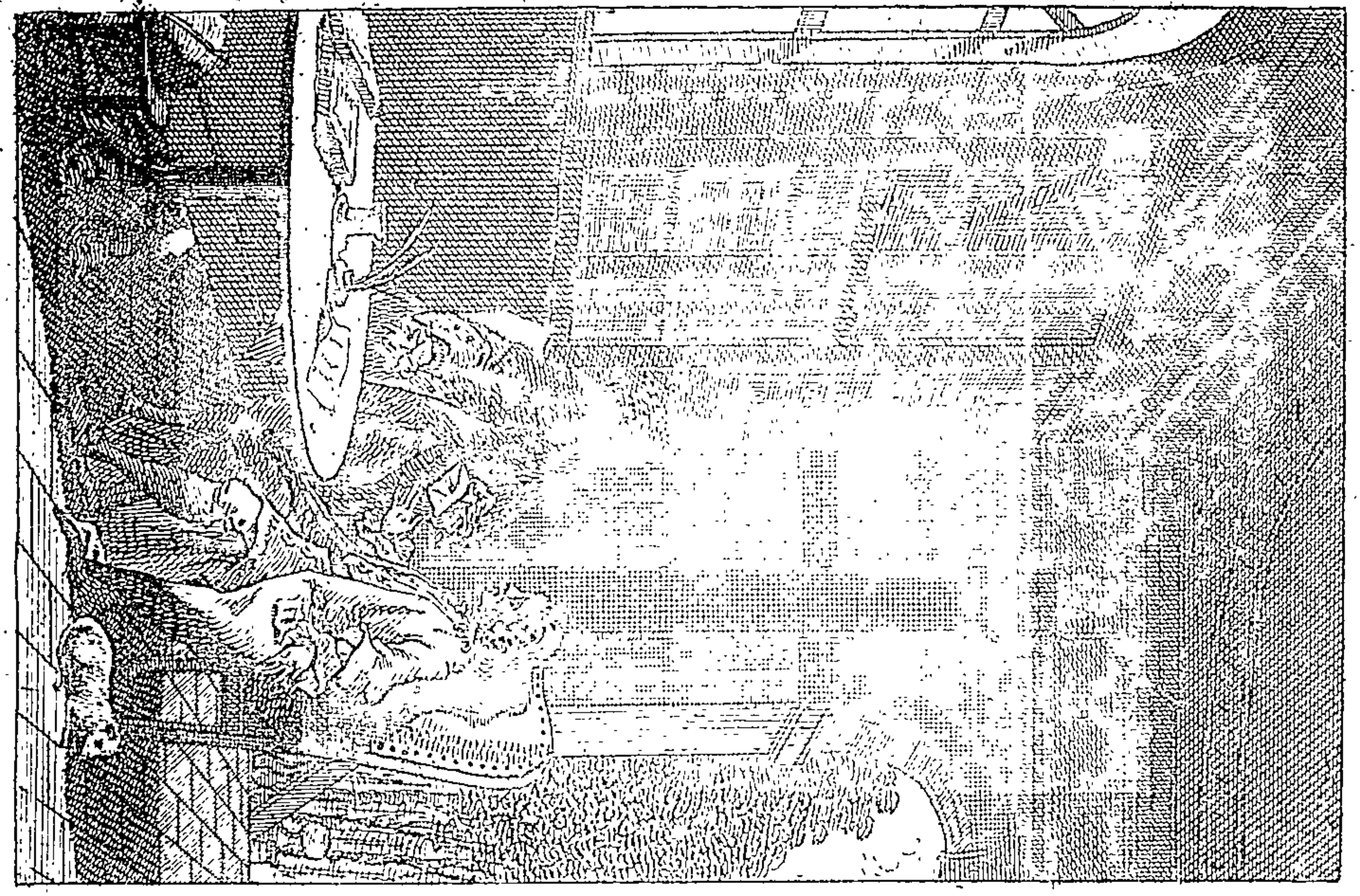

A N

USEFUL *and* ENTERTAINING

COLLECTION

OF

LETTERS

UPON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS;

Several now first Printed from their

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS,

BY THE

Most EMINENT HANDS.

LONDON:

Printed for W. BICKERTON, in the *Temple-Exchange, Fleet-street.* MDCCXLV.

THE PREFACE.

THE Reception these Letters have met with, require the Editor's Thanks to the Public; and he accordingly begs leave to return them, not only for their encouraging this Work by subscribing to it, but also for the many curious Letters they have favoured us with, which never before appeared in print.

It is to be hoped, as Virtue, good Manners, as well as a polite Stile, of the most eminent Authors, whose Letters

Letters they were, will recommend them to Youth in general; and it is to be hoped, from the Variety of Matter they contain, that they will prove, in general, useful and entertaining to all.

A COL-

A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER I.

The Baſeneſs of the modern Greeks. *An Excuſe for writing an Account of their and the* Mahometan *Superſtitions.* Mahomet *more of a Gentleman than to exclude Women from* Paradiſe. Mahometans *not ſo ignorant as fancied in* Europe. *The Learning of the* Effendi. *The ſurprizing Effects of Mixtures of Tulips. The Inhabitants of the Suburbs of* Conſtantinople; *and the fantaſtical Conjunction of a* Dutch *Male with a* Greek *Female.*

An Engliſh *Lady, who reſided ſome Years in* Turky, *and who is no leſs diſtinguiſhed by her Wit than her Quality, wrote the following Letter from* Conſtantinople *to a* Venetian *Nobleman.*

I AM charmed, Sir, with your obliging Letter; and you may perceive, by the Largeneſs of my Paper, that I intend to give punctual Anſwers to all your Queſtions at leaſt, if my *French* will permit me: For as it is a Language I do not underſtand to Perfection, ſo I much fear that, for want of Ex-

 preſſions,

preſſions, I ſhall be quickly obliged to finiſh. Keep in mind, therefore, that I am writing in a foreign Language, and be ſure to attribute all the Impertinences and Triflings dropped from my Pen to the want of proper Words for expreſſing my Thoughts, but by no means to Dulneſs, or natural Levity.

Theſe Conditions thus agreed and ſettled, I begin with telling you, That you have a true Notion of the *Alcoran*, concerning which, the *Greek* Prieſts (who are the greateſt Scoundrels in the Univerſe) have invented, out of their own Heads, a thouſand ridiculous Stories, in order to run down the Law of *Mahomet*; to condemn it, I mean, without any Examination, or as much as letting the People read it; being afraid, if once they begin to ſift the Defects of the *Alcoran*, they might not ſtop there, but proceed to make uſe of their Judgment about their own Legends and Fictions. In Effect there is nothing ſo like as the Fable of the *Greeks* and *Mahometans*, and the laſt have Multitudes of Saints, at whoſe Tombs Miracles are by them ſaid to be daily wrought. Nor are the Accounts of the Lives of thoſe bleſſed *Muſſelmen* much leſs ſtuffed with Extravagances than the ſpiritual Romances of the *Greek Papas*.

As to your next Enquiry, I aſſure you 'tis certainly falſe, though commonly believed in our Parts of the World, that *Mahomet* excludes Women from any Share in a future happy State; he was too much a Gentleman, and loved the Fair-Sex too well, to uſe them ſo barbaroufly: On the contrary, he promiſes a very fine *Paradiſe* to the *Turkiſh* Women. He ſays, indeed, this *Paradiſe* will be a ſeparate Place from that of their Huſbands; but I fancy the moſt Part of them won't like it the worſe for that, and that the Regret of their Separation will not render the *Paradiſe* the leſs agreeable. It remains to tell you the Virtues which *Mahomet* requires of the Women, to merit the Enjoyment of future Happi-

neſs,

neſs, are, not to live in ſuch a Manner, as to become uſeleſs to the World; but to employ themſelves as much as poſſible in bringing forth little *Muſſelmen*. The Virgins who die Maidens, and the Widows who marry not again, dying in mortal Sin, are excluded out of *Paradiſe*: For Women, ſays he, not being capable to manage Affairs of State, nor to ſupport the Fatigues of War, God has not ordered them to govern or reform the World; but he has entruſted them with an Office which is not leſs honourable, even that of multiplying human Race; and ſuch as, out of Malice, or Lazineſs, do not make it their Buſineſs to bear or to breed Children, fulfil not the Duty of their Vocation, and rebel againſt the Commands of God. Here are Maxims for you, prodigiouſly contrary to thoſe of your Convents. What will become of your St. *Catharines*, your St. *Thereſias*, your St. *Claras*, and the whole Bead-roll of your *holy Virgins and Widows*? Who, if they are to be judged by this Syſtem of Virtue, will be found to have been infamous Creatures, that paſſed their whole Lives in a moſt abominable Libertiniſm.

I know not what your Thoughts may be, concerning a Doctrine ſo extraordinary with reſpect to us; but I can truly inform you, Sir, that the *Turks* are not ſo ignorant as we fancy them to be, in Matters of Politics or Philoſophy, or even of Gallantry. 'Tis true, that military Diſcipline, ſuch as is now practiſed in *Chriſtendom*, does not mightily ſuit with them. A long Peace has plunged them into an univerſal Sloth; content with their Condition, and accuſtomed to their boundleſs Luxury, they are become great Enemies to all manner of Fatigues: But, to make Amends, the Sciences flouriſh among them. The *Effendi*, that is to ſay, the Learned, do very well deſerve this Name. They have no more Faith in the Inſpiration of *Mahomet*, than in the Infallibility of the *Pope*. They make a frank Confeſſion of

Deism among themselves, or to those they can trust; and never speak of their Law, but as of a *political Institution*, fit now to be observed by wise Men, however first introduced by Politicians and Enthusiasts.

If I remember right, I think I told you, in a former Letter, that at *Belgrade* we lodged with a great and rich *Effendi*, a Man of Wit and Learning, and of a very agreeable Humour. We were in his House about a Month, and he did constantly eat with us, drinking Wine without any Scruple. As I rally'd him a little upon this Subject, he answer'd me, smiling, That all the Creatures in the World were made for the Pleasure of Man; and that God would not let the Vine grow, were it a Sin to taste of its Juice: But that nevertheless the Law, which forbids the Use of it to the Vulgar, was very wise, because such sort of Folks have not Sense enough to take it with Moderation. This *Effendi* appeared no Stranger to the Parties that prevail among us: Nay, he seemed to have some Knowledge of our religious Disputes, and even of our Writers; and I was surprized to hear him ask, among other things, *how Mr.* Toland *did?*

My Paper, large as it is, draws towards an End. That I may not go beyond its Limits, I must slip from Religion to Tulips, concerning which you also ask me News. Their Mixture produces surprizing Effects; but what is to be observed most surprizing, is the Experiment of which you spake concerning Animals, and which is tried here every Day. The Suburbs of *Pera*, *Jophana*, and *Galata* are Collections of Strangers from all Countries of the Universe; they have so often intermarried, that this forms several Races of People the oddest imaginable. There is not one single Family of the Natives that can value itself for being unmixed. You frequently see a Person, whose Father was born a *Grecian*, the Mother

ther an *Italian*, the Grandfather a *Frenchman*, the Grandmother an *Armenian*, and their Anceſtors *Engliſh*, *Muſcovites*, *Aſiatics*, &c. This Mixture produces Creatures more extraordinary than you can imagine; nor could I ever doubt but there were ſeveral different Species of Men, ſince the *Whites*, the wooly and the long-hair'd *Blacks*, the ſmall-eyed *Tartars* and *Chineſe*, the beardleſs *Braſilians*, and, to name no more, the oily-ſkin yellow *Nova-Zemblians*, have as ſpecific Differences under their ſeveral Kinds, as Greyhounds, Maſtiffs, Spaniels, Bull-dogs, or the Race of my little *Diana*, if I may uſe the Compariſon. Now as the various intermixing of the latter Animals cauſes *Mungrels*, ſo Mankind have their *Mungrels* too, divided and ſub-divided into endleſs Sorts. We have daily Proofs of it here, as I told you before. In the ſame Animal is ſometimes remarked the *Greek* Perfidiouſneſs, the *Italian* Diffidence, the *Spaniſh* Arrogance, the *French* Loquacity, and all of a ſudden he is ſeized with a Fit of *Engliſh* Thoughtfulneſs, bordering a little upon Dulneſs, which many of us have inherited from the Stupidity of our *Saxon* Progenitors.

But the Family that charms me moſt, is that which proceeds from the fantaſtical Conjunction of a *Dutch* Male with a *Greek* Female. As theſe are Natures extremely oppoſite, 'tis a Pleaſure to obſerve, how the differing Atoms are perpetually jarring together in their Children, even ſo as to produce Effects in their external Form; they have large black Eyes of the Country, with the fat, white, fiſhy Fleſh of *Holland*; and a lively Air, ſtreaked with Dulneſs; at one and the ſame time, they ſhew that Love of Expenſiveneſs, ſo univerſal among the *Greeks*, and an Inclination to the *Dutch* Frugality. To give an Example of this, young Women ruin themſelves to purchaſe Jewels for adorning their Heads, while they have not the Heart to buy new Shoes, or rather

Slippers,

Slippers, for their Feet, which are commonly in a tatter'd Condition; a thing so contrary to the Taste of our *English* Women, that it is for shewing how neatly their Feet are dress'd, and for shewing this only, they are so passionately enamoured with their *Hoop-petticoats*. I have abundance of other Singularities to communicate to you; but I am both at the End of my *French* and my Paper.

