

rying without Consent of Parents, one of the injur'd Parties, who is easily reconcil'd, winds up all with this Remark,

— *Design whate'er we will,
There is a Fate which over-rules us still.*

WE are to suppose that the Gallants are Men of Merit, but if they had been Rakes the Excuse might have serv'd as well. *Hans Carvel's* Wife was of the same Principle, but has express'd it with a Delicacy which shews she is not serious in her Excuse, but in a sort of Humorous Philo-
sophy turns off the Thought of her Guilt, and says,

*That if weak Women go astray,
Their Stars are more in fault than they.*

THIS, no doubt, is a full Reparation, and dismisses the Audience with very edifying Impressions.

THESE things fall under a Province you have partly pursu'd already, and therefore demand your Animadversion, for the regulating so Noble an Entertainment as that of the Stage. It were to be wish'd, that all who write for it hereafter would raise their Genius, by the Ambition of pleasing People of the best Understanding; and leave others who shew nothing of the Human Species but Risibility, to seek their Diversion at the Bear-Garden, or some other Privileg'd Place, where Reason and Good-manners have no Right to disturb them.

August 8, 1711.

I am, &c.

T



N^o 142. *Monday, August 13.*

— *Irrupta tenet Copula* — Hor.

THE following Letters being genuine, and the Images of a worthy Passion, I am willing to give the old Lady's Admonition to my self, and the Representation of her own Happiness, a Place in my Writings.
Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

August 9, 1711.

I Am now in the sixty seventh Year of my Age, and read you with Approbation; but methinks you do not strike at the Root of the greatest Evil in Life, which is the false Notion of Gallantry in Love. It is, and has long been, upon a very ill Foot; but I who have been a Wife Forty Years, and was bred in a way that has made me ever since very happy, see through the Folly of it. In a word, Sir, when I was a young Woman, all who avoided the Vices of the Age, were very carefully educated, and all fantastical Objects were turned out of our Sight. The Tapestry Hangings, with the great and venerable Simplicity of the Scripture Stories, had better Effects than now the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis* or *Bacchus* and *Ariadne* in your fine present Prints. The Gentleman I am married to made Love to me in Rapture, but it was the Rapture of a Christian and a Man of Honour, not a Romantick Hero or a Whining Coxcomb: This put our Life upon a right Basis. To give you an Idea of our Regard one to another, I inclose to you several of his Letters, writ Forty Years ago, when my Lover; and one writ t'other Day, after so many Years Cohabitation.

Your Servant,

Andromache.

Madam,

August 7, 1671.

I F my Vigilance and ten thousand Wishes for your Welfare and Repose could have any force, you last Night slept in Security, and had every good Angel in your Attendance. To have my Thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant Fear of every Accident to which human Life is liable, and to send up my hourly Prayers to avert 'em from you; I say, Madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for Her who is in Pain at my Approach, and calls all my tender Sorrow Impertinence. You are now before my Eyes, my Eyes that are ready to flow with Tendernefs, but cannot give Relief to my gushing Heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and yearns to tell you all its Achings. How art

K 4

thou

• thou, oh my Soul, stoln from thy self! How is all thy
 • Attention broken! My Books are blank Paper, and my
 • Friends Intruders. I have no hope of Quiet but from
 • your Pity. To grant it, would make more for your
 • Triumph, to give Pain is the Tyranny, to make Happy
 • the true Empire of Beauty. If you would consider
 • aright, you'd find an agreeable Change in dismissing the
 • Attendance of a Slave, to receive the Complaisance of a
 • Companion, I bear the former in hopes of the latter
 • Condition: As I live in Chains without murmuring at
 • the Power which inflicts 'em, so I could enjoy Freedom
 • without forgetting the Mercy that gave it.

MADAM, I am,

Your most Devoted, most Obedient Servant.

*Tho' I made him no Declarations in his Favour, you see he
 had hopes of Me when he writ this in the Month following.*

Madam,

September 3, 1671.

