will allow me to keep, though it is the abhorred of my soul ----May you be happier than you have made me!----is the last prayer you will have from
Your too credulous well-wisher.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From a Lady to her false Lover, who after having braved all his Friends Expostulations, at last is persuaded to abandon her for another of larger Fortune.

Sir,

IT is a poor, a very poor pretence that you make, after what has passed between us, that you must, in compliance with the commands of your friends, break off acquaintance with me! How often have I advised you to this formerly! How often have you vowed the impossibility of your doing it! How have you, in pursuance of this avowal, braved your friends, and defyed their resentments, in such a manner, that gave them no hope of succeeding with you! though I always blamed your disobliging way of doing it, in regard to them, as your relations. But just as you had brought them to expect you would not be prevailed upon, and they had so far acquiesced in your choice, that I had received and returned visits from the principals of your family, for you poorly to plead their menaces, is such a jest as is not to be received without contempt and indignation.

Well, I can guess at your motives! though you are too mean spirited to acknowledge them, and that they are too mean to be acknowledged. Miss Holles can explain them all, by the help of a larger fortune than I have! I have
heard

heard of your uncle's proposal, and your visit there.----Go on, Sir, and welcome! I have spirit enough to despise the man that could deceive me.----But could you not, for your own sake, act this perfidious part in a more manly and more worthy manner? Could you not find a better reason than one you had always rejected, when it was more your duty to observe it? But must you, when your vows to me had made it your duty to dispense with it, then shew your levity in adhering to it? Yet why do I expostnlate with a person so little deserving expostulation? You may think me angry, because of my disappointment. It is true, it is a disappointment, and I had a better opinion of you than this conduct shews you deserved; or things should never have proceeded so far as they did. But it is a disappointment, I hope, (though no thanks to any part of your conduct, but your incanness) I shall soon get over. And though I wish you no harm, let us see, if, seven years hence, you will be so many hundred pounds the richer, as makes the difference to you, between Miss Holles and her you have treated so unworthily. And if that will make you happier, I truly wish you may be so! For I am not your enemy, though you deserve not that I should style myself

Your Friend.

LETTER 'LXXXVIII.

Love and Cyder a bad mixture; from Ned Heartless to Chloris.

Misfortunes always lay hold on me, when I forsake my love, or fall short of my duty, your coach was full, and Mr. C----- was vanished; so I had no pretence left to avoid some sober friends that would haul me into a cellar to drink cyder; a dark, chilly, confounded hole, fit only for treason and tobacco. Being warm with the throng of the play-house, I unadvisedly threw off my wig; the rawness of this cursed place, with the coldness of our tipple, has seized upon me so violently, that I am afraid I shall not recover it in a trice; I have got such a pain in my jaws, that I shall not be able to eat a bit; So now, Madam, either live upon love or starve. For heaven's sake then, dear Madam, send me a little subsistence; let not a hungry wretch perish for want of an alms. Kind words is all I crave; and the most uncharitable prelate will afford a beggar his blessing---Pity my condition, fair charmer; I have got a cold without, and a fire within; love and cyder do not agree, so I will have no more cellars. If you do not send me some comfort in my afflictions, expect to have a note to this purpose---Be pleased to accompany the corps of an unfortunate lover, who died of an aching chops, and a broken heart.

L E T-

LETTER. LXXXIX.

The ardent Lover falsely accused of neglect; from Dorimant to Leonora.

YOUR strange and unexpected declaration of your unkind thoughts of me, has cast a damp upon my spirits, that will break out either in melancholy or rage: I wish it prove the latter, for then I shall destroy myself the shorter way; in the fervency of my passion, and diligence of courtship, which has alarmed part of the world, to be accused of coldness and neglect---but I will say no more upon that subject, it is too warm; and if I touch it, will set me in a blaze. I remember the cause of my uneasiness the other day, and I remember the cause was repeated last night; and, in short, I remember a thousand things that make me mad; and since you have taken so opportune a time of telling me of the coldness of my love; give me leave to tell you, that my passion is so violent, that it will give me cause to curse your whole sex; nay, even you, though at the same time I could stab myself for the expression; now Madam, I will endeavour to sleep, for I have not closed my eyes since I saw you.

LETTER XC.

The Lover's Consolation to his Mistress who had been robbed; from Polidore to Mufidora.

I Received your letter, Madam, with the strange relation of your being robbed; I cannot tell whether my grief or amazement was greatest; it suspended the pain of the rheumatism for some hours, though I gained but little by that, for it only gave place to a greater. All the consolation I can afford in your sorrow, is, that you have a companion in your afflictions, that sympathizes in every particular of your grief. I consider myself as a lady robbed of my fine things, stripped of my best clothes, and, what is worse, of all my pretty trinkets, that have cost me some years in purchasing: Though this be the greatest misfortune a fine lady can sustain, yet I am still more troubled at the manner of the action, than at the greatness of my loss, that in a house so well peopled as mine; in an hour so early, when all the world was awake, that all my good stars should be then asleep, is very provoking.

By this, Madam, you may judge whether my heart be not tuned to the very same notes of sorrow with yours; and as I have the same reasons of my grief, so perhaps I shall agree with your ladyship, as to the thought, which may afford you most consolation.

Religion teaches me, that nothing in the world is properly our own, but borrowed; and since I am obliged to resign even my very life without murmuring, when he that lent it is pleased to recall it, why should I repine at parting with things of so much less importance? But to comfort myself after a more worldly manner: I considered that my cloaths would have been worn out in a year or two, that my fine things would have been out of fashion in a year or two more; so that I have only lost the use of these things, which four or five years would have robbed me of, without breaking a lock or opening a window. Besides, another thing which gives me no small comfort, is a reflection on the mercies of providence in matters of great moment, as in relation to my life, my honour, &c: one instance of which is pretty fresh in my memory. I recollect, that some few months ago I was in a foreign country, far from my relations to comfort me, or my friends to assist me; a stranger to the place, and to the language; like a child among the savage beasts; I had no companion but a brute more savage than they, who betrayed me into the hands of a villain, that would have ruined me past redemption, had not providence sent a gentleman to my rescue, who is dying at Richmond for love of me. This deliverance I think, may make sufficient amends for the present loss.

Now, Madam, that I have guessed at your thoughts upon the matter, give me leave to present you with my sentiments upon this af-

fair. And in the first place, I think, that if the rogues had stript you of all that you enjoy in the world, even the white covering to your fair nakedness, I would catch you in my arms before any Dutches in Christendom set out in brocade and jewels.

I think, secondly, a lady without a husband lies very much exposed to all abuse from the rude world ; that the weakness of their constitution is a sufficient proof, that their maker designed man for their guard. Now if a lady will neglect the protection which providence has designed her, when there is one that begs so very earnestly, and has so long solicited for the honour of the place ; it is but just I think, that she meet with some small rubs to mind her of her insufficiency. I know, Madam, that your ladyship has a very good and worthy gentleman very near you, one who is both a friend and a father ; but still a husband is the best Guard-du-corps, and there are some privileges annexed to his place, which would make rogues more cautious how they invaded your bed-chamber.

In the third place, Madam, give me leave to ask you : Do not you think that this thief that robbed you to be a very barbarous fellow ? and would you not be very severe upon him if he were taken ? Most certainly you would. Then what must I think of a person that has robbed me of a jewel, much more precious than any thing they have taken from you, I mean my ease and quiet ? A little thief has stole my heart out of my very breast ; the loss

of which has cost me more sighs and uneasiness, than all the wealth in the world could have done. I have pursued this charming Bandit from place to place, from town to country, from kingdom to kingdom, yet all in vain----I beg you, Madam, to consider this; and be not too severe upon the poor rogues, though they should be taken.

This is the first service my hand has done me since I left London; and were not the air too piercing for me, to venture abroad after so much bleeding, I would have told you all this personally, but happen what will, three or four days shall be the utmost confinement; I can lay upon my desire of waiting on you; and that you have been so long released from my company, you are more beholden to the force of my illness, than the strength of my resolution, which is always too weak to encounter the passion of,

Madam,

Your most humble servant.

LETTER XCI.

The Lover's Adieu.

Madam,

IT is a sad misfortune to begin a letter with an adieu; but when my love is crossed, it is no wonder that my writing should be reversed. I would beg your pardon for the other offences of this nature which I have committed, but that I have so little reason to judge favour-

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ably of your mercy; though, Madam, I shall
never excuse myself my own shame of the trou-
ble, no more than I can pardon myself the va-
nity of attempting your charms, so much above
the reach of my pretensions, and which are
reserved for some more worthy admirer. If
there be that man upon earth that can merit
your esteem, I pity him; for an obligation
too great for a return, must to any generous
soul be very uneasy, though still I envy his
misery.