LETTER II.

The noble Lord ------- being retired from public Business, writes the following Letter to his constant and honourable Friend, General C------ll.

Dear CHARLES,

I Have now wrote to Captain *J--ks--n* to give Lord *Ty---ley* a Ticket, as you desired, and am very glad to oblige him with it. This Place affords no News, no Subject of Amusement and Entertainment to you fine Gentlemen. Persons of Wit and Pleasure about Town understand not the Language, nor taste the Charms of the inanimate World. My Flatterers here are all Mutes. The Oaks, the Beeches, and Chesnuts seem to contend which shall best please the Lord of the Manor. They cannot deceive, they will not lie. I, in return, with Sincerity admire them, and have about me as many Beauties as take up all my Hours of Dangling; and no Disgrace attends me since Sixty-seven *. Within Doors we come a little to real Life, and admire the almost speaking Canvass; all the Airs and Graces which the proudest of the Ladies can boast. With these

* The Year of his Age when he resigned.

I am

I am satisfied, as they gratify me with all I wish, and all I want, and expect nothing in return which I cannot give. If these, dear *Charles*, are any Temptations, I heartily invite you to come, and partake of them. Shifting the Scene has sometimes its Recommendations; and from Country Fare, you may possibly return, with a better Appetite, to the more delicate Entertainments of a Court Life. Since I wrote what is above, we have been surprized with the good News * from Abroad. Too much cannot be said upon it; for it is truly Matter of infinite Joy, because of infinite Consequence. I am,

Dear CHARLES,

Your's affectionately,

OR-----D.

LETTER III.

Mention of Mrs. Cromwell *is very rare to be met with, in our Historians or other Writers; it may not, therefore, be unacceptable to our Readers, to see one of* Oliver's *Letters to her.*

My Dearest,

I Praise the Lord I am increased in Strength in my outward Man; but that will not satisfie mee, except I gett a Heart to love and serve my Heavenly Father better; and gett more of the Light of his Countenance, which is better than Life, and more Power over my Corruptions. In theise Hopes I waite, and am not without Expectation of a graceious

* The Battle of *Dettingen*.

Returne.

Returne. Pray for me truely: I do dailie for thee, and the deer Family; and God Almighty blefs you all with his fpiritual Bleffings. Mind poor *Bettie* of the Lord's great Mercy. Oh! I defire her not onely to feek the Lord in her Neceffitie; but in deed and in truth to turn to the Lord, and to keep cloffe to him, and to take heed of a departinge Heart, and of being couzned with worldly Vanities, and worldly Companie, which I doubt fhe is too fubject to. I earneftly and frequently pray for her and the reft: Truly they are deere to me, very deere; and I am in fear leaft Sathan fhould deceave them, knowing how weak our Heartes are, and how fubtill the Adverfarie is, and which way the Deceiptfulneffe of our Heartes, and the vaine World make for his Temptations. The Lord give them Truth of Hearte to him; lett them feek him in Truth, and they fhall find him. My Love to the deer Little-ones; I pray for Graice for them; I thank them for their Letters; let mee have them often. Beware of my Lord *Harbert* *; his refort to your Houfe, if he doe foe, may occafion Scandall, as if I were bargaininge with him indeed: be wife; you know my Meaning. Minde Sir *Hen. Vane* of the Bufinefs of my Eftate. Mr. *Floyd* knows my whole Minde in this Matter. If *Dick Cromwell* and his Wife be with you, my dear Love to them: I pray for them; they fhall, God willing, hear from me; I love them very deerly. Truly I am not able, as yet, to write much: I am weary, and reft thine,

O. CROMWELL.

* This Lord *Harbert* was eldeft Son to the Marquis of *Worcefter*, and after the Reftoration was made Duke of *Beaufort*; and, at the time this Letter was writ, had an Intrigue with *Betty* (Mrs. *Claypole*) by which Means he made an eafy Compofition with *Oliver* for his Eftate.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

From the Right Reverend Thomas Rundle *, *Lord Bishop of* Derry, *to Arch-deacon* S---r.

Dear Sir, *March* 22, 1742-3.

ADIEU for ever. Perhaps I may be alive when this comes to your Hands; more probably not: But, in either Condition, your sincere Well-wisher. Believe me, my Friend, there is no Comfort in this World, but a Life of Virtue and Piety; and no Death supportable, but one comforted by Christianity, and its real and rational Hope. The first, I doubt not, you experience daily; may it be long before you want the second. I have lived to be *conviva satur*, passed through good Report, and evil Report; have not been injured more than outwardly by the last, and solidly benefitted by the former. May all who love the Truth in *Christ Jesus*, and sincerely obey the Gospel, be happy; for they deserve to be so, who seek Truth in the Spirit of Love. Adieu. I have no more Strength. My affectionate last Adieu to your Lady.

* Dr. *Thomas Rundle* was first nominated to the Bishopric of *Gloucester*, through the Interest of the Right Honourable Lord Chancellor *Talbot*; but meeting with an Opposition from some Clergymen, upon the Report of one *V---n*, who accused his Lordship of speaking some Words in private Conversation several Years before; and though little Credit in general was given to *V---n*, the Clergy of his Party would not give up their Opposition, his Lordship was promoted to the Bishopric of *Derry*, in *Ireland*.

LETTER V.

Oliver Cromwell *sent a Letter to* James *Earl of* Derby, *offering his own Terms, if he would surrender up the Isle of* Man. *This loyal Lord, who was afterwards beheaded at* Bolton *in* Lancashire, *sent the following Answer.*

I Received your Letter with Indignation, and with Scorn I return you this Answer: That I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any Hopes from me, that I should (like you) prove treacherous to my Sovereign; since you cannot be insensible of my former Actings in his late Majesty's Service, from which Principle of Loyalty I am no ways departed.

I scorn your Proffers, I disdain your Favours, I abhor your Treasons; and am so far from delivering this Island to your Advantage, that I will keep it to the utmost of my Power to your Destruction.

Take this final Answer, and forbear any farther Sollicitations; for if you trouble me with any more Messages upon this Occasion, I will burn the Paper, and hang the Bearer.

This is the immutable Resolution, and shall be the undoubted Practice, of him, who accounts it the greatest Glory to be

His Majesty's

Most Loyal and Obedient Subject,

Castletown,
July 12, 1649.

DERBY.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

A Letter from Mr. Waller * *to Lady* Lucy, *Sister to Lady* Dorothy Sydney (*whom he complimented in his Poems, under the Name of* Sacharissa) *upon her Marriage with the Lord* Spencer, *afterwards Earl of* Sunderland.

Madam,

IN this common Joy at *Penshurst*, I know to whom Complaints may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship; the Loss of a Bedfellow being almost equal to that of a Mistress, and therefore you ought at least to pardon, if you consent not to, the Imprecations of the Deserted, which just Heaven no doubt will hear. May my Lady *Dorothy*, if we may yet call her so, suffer as much, and have the like Passion for this young Lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of Mankind, as others have had for her; and may this Love, before the Year go about, make her taste of the first Curse imposed on Womankind, the Pains of becoming a Mother. May her First-born be none of her own Sex, nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as herself. May she, that always affected Silence and Retiredness, have the House filled with the Noise and number of her Children, and hereafter of her Grandchildren, and then may she arrive at that great Curse so much declined by fair Ladies, old Age. May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her Glass, and have no Aches to inform her of the Truth:

* Mr. *Waller* lived to converse with Lady *Sunderland* when she was very old; and, in Conversation at Lady *Wharton*'s, she then asked in Raillery, *When, Mr.* Waller, *will you write such fine Verses upon me again? O, Madam!* says he, *when your Ladyship is young again.* From this Lady is descended the present Duke of *Marlborough*, Countess of *Burlington*, and other Persons of the highest Quality.

And when ſhe ſhall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that Place, where we are told there is neither marrying nor giving in Marriage: That being there divorced, we may all have an equal Intereſt in her again. My Revenge being immortal, I wiſh all this may alſo fall upon their Poſterity to the World's End, and afterwards. To you, Madam, I wiſh all good Things; and that this Loſs may, in good Time, be happily ſupplied with a more conſtant Bed-fellow of the other Sex.

Madam, I humbly kiſs your Hands, and beg Pardon for this Trouble from

Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant,

E. WALLER.

LETTER VII.

A Voyage to Holland. *A Deſcription of a Storm. The* Dutch *greater Beaux than at* White's, *and more gaudy than the* French.

Dear SAM,

TO give you a ſhort Journal of my ſhort Voyage: On *Wedneſday* I got to *Harwich*, about four o'Clock in the Afternoon, and alighted at one of the cleaneſt, beſt-furniſh'd Inns in the Kingdom. My Warrant for the Packet-boat coſt me half a Piece, and to the Officers, for not executing their Duty, half a Crown. This Place, like moſt Sea-ports, we found extravagantly dear; but, to eaſe that Inconveniency, we were adviſed to get aboard by Eleven at Night. Here I met a Gentleman, whoſe Com-

pany

pany I was very happy in, though extremely concerned for the Occasion of his Voyage. I had not much time to reflect upon being so nearly touched on the Score of my private Concern, by a violent Storm that immediately came upon us. You may guess at our Circumstances, when I assure you, that our greatest Comfort was the Lightning, that shewed the Seamen their Business, which otherwise they must have groped for, all Intercourse of Speech being broken off by the Loudness of the Thunder. We had such warm Work, that I sometimes allowed it a just Thought that *Satan* should be entitled Prince of the Air: And again, why the Devil should command the Artillery of Heaven, I could not so well comprehend. I supported myself with the Thought, that Providence had no Design on me. I bore up pretty well under my Apprehensions, though never worse prepared for Death I must confess; for I think I had never so much Money about me at a time. We had some Ladies aboard, who were so extremely sick, that they often wished for Death; but were damnably afraid of being drowned. But, as the Scripture says, Sorrow may last for a Night, but Joy cometh in the Morning. The Weather cleared up with the Day, the Wind turned westerly, and in a few Hours, I was going to say, we saw *England* out of Sight. All *Thursday* we had a fresh Gale and cold Chickens. Our Wine went about at a strange rate; for our Stomachs ebbed and flowed like the Element. On *Friday* Morning we made the Coast of *Holland*. A stiff Gale, and the Sea runs high. I was mightily pleased to view the Continent, you may be sure; but as I stood upon the Poop, perusing its first Appearance with my Perspective, I had such a Rebuke for my Curiosity, by a great Sea that took us fore and aft, that I was seasoned for a *Dutchman* immediately. Whether this be a Compliment of Salutation usually paid to Strangers, or that the *Batavian*

tavian Out-guards took me for a Spy upon their Frontiers, I shall leave the Skipper to determine. In short, by working of a staunch Ship, and the Influence of a staunch Proverb in favour of the *Old-Baily* Bar, we got over the Bar at the *Maeze*; and the *Dutch* Wave has cleared my Eye-sight of an Error that we *Britons* are very fond of, that the *Thames* is the first River in the Universe: For I assure you, *Sam*, that the *Rhine* is as much beyond it, as a Pair of Oars before a Scullar; let all the *Tritons* between *Chelsea* and *Richmond* argue never so loud to the contrary: Though in one sort of Traffic upon that Part of the *Thames*, we exceed the whole World, both for the Quantity and Cheapness of the Commodity; and I believe the Store-house for this kind of Staple, including the Play-houses, and some Houses about *Covent-Garden*, may contend with most Parts in *Europe*.

This Day, at Eleven, we landed at the *Brill*; and here I have a small Taste of this Republic, that makes such a Noise in the World. My Fancy, in respect of Expectation, has generally been so fruitful, that the dearest Parts of my Hopes have frequently ended in Disappointments, and I have seldom found things come up to answer the Idea that I have usually framed of their Excellence; but here I must confess, that the Reality exceeds the Shadow; and I am pleased, once in my Life to find a Thing that can afford me substantial Pleasure in the Enjoyment. I have read much of this Place, fancied more, yet all falls short of what I see.