• **B**EFORE the Light this Morning dawned upon the
 • Earth I awaked, and lay in Expectation of its re-
 • turn, not that it cou'd give any new Sense of Joy to me,
 • but as I hoped it would bless you with its chearful Face,
 • after a Quiet which I wish'd you last Night. If my
 • Prayers are heard, the Day appeared with all the Influ-
 • ence of a Merciful Creator upon your Person and Acti-
 • ons. Let others, my lovely Charmer, talk of a blind Be-
 • ing that disposes their Hearts, I condemn their low Im-
 • ages of Love. I have not a Thought which relates to you,
 • that I cannot with Confidence beseech the All-seeing
 • Power to bless me in. May He direct you in all your
 • Steps, and reward your Innocence, your Sanctity of
 • Manners, your prudent Youth, and becoming Piety, with
 • the Continuance of his Grace and Protection. This is
 • an unusual Language to Ladies; but you have a Mind
 • elevated above the giddy Notions of a Sex insnared by
 • Flattery, and misled by a false and short Adoration into
 • a solid and long Contempt. Beauty, my fairest Crea-
 • ture, palls in the Possession, but I love also your Mind;
 • your Soul is as dear to me as my own; and if the Ad-
 • vantages of a liberal Education, some Knowledge, and

‘ as much Contempt of the World, join’d with the Endeavour towards a Life of strict Virtue and Religion, can qualify me to raise new Ideas in a Breast so well disposed as yours is, our Days will pass away with Joy; and old Age, instead of introducing melancholy Prospects of Decay, give us hope of Eternal Youth in a better Life. I have but few Minutes from the Duty of my Employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beseech you to pardon the first Hints of my Mind, which I have expressed in so little Order.

I am, Dearest Creature,

Your most Obedient, most Devoted Servant.

The two next were written after the Day for our Marriage was fixed.

Madam,

September 25, 1671.

‘ IT is the hardest thing in the world to be in Love, and yet attend Business. As for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must lock my self up, or other People will do it for me. A Gentleman asked me this Morning what News from *Holland*; and I answered, She’s exquisitely handsom. Another desir’d to know when I had been last at *Windsor*, I reply’d, She designs to go with me. Pr’ythee allow me at least to kiss your Hand before the appointed Day, that my Mind may be in some Composure. Methinks I could write a Volume to you, but all the Language on Earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested Passion,

I am ever Yours.

Dear Creature,

*September 30, 1671.
Seven in the Morning.*

‘ NEXT to the Influence of Heav’n, I am to thank you that I see the returning Day with Pleasure. To pass my Evenings in so sweet a Conversation, and have the Esteem of a Woman of your Merit, has in it a Particularity of Happiness no more to be express’d than return’d. But I am, my Lovely Creature, contented to

‘ be on the obliged Side, and to employ all my Days in
 ‘ new Endeavours to convince you and all the World of
 ‘ the Sense I have of your Condescension in Choosing,

MADAM, your most Faithful,

most Obedient Humble Servant.

*He was, when he writ the following Letter, as agreeable
 and pleasant a Man as any in England.*

Madam,

October 20, 1671.

‘ **I** Beg Pardon that my Paper is not finer, but I am
 ‘ forced to write from a Coffee-house where I am at-
 ‘ tending about Business. There is a dirty Croud of Busy
 ‘ Faces all around me talking of Money, while all my Am-
 ‘ bition, all my Wealth is Love: Love which animates
 ‘ my Heart, sweetens my Humour, enlarges my Soul, and
 ‘ affects every Action of my Life. ’Tis to my Lovely
 ‘ Charmer I owe that many noble Ideas are continually
 ‘ affix’d to my Words and Actions: ’Tis the natural Ef-
 ‘ fect of that generous Passion to create in the Admirers
 ‘ some Similitude of the Object admired; thus, my Dear,
 ‘ am I every Day to improve from so sweet a Compa-
 ‘ nion. Look up, my Fair One, to that Heaven which
 ‘ made thee such, and join with me to implore its Infl-
 ‘ uence on our tender innocent Hours, and beseech the
 ‘ Author of Love to bless the Rites he has ordained, and
 ‘ mingle with our Happiness a just Sense of our transient
 ‘ Condition, and a Resignation to his Will, which only
 ‘ can regulate our Minds to a steady Endeavour to please
 ‘ him and each other.

I am, for Ever, your Faithful Servant.

*I will not trouble you with more Letters at this time, but
 if you saw the poor wither’d hand which sends you these
 Minutes, I am sure you will smile to think that there is one
 who is so gallant as to speak of it still as so welcome a Present,
 after forty Years Possession of the Woman whom he writes to.*

Madam,

June 23, 1711.

‘ **I** Heartily beg your Pardon for my Omission to write
 ‘ Yesterday. It was no Failure of my tender Regard
 ‘ for you; but having been very much perplexed in my
 ‘ Thoughts