

The SPECTATOR.

— Ad humum mærore gravi deducit & angit. Hor.

Monday, March 10. 1712.

IT is often said, after a Man has heard a Story with extraordinary Circumstances, it is a very good one if it be true: But as for the following Relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such Simplicity, and there are so many articles, Touches of Distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the Heart.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

SOME Years ago it happened that I lived in the same House with a young Gentleman of Merit; with whose good Qualities I was so much taken, as to make my Endeavour to shew as many as I was able in my self. Familiar Converſe improved general Civilities into an unſigned Paſſion on both Sides. He watched an Opportunity to engage himſelf to me; and I, who could not expect a Man to create an Eſtate as his, received his Addreſſes in ſuch a manner, that I did nothing to make him think me more eaſy than was decent. His Father was a very hard worldly Man, and proud; ſo that there was no Reaſon to believe he would eaſily be brought to think there was any thing in any Woman's Perſon or Character could balance the Diſadvantage of an unequal Fortune. In the mean Time the Son continued his Application to me, and omitted no Occaſion of demonſtrating the moſt diſinterreſted Paſſion imaginable to me; and in plain direct Terms offer'd to marry me privately, and keep it ſo till he ſhould be ſo happy as to gain his Father's Approbation, or become poſſeſſed of his Eſtate. I paſſionately loved him, and you will believe I did not deny ſuch a one what was my Intereſt alſo to grant. However I was not ſo young as not to take the Precaution of carrying with me a faithful Servant, who had been alſo my Mother's Maid, to be preſent at the Ceremony. When that was over, I demanded a Certificate, ſigned by the Miniſter, my Huſband, and the Servant. I juſt now ſpoke of. After our Nuptials we converſed together very familiarly in the ſame Houſe; but the Reſtraints we were generally un-

der, and the Interviews we had being ſolen and interrupted, made our Behaviour to each other have rather the impatient Fondneſs which is viſible in Lovers, than the regular and gratified Affection which is to be obſerved in Man and Wife. This Obſervation made the Father very anxious for his Son, and preſſed him to a Match he had in his Eye for him. To relieve my Huſband from this Importunity, and conceal the Secret of our Marriage, which I had Reaſon to know would not be long in my Power in Town, it was reſolved that I ſhould retire into a remote Place in the Country, and converſe under feigned Names by Letter. We long continued this Way of Commerce; and I with my Needle, a few Books, and reading over and over my Huſband's Letters, paſſed my Time in a reſigned Expectation of better Days. Be pleaſed to take Notice, that within four Months after I left my Huſband I was delivered of a Daughter, who died within few Hours after her Birth. This ſudden Change of my Manner of Life I had, gave criminal Hopes to a neighbouring Biſhop of a Country Gentleman, whoſe Folly was the Source of all my Affliction. This Ruſtick is one of thoſe rich Clowns, who ſupply the want of all manner of Breeding by the Neglect of it, and with noſy Mirth, haſty Underſtanding, and ample Fortune, force themſelves upon Perſons and things without any Senſe of Time or Place. The poor ignorant People where I lay concealed, and now paſſed for a Widow, wondered I could be ſo ſhy and ſtrange, as they called it, to the Square, and were bribed by him to admit him whenever he thought fit. I happened to be ſitting in a little Parlour which belonged to my own Part of the Houſe, and muſing over one of the fondeſt of my Huſband's Letters, in which I always kept the Certificate of my Marriage, when this rude Fellow came in, and with the noſtulous Familiarity of ſuch unbred Brutes, ſnaatched the Papers out of my Hand. I was immediately under ſo great a Concern, that I threw my ſelf at his Feet, and begged of him to return them. He, with the ſame odious Pretence

Let's of Memory or Forgetfulness, certainly Cured.
By a grateful Eminent, peculiarly adapted for that end, *Ascribe* at the Prime Cause (which few apprehend) of Forgetfulness, may the Head clear and ease, the Spirits free, *Alive* and unconfined; corroborate and recover all the noble Faculties of the Soul, such as Thought, Judgment, eye, obedience, Reason and Memory; which left in a weak, feeble, indifferent, is to render that Faculty exceeding quick and good, for the reasoning, thereby enabling them, what else is a man's Interest, to be able to remember the *Almighty* Creator, Father of his Spirit, God, to a new *Power*, *Peace* and *Patience*. See only at Mr. Poynter's of the Angel and Crown Inn, Paul's church-yard near Chancery Hill Direction.

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