May you be as happy, Madam, in the en-
joyment of your desires, as I am miserable in
the disappointment of mine; and as the great-
est blessing of your life, may the person you
admire love you as sincerely and as passionately,
as he whom you scorn.

LETTER XCII.

*Love reciprocal the greatest Happiness; Free-
love to Benevolence.*

WHAT shall I say to the dearest woman
upon earth! Were my thoughts com-
mon, how easily might they be expressed! But
the expression, like the enjoyment in love, is
lost by a too ardent desire. My soul plumes
itself in the secret pride of being beloved by
you; and upon so just a foundation of valuing
myself, who can accuse me of vanity? I can
no more compliment what I love, than I can
starve what I hate; and therefore when I tell
you, that your charms are more and more en-
gaging

gaging, and my love improving, believe it for a truth ; hear my wish, and then conclude me happy.

Oh ! could I find (grant heaven that once I may)
A nymph fair, kind, poetical, and gay ;
Whose love should blaze unfullied and divine,
Lighted at first by the bright lamp of mine ;
Free from all sordid ends, from interest free,
For my own sake affecting only me :

What a bless'd union should our souls combine !
I her's alone, as she was only mine ;
Bless'd in her arms, I should immortal grow,
Whilst in return I made my Celia so.

Sweet generous favours should our loves express,
I'd write for love, and she should love for verse ;
Not Sacharissa' self, great Waller's fair,
Should for an endless name with mine compare,
She should transcend all that e'er went before ;
Her praises, like her beauty, should be more :
My verse should run so high, the world should see
I sung of her, and she inspired me ;
The world should see that from my love I drew }
At once my theme and inspiration too : }
Bless'd in my wish, my fair, I'm bless'd with you. }

I went abroad yesterday morning about seven, and returned about one this morning, slept till past eight, then arose to tell you, that I dreamed of you all the time and that I am your own,

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LETTER XCIII.

The jealous Lover humoured; Maria to Henrietta.

WE are now, my dear Henrietta, at a most delightful seat; during two months, gaiety has presided here: It belongs to a widow scarce twenty. Enchanted with her new state, she comes to pass the year of her mourning here, only to meditate in peace on her future choice, when decency will permit her to make herself amends for what she suffered with an old husband, whom she hated with all her heart. She has the most beautiful face you can conceive, a fine height, an air of dignity, and a most engaging sincerity. In giving an account of her sufferings, she can scarce smother her laughter. *The old lord was jealous, and she could have over-reached him; she could.-----* This agreeable silly creature has just as much sense as is necessary to amuse herself, and to please:

Miss Annabella, her sister, is a very different creature; was never out of this magnificent seat, where she always lived with her father only. Her figure is noble and interesting; her air is sweet and delicate; she has a great deal of breeding, and more sentiment. She wants nothing, in short, but knowledge of the world; but if she has not all the graces which that bestows, she is free from the vices to which it leads; vices, which it is so difficult to avoid in

in polite circles, where they have found the contemptible art of forgiving mutually every defect of the heart. I am always enraged, when I hear this criminal indulgence honoured with the name of softness of manners, knowledge of human nature, and a condescension indispensable in society.----O ! this Sir Harry; he is insupportable; every thing displeases him. ----I thought him of a more equal temper : People must be very amiable who appear so to those who see them every day ; I am out of patience with him : He advises me to throw away a nosegay that Sir James has gathered himself, and has just given me ; Sir Harry has not breathed since I have had it ; he brings me twenty examples of illness occasioned by the too strong perfume of jonquils ; he assures me they are very bad for the head. As I see his impertinent jealousy, I shall keep the nosegay ; I would keep it if it gave me a thousand headaches.

LETTER XCIV.

Good Advice to Bachelors; from Domicillus to Peregrine Pickle.

YOU have declared against matrimony, and for no other reasons, as I can learn, than that you are unacquainted with its sweets. If you considered that there is no other licit means for peopling the world, and establishing a kind of immortality, by the production of a successive race of men, you would, perhaps, change your

your opinion ; but without confining ourselves to general reflections, which affect less than those of a more immediate concern ; let us see if you could not live more agreeably with a woman, than in the single state you are resolved to make. choice of. For my part, I should think that if you find yourself capable of regulating a family, of living upon good terms with an honest person, and of giving good education to children, you would find that there is nothing more comfortable than living with a woman who has made a tender of herself to you, and who is willing to discharge all the duties incumbent on that union. And indeed, if you examine every thing that passes in a family under proper regulation, you will see that a good woman shares with her husband whatever may happen ; endeavouring to encrease his joy by her satisfaction, and to alleviate his pains and sorrows, by the part she bears in them. Though the first transports of love should suffer some abatement, yet the virtuous woman will still be her husband's best friend. They concert together the measures they judge conformable to the designs they undertake and put in execution. They never act but by agreement, their thoughts and sentiments rest on the foundation of mutual confidence, and the good understanding that subsists between them, adds unspeakable charms to their union. A husband may possess himself in perfect ease, by leaving the care of his family concerns to a frugal and good housewife. How sweet must it be for him to have children

who

who are the effects of his own love, and who will be hereafter the supports of his old age? But it is a much more sensible joy, to see that these children grow up by goodness by the education given them. Single life, in man, can nowhere find the real consolation and assistance that are met with in the society of a woman: You know that it is in quality of a help-mate, that God has given so amicable a half to man, and that therefore the scripture says, *It is not good for man to be alone.* You might even have seen in history, that the Romans expelled their city those that persisted to live in a state of celibacy, as being useless to the republic: And, for ought I know, it might be of service to our government to lay a tax upon all batchelors. But it would be better to lay upon yourself the injunction of engaging in matrimony, which, no doubt, will be more agreeable than you have hitherto thought of. You will take, I hope, in good part, the advice I here presume to give you, and believe that I am, with all sincerity, &c.

As a farther encouragement to the bachelor to enter into the matrimonial state, we shall recommend to his perusal, the following instance of nuptial felicity, wrote above a thousand years ago, as we could many others of a much more modern date, if the limits of our work would permit it.

LETTER XCV.

The sweets of Matrimony; Pliny to Hispulla.

AS I remember the great affection that was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, so as not only to express the tenderness of the best of aunts, but even to supply that of the best of fathers; I am sure it will be a pleasure to you, to hear that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her ancestors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the surest pledge of her virtue, and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You would smile to see the concern she is in when I have a cause to plead, and the joy she shews when it is over; she finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear, where with the utmost delight, she feasts upon my applauses. Sometimes she sings my verses, and accompanies them with the lute, without any master, except love, the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain omen of our perpetual and increasing happiness; since her affection is

is not founded on my youth and person, which must gradually decay; but she is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected who had the happiness to receive her education from you, who, in your house, was accustomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your recommendation. For, as you had always the greatest respect for my mother, you were pleased from my infancy, to form me, to commend me, and kindly to presage I should one day be what my wife fancies I am. Accept therefore our united thanks, mine, that you have bestowed her on me; and hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual grant of joy and felicity.

LETTER XCVI.

*The Lover in a puzzle; from Bob. Inquisitive
to Lady Harriot.*

Madam,

NONE surely can labour under greater disadvantages than he, who presumes to write to a lady, to whom he is intirely unknown. But a man who has been so long condemned to silence as I have, has some plea for taking a liberty to write, that would be otherwise unpardonable. This, Madam, I beg you will see as my apology for giving you this trouble, and for presuming to ask, whether the person, who had the happiness of fitting by

by you at the opera last night, and who has, in vain, long waited for an opportunity of speaking to you, might, if all things were favourable to his wishes, be admitted to the honour of your acquaintance. Another favour, Madam, I humbly request: It is, that you will find a way (for interest I know of none) by which I may be honoured with your determinations.

I am sensible, Madam, that I have gone too far in presuming to take this liberty; but I beg to be forgiven. No words can describe what I feel, while I write this to you, and which I shall continue to suffer, at least till I have the happiness of receiving your answer.

LETTER XCVII.

The Answer to the above, by a Friend to the Lady.

Sir,

I AM perhaps taking as strange a liberty as you took yesterday; but if you hope pardon from one woman, you must be ready to grant it to another. I have seen your letter to lady Harriot, and as I think it impossible for that lady to answer it, my regard for her, makes me take the task upon myself. I am surprized, Sir, and doubtless she is more so, that an absolute stranger should take the liberty to write to her, especially as lady Harriot has so universal an acquaintance, that I cannot think it very difficult for a man of fashion to get himself introduced to her, without his taking this

this extraordinary method: however, you must permit me to say, that there are few people to whom lady Harriot would wish to be known, as an acquaintance, beyond the number of those who have at present that honour. We are not more ignorant of you, than we are of your meanings; but if you have any further thoughts I do assure you there will require a great deal more to support such an application. I am sincerely the lady's friend, and in this instance I am persuaded I am acting the part of a friend to you. I have only observed what I think you ought to have done, and in what manner, and I leave the rest to your discretion.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,
Eliz. Modely.