At my first Entrance into this Town, I made one Discovery, which I believe hitherto has escaped most Travellers, *viz.* that the *Dutch* are the greatest Beaux in the World, only with this Difference from the Gentlemen of *White*'s, that their Finery is much more noble and substantial. I never knew the fairest, finest, full-bottom'd Wig, most nicely fixed on the

most

moſt beautiful Block in the Side-Box, look half ſo gentile as a *Dutch* Canal, with a ſtately Row of flouriſhing Elms on each Side, and ſome twenty beautiful Bridges laid acroſs it, within ſixty or ſeventy Paces of each other. I never knew a Valet and a Barber, with Razors, Tweezers, Perfumes, and Waſhes, work half ſo hard upon a Gentleman's Face that deſigned a Conqueſt upon a Birth-Night, as I have ſeen a luſty *Dutch* Woman, with a Mop and warm Water, ſcrub the Marbles and Tiles before the Door, till ſhe has ſcoured them brighter than any Fop's Complexion in the Univerſe. No firſt-rate Beau, drawn by his ſix before, and ſix behind, lolling luxurioufly in his Coach, appears half ſo gallant as a jolly Skipper at the Stem of his Barge, with a furr'd Cap, like Rays about his Head, and his Pipe in his Mouth, with Liberty ſeated in one Whiſker, and Property in the other; and in this Splendor making the Tour of half a Dozen fine Cities in a Day, without either Qualm of the Spleen, or Twinge of the Gout. Such a Perſon I take for a Beau of the firſt Magnitude, who ſcorning to be lugg'd by Beaſts, as Fellows are to *Tyburn*, can harneſs the Winds and Waves for his Equipage, and improving the Works of Providence, make the univerſal Elements, Air and Water, ſubmit to his private Compoſition of Advantage and Diverſion. To ſee the Wind work in his Sails, and play with his Pennants, muſt moſt certainly afford more ſubſtantial and pure Satisfaction than the Whinny of a Horſe, or the Crack of a Coach-whip.

In ſhort, dear *Sam*, I am not ſo bigotted to domeſtic Cuſtoms, as not to approve what is admirable here; and you muſt pardon me that I have thrown up the Prejudices of Nativity, with my Beef and Pudding, as I came over; and it is no ſmall Part of my preſent Wonder, why we ſhould call the *Dutch* a ſlovenly ſort of People, ſince, to the Eye,

which

which muſt determine that Circumſtance, they are much more gaudy than that Nation we ſo mimick and admire; and with this Advantage, that they are gay without Levity, and fine beyond Foppery. Why we ſhould mention the *Dutch* with Contempt, and the *French* with Admiration, is a ſevere Satyr upon the *Engliſh* Judgment, when the Bravery of the former attract the Admiration of Men, and the Pageantry of the latter draw only the Eyes of Women. But our Engliſh Ladies are ſo very fine, that we are very ready to pleaſe them, and thus are drawn into this unreaſonable Prejudice; but we ought to take care, that by being thus particular Slaves to our reſpective Miſtreſſes, we be not drawn at laſt into univerſal Bondage to a Maſter. The *French*, of late Years, have taken no ſmall Pains to render themſelves agreeable; they treat us like a Miſtreſs, do every thing that they fancy will pleaſe us, till they bring us at laſt to act whatſoever ſhall pleaſe them. But this is no News, and I think it improper to tell you an *Engliſh* Story from a Place where you may expect ſome foreign Entertainment. I have no more to ſay at preſent, but that I am juſt going for *Rotterdam*, and departing from a *Scotch* Houſe here, where nothing of the Country is to be found but the Landlord; for the Rooms are a Paradiſe for Cleanlineſs, but the Hoſt is a Rogue for his Reckoning. I have got ſuch a Heap of Silver out of a Piſtole, as upon a handſome Counter might give Credit to a Banker; and I can aſſure you, that, while I have a Brother to the Piſtole left, you ſhall not ſee

Your Friend and Servant.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

Dear SAM,

THE usual Excuse of Gentlemen abroad for neglecting their Friends at home is, that new Sets of different Objects continually entertaining us with Changes of Admiration, the Ideas of our old Acquaintance are by Degrees worn out by the Accession of the new; but this kind of Forgetfulness were too severe a Charge upon the Merit of my Friends and my own Gratitude, both which I will choose to maintain, and I leave it to your Charity to make me an Excuse for my Silence. The Truth is, I have had a very tedious Fit of Sickness, which had almost sent your Friend a longer Journey than he was willing to undertake at present; but now being pretty well recovered, I can only inform you in general, that every Day surprizes me with some agreeable Object or other. I find, very much to my Wonder, that the Accounts I have had of this Country are very different from the Observations that may be made upon the Place. Some general Remarks there are indisputably certain; as that nothing can parallel the *Dutch* Industry but the Luxury of *England*; and that the Money laid out in the Taverns in *London*, in purchasing Diseases, would victual the whole United Provinces very plentifully, at their wholesome Course of Diet. The standing Army maintained by the *Dutch*, for their Security against a foreign Force, are not half so expensive as the fifty thousand Lawyers kept up by our civil Factions in *England*, for no other Use but to set us continually by the Ears. People, like the *Jews*, that are tolerated for the Interest of the Public in all Governments, while their main Drift is to enrich themselves, and who, by their Gettings and Cunning, have brought their

Riches and Practice into a Proverb. The Lawyers here put the Question only, whether the Thing be lawful? And, upon Application to the Statutes, the Controversy is immediately determined; but our Casuists at *Westminster* dispute not so much upon the Legality of the Cause, as upon the Letter of the Law, and make more Cavils on the Meaning of the Words that should determine Justice, than upon the Equity of the Allegations contended for by the Parties, and the Bulk of our Laws have loaded Justice so heavily, that 'tis become a Burden to the People, who, in regard of their Sufferings in this kind should borrow an Appellation from Physic, and be called Patients, rather than Clients.

Another thing worth Consideration, in respect of the Laws of *Holland*, is this: None but honest men make Estates by their Practice; for the siding with the wrong Party brings the Lawyer into Contempt, and lays him under a severe Reprehension either of Ignorance in his Business, or Knavery to the People. Hence it comes to pass, that Injustice, not finding a Patron to support its Cause, is forced to remove to a neighbouring Country, where the wrong Side was never known to make its Assertor blush; but where the Eloquence of *S----re* and the Impudence of *S---n* are plausible Pretences for patronizing Injustice and abusing the Client. But there are Bravo's in all Parts of the World, that will take Money for cutting of Throats, whether there be Grounds or not for the Resentment.

So much for the Law; now for the Gospel, *Sam.* I think *Holland* may contend for the Catholic Church with any Part in *Europe*, because it is more universal in its Religion than any Country in the Universe. 'Tis a pleasant thing to see *Christians*, *Mahometans*, *Jews*, *Protestants*, *Papists*, *Armenians* and *Greeks* swarming together, like a Hive of Bees, without one Sting of Devotion to hurt one another. They all agree

agree about the Business of this Life, because a Community in Trade is the Interest they drive at; and they never jostle in the Way to the Life to come, because every one takes a different Road. One great Cause of this so amiable a Correspondence and Agreement is, that only the Laity of these Professions compose the Mixture. Here are no Ingredients of Priestcraft, to sower the Composition. Pulpits indeed they have, but not like *Hudibras's* ecclesiastic Drums, that are continually beating up for Voluntiers, to the alarming of the whole Nation. Here is no Interest of Sects to be managed under the Cloak of gaining Proselytes to the Truth; nor strengthening Parties, by Pretence of reclaiming of Souls. Every Shepherd is content with his own Flock; and Mufti, Levite, Pope and Presbyter are all Christians in this, that they live in Unity and Concord.

'Tis a strange thing, *Sam*, that, among us, People can't agree the whole Week, because they go different Ways upon a *Sunday*. This is to make the Lord's-day a Sower of Dissention, and Religion (which is called the Bond of Peace) to be the Brand of Discord and Combustion. But we have some Preachers that think themselves inspired with the Spirit, when they are really possessed of the Devil; the Fervency of whose Zeal dismisses Congregations with Heats and Heartburnings of Spirit, and blows up the Coals on the Altar to set their Neighbour's House on Fire. The Efficacy of the Pulpit is sufficiently shewn by the Practice of the Congregations.

We have a Notion in England that the *Dutch* are very great Drunkards. Whether this Aspersion arises from some People's confounding the *High-Dutch* with the *Low*, or that there is a Sottishness in their Miens and Complexions, I can't determine; but this I can assure you, that the Report is as false as should I aver that the People in *London* are the most chaste and sober Gentlemen in the World. 'Tis true, indeed,

they will take off a toping Glaſs of Brandy; but this is only what is abſolutely neceſſary to moderate the Moiſture and Coldneſs of their Conſtitution, and uſed in ſuch Quantity by the meaner Sort only, who living continually in the Water, muſt require an Allowance to fortify themſelves againſt the Chilneſs of their Habitations; for you muſt know that whole Families, Men, Women, and Children, live continually in Boats, and have no more Tenement on dry Land than a *Thames* Salmon. But notwithſtanding this incumbent Neceſſity of their taking a Cup of the Creature, I have never ſeen, ſince I came into this Country, but one *Dutchman* drunk; and although his Impertinence is no more than is naturally incident to one in his Condition, yet the whole Boatful of People, to the Number of ſixty, ſhewed the greateſt Averſion imaginable to his Circumſtances, except two or three jolly *Engliſhmen*, that made very good Sport with his Humour; and had not we, with ſome *French* Gentlemen, protected his Carcaſs, his Countrymen would have ſous'd him in the Canal very heartily for his Debauch.

As the laborious Life of the inferior Sort requires an exhilerating Glaſs; ſo the ſame Neceſſity, both as to Time and Charge, ſecures them from Exceſs. As for their Gentry, they are indeed ſociable in their own Houſes; but were it not for Strangers, all Places of public Entertainment muſt conſequently fall; which is the greateſt Argument imaginable for the Sobriety and Temperance of a People. Whereas 'tis very well known, that if the very Taverns in *London*, with ſeven or eight handſome Churches, and one or two of our Inns of Court (all which we could well enough ſpare) were but handſomly ſeated on the Banks of a River, they would make a Figure with ſome of the moſt remarkable Cities in *Europe*. This is indeed a noble Argument of the Riches of *England*; but whether our Luxury, ſprung from Plenty,

ty, or the Temperance of *Holland*, the Effect of Necessity, be the happier State, is a Question that I want now Leisure to determine.

Another Account we have current amongst us is, that there are no Beggars in *Holland*. That they are very careful in employing the Poor; that their Manufactures require a great many Hands, is most certain; but occular Demonstration is too strong a Proof against all their Industry; and I am apt to believe, that the Order of *Mendicants* is of a very late Institution; else so visible a Falsity could never have put this Trick upon Travellers. Whether their late expensive Wars have ruined more People than their Manufactures can employ, or that the Poverty of the *Spaniards* in the neighbour Netherlands have by Degrees infected the meaner Sort, I shall not be positive; but nothing is more certain, than that a well-disposed Christian may find as many Objects of Charity here as in any Part of *England*, if we may judge of their Wants by the Fervency of their Cries.

I do believe that the Charity of the *Dutch* is no great Encouragement to Beggars, which is the Reason, I conceive, why the Poor flock to all the Highways and Trackskouts, where the Opportunity is good for Application to Strangers.

From these, and some other like Particulars, I found it Matter of Speculation, how the Generality of the *English* Nation, being so near Neighbours to this State, should be so very short in their Knowledge of the Manners and Constitution of this People; but this I may presume to proceed upon the following Accounts.

Most of our *English* that visit this Place, are either young Gentlemen that come abroad to travel, or Merchants that make a short Trip upon their own private Concerns.

'Tis the usual way with the first of these, to take *Holland en passant*, either going or coming; and being

ing youthful Sparks, and fond of their Finery at *Paris*, and Delicacy at *Rome*, they have not Leisure forsooth to dwell upon the Solidity of this Place; *France* and *Italy* are their Provinces, and *Holland* their Inn upon the Road; they lie for a Night, and away the next Morning.

They can tell you, perhaps, that the *Dutch* Manner of Travelling is very commodious; that the *Hague* is a pretty Village, *Amsterdam* a fine City, and that the People are a Parcel of heavy, dull, unconversable Creatures, and so they leave them. Nothing can relish more of *Old England* than this peremptory Declaration. I would willingly understand how Gentlemen can make a true Estimate of the Wit and Ingenuity of a People, when they don't stay to make one Acquaintance in the Country, nor can speak one Syllable of their Language.

Most of our young Nobility and Gentry travel under the Tuition of *French* Governors; who, however honest in their Intentions of serving their Pupils, are nevertheless full of their *moi meme*; and from the Prejudice of Birth and Education, like all other People, are most inclinable to the Manners, Language, Dress, and Behaviour of their own Nation; and though perfectly skill'd perhaps in the Accomplishments that compose what we call a fine Gentleman, yet it is probable they may fall short in those Qualifications that are absolutely necessary to an *Englishman*, in respect of the Interest of his Country, and of these I take the *Dutch* Language to be none of the most trivial; for, at the present Juncture, which renders it not only ours, but the Interest of *Europe*, that we should be well with this People, it were not unnecessary that our Amity should be linked with private Friendships and Correspondence, as by public Leagues and Alliances; an Instance of which is visible, to our Prejudice, in the Habitudes and Familiarity contracted by our young Gentlemen at

Paris,

Paris, which, without all Dispute, is one great Reason for the Influence retained by that Court not only over our Fashions and Behaviour, but, which is extensive to Matters of more weighty Consequence, including even our Councils, Laws and Government.

