

## Letter XV

*Mr. Lovelace, to John Belford, Esq.  
Wednesday Night, Eleven O'clock.*

Faith, Jack, thou hadst half undone me with thy nonsense, though I would not own it on my yesterday's letter: my conscience of thy party before. — But I think I am my own man again.

So near to execution my plot; so near springing my mine; all agreed upon between the women and me; or I believe thou hadst overthrown me.

I have time for a few lines preparative to what is to happen in an hour or two; **and I love to write to the moment.**

We have been extremely happy. How many agreeable days have we known together! — What may the next two hours produce.

When I parted with my charmer, (which I did, with infinite reluctance, half an hour ago,) it was upon her promise that she would not sit up to write or read. For so engaging was the conversation to me, (and indeed my behaviour throughout the whole of it was confessedly agreeable to her,) that I insisted, if she did not directly retire to rest, that she should add another happy hour to the former.

To have sat up writing or reading half the night, as she sometimes does, would have frustrated my view, as thou wilt observe, when my little plot unravels.

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What — What — What now! — Bounding villain! wouldst thou choke me? —

I was speaking to my heart, Jack! — It was then at my throat. — And what is all this for? — These shy women, how, when a man thinks himself near the mark, do they tempest him!