LETTER XCVIII.

Love unhappy, or the Generous Husband.

IT is as impossible to draw a true picture of love, as it is to limit its course in its full career. Its effects and appearances are variegated according to the humour, temper, and circumstances of those who feel themselves possessed of it; as is evident from the different exhibitions of it in the foregoing letter, which, by comparing one with the other, a lover may know how he may obtain success in his courtship. But though love may be strong and reciprocal before marriage; yet if, after

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the nuptial knot is tied, there is not a mutual goodwill and endeavour to keep the passion alive, it will soon grow cold, and at length be attended with the worst consequences.

If, therefore, they would continue that happiness, proposed by their union, to the end of their lives, they must both agree in the means, for a failure on either side will ruin the whole structure, as effectually as if both contributed to it. There are, however, some circumstances which very much vary the case; as when a young lady is compelled by her friends to give her hand to a person, when her heart is pre-engaged to another. In this case, it is extremely difficult to give proper rules and directions. Instead of which, therefore, we shall relate the history of such an affair, and leave the reader to judge of the propriety of the Lady's conduct therein.

The first impressions that Love makes on us are generally the strongest, nor can they be removed by the commands of parents, interest, or prudence: how unhappy then are those ladies, who, for the alliance of families, titles, and private views, are torn from the arms of those they love, to be married by mercenary fathers, to men they can scarce endure. This will be best illustrated by the following example.

Clerimont, a gentleman of fortune, loved a lady, beautiful, young, and rich. Their love seemed so much the more happy, because it was approved of by their parents, who designed to marry them. Arabella, for such was the lady's

lady's name, looked on Clerimont as her Husband, and gave herself therefore a liberty to indulge a passion which she thought it her duty to increase. Clerimont was as fond of his Arabella, and flattered himself with the greatest happiness, in living with a woman whose love was mutual. While the writings for the marriage were drawing, the young lady went to one of the theatres to see a favourite play. In the middle of the first act, Cleanthes, a young nobleman of the first rank, came into the same box where Arabella was. Her mien, her charms and her wit, raised in him a sudden passion he knew not how to account for. He gazed, he sighed, he loved. When the play was over, he conducted her through the crowd to her chair, and was agreeably surprized, when he saw her servant, to find it the livery of a gentleman he was very well acquainted with. The next morning he waited on Arabella's father, and enquired after his new charmer: and as soon as he heard she was his daughter, he made proposals for marrying her. The old gentleman, when he was recovered from his surprise, and found the young nobleman serious in his demands, thought the match too advantageous not to be made up as soon as possible; they agreed to have her jointure settled that afternoon; the marriage solemnized the next morning. Cleanthes would fain have seen the lady; but her father said it was not so proper, till he had acquainted her with his intentions. Cleanthes hurried to his Lawyer to give him instructions for

for the settlement; and the old Gentleman sent for Arabella, to inform her of his new engagement: but what words can describe her wonder, and the various effects of love, grief, and despair, whilst she received the charge of giving her hand the next morning in marriage to a person she knew nothing of. In vain were all her tears, prayers and entreaties; no reproaches of injustice to Clerimont, no argument of future misery to herself, nor all the soft persuasions of paternal love could set aside the prevailing arguments of grandeur, titles, and riches. Her father was severe, and would be obeyed, and haughtily urged, it was nothing but her duty to comply. He threatened her with violence if she relisted his will, and with an imperious command, left her in all the anguish of a despairing maiden. Scarce had she recovered her sences, when she found means to send this news to her Clerimont's lodgings; but he was unhappily gone for a day or two to a country house, he had in a neighbouring village to order some repairs for the better reception of his Arabella. The next morning which was to bring her misery and a husband, arrives, after a night spent in fears, hopes, and despair: her father enters her chamber, renewes his reasons of power, interest, and wealth, but finds her still inflexible: As he knew nothing could move her, but by persuading her it was her duty, he threatened her with the heaviest curses in case of disobedience. In fine, amidst the horrors of such a guilt, amidst the tender thoughts of Clerimont, and

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the fears of a father's curse, she suffered herself to be dragged to the altar, perceiving it was impossible to avoid the sacrifice. After the ceremony she was conducted to her lord's house, where, if pomp, titles, and riches could give happiness with a man she did not love, none could be more happy than Arabella: But in the public joy she seemed discontented, and broken sighs, and dejected looks, betrayed the inward sorrow of her heart.

Clerimont heard the next day of Arabella's marriage: and after being informed of the particulars, he could not bear to continue in London, but took post horses immediately for Paris, under all the grief a disappointed lover could bear.

Arabella's husband was good humoured, complaisant, and passionately fond of her; preventing every wish, by giving her every thing she could desire: But love is very unjust, she could only repay the tenderness of her husband, in a cold indifference; which he perceived, and was sensibly affected with, though he knew not she loved any other person. He continued his earnest endeavours to please, but without any success.

At this time a friend of his arrived from Paris, and told him, without any design, of the former love of Arabella and Clerimont. He was thunderstruck at the news, and never enquired more of the cause of her coldness to him. He was convinced of her virtue, as she was strict in her behaviour, cautious of her company, regular in her family, shewing great respect
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to him, but no tenderness: And he saw with
grief it was her good sense only, not her in-
clinations, which made her dutiful to him.
He admired her conduct, but complained of
his own bad fortune. Among other solitary
amusements, Arabella used to divert her me-
lancholly, with designing landscapes, which she
did to perfection. In all her designs (her pas-
sion and thoughts being still fixed on Cleri-
mont) you might find that unhappy lover,
sometimes as a despairing shepherd under the
covert of a willow; sometimes as a gay roving
swain amongst a troop of country lasses, just
as her hope or feard dictated. Cleanthes having
often seen Clerimont in public places, and
knowing his person, fell into an inexpressible
anguish to see the heart of his wife, so sensibly
affected towards his rival; but he was quite
overwhelmed with grief, when he saw her hang
those pictures by her bedside, that so her lover
might be the first object that appeared to her
when she first waked; and one morning, when
her husband, who deserved the utmost pity,
seemed to be fast asleep, he was so unhappy
as to hear her sigh, as she looked on those
landscapes, and in a passionate tone cry out, *My
dear, dear Clerimont!*----But even this declara-
tion moved not Cleanthes to shew any resent-
ment, but, if possible, he redoubled his ten-
derness, hoping that might wean her from a
passion so ill placed. Almost two years he spent
in this condition, without being able to change
in the least the heart of his Arabella; when,
despairing of her love, he resolved to make a
campaign

campaign in Flanders; where, in a desperate attempt he had voluntarily undertaken, according to his wishes, he received two mortal wounds. He was carried to his tent, where, finding some strength remaining, he called for pen and paper, and wrote the following letter to her.

‘ My dear Arabella,

‘ I would have said wife, had I not been
‘ convinced that name was hateful to you. As
‘ this is the last letter you will ever receive
‘ from me, I must testify in it my grief, for
‘ having been the occasion of the misery I am
‘ sensible you must feel in your losing Cleri-
‘ mont: but had I known my Arabella, your
‘ heart had been pre-engaged, I would not
‘ have parted you from the man you so tender-
‘ ly loved, to join you to a husband you could
‘ never endure. That I loved you, by my
‘ actions you may be satisfied; but should any
‘ doubt remain, think what I must have felt,
‘ rather than give you any uneasiness in re-
‘ proaching you, when I have beheld the happy
‘ Clerimont in every picture, in every room,
‘ nay by your bedside, to be the object of your
‘ wishes.----When I have heard you sigh for
‘ him, and passionately call for him.---This
‘ I silently suffered; I saw you indulge a
‘ passion you should have endeavoured to stifle.
‘ I wish you could have loved me, but wished
‘ in vain. I am now within a few moments
‘ of death; and in these latest words, I desire,
‘ that no remembrance of what is past, may

' ever disturb the pleasure you will be soon at
' liberty to enjoy with your Clerimont. Could
' you have loved me, we both might have been
' happy; but your first love had made too
' strong an impression to be erased. You
' may be happier with Clerimont, but can
' never have a more loving husband than

Your expiring

CLEANTHES.

The news of Cleanthes's death, accompanied with this letter, flung her into an extreme grief; but when his body was brought home from the army, to be interred with his ancestors, she would have sacrificed herself, that she might give him life, because she did not give him her heart. As often as she called to mind the love, merit, and tenderness of her husband, with reproaches on her stars, her love, and her father, she flung herself into all the agonies of rage and madness. So violent a state brought on a burning fever, which in a few days terminated in the death of a woman, who died unhappily for being married to the man she could not love, and who might have lived happy with the man she did.

LETTER XCIX.