The second sort of People that make a Turn into this Country, are our Merchants, whose Speculation is limited by a few Particulars, their Affairs not extending to the Politics of State, nor the Humours of the People; they are satisfied to mind their Business only, and to understand the Encouragement of Trade, and Prices and Customs of Goods, the Value of Stock, and the Rates of Exchange. Their Conversation lies chiefly between the Store-house and the Broadside, and that in one or two Cities at most, where their Correspondents are resident; so that all we must expect from these Persons, must only relate to their Trade in general, or to some particular Branch of it, which is universally understood already, through the Intercourse of our Dealing, and neither so improving to our Polity, nor satisfactory to the Curious; but even among their Encouragements to Trade, so universally known and admired, as the advantageous Situation of their Country, their natural Propensity to Navigation, the Lowness of their Imposts, *&c.* yet by an Accident I came to understand one Policy in their trading Constitution, which I have never hitherto met with in any verbal or written Account whatsoever. The Matter was thus in all its Circumstances:

One Day, upon the Exchange at *Rotterdam*, I casually met a Gentleman, who, some time ago, lived one of the most considerable Merchants in *Ireland*; and about some four Years since, by great Losses at Sea, was forced to fly his Country in a very mean Condition. I put him in mind of his Misfortunes by a Favour he once conferred upon me of a Bottle of Claret and a Neat's-tongue, at the launching

launching a new Ship that he had built at *Dublin*, which Veſſel (Bottom and Goods were all his own) was unfortunately loſt the very firſt Voyage. The Gentleman ſeemed very ſenſible of his Misfortunes; but withal told me, that he ſtill had a Glaſs of Wine and a Tongue at my Service, if I would come to ſee him at his Houſe that Evening. I made him a Viſit, and found, to my no ſmall Surprize, a handſome Houſe, neatly furniſhed, excellent Meat, and as good Burgundy as ever joyed the Heart of Man. I took the Freedom to aſk my Merchant how a Bankrupt ſhould come by all this? In anſwer to which, he gave me the following Account of his Affairs:

The *Dutch*, Sir, ſaid he, have a Law, that whatever Merchant in any Part of *Europe*, who has had conſiderable Traffic with this Country, whoſe Honeſty is apparent by his former Accounts, and can prove, by ſufficient Teſtimony, that his Loſſes and Misfortunes are not chargeable upon his Ignorance nor Extravagance, but purely thoſe of unfortunate Chance, above the Reach of human Prevention, that then ſuch a Merchant may repair to them, have the Freedom of any Sea-port in the State, have a Supply of whatever Money he is willing to take up out of the public Revenue, upon the bare Security of his Induſtry and Integrity; and all this upon the current Intereſt, which is ſeldom above four *per Cent*.

Purſuant to this, continued the Gentleman, my Qualifications for this Credit being ſufficiently teſtified, I took up here two thouſand Pounds Sterling, and in two Years have gained fifty *per Cent*; ſo that, by God's Aſſiſtance, and my own diligent Endeavours, I queſtion not but, in a few Years, I ſhall be able to ſhew my Face in my own Country, and there live in *Statu quo*.

Here are two Points remarkable enough: A charitable Action to relieve diſtreſſed Strangers; and a Policy of

of State for the Intereſt of the Republic, which you may ſoon diſcover by repeating the Conditions. His Honeſty muſt be manifeſt from his former Accounts; his Sufficiency in Buſineſs apparent from his precedent Manner of Dealing; his Misfortunes ſuch as were above human Prevention, as by Storms, Pirates, and the like; but above all, he muſt have ſome conſiderable Traffic with this Country. There's the Clincher, the utile and greateſt Encouragement imaginable for all Foreigners to traffic with this Nation, and for the moſt ingenious Traders, who are not always the moſt fortunate, to ſeek a Reſidence among them; and what Life and Vigour theſe two Circumſtances may add to the Trade of a Nation, the flouriſhing Condition of this People is the moſt ſufficient Witneſs.

Now, *Sam*, I have tired you moſt certainly; for I am weary myſelf, and we are ſeldom the ſooneſt tired with our own. The Gravity of my Stile you muſt impute to the Air of the Country, and the Length of my Letter to a very rainy Day that has kept me within; and to excuſe the Matter, it ſhall coſt you nothing: for I ſent it by a Gentleman, who can aſſure you that what I have ſaid is true. I ſhall at leaſt conclude with a Truth, that I am,

Dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

E — LETTER

LETTER IX.

Bishop Atterbury, *before his Banishment, to Mr.* Pope.

Dear Sir, *Tower, April* 10, 1723.

I Thank you for all the Instances of your Friendship, both before and since my Misfortunes; a little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what Part of the World soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere Kindness to me, and will please myself with the Thought, that I still live in your Esteem and Affection as much as ever I did; and that no Accidents of Life, no Distance of Time or Place, will alter you in that Respect. It never can me, who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so, as the Case will soon be. Give my faithful Services to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and Thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the Purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the Purpose in a Case that is already determined. Let him know, that my Defence will be such, that neither my Friends will blush for me, nor will mine Enemies have great Occasion to triumph, though sure of the Victory. I shall want his Advice, before I go abroad, in many things; but I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the Dispatch of my private Affairs. If so, God bless you both; and may no Part of the ill Fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you. I know not but I may call upon you, at my Hearing, to say somewhat about spending my time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing Plots and Conspiracies. But of that I shall consider,--you and I have spent many Hours together, upon much pleasanter

Sub-

Subjects; and, that I may preserve the old Custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this Letter with three Lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some Degree of Concern, apply to

Your ever affectionate, &c.

Some natural Tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon.
The World was all before him, where to chuse
His Place of rest, and Providence his Guide.

LETTER X.

A Letter from a Gentleman who accompanied his Grace the Duke of Wharton *abroad, giving an Account of their Misfortunes.*

Dear Sir,

I Am just returned from the Gates of Death, to return you Thanks for your last kind Letter of Accusations, which I am persuaded was intended as a seasonable Help to my Recollection, at a Time when it was necessary for me to send an Inquisitor-General into my Conscience, to examine and settle all the Abuses that ever were committed in that little Court of Equity. But I assure you, your long Letter did not lay so much my Faults, as my Misfortunes before me, which,-believe me, dear -------, have fallen as heavy and as thick as the Shower of Hail upon us two in *E*----- Forest, and has left me as much at a Loss which way to turn myself. The Pilot of the Ship I embark'd in, who industriously ran upon every Rock, has at last split the Vessel; and so much of a sudden, that the whole Crew, I

mean his Domeſtics, are all left to ſwim for their Lives, without one friendly Plank to aſſiſt them to Shore. In ſhort, he left me ſick, in debt, and without a Penny; but, as I begin to recover, and have a little time to think, I can't help conſidering myſelf as one whiſk'd up behind a Witch upon a Broomſtick, and hurried over Mountains and Dales, through confuſed Woods and thorny Thickets, and when the Charm is ended, and the poor Wretch dropp'd in a Deſart, he can give no other Account of his enchanted Travels, but that he is much fatigued in Body and Mind, his Cloaths torn, and worſe in all other Circumſtances, without being of the leaſt Service to himſelf or any body elſe; but I will follow your Advice, with an active Reſolution to retrieve my bad Fortune, and almoſt a Year miſerably miſpent.

But, notwithſtanding what I have ſuffered, and what my Brother Madman had done to undo himſelf, and every body who was ſo unlucky as to have the leaſt Concern with him, I could not but be movingly touched at ſo extraordinary Viciſſitude of Fortune, to ſee a great Man fallen from that ſhining Light, in which I beheld him in the Houſe of Lords, to ſuch a Degree of Obſcurity, that I have obſerved the meaneſt Commoner here decline, and the few he would ſometimes faſten on, to be tired of his Company; for you know he is but a bad Orator in his Cups, and of late has been but ſeldom ſober.

A Week before he left *Paris*, he was ſo reduced, that he had not one ſingle Crown at Command, and was forced to thruſt in with any Acquaintance for a Lodging. *Walſh* and I have had him by turns, all to avoid a Crowd of Duns, which he had of Sizes from fourteen hundred Livres to four, who hunted him ſo cloſe, that he was forced to retire to ſome of the neighbouring Villages for Safety. I, ſick as I was, hurried about *Paris* to raiſe Money, and to *St. Germains* to get him Linen. I brought him one

Shirt

Shirt and a Cravat, with which, and five hundred Livres, his whole Stock, he and his Dutchess, attended by one Servant, set out for *Spain*. All the News that I have heard of them since is, that, a Day or two after, he sent for Capt. *Brierly*, and two or three of his Domestics, to follow; but none but the Captain obeyed the Summons. Where they are now I can't tell; but fear they must be in great Distress by this time, if he has had no other Supplies. And so ends my melancholy Story.

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

Dear -----, *Balaguer, May* 10, 1730.

I Am overjoyed to find, by yours of the twenty-fourth of *April*, which I received Yesterday, that Mrs. ---- -is entirely recovered. The Dutchess of *Wharton* described her Illness in a Letter I received from *Madrid*, and I own that it gave me a great deal of Concern. I know that your innate Good-nature, prompted by the Tenderness of a Husband, would make a deep Impression upon your Spirits; for though my Misfortunes have deprived me of the Means of serving my Friends, yet I shall always continue to take a Share in whatever can effect them. All that I can do at present, to answer the Calls of Friendship, is to rejoice at the Prosperity of my Friend, and to feel his Calamities.

As for Miss * *Polly (Peachum,)* I thought she was

* The Duke grew fond of the *Beggar*'s Opera when abroad, and he and his Acquaintance fell into that humorous way, and gave one another the same or the like Names and Characters.

eſtabliſh'd with *Crook-finger'd Jack* of *Rouen*. I am ſorry ſhe is diſobedient to her Parents; but I'll anſwer for her, that ſhe loves the Trade too well ever to turn honeſt, which ought to be a Comfort to you.

No Man having deſerved hanging more than the ------, I am of Opinion he ought to live ſome time longer. I ſuppoſe the Lock being empty, he wrote his Vindication to get a little Money; and, by being thought honeſt, intends to cheat the World a ſecond time. That being the Fact, I think he ought to be commended for his Induſtry.

Nimming Ned prays daily; but his Reaſon for that uncommon Devotion is, that he finds the Church a good convenient Place to exerciſe his old Trade of picking of Pockets. He has filed a great many Wipes this Year.

Bob Booty, ſince he is made a Captain, has changed his Manner of ſerving the Gang. He is turned a clever Sharper at Cards, and does now and then pick up Pence enough to ſubſiſt the Gang for a Month, without other Buſineſs.

This is all I know of your Diſciples in theſe Parts. As for News, I can only tell you, that we are preparing, with great Alacrity, for a red-hot War; an Embargo is laid on all the Barks and Veſſels that are in any Port between *Cadiz* and *Barcelona*, for the Tranſport of Troops; and the Marquis *de Torremayor*, Inſpector-General of the Infantry of *Catalonia*, is now upon his Review, with full Power to reform all Officers that are judged unfit for Service, and fill up their Poſts with others. He is to paſs my Regiment the 23d of this Month, and I am preparing for his Reception. I will ſhew him two Battallions that are as fine as any Troops in *Europe*.

I muſt beg the Favour of you to find ſome way of having the incloſed Letter delivered to-----. I do not know where to addreſs it myſelf; I ſend it open, that

that you may read it; and I desire you will be so kind as to take up what Letters may come for me, and forward them as usual. I am,

Dear ------,

Your obliged Friend,

And humble and obedient Servant,

WHARTON.

LETTER XII.

From a Person of Quality to a Lady.

Madam,

SO much Wit and Beauty as you have should think of nothing less than doing Miracles; and there cannot be a greater than to continue to love me. Affecting every thing is mean, as loving Pleasure, and being fond where you find Merit; but to pick out the wildest, and most fantastical odd Man alive, and to place your Kindness there, is an Act so brave and daring, as will shew the Greatness of your Spirit, and distinguish you in Love, as you are in all things else, from Womankind.

Whether I have made a good Argument for myself, I leave you to judge; and beg you to believe me, whenever I tell you what Mrs. *R.* is, since I give you so sincere an Account of her humblest Servant. Remember the Hour of a strict Account, when both Hearts are to open, and we obliged to speak freely, as you order'd it Yesterday; for so I must for ever call the Day I saw you last, since all time between that and the next Visit, is no Part of

my

my Life; or at leaſt, like a long Fit of the Falling-Sickneſs, wherein I am dead to all Joy and Happineſs. Here's a damn'd impertinent Fool bolted in, that hinders me from ending my Letter; the Plague of ----- take him, or any Man or Woman alive that takes my Thoughts off of you: But in the Evening I will ſee you, and be happy in ſpite of all the Fools in the World.

LETTER XIII.

Another by the ſame.

