

' my Father. Your Sentiments and Advice herein will  
' be a great Consolation and Satisfaction to,

S I R,

Your Admirer and

Humble Servant,

C

W. B.



N<sup>o</sup> 204. *Wednesday, October 24.*

*Urit grata protervitas,  
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspic.*

Hor.

I Am not at all displeased that I am become the Courier of Love, and that the Distressed in that Passion convey their Complaints to each other by my Means. The following Letters have lately come to my hands, and shall have their Place with great Willingness. As to the Reader's Entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inserting such Particulars as to him may perhaps seem frivolous, but are to the Persons who wrote them of the highest Consequence. I shall not trouble you with the Prefaces, Compliments, and Apologies made to me before each Epistle when it was desired to be inserted; but in general they tell me, that the Persons to whom they are addressed have Intimations, by Phrases and Allusions in them, from whence they came.

*To the Sothades.*

' **T**HE Word by which I address you, gives you,  
' who understand *Portuguese*, a lively Image of  
' the tender Regard I have for you. The SPECTATOR's  
' late Letter from *Statira*, gave me the hint to use  
' the same Method of explaining my self to you. I  
' am not affronted at the Design your late Behaviour  
' discovered you had in your Addresses to me; but I  
' impute it to the Degeneracy of the Age, rather than  
' your particular Fault. As I aim at nothing more than  
' being

being yours, I am willing to be a Stranger to your Name, your Fortune, or any Figure which your Wife might expect to make in the World, provided my Commerce with you is not to be a guilty one. I resign gay Dress, the Pleasure of Visits, Equipage, Plays, Balls, and Operas, for that one Satisfaction of having you for ever mine. I am willing you shall industriously conceal the only Cause of Triumph which I can know in this Life. I wish only to have it my Duty, as well as my Inclination, to study your Happiness. If this has not the Effect this Letter seems to aim at, you are to understand that I had a mind to be rid of you, and took the readiest way to pall you with an Offer of what you would never desist pursuing while you received ill Usage. Be a true Man; be my Slave while you doubt me, and neglect me when you think I love you. I defy you to find out what is your present Circumstance with me; but I know while I can keep this Suspence,

*I am your admirer.*

Belinda.

*Madam,*

IT is a strange State of Mind a Man is in, when the very Imperfections of a Woman he loves turn into Excellencies and Advantages. I do assure you, I am very much afraid of venturing upon you. I now like you in spite of my Reason, and think it an ill Circumstance to owe one's Happiness to nothing but Infatuation. I can see you ogle all the young Fellows who look at you, and observe your Eye wander after new Conquests every Moment you are in a publick Place; and yet there is such a Beauty in all your Looks and Gestures, that I cannot but admire you in the very Act of endeavouring to gain the Hearts of others. My Condition is the same with that of the Lover in the *Way of the World*. I have studied your Faults so long, that they are become as familiar to me, and I like them as well as I do my own. Look to it, Madam, and consider whether you think this gay Behaviour will appear to me as amiable when an Husband, as it does now to me a Lover. Things are

so



so far advanced, that we must proceed; and I hope you will lay it to heart, that it will be becoming in me to appear still your Lover, but not in you to be still my Mistress. Gaiety in the Matrimonial Life is graceful in one Sex, but exceptionable in the other. As you improve these little Hints, you will ascertain the Happiness or Uneasiness of,

*Madam,*

*Your most obedient,*

*Most humble Servant,*

T. D.

S I R,

WHEN I sat at the Window, and you at the other End of the Room by my Cousin, I saw you catch me looking at you. Since you have the Secret at last, which I am sure you should never have known but by Inadvertency, what my Eyes said was true. But it is too soon to confirm it with my Hand, therefore shall not subscribe my Name.

S I R,

THERE were other Gentlemen nearer, and I know no Necessity you were under to take up that flippant Creature's Fan last Night; but you shall never touch a Stick of mine more, that's pos.

*Phillis.*

*To Colonel R——s in Spain.*

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 Duty, 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

‘ that I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented  
‘ Folly that retards me; but I pass away my last  
‘ Hours in Reflexion upon the Happiness we have lived  
‘ in together, and in Sorrow that it is so soon to have an  
‘ End. This is a Frailty which I hope is so far from cri-  
‘ minal, that methinks there is a kind of Piety in being  
‘ so unwilling to be separated from a State which is the  
‘ Institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived ac-  
‘ cording 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 we not please  
‘ our selves 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 employ’d in  
‘ guiding the Steps of those with whom we walked  
‘ with Innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to  
‘ go on in my usual Work, and tho’ unknown to you,  
‘ be assistant in all the Conflicts of your Mind? Give me  
‘ Leave to say to you, O best of Men, that I cannot fi-  
‘ gure to my self a greater Happiness than in such an Em-  
‘ ployment: To be present at all the Adventures to  
‘ which human Life is expos’d, to administer Slumber  
‘ to thy Eyelids 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 or Pain, where I  
‘ have longed to attend thee when a weak, a fearful Wo-  
‘ man: These, my Dear, are the Thoughts with which  
‘ I warm my poor languid Heart; but indeed I am not  
‘ capable under my present Weakness of bearing the strong  
‘ Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to my self  
‘ the Grief you will be in upon your first hearing of my  
‘ Departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your  
‘ kind and generous 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 my self,  
‘ expire in a Prayer for you. I shall never see thy Face  
‘ again. Farewel for ever. T

*Thursday,*