*A Father's Advice to his Daughter, on the Choice
of a Husband.*

YOU are now, Sophy, grown up to woman's estate, and you are not to remain always single. Your mother and I would have you happy, because our happiness depends on yours. The happiness of a virtuous young woman is to make an honest man happy; we must therefore think of marrying you. We must think of this betimes, for your fate through life depends on marriage, and we cannot think too much on it.

Nothing, perhaps, is more difficult than the choice of a good husband, except perhaps the choice of a good wife. You, Sophy, will be this rare woman; you will be the pride of our lives, and our happiness in old age. But however great merit you may have, there are men who still have more. There is no man who ought not to think it an honour to obtain you; there are many whom it would do you honour to obtain; among this number, the business is to find one suitable to you, to get acquainted with him, make him acquainted with you.

The greatest happiness of marriage depends on so many points of agreement, that it would be a folly to think to find them all: the most important must be made sure of preferably to the rest; if the others can be procured too, so much the better; if they cannot, they

they must be overlooked. Perfect happiness is not to be found in this world; but the greatest of misfortunes, and that which may always be avoided, is to be unhappy by one's own fault.

There is a suitableness which may be called natural; there is also a suitableness arising from the institutions of men, and a suitableness that depends wholly on opinion. Of the two last, parents are the proper judges: of the first, the children alone can judge. In marriage made by authority of parents, those suitabilities that arise from institutions and opinion are alone minded: The matches are not between the persons, but their ranks and fortunes: but both these are subject to change: the persons alone remain the same in all places, and at all times. The happiness or unhappiness of the married state depends, in spite of fortune, in personal suitabilities.

Your mother was a woman of family. I had a large fortune: These were the sole considerations that influenced our parents to join us together. I have lost my fortune, she has lost her rank: forgot by her family, what does it signify to her that she was born a lady? In the midst of our distress the union of our hearts made up for every thing: the conformity of our taste made us chuse this retirement. We live happy in our poverty; each is to the other instead of all. Sophy is our common treasure: we thank the Almighty for giving her, and taking away every thing else. You see, child, whither providence has brought us. Those considerations which occasioned
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our marriage are vanished, and that which was counted as nothing, makes all our happiness.

It is for man and wife to suit themselves. Mutual inclination ought to be their first tie; their eyes, their hearts, ought to be their first guides: For as their primary duty, after they are joined together, is to love one another; and as to love or not to love, does not depend on us, this duty necessarily implies another, namely, to begin loving one another before marriage: this is a law of nature, which cannot be abrogated. Those who have restricted it by many civil laws, have had more regard to the appearance of order, than to the happiness or morals of the people. You see, my dear, that the morality we preach to you, is not difficult: It tends only to make you your own mistress, and to make us refer ourselves entirely to you for the choice of your husband.

After giving you our reasons for leaving you at full liberty to make your own choice, it is proper to mention those which ought to induce you to use it with prudence. Sophy, you have good nature and good sense; much integrity and piety; and those qualifications which a woman ought to have; and you are not disagreeable. But you have no fortune: You have the best riches, indeed; but you want those that are most valued by the world. Do not aspire therefore to what you cannot attain to, and regulate your ambition, not by your own judgment, or your mother's and mine, but by the opinion of men. If nothing were to be considered but merit equal to your own,

I know not where I should set limits to hopes: But never raise them above your fortune, which you are to remember is very small. You never saw our prosperity; you were born after we failed in the world: You have made our poverty pleasing to us, and you have shared in it without pain. Never, child, seek for that wealth which we thank heaven for taking from us: We never tasted happiness till we lost our riches.

You are too agreeable, Sophy, not to please somebody; and you are not so poor as to render you a burden to an honest man. You will be courted, and perhaps by persons who are not worthy of you. If they shew themselves what they really are, you will form a just estimate of them: Their outside will not impose on you long. But though you have a good judgment, and can discern men, yet you want experience, and know not how far men can dissemble. An artful cheat may study your taste, in order to seduce you, and counterfeit, before you, the virtues to which he is an absolute stranger. Such a one, child, would ruin you before you perceive it, and you would not see your error before you was past recovery. The most dangerous of all snares, and the only one from which reason cannot refrain you, is that into which the passions hurry one: If ever you have the misfortune to fall into it, you will see nothing but illusion and chimeras, your eyes will be fascinated, your judgment will be confused, your mind will be corrupted, you will cherish your very error; and when

you

you come to see it, you will have no desire to leave it. It is to Sophy's reason, not to the bias of her heart, that we commit her. While passion hath no ascendancy over you, judge for yourself: But whenever you fall in love, commit the care of yourself to your mother.

This agreement which I propose to you, shews our esteem for you, and restores the natural order. It is natural for parents to choose husbands for their daughters, and to consult the daughter only for form's sake. We shall do just the contrary, you shall chuse, and we shall be consulted. Make use of this right, Sophy, freely, and wisely. The husband that is suitable for you ought to be your own choice and not ours; but it is we must judge whether you are not mistaken in his suitableness for you, and whether you are not doing, without knowing it, what you have no mind to. Birth, fortune, rank, or opinion of the world, will have no weight with us. Take an honest man, whose person you like, and whose temper is suitable to you; whatever he is in other respects, we shall receive him for our son in-law. His income will always be large enough, if he hath hands, good morals, and loves his family. His rank will always be high, if he enoble it by virtue. If every body should blame us, what doth it signify? We seek not the approbation of the public. Your happiness suffices to us.

LETTER C.

*A Love Scene; to George Lovemore.**Monday.*

Lovemore,

THE die is cast, and the whole happiness of my life depends on the present moment. After having kept the letter, confessing my passion, two days, without having resolution to deliver it, this morning in the garden, being a moment alone with lady Julia in a summer-house, the company at some distance, I assumed courage to lay it on a table whilst she looked out at a window, which had a prospect that engaged all her attention. When I laid it down, I trembled, a chilness seized my whole frame, my heart dyed within me. I withdrew instantly, without ever staying to see whether she took it up. I waited at a little distance, hid in a close arbour of woodbines, my heart trembling with apprehension, and by the time she staid in the summer-house, had no doubt of her having seen the letter. When she appeared, I was still more convinced, she came out with a timid air, and looked as if fearful of surprise: the lively crimson flushed in her cheek, and was succeeded by a dying paleness. I attempted to follow, but had not courage to approach her. I suffered her to pass the arbour where I was, and advance slowly towards the house. When she was out of sight I went back to the summer-house, and found
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the letter was gone. I have not seen her. I am going to dinner: my limbs will scarce support me: How shall I bear the first sight of lady Julia! how be able to meet her eyes!

I have seen her, but my fate is yet undetermined; she has avoided my eyes, which I scarce dared to raise from the ground. I once looked at her when she did not observe me, and saw a melancholy on her countenance, which stabbed me to the soul. I have given sorrow to the heart of her, whom I would wish to be ever most happy; and to whose good I would sacrifice the dearest hope of my soul. Yes, Lovemore, let me be wretched, but let every blessing heaven can bestow, be the portion of the loveliest of her sex.

Oft have I, during the fancies of youth, laid siege to beauty, and pretended love with no other design than to satisfy my own selfish wishes, at the expence of the fair; but now I think I am arrived at the years of maturity, and view things in a better light. My tenderness to lady Julia is more warm, more animated, more violent, and has a delicacy which those only who love like me, can form any idea, independent of the charms of her person, it can never cease but with life: nor even then, if in another state we have any sense of what has passed in this; it is eternal and incorporated with the same soul, above every selfish desire. The first object of my thoughts and wishes is her happiness, which I would die, or live wretched to secure. Every action of my life is directed to the sole purpose of pleasing her;

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her; my noblest ambition is to be worthy her
esteem. My dreams are full of her ; and to her
I wake, the first idea that rises in my mind is
the hope of seeing her, and of seeing her well
and happy. My most ardent prayer to the su-
preme giver of all good is for her welfare.

In true love, my dear friend, there is a plea-
sure abstracted from all hope of return, and
were I certain she would never be mine, I
would not, for all the kingdoms of the world,
give up the dear delight of loving her,

Those who never felt this enlivening power,
this divinity of the soul, may find a poor in-
spired pleasure in tranquillity, or plunge into
vicious excesses to animate their tedious hours;
but those, who have, can never give up so
sweet, so divine a transport, but with their
existence, to taste any other joy but in subor-
dination.

O Lovemore ! when I behold her, read the
soft language of those speaking eyes, hear those
harmonious sounds---who that has a soul
can be insensible !----Yet there are men dead
to all sense of perfection, who can regard that
angel form without rapture, can hear the mu-
sick of that voice without emotion ! I have
myself with astonishment seen them, inanimate
as the trees around them, listen coldly to those
melting accents----There is a sweetness in her
voice, Lovemore, a melodious softness, which
fancy cannot paint : The enchantment of her
conversation is inexpressible.

Four o'Clock.