Madam,

IF there be yet alive within you the leaſt Memory of me, which I can hope only becauſe of the Life that remains with me, is the dear Remembrance of you; and methinks your Kindneſs, as the younger, ſhould out-live mine. Give me leave to aſſure you, I will meet it very ſhortly, with ſuch a Share by my Side, as will juſtify me to you from all Ingratitude; though your Favours are to me the greateſt Bliſs this World, or Womankind (which I think Heaven) can beſtow. But the Hopes of it, if there can be any Addition to one of the higheſt Misfortunes, my Abſence from you has found the way to give it me, in not affording me the leaſt Occaſion of doing you any Service ſince I left you. It ſeems, till I am capable of greater Merit, you reſolve to keep me from the Vanity of pretending to any at all. Pray conſider, when you give another Leave to ſerve you more than I, how much Injuſtice you run the hazard of committing, when it will not be in your Power to reward that moſt deſerving Man with half ſo much Happineſs as you have thrown away upon my worthleſs ſelf,

Your reſtleſs Servant.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. Addiſon *to Mr.* Hughes, *who ſent a Copy of Verſes upon the Tragedy of* Cato.

Dear Sir,

THIS is to acquaint you, that I am forced to practiſe a great Piece of Self-denial: In ſhort, I muſt deprive my Play of the noble Ornament you deſigned for it. My Friends, who all of them concur with me, in admiring your beautiful Copy of Verſes, are of Opinion, that it will draw upon me an Imputation of Vanity; and as my Play has met with an unexpected Reception, I muſt take particular Care not to aggravate the Envy and Ill-nature that will riſe on courſe upon me. Beſides, to tell you truly, I have received other Poems upon the ſame Occaſion; and one or two from Perſons of Quality, who will never pardon me, if I do not give them a Place at the ſame time that I print any other.

I know your good Senſe and Friendſhip towards me will not let you put a wrong Interpretation on this Matter; and I am ſure I need not tell you with how much Sincerity and Eſteem I am,

Sir,

Your moſt obliged,

And moſt faithful humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER XV.

The Answer to Mr. Addison.

Dear Sir, *April* 25, 1713.

I Am extremely obliged to you for your kind Letter; the warm Expressions of Friendship in it, give me more sensible Pleasure than any I could receive from the Approbation of my Verses. I own, when they were writ, I had no thoughts of your printing them; and though nothing would flatter me so much, in the making them public, as the Satisfaction of seeing my Name with yours; yet I am one of those Friends who think your present Resolution perfectly right, and entirely acquiesce in your Reasons. I cannot but applaud, at the same time, your chaste Enjoyment of Fame, which I think equally above Envy, and incapable of receiving any Addition. I am, with all possible Esteem,

Sir,

Your most affectionate,

And most obedient humble Servant,

J. HUGHES.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

The following seventeen Letters were wrote by Henry VIII. *to Lady* Ann Bullen; *and are faithfully transcribed from a Copy taken from the Originals, which are kept in the Vatican at* Rome, *which Mr.* Addison *observes, in his Travels, they are fond of shewing to all* Englishmen.

My Sweetheart and Friend,

I And my Heart put themselves into your Hands, begging of you to take them to your good Favour; and that, by my being absent from you, your Affection may not be diminish'd 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 Remembrance a Point of Astronomy, which is this, That by how much farther the Moors are distant from the Sun, the Heat is notwithstanding 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; and 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 of 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, wishing myself in their Place whenever it shall please you. Written by the Hand of

Your Servant and Friend.

LETTER XVII.

To my Sweetheart,

AS the time seems very long to me since I heard of your Health, or from you, the great 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 come to Court neither with Madam your Mother, nor any otherwise, I cannot enough wonder. Since that I never gave you 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 the whole World, I most esteem. And if you bear an equal Affection towards 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 so much affects the Mistress as 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 is your own voluntary Desire, I can do nothing else but complain of my hard Fortune, and by Degrees check the Greatness of my Folly. Want of Time puts an End to my rude Letter; begging you to give Credit to what the Bearer shall tell you on my Part. Written with the Hand of

Your Servant.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

THE Uneasiness I bore, by being uncertain of your Health, gave me a great deal of Trouble; nor could I enjoy any Quiet without knowing the Truth: but as you have as 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 Hondson, 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'll 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 yours. Notwithstanding we must sometimes obey the Will of Fortune; for who will, in some things, strive against her, are often drove the fartheſt back; wherefore comfort yourself, and be courageous, and fling away all 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

Yours.

* The Sweating Sickness.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

THE examining the Contents of your Letters put me into a 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 by 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 while 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 Part of a 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 Thought and Affection, and to ſerve you only; begging of you to give me 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 with the Hand of him who would willingly remain

Yours.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

I Heartily thank you for your handſome Preſent, than which, well weighing the whole, nothing is more beautiful, not only for the beautiful Diamond, and Veſſel in which the ſolitary Damſel is toſſed; but principally for the beautiful Interpretation and moſt humble Submiſſion, by your Goodneſs in this Caſe made uſe of, well thinking, that to merit this by Opportunity will be very difficult, if your great Humanity 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 immutable Intention, which ſays, *aut illic, aut nullibi.*

The Demonſtrances of your Affection are ſuch, the beautiful Words, the Letters ſo affectionately couched, which in truth oblige for ever to honour you, love and ſerve you; begging of you to continue in this firm and conſtant Purpoſe; on my Part aſſuring you, that I will rather augment it, than make it reciprocal, if Loyalty of Heart, Deſire of pleaſing you, without any other 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 moſt aſſured Servant.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

THE reasonable Requests of your last Letter, with the Pleasure I also take to know them true, cause me to send you now this News. The Legate which we most desired arrived at *Paris* on *Sunday* or *Monday* last past, so that I trust, by the 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, To-morrow mightily timely to kill another, by the Hand of him which I trust shortly shall be

Yours.

LETTER XXII.

Darling,

THOUGH I have skant Leisure, yet remembering my Promise, I thought it convenient 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 Affairs, I ensure you there can be no more done, nor more Diligence used, nor all manner of Dangers better both foreseen and provided for; so that I trust it shall be hereafter to both our Comforts, the Specialities

cialities whereof were both too long to be written, and hardly by Meſſenger to be declared; whereof, till you repair hither, I keep ſomething in Store, truſting it ſhall not be long too; for I have cauſed my Lord your Father to make his Proviſions with Speed: And thus, for lack of time, Darling, I make an End of my Letter. Written with the Hand of him which I would were

Yours.

LETTER XXIII.

NOtwithſtanding it does not belong to a Gentleman to take his Lady in the ſtead of a 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. 6 n Ri De R. O. M. C. Z.

LETTER XXIV.

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 mine 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 that with a Wiſh I would we were together an Evening. With the Hand of

Yours.

LETTER XXV.

EACH Time, my Darling, that it has not pleaſed you to remember the Promiſe that you made when I was laſt with you, that is, that I ſhould hear from you, and know your Anſwer to my laſt Letter; nevertheleſs it ſeems to me to be the Office of a true Servant (ſeeing that otherwiſe he 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

LETTER XXVI.

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 Word as to enjoy the Company of one's 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 before, or at least on the Day fixed; for otherwise I shall think that he made not the 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 XXVII.

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 the Sickneſs of my Love, which I eſteem more than all the World, whoſe Health I wiſh for 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 judge and fear ſtill worſe; I pray God to eaſe me of this Fear. The third Reaſon is, becauſe the Doctor in whom I moſt depend is now abſent; for he could give me Pleaſure, hoping, by him and his means, to obtain one of my moſt principal Joys of this World, that is, to ſee my dear Miſtreſs recovered. Nevertheleſs 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 Directions 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

LETTER XXVIII.

SINCE your laſt Leters, mine own Darling, *Walter Welſh*, Maſter *Brown*, *John Care Trion* of *Brearton*, *John Cork* the Apothecary be fallen of the Sweat in this Houſe, and, thanked 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 the 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 that ſhe hath confeſſed herſelf (which we would not have had an Abbeſs) to have had two Children by two ſundry Prieſts; and further 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 Demeanor; nor I truſt you would not, that neither for Brother nor Siſter, I ſhould ſo deſtain mine Honour, or Conſcience. And as touching the Princeſs, or Dame *Eleanor*'s eldeſt Siſter, though there is not any evident Caſe proved againſt them, and that the Prioreſs is ſo old, that of many Years ſhe could 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 had 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 it were come thereto, if it pleaſed God, that neither of us need care for that; for I enſure

you

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 Tidings from us, as we do in likewiſe from you. Written with the Hand

De votre ſeul.

LETTER XXIX.

Darling,

THESE ſhall be only to advertiſe you, that this Bearer and his Fellow be diſpatched with as many Things to compaſs our Matter, and to bring it to paſs, as our Wits could imagine or deviſe; which brought to paſs, as I truſt by their Diligence it ſhall be ſhortly, you and I ſhall have our deſired End, which ſhould be more to my Heart's Eaſe, and more Quietneſs to my Mind than any other thing in this World, as, with God's Grace, ſhortly I truſt ſhall be proved; but not ſo ſoon as I would it were. Yet I will enſure you there ſhall be no time loſt that may be won, and further cannot be done for *ultra poſſe non eſt eſſe*. Keep him not too long with you; but deſire him, for your ſake, to make the more Speed: For the ſooner we ſhall have Word from him, the ſooner ſhall our Matter come to paſs. And thus, upon truſt of your ſhort Repair to *London*, I make an End of my Letter, mine own Sweetheart. Written with the Hand of him, who deſireth as much to be yours, as you do to have him.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

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 it were too long to write. In my last Letters 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 discreet 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 Mens light Handlings, but upon your own. Written with the Hand of him that longeth to be

Yours.

LETTER XXXI.

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 my Pains have been half released; and also I am right well comforted, in so much that my Book maketh substantially for my 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

of ſome Pain in my Head, wiſhing myſelf (eſpecially an Evening) in my Sweetheart's Arms, whoſe pretty Dukkyes I truſt ſhortly to kiſs. Written with the Hand of him that was, is, and ſhall be

Yours by his Will.

LETTER XXXII.

TO inform you what Joy it is to me to underſtand of your Conformableneſs to Reaſon, and of the ſuppreſſing of your inutile and vain Thoughts and Fantaſies with the Bridle of Reaſon, I enſure you all the Good in this 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 all your Doings hereafter; for thereby ſhall come, both to you and me, the greateſt Quietneſs that may be in this World. The Cauſe why this 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 recompenſe his Demurr: For I know 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.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

The King sending a Messenger to Queen Ann, *being Prisoner in the Tower, willing her to confess the Truth, she said she could confess no more than she had already spoken; and she said she must conceal nothing from the King, to whom she did acknowledge herself so much bound for many Favours; for raising her, first, from a mean Woman to be a Marquess; next, to be his Queen; and now, seeing he could bestow no further Honour upon Earth, for purposing to make her, by Martyrdom, a Saint in Heaven.*

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 ancient 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 my 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 preceded. And, to speak a Truth, never Prince had 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 as now I find: For the Ground of my Preferment being on no ſurer Foundation than your Grace's Fancy, the leaſt Alteration, 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 Deſert and 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 ſit 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 mine 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, both before God and Men, 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 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

desire of God that he will pardon your great Sin therein, and likewise mine Enemies, the Instruments 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 apppear, 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 may only bear the Burden of your Grace's Displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent Souls of those poor Gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait Imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your Sight, if ever the Name of *Ann Bullen* hath been pleasing in your Ears, 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 XXXIV.

Princeſs Elizabeth *to King* Edward VI. *upon his Majeſty's deſiring her Picture.*

LIKE as the rich Man that daily gathereth Riches to Riches, and to one Bag of Money layeth a great ſort, till it comes to infinite; ſo methinks your Majeſty, not being ſufficed with many Benefits and Gentleneſs ſhewed to me before this time, doth now increaſe, with aſking and deſiring, where you bid and command; requiring a Thing not worthy the deſiring for itſelf, but made worthy for your Highneſs's Requeſt; my Picture I mean; in which, if the inward good Mind towards your Grace might as well be declared as the outward Face and Countenance ſhall be ſeen, I would not have tarried the Commandment, but prevent it; nor have been the laſt to grant, but the firſt to offer it.

For the Face, I grant, I might well bluſh to offer it; but the Mind I ſhall never be aſhamed to preſent: For though from the Grace of the Picture the Colours may fade by Time, may give by Weather, may be ſpotted by Chance; yet the other, nor Time, with her ſwift Wings, ſhall overtake; nor the miſty Clouds, with their Lourings, may darken; nor Chance, with her ſlippery Foot, may overthrow. Of this, although yet the Proof could not be great, becauſe the Occaſions have been but ſmall; notwithſtanding, as a Dog hath a Day, ſo may I perchance have a Time to declare it in Deeds, where now I do write them but in Words. And further, I ſhall moſt humbly beſeech your Majeſty, that when you ſhall look on my Picture, you will vouchſafe to think, that as you have but the outward Shadow of the Body before you, ſo my inward Mind wiſheth that the Body itſelf were oftener in your Preſence. Howbeit,

becauſe

because both my so being, I think could do your Majesty little Pleasure, though myself great Good; and again because I see as yet not the Time agreeing thereunto, I shall learn to follow the Saying of *Horace*, *Feras non culpes quod vitari non potest.* And thus I will (troubling your Majesty I fear) end, with my most humble Thanks; beseeching God long to preserve you, to his Honour, to your Comfort, to the Realm's Profit, and to my Joy. From *Hatfield*, this 15th Day of *May*,

Your Majesty's

Most humble Sister, and Servant,

ELIZABETH.