I am the most wretched of mankind, and wretched without the right of complaining : The baseness of the attempt deserves even the pangs I suffer. I have attempted to seduce the heiress of him on earth to whom I am most obliged ! O ! my friend ! have we indeed two souls ? Can I see so strongly what is right, yet want power to act up to my own sentiments ? The torrent of passion bears down all before it. I abhor myself for this weakness. I would give worlds to recall that fatal letter. Her coldness, her reserve, are more than I can support. My madness has undone me.—My affiduity is importunate. I might have preserved her friendship. I have thrown away the first happiness of my life. Her eyes averted, shun me as an object of hatred. I shall not long offend her by my presence. I will leave her for ever, I am eager to be gone, that I may carry far from her. O Lovemore ! Who could have thought that cruelty dwelt in such a form ? She hates me, and all my hopes are destroyed for ever.

Monday Evening.

This day, the first of my life ; what a change has this day produced ! These few flying hours have raised me above mortality. Yes, I am most happy ; she loves me, Lovemore : Her conscious blushes, her down cast eyes, her heaving bosom, her sweet confusion. have told me what her tongue could not utter : she loves

loves me, and all else is below my care : She loves me, and I will pursue her. What are the mean considerations of fortune to the tender union of hearts ? Can wealth or titles deserve her ? No, my friend, love alone. She is mine by the strongest ties, by the sacred bond of affection. The delicacy of her soul is my certain pledge of happiness : I can leave her without fear ; she cannot now be another's.

I told you my despair this morning : my lord proposed an airing ; chance placed me in lady Julia's chaise. I entered it with a beating heart : A tender fear of having offended, inseparable from real love, kept me some time silent : at length, with some hesitation, I begged her to pardon the effect of passion and despair, vowed I would rather die than displease her ; that I did not now hope for her love, but could not support her hate.

I then ventured to look up to the loveliest of women ; her cheeks were suffused with the deepest blush ; her eyes, in which was the most dying languor, were cast timidly on the ground her whole frame trembled, and with a voice broken and interrupted, she exclaimed : ‘ Hate you, Mr. Belmore, O heavens ! ’ She could say no more, nor did she need, the dear truth broke like a flash of lightening on my soul.

Yet think not I will take advantage of this dear prepossession in my favour, to seduce her from her duty to the best of parents ; from lord Worthy will I only receive her. I will propose no engagements contrary to the rights of an indulgent father, to whom she is bound.

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by every tie of gratitude and filial tenderness : I will pursue my purpose, and leave the event to heaven, to that heaven which knows the integrity, the disinterested purity of my intentions. I will evince the reason of my passion, by endeavouring to be worthy of her. The love of such a woman is the love of virtue itself: it raises, it refines, it ennobles every sentiment of the heart ; how different from that fever of selfish desire I felt for the amiable Countess !

O Lovemore ! had you beheld these blushes of reluctant sensibility, seen those charming eyes softened with a tenderness, as refined as that of angels----She loves me----let me repeat the dear sounds---She loves, me and I am happier than a God ! Adieu.

*All the time is thrown away
That is not spent in love.*

LETTER CI.

A Love Tale.

I Passed the winter in all the pangs of suspense; my lord's attention, his assiduity redoubled; a thousand little cares, which proceed from the heart alone, and which the heart alone knows how to set a just value on, all persuaded me that I was beloved ; but he had never told me so ; and that doubt, inseparable from a new passion, that fear that raises obstacles to our desires, and destroys our fondest hopes, made me always distrust those proofs that I thought he gave

he gave me of his tenderness. Whilst he was with me the softest tranquillity resigned in my soul, my dearest wishes seemed fulfilled ; when he was absent, I felt all my inquietudes revive.

We were one evening in lady Osmond's closet ; every body were at cards, except my lord Offory and myself ; I was standing, leaning on lady Dursley's chair, and observing her play. She called my lord Offory to ask him a question ; as he stooped down to speak to her, happening to move my hand, it fell, by mere accident, on my Lord's : I withdrew it hastily, but he, fixing on me the most passionate look, carried his to his mouth, and kissed that part of it which mine had touched. I was affected by this action, it softened me, it charmed me ; and during the remainder of the evening I could not keep myself from regarding him with a look of embarrassment, which told him too plainly what it endeavoured to conceal.

Pardon me, my lord, if I am prolix in relating these little particulars : This inhuman passion has been so dear to me, all that relates to it is yet so recent in my memory, that it's impossible for me to speak on the subject, without recalling every circumstance, that led me to give myself up to an inclination, which has been the source of all my misfortunes.

Early in the spring we returned to Hertford ; lord Offory begged to be of our party. I felt an extreme joy at it ; I flattered myself it was on my account only ; I was charmed that he preferred

preferred me to those amusements which public places afford him. Alas ! I was but too grateful for so trifling a sacrifice. Less interrupted than in town, we passed whole hours in these beautiful gardens, which lord Osmond has adorned with every charm of art and nature. My lord improved me in the French language, and I instructed him in the Spanish. Our studies led us to reflections, of which our sentiments were always the foundation. The secret of our souls seemed every moment ready to escape us, our eyes already betrayed it ; when one day, reading an affecting story of two tender lovers, who had been cruelly torn from each other, the book fell from our hands, our tears began to flow, and, seized with I know not what kind of fear, our eyes were ardently fixed on each other. He put one of his hands round me, as if to detain me ; I leaned towards him, and breaking silence at the same time, we exclaimed both together, Ah ! how unhappy were these lovers !

With what fire did he then paint to me his love ! How often did he swear that his happiness, that his life, depended on my returning his passion ! How melting were his looks ! How ardent his expressions ! His discourse, the very sound of his voice, penetrated my soul ! His words are engraved there in characters never to be effaced.

Ah ! my lord ! what a moment ! The confession of a passion which one partakes, is like a sudden flash of light, which carries a new day into one's ideas. An unspeakable charm
was

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was diffused on every thing around me ; every object became more smiling, more admirable in my eyes ; all nature seemed more adorned and lovely. That garden where I had just learned I was beloved, appeared to me the abode of some benevolent being, who had withdrawn the veil which had so long hid my happiness from me.

Seized with astonishment and joy, how could I hide these rapid emotions ; emotions to which I had then been a stranger ! And why should I have restrained them ? I suffered him to see the pleasure his confession had hurried into my soul ; he enjoyed it, and augmented it by his transports, and by the gratitude with which he received the vows I made never to cease loving him.

Six months passed in this agreeable situation. Towards the middle of autumn, lord Offory was obliged to return to London, to be present at the marriage of lord Newport with lady Mortimer. He shewed an extreme repugnance to leaving us, and quitted me with an unaffected and lively sorrow. He wrote to me two or three times a day ; his letters breathed the soul of tenderness ; he spoke only of the ardent desire he had to return, to see me again, and of the hopes he had of being soon united to me in those soft bonds he came from seeing tied. My replies expressed the griefs his absence gave me ; and which nothing was able to dissipate. He returned, and the joy of seeing him again effaced the remembrance of those tedious hours I had passed without him.

L E T-

LETTER CII.

The Sequel to the above Tale : Lord Offory to Lady Henrietta.

Hertford.

YOU write, lovely Henrietta, to lady Catesby: Your hands, your arms, were known: But to whom were they to give your letter. Is there such a person in the world, as lady Catesby? If there is, it is not, however, at Hertford you must seek her. If, instead of that friend so deservedly dear to you, your heart will admit of a new object of its esteem, lady Offory is ready to answer your tender congratulations: She has opened your letter with a freedom which perhaps will surprize you. But what right has not this charming woman, this Julia?----She is mine, for ever mine: No longer Catesby, she is my wife, my friend, my mistress, the good genius, which has restored to me all those blessings, of which I have been so long deprived. Permit me, Madam, to thank you for the generous warmth with which you have always interceeded with your lovely friend for my pardon: She has condescended to grant it, and has shewn in this act of goodness, all the nobleness of sentiment of which you know her capable. Yesterday was the day for ever happy.

Lady

Lady OSSORY.

This impertinent creature ! He will leave me nothing to say to you. O, my dear Henrietta ! They were all united against me : I was only invited hither to be drawn into a snare : My cousin managed the conspiracy ; they did not give me time to breathe. A repenting lover at my feet, relations so dear to me, soliciting for him, a tender heart, the Minister present. ----Upon my word they married me so hastily, I do not believe the marriage is valid. Lady Osmond is so urgent--So very absolute.

Lady OSMOND.

I come just in time to vindicate myself ; a *snare, a conspiracy, a marriage which is not valid!* What would you think of me, my dear Henrietta, if you were less acquainted with my sentiments in regard to our fair friend ? Yes, my friend, I have married her to the most amiable nobleman in England. The marriage is valid, I assure you : None of the parties concerned have the least desire to break it. Julia has certainly great reason to complain of me. Her happiness has been always one of my most ardent wishes, believe it now perfect, and I expect your compliments on this occasion.

Lady

Lady OSSORY.

You are expected here with impatience.---- No feasts, no balls, without my dear Henrietta; I should have said, no happiness, if the person whose eyes follow my pen, was not already a little jealous of my tender friendship.

LETTER CIII.

A facetious young Lady to her Aunt, ridiculing her serious Lover.

Dear Aunt,

I AM much obliged to you for the kindness you intended me, in recommending Mr. Meeson to me for a husband: But I must be so free to tell you, he is a man no ways suited to my inclination. I despise, 'tis true, the idle rants of romance; but am inclinable to think there may be an extreme on the other side of the question.

The first time the honest man came to see me, in the way you was pleased to put into his head, was one Sunday after sermon time." He began with telling me, what I found at my fingers ends, that it was very cold; and politely blowed upon his. I immediately perceived, that his passion for me could not keep him warm; and, in compliance to your recommendation, conducted him to the fire-side. After he had pretty well rubbed heat into his hands, he stood up with his back to the fire, and,

and, with his hands behind him, held up his coat, that he might be warm all over ; and, looking about him, asked, with the tranquility of a man a twelve-month married, and just come off a journey, how all friends did in the country ? I said, I hoped very well ; but would be glad to warm my fingers. Cry mercy, Madam !----And then he shuffled a little further from the fire ; and after two or three hemms, and a long pause----

I have heard, said he, a most excellent sermon just now : Dr. Thomas is a fine man truly : Did you ever hear him, Madam ? No, Sir, I generally go to my own parish-church. That's right, Madam, to be sure : what was your subject to-day ? The Pharisee and the Publican, Sir. A very good one truly : Dr. Thomas would have made fine work upon that subject. His text to-day was, Evil communications corrupt good manners. A good subject, Sir ; I doubt not the doctor made a fine discourse upon it. O, ay, Madam, he cannot make a bad one upon any subject. I rung for the tea-kettle ; for, thought I, we shall have all the heads of the sermon immediately.

At tea he gave me an account of all the religious societies, unasked ; and how many boys they had put out apprentices, and girls they had taught to knit, and sing psalms. To all which I gave a nod of approbation, and was just able to say (for I began to be horribly in the vapours) it was a very excellent charity. O, ay, Madam, said he again, (for that's his word, I find) a very excellent one truly ; it is snatching

snatching so many brands out of the fire. You are a contributor, Sir, I doubt not. O, ay, Madam, to be sure; every good man would contribute to such a worthy charity, to be sure. No doubt, Sir, a blessing attends upon all who promote so worthy a design. O, ay, Madam, no doubt, as you say: I am sure I have found it; blessed be God! and then he twanged his nose, and lifted up his eyes, as if in an ejaculation.

O, my good aunt, what a man is here for a husband? At last came the happy moment for his taking leave; for I would not ask him to stay supper: And moreover, he talked of going to a lecture at St. Helen's. And then (though I had an opportunity of saying a little more than yes, and no, all the time; for he took the vapours he had put me into, for devotion, or gravity, at least, I believe so) he pressed my hand, looked frightfully kind, and gave me to understand, as a mark of his favour, that if, upon further conversation, and enquiry into my character, he should happen like me as well as he did from my behaviour and person; why, truly, I need not fear in time, being blessed with him for my husband!

This, my good aunt, may be a mighty safe way of travelling towards the land of matrimony as far as I know; but I cannot help wishing for a little more entertainment on our journey. I am willing to believe Mr. Meeson, an honest man, but am, at the same time, afraid his religious turn of temper, however in itself commendable, would bitter fit with a woman

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man who centers all desert in a solemn appear-
ance, than with, dear aunt,

Your greatly obliged Kinswoman.

L E T T E R CIV.

*Her Aunt's Answer, rebuking her ludicrous Turn
of Mind.*

Cousin Jenny,

I AM sorry you think Mr. Meeson so unsuit-
able a lover. He is a serious, sober, good
man : and surely when seriousness and sobriety
make a necessary part of the duty of a good
husband, a good father, and a good master of
a family ; those characters should not be the
subject of ridicule, in persons of our sex espe-
cially, who would reap the greatest advantages
from them. But he talks of the weather when
he first sees you, it seems ; and would you have
him directly fall upon the subject of love, the
moment he beheld you.

He visited you just after the sermon, on a
Sunday : And was it so unsuitable for him to
let you see, that the duty of the day had made
proper impressions upon him ?

His turn for promoting the religious soci-
eties, which you speak so slightly of, deserves
more regard from every good person ; for that
same turn is a kind of security to a woman, that
he who had a benevolent and religious heart,
could not make a bad man, or a bad husband.
To put out poor boys to apprentice, to teach
girls to sing psalms, would be with very few a
subject

subject for ridicule ; for he that was so willing to provide for the children of others, would take still greater care of his own.

He gave you to understand, that if he liked your character on enquiry, as well as your person and behaviour, he should think himself very happy in such a wife ; for that, I dare say, was more like his language, than what you put in his mouth : and, let me tell you, it would have been a much stranger speech, had so cautious and serious a man said, without a thorough knowledge of your character, that at the first sight he was over head and ears in love with you.

I think, allowing for the ridiculous turn your airy wit gives to this first visit, that by your own account, he acted like a prudent, serious, and worthy man, as he is, and like one who thought flashy compliments beneath him, in so serious an affair as this.

I think, cousin Jenny, this is not only a mighty safe way, as you call it, of travelling towards the land of matrimony, but to the land of happiness, with respect as well to the next world as this. And it is to be hoped, that the better entertainment you so much wish for, on your journey, may not lead you too much out of your way, and divert your mind from the principal view which you ought to have to your journeys end.

In short, I could rather have wished, that you could bring your mind nearer to his standard, than that he should bring down his to your level. And you would have found more

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satisfaction in it than you imagine, could you have brought yourself to a little more of that solemn appearance, which you treat so lightly, and which, I think, in him is much more than mere appearance.

Upon the whole, cousin Jenny, I am sorry, that a woman of virtue and morals, as you are, should treat so ludicrously a serious and pious frame of mind, in an age wherein good examples are so rare, and so much wanted ; though at the same time, I am far from offering to prescribe to you in so arduous an affair as a husband ; and wish you and Mr. Meeson, too, since you are so differently disposed, matched more suitable to each others mind, than you are likely to be together : for I am

Your truly affectionate aunt.

LETTER CV.

The complaining Lover.

IF it be a crime in me, Madam, to love, tis your fair self that is the occasion of it ; and if it be a crime in me to tell you I do, it is myself only that is faulty. I confess, it was in my power to have forborn writing, but I am satisfied I could never have seen you, but the language of my looks would have disclosed the secret ; and to what purpose is it to pretend to conceal a flame that will discover itself by its own light ? In my mind there is more confession in disordered actions, frequent sighs, or a complaining countenance, than in all the artful

artful expressions the tongue can utter, I have been strugling with myself these three months to discover a thing which I now must do in three words, and that is, that I adore you ; and I am sure, if you will be just to yourself, you cannot be so unjust to me, as to question the reality of this discovery, for it is impossible for you to be ignorant of the charms you possess ; no body can be rich, and yet unacquainted with their stores. And, therefore, since it is certain you have every thing wonderfully engaging, you must not take it ill that my taste is as curious as another's : I should do an injury to my own judgment if it were not ; I am not, Madam, so vain as to believe, that any thing I should act or utter, should ever persuade you to retain the least kind regard, in recompense for the pain I suffer : I only beg leave and liberty to complain : they who are hurt in service, are permitted to shew their wounds ; and the more gallant the conqueror, the more generous is his compassion. I ventured last night to faulter out my misfortune, it was almost dark, and I attempted it with greater boldness, nay, you yourself (cruel and charming as you are) must needs take notice of my disorder ; your sentences were short and reprobining ; your answers cold ; and your manner (contrary to your usual and peculiar sweetness) was seyere and forbidding, yet in spight of all the awe and chill aspect you put on, you must always appear most adorable to,

Madam your almost lost,
and unfortunate humble servant.

LETTER CVI.

Lydia to Harriot, *A Lady newly married.*

My dear Harriot,

IF thou art she, but oh, how fallen, how changed, what an apostate? How lost to all that is gay, and agreeable! To be married I find, is to be buried alive; I cannot conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a vault to converse with the shades of my ancestors, than to be carried down to an old manor-house in the country, and confined to the conversation of a sober husband and an awkward chambermaid. For variety, I suppose, you may entertain yourself with Madam in her grogram gown, the spouse of your parish vicar, who has by this time, I am sure, well furnished you with receipts for making salves and possets, distilling cordial waters, making syrups, and applying poultices.