LETTER XXXV.

The Lady Elizabeth *to King* Edward VI. *upon his Recovery from Sickness,*

WHAT Cause I had of Sorrow, when I heard first of your Majesty's Sickness, all Men might guess, but none but myself could feel; which, to declare, were or might seem a Point of Flattery, and therefore to write it I omit. But as the Sorrow could not be little, because the Occasions were many, so is the Joy great to hear of the good Escape out of the perilous Diseases, and that I am fully satisfied and well assured of the same by your Grace's own Hand, I must needs give you my most humble Thanks; assuring your Majesty, that a precious Jewel, at another time, could not have so well contented, as your Letter, in this Case, hath comforted me: For now do I say, with St. *Austin*, That Disease is

to

to be counted no Sickness, that shall cause a better Health when it is past, than is assured before it came; for before you had them, every Man thought that that should not be eschew'd of you that was not escaped of many. But since you have had them, Doubt of them is past, and Hope is given to all Men that it was a Purgation, by these means, for other worse Diseases which might happen this Year. Moreover I consider, that as a good Father that loves his Child dearly does punish him sharply; so God favouring your Majesty greatly, hath chastened you straitly: And as a Father doth it for the further Good of his Child; so hath God prepared this for the better Health of your Grace; and in this Hope I commit your Majesty to his Hands, most humbly craving Pardon of your Grace that I did write no sooner, desiring you to attribute the Fault to my evil Head, and not to my slothful Hand. From *Hatfield*, this 21st of *April*,

Your Majesty's

Most humble Sister to command,

ELIZABETH.

LETTER XXXVI.

Selim *to* Mirza.

I Went with my Friend, some Days ago, to make a Visit in a neighbouring County, to the Prelate of that Diocese. His Character is so extraordinary, that, not to give it to thee, would be departing from the Rule I have laid down, to let nothing that is singular escape

escape my Notice. In the first place, he resides constantly in his Diocese, and has done so for many Years: He asks nothing of the Court, for himself or Family: He hoards up no Wealth for his Relations; but lays out the Revenues of his See in a decent Hospitality and Charity, devoid of Ostentation. At his first Entrance into the World, he distinguished himself by a Zeal for the Liberty of his Country, and had a considerable Share in bringing on the Revolution that preserved it. His Principles never altered by his Preferment. He never prostituted his Pen, nor debased his Character, by party Disputes, or blind Compliance. As he is at too great a Distance from the Scene of Action to judge himself of what is doing, he has not thought fit to put *his Conscience in the keeping of another*. Though he is serious in the Belief of his Religion, he is moderate to all who differ from him: He knows no Distinction of Party, but extends his good Offices alike to Whig and Tory: A Friend to Virtue, under any Denomination; and an Enemy to Vice, under any Colours. His Health and old Age are the Effects of a temperate Life, and a quiet Conscience. Though he is now some Years above fourscore, no body ever thought he lived too long, unless it was out of an Impatience *to succeed him*.

This excellent Person entertained me with the greatest Humanity, and seemed to take a peculiar Delight in being useful and instructive to a Stranger. To tell thee the Truth, *Mirza*, I was affected with the Piety and Virtue of this Teacher *. The *Christian* Religion

* Dr. *Hough*, bishop of *Worcester*, whose bare Name is sufficient, his Merit being so universally known, a little before his Death, *viz.* in his 93d Year, wrote a Letter to the Right Honourable Lord *Digby*, acknowledging his ancient Friendship with that truly honourable Lord, manifesting his own sincere Regard for his noble Family and Relations, in which he uses these memorable Words of himself: "I am weak "and forgetful: In other Respects I have Ease to a Degree beyond "what I durst have thought on, when Years began to multiply upon "me: I wait contentedly for a Deliverance out of this Life into a "better,

Religion appeared to me so amiable in his Character and Manners, that if the Force of Education had not rooted *Mahometanism* in my Heart, he would certainly have made a Convert of me.

"better, in humble Confidence that, by the Mercy of God, through "the Merits of his Son, I shall stand at the Resurrection on his Right-"hand; and when you, my Lord, have ended those Days that are to "come (which I pray may be many and comfortable) as innocent and "exemplary as those that are passed, I doubt not of our meeting in that "State, where the Joys are unspeakable, and will always endure."

LETTER XXXVII.

A Letter to Madam de V-----, *just recovered of the Small-Pox, who was preserved from being marked by a Remedy prescribed to her by the Author.*

Translated from the French *of Monsieur* Fontenelle.

YOUR Looking-glass, Madam, at last confirms to you the Truth of my Predictions; and you have the Pleasure to see what you have escaped, without the least Mark of your Distemper. Be pleased to take notice now, that you are my Debtor for the finest Complexion in the World, and that the Lillies and Roses of which it is composed belong to me: 'Tis I have preserved these Flowers, I have nursed them, and is it reasonable another should gather them? Nay, for aught I know, you are indebted to me for your Eyes too; and what Eyes yours are, all our Hearts are but too sensible. And then, for your Nose, 'tis certain you may thank me that it is not swelled out of its Proportion, and that's the same thing as if you owed it me entirely. Let it not offend you, Madam, that

that I present you with so exact a Bill of what you owe me. You are not of a Generosity that can excuse me from this Exactness; and though your whole Person is at present engaged to me, I know not whether I shall reap any Advantage from my lawful Pretensions. I beseech you do not tell me that it is but your Face at most that is obliged to me, and that the rest were in no Danger of being spoiled by the Small-Pox. The Face! why that's every thing, Madam; 'tis the Face makes a Person handsome; 'tis that gives Security for the rest which is unseen, and its Beauty too is diffused to every Part which is seen: For methinks a fine Hand is not handsome, if it don't belong to a fine Face; so that whoever has a Right to the Face has a Right to all. And yet if my Pretensions were limited to that, or should be reduced within those Bounds, I must have Patience; but then as the Face is proper for a World of Things, I swear I will not abate you one Office it is capable of. Don't my Threatenings fright you, Madam, and make you wish rather to have had the Small-Pox in all its Extremity? Then you had brought off at least a Face which had been indebted to no body. But be not concerned; for I shall do my utmost to treat you in such a Manner, that you may have no Regret for its not having been spoiled.

I had like to have been so generous as to have forgot one of the most considerable Articles in which you are my Debtor, so that I can only place it here by way of *Postscript*.

I foresee dreadful Persecutions coming upon me; I shall be exposed to the Hatred of all the handsome Ladies, who know that my Receipt preserved you from being marked. They had built mighty Hopes on your Distemper. They pretended, that after this, there would be nothing divine in your Beauty; and that your Face, as well as theirs, would only be

that of a *pretty Mortal*; for this is the worſt you were capable of being reduced to: So that, look you, Madam, the Moment you appear, I muſt hide my Head, ſince 'tis certain all the Women will be upon me, as if I had disfigured them; and I ſhould not have been in a worſe Condition, if I had been a very pretty Girl. What do you think of it, Madam? Ought you not to make me Satisfaction for the Reſentment I muſt ſuffer from your whole Sex on your Account?

LETTER XXXVIII.

Dear Saville,

THIS Day I received the unhappy News of my own Death and Burial; but hearing what Heirs and Succeſſors were decreed me in my Place, and chiefly in my Lodging, it was no ſmall Joy to me that theſe Tidings prove untrue. My Paſſion for living is ſo increaſed, that I omit no Care of myſelf, which before I never thought Life worth the Trouble of taking. The King, who knows me to be a very ill-natured Man, will not think it an eaſy Matter for me to die, now I live chiefly out of Spight. Dear Mr. *Saville*, afford me ſome News from your Land of the Living; and though I have little Curioſity to hear who's well, yet I would be glad my few Friends are ſo, of whom you are no more the leaſt than the leaneſt. I have better Compliments for you; but that may not look ſo ſincere as I would have you believe I am, when I profeſs myſelf

Your faithful, affectionate, humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

P. S. My Service to my Lord Middleſex.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

To William Henry, *Earl of* Bath, *&c. at the Camp in* Flanders.

My dear Lord, *Sept.* 4, 1711.

WHILST you are purſuing Honour in the Field, in the earlieſt Time of your Life, after the Example of your Anceſtors, I am commanded by the Queen to let you know, ſhe has declared you her Lord-Lieutenant of the County of *Cornwall*; the Earl of *Rocheſter* to act for you till you are of Age.

You will do well to write your moſt humble Thanks to her Majeſty, for ſo graciouſly remembering you, unſollicited, in your Abſence. You ſhould likewiſe do the ſame to my Lord of *Rocheſter*, for accepting the Trouble.

This, my dear Lord, is a Preparative to bring you upon the Stage with ſome Luſtre at your firſt Appearance in the Word. You are placed at the Head of a Body of Gentlemen entirely diſpoſed in Affection to you and your Family; are born poſſeſſed of all thoſe amiable Qualities, which cannot fail of fixing their Hearts; you have no other Example to follow, but to tread in the Steps of your Anceſtors; it is all that is hoped or deſired from you.

You are upon an uncommon Foundation in that Part of the World. Your Anceſtors, for at leaſt five hundred Years, never made any Alliance, Male or Female, out of the Weſtern Counties. Thus there is hardly a Gentleman, either in *Cornwall* or *Devon*, but has ſome of your Blood, or you ſome of theirs. I remember the firſt time I accompanied your Grandfather into the Weſt, upon holding his Parliament of Tinners, as Warden of the Stannaries, when there was the moſt numerous Appearance of Gentry of both Counties that had ever been remem-

bered together. I obſerved there was hardly any one but whom he called Couſin; and I could not but obſerve, at the ſame time, how well they were pleaſed with it. Let this be a Leſſon for you, when it comes to your turn to appear amongſt them. Nothing is more obliging than to ſeem to retain the Memory of Kindred and Alliances, though never ſo remote; and, by conſequence, nothing more diſobliging than a Forgetfulneſs of them, which is always imputed to an affected diſdainful Superiority and Pride.

There is another Particular, in my Opinion, of no ſmall Conſequence to the Support of your Intereſt, which I would recommend to your Imitation, and that is to make *Stowe* your principal Reſidence. I have heard your Grandfather ſay, if ever he lived to be poſſeſſed of *New Hall*, he would pull it down, that your Father might have no Temptation to withdraw from the ancient Seat of his Family. From the Conqueſt to the Reſtoration your Anceſtors conſtantly reſided amongſt their Countrymen, excepting when the public Service called upon them to ſacrifice their Lives for it.

Stowe, in my Grandfather's time till the Civil Wars broke out, was a kind of Academy for all the young Men of Family in the Country. He provided himſelf with the beſt Maſters of all kinds for Education, and the Children of his Neighbours and Friends ſhared the Advantage with his own. Thus he in a manner became the Father of his Country, and not only engaged the Affection of the preſent Generation, but laid a Foundation of Friendſhip for Poſterity, which is not worn out at this Day.

Upon this Foundation, my Lord, you inherit Friends, without the Trouble of making them, and have only to preſerve them; an eaſy Taſk for you, to whom Nature has been ſo liberal of every Quality neceſſary to attract Affection, and gain the Heart.

I muſt

I muſt tell you, the Generality of our Countrymen have been always Royaliſts; you inherit too much loyal Blood to like them the worſe. There is an old Saying amongſt them, that a *Godolphin* was never known to want Wit, a *Trelawney* Courage, or a *Granville* Loyalty. Wit and Courage are not to be miſtaken, and, to give thoſe Families their due, they ſtill keep up to their Character; but it is the Misfortune of Loyalty not to be ſo clearly underſtood or defined. In a Country ſubject to Revolutions, what paſſes for Loyalty To-day, may be Treaſon To-morrow; but I make great Difference between real and nominal Treaſon. In the Quarrels of the Houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*, both Sides were proclaimed Traitors, as the other prevailed. Even under *Cromwell*'s Uſurpation, all who adhered to the King were proclaimed Traitors, and ſuffered as ſuch; but this makes no Alteration in the Thing itſelf. It may be enacted Treaſon to call black black, or white white; but black will be black, and white will be white, in ſpight of all the Legiſlators in the World.

There can be no Doubt about Allegiance, unleſs Princes become Tyrants, and then they ceaſe to be Kings. They will be no longer reſpected as God's Vicegerents, who violate the Laws they were ſworn to protect. The Preacher may tell us of Paſſive-obedience; that Tyrants are to be patiently ſuffered, as Scourges in the Hands of a righteous God, to chaſtiſe a ſinful Nation, and to be ſubmitted to like Plagues, Famines, and ſuch like Judgments from above. Such Doctrine, were it true, could only ſerve to miſlead ill-judging Princes into a falſe Security. Men are not to be reaſoned out of their Senſes: Human Nature and Self-preſervation will eternally arm againſt Slavery and Oppreſſion.