Blest Solitnde! I wish thee joy, my dear, of thy loved retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described: but, Child, I am afraid thy brains are a little disordered with romances and novels: after six months marriage to hear thee talk of love, and paint the country scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the lives of the sylvan deities, or roved among the walks of paradise, like the first happy pair. But pr'y-thee leave these whimsies, and come to town,
in

in order to live and talk like other mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your reputation, I would willingly give you a little good advice at your first appearance under the character of a married woman : 'tis a little insolence in me to advise a matron ; but I am so afraid you will make so silly a figure as a fond wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public places with your husband, and never to saunter about St. James's park together. If you presume to enter the ring at Hyde park together, you are ruined for ever ; nor must you take the least notice of one another at the play-house, or opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving couple, most happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an acquaintance of ours to your imitation ; she is the most negligent and fashionable wife in the world ; she is hardly ever seen in the same place with her husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect strangers. She never was heard to name him in his absence, and takes care he shall not be the subject of any discourse that she has a share in. I hope you will propose this lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you will be so silly to think Portia, Sabine, &c. Roman wives, much brighter examples. I wish it may never come into your head to imitate those antiquated creatures so far, as to come into public in the habit, as well as the air, of a Roman matron. You make already the entertainment at Mrs. Modish's tea-table ; she says, she al-

ways thought you a discreet person, and qualified to manage a family with admirable prudence. She dies to see what demure and serious airs wedlock has given to you ; but she says she shall never forgive your choice of so gallant a man as Bellamour, to transform him to a mere sober husband ; 'twas unpardonable : you see, my dear, we all envy your happiness, and no person more than,

Your humble servant,

LYDIA.

LETTER CVII.

Harriot's *Answer to the above.*

BE not in pain, good Madam, for my appearance in town ; I shall frequent no public places, where the character of a modest wife is ridiculous. As for your wild raillery on matrimony, 'tis all hypocrisy ; you, and all the handsome young women of your acquaintance, shew themselves to no other purpose, than to gain a conquest over some man of worth, in order to bestow your charms and fortune on him. There's no indecency in the confession, the design is modest and honourable, and all your affectation cannot disguise it.

I am married, and have no other concern but to please the man I love ; he is the end of every care I have ; if I dress, 'tis for him ; if I read a poem or play, 'tis to qualify myself for a conversation agreeable to his taste : he's almost the end of my devotion ; half my prayers are for

for his happiness---I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleasure and emotion. I am your friend, and wish you happiness; but am sorry to see by the air of your letter, that there are a set of women who are got into the common-place railly of every thing that is sober, decent, and proper. Matrimony and the clergy, are the topics of people of little wit and no understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's wife all you tax me with: she is a discreet, ingenuous, pleasant, pious woman; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would make you blush as much as if you had never been fine ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my husband, and his agreeable conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy hours, when even I am shut out, and my dear husband is entertained only with his own thoughts. These things, dear Madam, will be lasting satisfactions, when the fine ladies, and the coxcombs by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous even in old age.

I am, Madam,
Your most humble servant,
MARY HOME,

LETTER CVIII.

Instructions to young orphan Ladies, as well as others, how to judge of Proposals of Marriage made to them without their Guardians or Friends Consent, by their Milliners, Mantua-makers, or other Go-betweens.

A YOUNG orphan lady, of an independent fortune, receiveable at age, or day of marriage, will hardly fail of several attempts to engage her affections. And the following general rules and instructions will be of use to her on these occasions.

In the first place, she ought to mistrust all those who shall seek to set her against her guardian, or those relations to whom her fortune or person is intrusted : and, next, to be apprehensive of all such as privately want to be introduced to her, and who avoid treating with her guardian first for his consent. For she may be assured, that if a young man has proposals to make, which he himself thinks would be accepted by a person of years and experience, he will apply in a regular way to her friends ; but if he has not, he will hope to engage the young lady's affections by the means of her millener, her mantua-maker, or her servant, and so by bribes and promises endeavour to make his way to her favour, in order to take advantage of her youth and inexperience : for this is the constant method of fortune-hunters, to which many

ny a young lady of good sense and good fortune has owed her utter ruin.

The following are generally the methods taken by this set of designers:

These industrious Go-betweens, who hope to make a market of a young lady's affections, generally by letter, or word of mouth, if they have opportunity, set forth to the young lady:

' That there is a certain young gentleman of great merit, of a handsome person, and fine expectations, or prosperous business, who is fallen deeply in love with her. And very probably, the young lady, having no bad opinion of herself, and loving to be admired, believes it very easily.

' That he has seen her at church, at the opera, the play, the assembly, &c. and is impatient to make known his passion to her.

' That he is unwilling to apply to her guardian, till he knows how his address will be received by herself.

' That, besides, it may very probably be the case, that her guardian may form obstacles, which may not be reasonable on her part to give into.

' That, if he has daughters of his own, he would perhaps rather see them marry'd first.

' That he may not care to part with her fortune, and the reputation and convenience the management of it may give him.

' That he may design to marry her, when he thinks proper, to some person agreeable to his

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‘ his own interest or inclinations, without
‘ consulting hers as he ought.

‘ That, therefore, it would be best, that
‘ her guardian should know nothing of the
‘ matter, till she saw whether she could ap-
‘ prove the gentleman or not.

‘ That even then she might encourage his
‘ address, or discountenance it as she pleased.

‘ That for her the proposer’s part, she had
‘ no interest in the world, one way or other ;
‘ and no view, but to serve the young lady,
‘ and to oblige a young gentleman so well
‘ qualified to make her happy.” And such-
like plausible assurances ; ending, perhaps,
‘ with desiring to bring on an interview, or,
‘ if that will not be admitted, that she will re-
‘ ceive a letter from him.’

This kind of introduction ought always to
be suspected by a prudent young lady. She
ought with warmth and resentment to discour-
age the officious proposer. She ought to ac-
quaint her,

‘ That she is resolved never to give way to
‘ a proposal of this importance, without the
‘ consent and approbation of her guardian or
‘ friends.

‘ That her good father or mother, who had
‘ seen the world, and had many years expe-
‘rience of her guardian’s honour and qua-
‘lifications for such a trust, knew what they
‘ did, when they put her under his care.

‘ That he had always shewn an honest and
‘ generous regard for her welfare.

‘ That

‘ That she took it very unkindly of the proposer, to offer to inspire her with doubts of his conduct, when she had none herself, nor reason for any.

‘ That it was time enough when he gave her reason, to be apprehensive of his sinister designs, or of his preferring his own interest to hers.

‘ That it was a very strange attempt to make her mistrust a friend, a relation, a gentleman, who was chosen for this trust by her dear parents, on many years experience of his honour and probity, and of whose goodness to her, for so long time past, she herself had many proofs: and this in favour of a person who had a visible interest to induce him to this application; whose person she hardly knew, if at all; whose professions she could not judge of; who began by such mean, such groundless, such unworthy insinuations: who might, or might not, be the person he pretended; and who wanted to induce her to prefer himself, on no acquaintance at all, to a gentleman she had so many years known; and whose honour, good character, reputation, and conscience, were all engaged to her as so many pledges for his honourable behaviour to her.

‘ That she the proposer, and the young gentleman too, must have a very indifferent opinion of her gratitude, her prudence, her discretion, to make such an attempt upon her.

‘ That

‘ ‘ That if he could approve himself to a man
‘ of years and experience, who was not to be
‘ imposed upon by blind passion, in the light
‘ he wanted to appear in to her; why should
‘ he not apply to him first ?

‘ That surely it was a very ungenerous as
‘ well as suspicious method of proceeding,
‘ that he could find no other way to give her
‘ an opinion of himself, but by endeavouring
‘ to depreciate the character of a gentleman,
‘ who, by this method, plainly appeared to
‘ his own apprehension to stand in the way of
‘ his proceedings ; and that too before he had
‘ try’d him ; and which shewed, that he him-
‘ self had not hope of succeeding, but by arts
‘ of delusion, flattery, and a clandestine ad-
‘ dress, and had nothing but her own inadver-
‘ tence and inexperience to build upon.

‘ That, therefore, it behoved her, had she
‘ no other reason, to reject with resentment
‘ and disdain a conduct so affrontive to her un-
‘ derstanding, as well as selfish and ungene-
‘ rous in the proposer.

‘ That, therefore, she would not counte-
‘ nance any interview with a person capable of
‘ acting in such a manner, nor receive any
‘ letter from him.

‘ And lastly, that she desires never to hear
‘ of this matter again, from her the proposer,
‘ if she would have her retain for her that
‘ good opinion, which she had hitherto had.’

‘ This prudent reasoning and conduct will
make the intervener quit her design upon the
young lady, if she is not wholly abandoned of
all

all sense of shame, and corrupted by high bribes and promises ; and in this case, the young lady will judge how unfit such a person is either for her confident or acquaintance. Nor will the lady lose an humble servant worthy of being retained or encouraged : for if he be the person he pretends, he will directly apply to her guardian, and have a high opinion of her prudence and discretion ; and if she hears no more of him, she may conclude, he could not make good his pretensions to a person of discernment, and will have occasion to rejoice in escaping his designing arts with so little trouble to herself.