It is therefore not to be ſuppoſed that even the weakeſt Prince would run that Hazard, unleſs ſe-

duced

duced by a Device wickedly palliated by evil Counſellors. *Nero* himſelf, under the Influence of a good Miniſtry, was the mildeſt, the moſt gracious, and beſt beloved of the Emperors; the moſt ſanguinary, the moſt profligate, and the moſt abhorred under a bad one. A Prince may be deceived or miſtaken in the Choice of his Favourites; but he has this Advantage, he is ſure to hear of it from the Voice of the Public. If then he is deaf, he ſeems to take upon himſelf the Blame and Odium of thoſe Actions, which were chargeable before but upon his Adviſers.

Idle Murmurs, groundleſs Diſcontents, and pretended Jealouſies and Fears, the Effect of private Prejudice and Reſentments, have been, and ever will be, under the wiſeſt Adminiſtrations. We are peſtered with them even now, when we have a Queen who is known to have nothing ſo much at Heart as the Contentment of her People. Theſe are tranſitory Vapours, which ſcatter at the firſt Appearance of Light; the Infection ſpreads no farther than a particular Set of four, ſplenetic Enthuſiaſts in Politics, not worth minding or correcting; univerſal Diſcontent can never happen but from ſolid Provocations.

Many well-meaning Perſons, however abounding in Zeal, have been often unwarily caught by popular Pretences, and not undeceived till it was too late. Have a care, my dear Couſin, of ſplitting upon that Rock; there have been falſe Patriots, as well as falſe Prophets.

To fear God and honour the King, were Injunctions ſo cloſely tacked together, that they ſeem to make but one and the ſame Command. A Man may as well pretend to be a good Chriſtian without fearing God, as a good Subject without honouring the King.

DEO, PATRIÆ, AMICIS, was your Great-grandfather Sir *Bevil*'s Motto. In three Words he has added to his Example a Rule, which, in following,

ing, you can never err in any Duty of Life. The brighteſt Courage, and the gentleſt Diſpoſition, is Part of the Lord *Clarendon*'s Character of him: So much of him you have begun to ſhew us already; and the beſt Wiſh I can make for you is, to reſemble him as much in all-----but his untimely Fate.

My dear Lord,

I am for ever, &c.

GEORGE GRANVILLE.

LETTER XL.

Second Letter to the ſame.

Sept. 22, 1711.

EVERY living Creature, my dear Lord, is entitled to Offices of Humanity. The Diſtreſs even of an Enemy ſhould reconcile us to him; if he thirſts, give him Drink; if he hungers, give him Food; overcome Evil with Good. It is with this Diſpoſition I would have you enter into the Exerciſe of that Authority with which her Majeſty has honoured you over your Countrymen. Let no body inſpire you with Party-prejudices and Reſentments: Let it be your Buſineſs to reconcile Differences and heal Diviſions, and to reſtore, if poſſible, Harmony and good Neighbourhood amongſt them. If then there ſhould be any left to wiſh you ill, make them aſhamed and confounded with your Goodneſs and Moderation. Not that I would ever adviſe you to ſacrifice one Hair of the Head of an old Friend to your Family to gain fifty new ones; but if you can increaſe

creaſe the Number by Courteſy and Moderation, it may be worth the Trial.

Believe me, my dear Lord, Humanity and Generoſity make the beſt Foundation to build a Character upon. A Man may have Birth, and Riches and Power, Wit, Learning, Courage; but, without Generoſity, 'tis impoſſible to be a great Man. Whatever the Rich and Powerful may think of themſelves, whatever Value they may ſet upon their Abundance and Grandeur, they will find themſelves but the more hated and deſpiſed, for the ill Uſe they make of it. You ſhould look upon yourſelves but as Stewards and Truſtees for the Diſtreſſed; your Over-abundance is but a Depoſit for the Uſe and Relief of the Unhappy; you are anſwerable for all Superfluities miſpent. It is not to be ſuppoſed that Providence would have made ſuch Diſtinctions among Men, ſuch unequal Diſtributions, but that they might endear themſelves to one another by mutual Helps and Obligations. Gratitude is the ſureſt Cement of Love, Friendſhip, and Society.

There are indeed Rules to be obſerved, and Meaſures to be kept, in the Diſtribution of Favours. We know who have both the Power and Inclination to do Good; but, for want of Judgment in the Direction, they paſs only for good-natured Fools, inſtead of generous Benefactors.

My Lord ------ will grudge a Guinea to an honeſt Gentleman in Diſtreſs, but readily give twenty to a common Strumpet. Another ſhall refuſe to lend fifty Pounds to his beſt Friend, without ſufficient Security; and the next Moment ſet his whole Fortune on a Card or Dye; a Chance for which he can have no Security. My Lord ------ is to be ſeen every Day at a Toy-ſhop, ſquandering away his Money in Trinkets and Baubles, and at the ſame time leaves his Brothers and Siſters without common Neceſſaries.

Generoſity

Generosity does not consist in a Contempt of Money, in throwing it away at Random, without Judgment or *Distinction*; though that indeed is better than locking it up, for Multitudes have the Benefit of it: But in a right Disposition to proper Objects, in proportion to the Merit, the Circumstances, the Rank and Condition of those who stand in need of our Service.

Princes are more exposed than any others to the misplacing their Favours: Merit is ever modest, and keeps its Distance; the Forward and Importunate stand always nearest in Sight, and are not to be put out of Countenance, nor thrust out of the way. I remember to have heard a Saying of the late King *James*, *That he never knew a modest Man make his way in a Court.* *David Floyd*, whom you know, being then in waiting at his Majesty's Elbow, replied bluntly, *Pray, Sir, whose Fault is that?* The King stood corrected, and was silent.

If Princes could see with their own Eyes, and hear with their own Ears, what a happy Situation it would be both for themselves and their Subjects, to reward Merit, to redress the Injured, to relieve the Oppressed, to raise the Modest, to humble the Insolent. What a God-like Prerogative! were a right Use made of it.

How happy are you, my dear Lord, who are born with such generous Inclinations, with Judgment to direct them, and the Means to indulge them. Of all Men most miserable is he, who has the Inclination without the Means. To meet with a deserving Object of Compassion, without having the Power to give Relief, of all the Circumstances in Life is the most disagreeable; to have the Power is the greatest Pleasure.

Methinks I see you ready to cry out, ----- Good Cousin, why this Discourse to me? What Occasion

have I for these Lectures? None at all, my dear Lord. I am only making my Court to you, by letting you see I think as you do.

But one Word more, and I have done.

In Trust, Intimacy, and Confidence, be as particular as you please; in Humanity, Charity, and Benevolence, universal.

I am for ever, &c.

GEORGE GRANVILLE.

LETTER XLI.

To the Honourable Mr. Bernard Granville, *at the Earl of* Bath's, St. James's.

Sir, *Mar*, near *Doncaster*, *Octob.* 6, 1688.

YOUR having no Prospect of obtaining a Commission for me can no way alter or cool my Desire, at this important Juncture, to venture my Life in some manner or other for my King and Country.

I cannot bear living under the Reproach of lying obscure and idle in a Country Retirement, when every Man who has the least Sense of Honour, should be preparing for the Field.

You may remember, Sir, with what Reluctance I submitted to your Commands upon *Monmouth*'s Rebellion, when no Importunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave the Academy. I was too young to be hazarded; but give me leave to say, it is glorious, at any Age, to die for one's Country, and the sooner, the nobler the Sacrifice.

I am

I am now older by three Years. My Uncle *Bath* was not ſo old, when he was left among the Slain, at the Battle of *Newbury*; nor yourſelf, when you made your Eſcape from your Tutors to join your Brother at the Defence of *Scilly*.

The ſame Cauſe is now come round about again. The King has been miſled, let thoſe that have miſled him be anſwerable for it; no body can deny but he is ſacred in his own Perſon, and it is every honeſt Man's Duty to defend it.

You are pleaſed to ſay, it is yet doubtful if the *Hollanders* are raſh enough to make ſuch an Attempt; but let that be as it will, I beg leave to inſiſt upon it that I may be preſented to his Majeſty, as one whoſe utmoſt Ambition is to devote his Life to his Service and my Country's, after the Example of all my Anceſtors.

The Gentry aſſembled at *York*, to agree upon the Choice of Repreſentatives for that County, have prepared an Addreſs to aſſure his Majeſty, they are ready to ſacrifice their Lives and Fortunes for him, upon this and all other Occaſions; but, at the ſame time, they humbly beſeech him to give them ſuch Magiſtrates as may be agreeable to the Laws of the Land; for, at preſent, there is no Authority to which they can legally ſubmit.

They have been beating up for Voluntiers at *York*, and the Towns adjacent, to ſupply the Regiments at *Hull*; but no body will liſt.

By what I can hear, every body wiſhes well to the King; but they would be glad his Miniſters were hanged.

The Winds continue ſo contrary, that no Landing can be ſo ſoon as was apprehended; therefore I may hope, with your Leave and Aſſiſtance, to be in Readineſs before any Action can begin. I beſeech you, Sir, moſt humbly and moſt earneſtly to add this one Act of Indulgence more, to ſo many other Teſtimo-

nies which I have conſtantly received of your Goodneſs; and be pleaſed to believe me always, with the utmoſt Duty and Submiſſion,

Sir,

Your moſt dutiful Son,

And moſt obedient Servant,

GEORGE GRANVILLE.

LETTER XLII.

A Letter to ----------, *with the Character of Mr.* Wycherly.

MR. *Wycherly* being the only living Author eminent for his Writings, with whom it is your Misfortune to have no perſonal Acquaintance, you deſire me to give you ſome Idea of him, in order to perfect a Deſign you are about, of celebrating ſuch of the Poets of the preſent Age as you think have deſerved any Notice.

My Partiality to him, as a Friend, might render what I ſay of him ſuſpected, if his Merit was not ſo well and ſo publicly eſtabliſhed as to ſet him above Flattery. To do him barely Juſtice, is an Undertaking beyond my Skill; however, ſince you deſire it, I will do my beſt, though under the Diſadvantage of a Painter, who, in drawing a Lady *Sunderland* or a Lady *Mountbermer* *, might expreſs a Reſemblance by which their Pictures might be known, but never reach that Perfection of Beauty, which nothing but an omnipotent Hand could form.

* Dutcheſs of *Montague*.

My

My Lord *Rochester*, in his Imitation of one of *Horace*'s Epistles, thus mentions this Author:

Of all our modern Wits, none seem to me
Once to have touch'd upon true Comedy,
But hasty Shadwell, *and slow* Wycherly.
Shadwell's *unfinish'd Works do yet impart*
Great Proofs of Nature's Force, tho' none of Art;
But Wycherly *earns hard whate'er he gains,*
He wants no Judgment, and he spares no Pains.

The noble Author, however just in other Particulars, I am persuaded, was led into that part of the Character of a laborious Writer, merely for the sake of the Verse: If *hasty* would have stood as an Epithet for *Wycherly*, and *slow* for *Shadwell*, they would, in all probability, have been so applied; but the Verse would have been spoiled, and to that it was necessary to submit.

Those who would form their Judgment only from Mr. *Wycherly*'s Writings, without any personal Acquaintance with him, might indeed be apt to conclude, that such a Diversity of Images and Characters, such strict Enquiries into Nature, such close Observations of the several Humours, Manners, and Affections of all Ranks and Degrees of Men; and, as it were, so true and perfect Dissection of Humankind, delivered with so much pointed Wit and Force of Expression, could be no other than the Work of extraordinary Diligence, Labour, and Application: But, in truth, we owe the Pleasure and Advantage of having been so well entertained and instructed by him, to his Facility of doing it. If it had been a Trouble to him to write, I am much mistaken if he would not have spared himself that Trouble. What he has performed would have been difficult for another; but the Club which a Man of an ordinary Size could but lift, was but a Walking-staff to *Hercules*.

To

To judge by the Sharpneſs and Spirit of his Satyr, you might be led into another Miſtake, and imagine him an ill-natured Man; but what my Lord *Rocheſter* ſaid of *Dorſet* is as applicable to him,

The beſt good Man, with the worſt-natur'd Muſe.

As pointed and ſevere as he is in his Writings, in his Temper he has all the Softneſs of the tendereſt Diſpoſition; gentle and inoffenſive to every Man in his particular Character. He only attacks Vice as a public Enemy; compaſſionating the Wound he is under a Neceſſity to probe, or grieving, like a good-natur'd Conqueror, at the Occaſions that provoke him to make ſo much Havock.

King *Charles* II, a nice Diſcerner of Men, and himſelf a Man of Wit, often choſe him for a Companion at his leiſure Hours, as *Auguſtus* did *Horace*, and had very advantageous Views for him; but, unluckily, an amorous Inclination interfered, the Lover got the better of the Courtier, and Ambition fell a Sacrifice to Love, the predominant Paſſion of the nobleſt Minds.

In the ſubſequent Reign, it was his Misfortune to fall under the Laſh of mercileſs Creditors: He was arreſted, and put into Priſon. The King himſelf condeſcended to enquire into the State of his Debts, paid them, and releaſed him; an Action worthy of a Monarch.