If a lady has had actually a letter delivered her from such a pretender, and that by means of a person who has any share in her confidence, and wants a form of a letter to send to the recommender to discourage the proceeding ; the following, which has been sent with good effect, on a like occasion, may be proper,

LETTER. CIX.

Mrs. Pratt,

I INCLOSE the letter you put into my hands, and hope it will be the last I shall ever receive from you or any body else on the like occasion. I am intirely satisfied in the care and kindness of my guardian, and shall encourage no proposal of this sort, but what comes recommended to me by his approbation. He knows the world, I do not ; and that which

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which is not fit for him to know, is not fit for
me to receive; and I am sorry either you or
the writer looks upon me in so weak a light,
as to imagine I would wish to take myself out
of the hands of so experienced a friend, to
throw myself into those of a stranger. Yet I
would not, as this is the first attempt of the
kind from you, and that it may rather be the
effect of inconsideration, than design, shew it
my guardian; because he would not perhaps
impute it to so favourable a motive in you,
as I am willing to do, being

Your friend and servant.

If there be no go-between, but that a young fellow takes upon himself to send letters to teize a young lady to encourage his address, by his romantick professions of his affection and regard for her, and attributing such perfections to her, as no one woman ever had; and if she is desirous, but knows not how, to get rid of his troublesome importunity; and that even a contemptuous silence, which it is prudent for a young lady to shew on such an occasion, has no effect upon him; nor yet that he will desist, tho' she returns his letters unopen'd, or in a blank cover, after she happens to have read them, then let the lady get some friend to write to him, looking upon him as beneath her own notice; for even a denial, if given in writing under her own hand, will encourage some presumptuous men; or at least they may make some use of it to the lady's disadvantage, and ought not to have it to boast, that they have received

received a letter from her, tho' ever so much to their own discredit, if it were shewn. And the following may be the form:

LETTER CX.

SIR,

YOU have though fit to write to Miss Knollys twice or thrice in a very troublesome manner. She cannot possibly so far forget what belongs to herself and character, as to answer you any other way than by the contempt of silence. Yet since she cannot, it seems, be free from your impertinence, she wishes you may be told, that you must have as mean an opinion of her judgment, as all who read your epistles, must have of yours, if you can expect success from such inconsistent rhapsodies.

I will from myself venture to give you one piece of advice; that the next person you pretend to address with your bright compositions, you don't in them forget one ingredient, which is common sense; though you should be forced to borrow it. I am

Yours, unknown.

Or, if this be thought too affronting, the following:

LETTER CXI.

SIR,

YOU are desired to send no more of your elaborate epistles to Miss Knollys. You are quite mistaken in the lady. She knows herself, and by your letter she knows you, so well,

well, that she sends it back, that you may find some other person to send it to, whose sentiments and understanding are better proportioned to your own.

I am, Sir, &c.

If the letters of the young fellow deserve less severity, and are such as have not their foundation in romance and boimbaſt; but yet the lady thinks not proper to encourage his address, this form may serve :

LETTER CXII.

SIR,

I AM desired to acquaint you, that Miss Knollys thinks herself obliged to every one who has a good opinion of her; but begs, that you will nor give yourself, or her the trouble of any more letters. For things are so circumstanced, that she has neither inclination nor power to encourage your address.

I am, Sir,

Your humble fervant, unknown.

If the lady has a mind to rebuke the attempt of a clandestine address to her, and yet thinks the propofal not absolutely unworthy of attention, did it come regularly to her, by means of her father, mother, guardian, &c. this form may be obſerved :

L E T.

LETTER CXIII.

SIR,

MISS Knollys desires you should be informed, which she presumes you did not know, that she can never think herself at her own disposal, while she has so good a friend to advise with as Mr. Archer, whose wisdom she much prefers to her own, as his experience in the world, and kindness to her, make him deserve to be consulted, in all her affairs of moment. Whatever shall appear fit to him, will have great weight with her; and there is but that one possible way to engage her attention. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

Or, if the lady has not a guardian, or father, or mother, but some friend in whom she can confide, the following may be a proper form.

LETTER CXIV.

SIR,

IT may not be amiss to acquaint you, that Miss Knollys is so happy as to have a friend of experience and probity, without whose advice she undertakes nothing of consequence. It is Mr. Salter, of Grace-church-street. And she will not care to admit of any proposal of moment to her that has not passed his approbation.

210 THE COMPLETE ART OF
tion. This, she hopes, will save her and your-
self the trouble of any further applications.

I am,

Your humble servant.

Or this:

L E T T E R C X V .

S I R ,

M R . Salter, of Grace-church-street, being
a Gentleman that Miss Knollys consults
in all her affairs, she refers to him all proposals
that are or may be of importance to her, and
desires to receive no more letters or messages
from you, by any other hand. I am,

Your humble servant, unknown.

M E S -

MESSAGES

By CARDS.

MISS PRATTLE's compliments to Mr. TRIFLE, and would be glad of his agreeable company at tea at five o'clock this evening.

Mr. FROTH, presents compliments to Lady LOFTY, and would be proud to attend her to-morrow night to the play of Othello.

Mr. MAYLOVE presents compliments to Miss FAIRBORN, and gratefully acknowledges the favour of her kind enquiries after his health and prosperity.

Mr.

Mr. TRUEMAN's compliments to Miss FICKLE, and begs to know whether he may take a walk with her in the Park this evening at five o'clock.

Miss FICKLE's compliments to Mr. TRUEMAN, and assures him she will, if possible, meet him at the hour and place appointed; but would not have him depend upon it, being under several engagements at the same time.

The party who were so agreeable to each other at Ranelagh, send their compliments to Miss LIVELY, thank her for her delightful conversation, and entreat the favour of her company this evening at Lady REVEL's where will be an assembly, the disposition of which will be entirely to her taste.

Mrs. AIMWELL sends compliments to Miss TIPPET, and Mr. SPRIGHTLY begs to know how they got home last night, and whether they continue in the resolution to take a journey together to the Bath, and when they intend to set out.

Miss SPRIGMORE, hearing Miss JAUNTY is just returned from Paris, sends her compliments, begs to know what new fashions she has brought from thence; for we must be in the mode, though at the expence of our understanding.

Mr. RENTAL sends his compliments to the widow BUXOM, and invites her to a collation at his house on Monday, when he hopes to convince her, by real facts, of the truth and sincerity of his former protestations.

A party having engaged themselves to play a sober game at whist to-morrow night, at Mrs. MERRYWAGG's, will be proud of Mrs. CARDLOVE's company, when she will have an opportunity of taking her revenge on Mr. GOLDFINCH, her old antagonist, for his former depredations on her personal property. There will be two or three tables going.

Mr. SWEETLOVE presents compliments to Miss AMIABLE, begs the favour of a line from her own hand, to inform him in what state of health and happiness she has passed her life for these three or four months past; in all which time (which is an age) we have not heard one syllable from her; and her silence gives me the greatest uneasiness.

Arrah my dear Joy, PATRICK sends his best shervice to his dear Sheelah, and promises upon his fait and trot, that he will shertainly be wid her after to-morrow at farthest.

Mrs. SAGELY returns her thanks to Mr. SENSIBLE, for his kind invitation to a party at Cards; but as gaming of all kinds is her aversion; and as Mr. SENSIBLE's conversation is

is much more agreeable and entertaining, he will greatly oblige her, if he will make one of a company who are this evening to meet at her own house, and whose taste she is very sure, will be agreeable to his own.

The happy couple, whom auspicious HYMEN this day joined together with his silken bands, intend, with some chosen friends, to celebrate their nuptials tomorrow at Mr. GAYMAN's the Bride's Brother: They all join in requesting the favour of your company, it being their design to be extremely merry on so joyful an occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. FAIRCHILD send compliments to Mr. and Mrs. MILLICENT, and inform them that next Sunday they intend to have their son and first-born baptized, when they hope and firmly expect they will not only attend the ceremony, but stand up and promise, and vouch for his future good behaviour; and they promise to return the favour whenever the same happy occasion shall offer.

Miss FRIENDLY, after her best respects to Miss GOODLY, acquaints her, upon certain and infallible evidence, that Mr. BRONZE, who has been her professed lover for some time, has dishonourable intentions upon her virtue; and therefore hopes she will take this timely warning to be upon her guard.

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. WILDGOOSE present their best respects to their good cousins Mr. and Mrs. GOODALL, Master JACKY and Miss SUKEY their son and daughter, and beg the favour of their company to-morrow at dinner, on a turkey and chine, fowls, puddings, &c. a Christmas present from the country; and they will find a hearty welcome.

F I N I S.

20 JY 64

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