In the turn of Times which has ſince happened, it is not for want of Friends, or powerful Sollicitations, that he remains in Obſcurity. He can never forget the Generoſity of that unfortunate Prince; and, as in another Reign he choſe to be a Victim to Love, he now chuſes to be a Sacrifice to Gratitude: I give you theſe Inſtances, to ſhew him to you as lovely in his Nature as in his poetical Productions.

There

There are who object to his Versification. It is certain he is no Master of Numbers; but a Diamond is not less a Diamond for not being polished. In Poetry, a smooth and harmonious Versification is the same with a fine Colouring in Painting; but if the Proportions are right, the Posture just, the Figure bold, and the Resemblance true to Nature, such a Piece may give infinite Delight, and be of inestimable Value, though the Colours should happen to be rough and carelesly laid on. A beautiful Face may charm, without the Help of Complexion; but the fairest Skin, with all its Lillies and Roses, makes Ugliness but the more remarkable. Where Justness is wanting in the Design, and Spirit in the Execution, the finest Colouring Art can invent is but Paint upon a frightful Face. Yet many of our modern Writers look no farther; they lay the whole Stress of their Endeavours upon the Harmony of Words; like Eunuchs they sacrifice their Manhood to a Voice, and reduce Poetry, like Echo, to nothing but a Sound.

In my Friend, every Syllable, every Thought, is masculine: His Muse is not let forth as to a Review, but as to a Battle; not adorned for Parade, but Execution. He would be tried by the Sharpness of his Blade, not by the Finery; like your Heroes of Antiquity, he charges in Iron, and seems to despise all Ornament but intrinsic Merit.

Congreve is your familiar Acquaintance, and you may judge of *Wycherly* by him. They have the same manly way of thinking and writing, the same Candour, Modesty, Humanity, and Integrity of Manners. It is impossible not to love them for their own sakes, abstracted from the Merit of their Works.

In short, Sir, I'll have you judge for yourself; I am not satisfied with this imperfect Sketch; name your Day, and I will bring you together; I shall have both your Thanks; let it be at my Lodging. I can give you no *Falernum*, that has out-liv'd twenty Consulships;

ſulſhips; but I can promiſe you a Bottle of good old Claret, that has ſeen two Reigns. *Horatian* Wit will not be wanting when you two meet. He ſhall bring with him, if you will, a young Poet, newly inſpir'd, in the Neighbourhood of *Cooper*'s-*Hill*, whom he and *Walſh* have taken under their Wing: His Name is *Pope*: He is not above ſeventeen or eighteen Years of Age, and promiſes Miracles: If he goes on, as he begun, in the Paſtoral Way, as *Virgil* firſt tried his Strength, we may hope to ſee *Engliſh* Poetry vie with the *Roman*, and this Swan of *Windſor* ſing as ſweetly as the *Mantuan*. I expect your Anſwer.

Dear Harry,

Adieu, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

To my honoured Friend Mr. Benj. Johnſon.

BEING lately in *France*, and returning in a Coach from *Paris* to *Rouen*, I lighted upon the Society of a knowing Gentleman, who related to me a choice Story, which peradventure you may make ſome uſe of in your Way.

Some hundred and odd Years ſince, there was in *France* one Capt. *Coucy*, a gallant Gentleman, of ancient Extraction, and Keeper of *Coucy* Caſtle, which is yet ſtanding, and in good Repair. He fell in love with a young Gentlewoman, and courted her for his Wife. There was a reciprocal Love between them; but her Parents underſtanding it, by way of Prevention, ſhuffled a forced Match between her and one Monſ. *Fayel*, who was a great Heir. Capt. *Coucy*,

Coucy hereupon quitted *France* in great Discontent, and went to the Wars in *Hungary* against the *Turks*, where he received a mortal Wound, not far from *Buda*. Being carried to his Lodgings, he languished some Days, but a little before his Death, he spoke to an old Servant of his; that he had many Proofs of his Fidelity and Truth, but now he had a great Business to entrust him with, which he conjured him by all Means to do; which was, that after his Death, he should get his Body open'd, and then take his Heart out, and put it in an earthen Pot to be baked to Powder, and then put the Powder in a handsome Box, with a Bracelet of Hair which he had long wore about his left Wrist (which was a Lock of Madam *Fagel*'s Hair) and put it among the Powder, together with a little Note which he had writ with his own Blood to her; enjoining him to make the best of his way to *France*, as soon as he had perform'd the Rites of his Burial, and to give that Box to Madam *Fagel*. The good old Man punctually obeyed his Master's Orders, and coming one Day to Mr. *Fagel*'s, he met Monsieur *Fagel*, attended by one Servant, who examin'd him, knowing him to be Captain *Coucy*'s Servant; who finding him timorous, and faltring in his Speech, searched him, and found the above-mention'd Box in his Pocket, together with the Note included, which express'd what was there: He dismiss'd the Bearer with Menaces that he should come no more near his House. Monsieur *Fagel* going in, sent for his Cook, and deliver'd to him the Powder, charging him to make a little well relish'd Dish of it, without losing a Jot of it, for it was a very costly Thing, and commanded him to bring it in himself after the last Course at Supper. The Cook bringing the Dish accordingly, Monsieur *Fagel* commanded all to avoid the Room, and began a serious Discourse with his Wife, how, ever since he had married her, he observed she was

always melancholy, and he fear'd ſhe was inclin'd to a Conſumption, and that therefore he had provided for her a very precious Cordial, which he was well aſſured would cure her. Thereupon he made her eat up the whole Diſh, and after much importuning him to know what it was, he told her at laſt, that ſhe had eaten *Coucy*'s Heart, and ſo drew the Box out of his Pocket, and ſhew'd her the Note and the Bracelet. In a ſudden Exultation of Joy, ſhe, with a far-fetch'd Sigh ſaid, *this is a precious Cordial indeed*; and ſo lick'd the Diſh, ſaying, *it is ſo precious, that it is pity ever to put any Meat upon it.* So ſhe went to Bed, and in the Morning was found quite dead.

This Gentleman told me, that this melancholy Story is painted in *Coucy-Caſtle*, and remains freſh to this Day.

In my Opinion, which veils to yours, this is choice and rich Stuff for you to put upon your Loom, and make a curious Web of.

I thank you for the laſt Regalo you gave me at your *Muſæum*, and for the good Company. I heard you cenſur'd lately at Court, that you have lighted too foul upon Sir *Iniigo*, and that you write with a Porcupine's Quill dipt in too much Gall. Excuſe me that I am ſo free with you, it is becauſe I am, in no common Way of Friendſhip,

Weſtminſter, May 3. 1635.

Yours,
J. H.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

A Letter concerning Design.

My Lord,

THIS Letter comes to your Lordship, accompanied with a small Writing, entitled, *A Notion*; for such alone can that Piece be deservedly call'd, which aspires no higher than to the forming of a *Project*, and that too in so vulgar a Science as *Painting*. But whatever the Subject be, if it can prove any way entertaining to you, it will sufficiently answer my Design; and if possibly it may have that good Success, I shall have no ordinary Opinion of my Project, since I know how hard it will be to give your Lordship a real Entertainment, by any thing which was not, in some respect, worthy and useful.

On this Account, by way of Prevention, I must inform your Lordship, that after I had conceived my Notion, such as you see it upon Paper, I was not contented with this, but fell directly to work, and, by the Hand of a Master-Painter, brought it into Practice, and form'd a real Design. This was not enough; I resolved afterwards to see what Effect it would have, when taken out of mere Black and White into Colours; and thus a Sketch was afterwards drawn. This pleased so well, that, being encouraged by the Virtuosi, who are so eminent in this Part of the World, I resolved at last to engage my Painter in this great Work. Immediately a Cloth was bespoke of a suitable Dimension, and the Figures taken as big or bigger than the common Life, the Subject being of the heroic Kind, and requiring rather such Figures as should appear above ordinary human Stature.

Thus my Notion, as light as it may prove in the Treatiſe, is become very ſubſtantial in the Workmanſhip: The Piece is ſtill in hand, and like to continue ſo for ſome time, otherwiſe the firſt Draught or Deſign ſhould have accompanied the Treatiſe, as the Treatiſe does this Letter; but the Deſign having grown thus into a *Sketch*, and the Sketch afterwards into a *Picture*, I thought it fit your Lordſhip ſhould either ſee the ſeveral Pieces together, or be troubled only with that which was the beſt, as undoubtedly the great one muſt prove, if the Maſter I employ ſinks not very much below himſelf in this Performance.

Far ſurely ſhould I be, my Lord, from conceiving any Vanity or Pride in Amuſements of ſuch an inferior kind as theſe; eſpecially were they ſuch as they may naturally at firſt Sight appear: I pretend not here to apologize either for them or for myſelf. Your Lordſhip however, knows, I have naturally Ambition enough to make me deſirous of employing myſelf in Buſineſs of a higher Order, ſince it has been my Fortune in public Affairs to act in concert with you, and in the ſame Views, the Intereſt of *Europe* and Mankind. There was a Time, and that a very early one of my Life, when I was not wanting to my Country in this reſpect; but after ſome Years of hearty Labour and Pains in this kind of Workmanſhip, an unhappy Breach in my Health drove me not only from the Seat of Buſineſs, but forced me to ſeek theſe foreign Climates, where, as mild as the *Winters* generally are, I have, with much ado, lived out this *latter one*; and am now, as your Lordſhip finds, employing myſelf in ſuch eaſy Studies as are moſt ſuitable to my State of Health, and to the Genius of the Country where I am confined.

This, in the mean time, I can with ſome Aſſurance ſay to your Lordſhip, in a kind of Spirit of Prophecy, from what I have obſerved of the riſing

Genius

Genius of our Nation, that if we live to ſee a Peace any way anſwerable to that generous Spirit with which this War was begun, and carried on for our own Liberty and that of *Europe*, the Figure we are like to make Abroad, and the Increaſe of Knowledge, Induſtry and Senſe at Home, will render *united Britain* the principal Seat of Arts; and by her Politeneſs and Advantages in this kind, will ſhew evidently how much ſhe owes to thoſe Counſels which taught her to exert herſelf ſo reſolutely in behalf of the Common Cauſe, and that of her own Liberty, and happy Conſtitution neceſſarily included.

I can myſelf remember the Time when, in reſpect of Muſic, our reigning Taſte was in many degrees inferior to the *French*. The long Reign of Luxury and Pleaſure under King *Charles* II. and the foreign Helps and ſtudied Advantages given to Muſic in a following Reign, could not raiſe our Genius the leaſt in this reſpect; but when the Spirit of the Nation was grown more free, tho' engaged at that Time in the fierceſt War, and with the moſt doubtful Succeſs, we no ſooner began to turn ourſelves towards Muſic, and enquire what *Italy* in particular produced, than in an Inſtant we outſtrip'd our Neighbours the *French*, enter'd into a Genius far beyond theirs, and raiſed ourſelves an *Ear* and *Judgment*, not inferior to the beſt now in the World.

In the ſame manner as to Painting, tho' we have as yet nothing of our own native Growth in this kind worthy of being mention'd; yet ſince the Public has of late begun to expreſs a Reliſh for Engravings, Drawings, Copyings, and for the original Paintings of the chief *Italian* Schools (ſo contrary to the modern *French*) I doubt not that, in a very few Years, we ſhall make an equal Progreſs in this other Science. And when our Humour turns to cultivate theſe deſigning Arts, our Genius, I am perſuaded, will naturally carry us over the ſlighter Amuſements, and lead us to that higher,

higher, more ſerious and noble Part of Imitation which relates to Hiſtory, human Nature, and the chief Degree or Order of Beauty, I mean, that of the rational Life, diſtinct from the merely *vegetable* and *ſenſible*, as in Animals or Plants, according to thoſe ſeveral Degrees or Orders of Painting which your Lordſhip will find ſuggeſted in this extemporary Notion I have ſent you.

As for Architecture, 'tis no Wonder if ſo many Deſigns of this kind have miſcarried amongſt us, ſince the Genius of our Nation has hitherto been ſo little turn'd this way, that thro' ſeveral Reigns we have patiently ſeen the nobleſt public Buildings periſh (if I may ſay ſo) under the Hand of one ſingle Court Architect, who, if he had been able to profit by Experience, would long ſince, at our Expence, have proved the greateſt Maſter in the World; but I queſtion whether our Patience is like to hold much longer. The Devaſtation ſo long committed in this kind, has made us begin to grow rude and clamorous at the hearing of a new Palace ſpoil'd, or a new Deſign committed to ſome raſh or impotent Pretender.

'Tis the good Fate of our Nation, in this Particular, that there remain yet two of the nobleſt Subjects for Architecture, our Prince's Palace and our Houſe of Parliament; for I cannot but fancy that when *Whitehall* is thought of, the neighbouring Lords and Commons will at the ſame Time be placed in better Chambers and Apartments than at preſent; were it only for Majeſty's ſake, and as a Magnificence becoming the Perſon of a Prince, who here appears in full Solemnity. Nor do I fear that when theſe new Subjects are attempted, we ſhould miſcarry as groſly as we have done before: Our State, in this reſpect, may prove perhaps more fortunate than our Church, in having waited till a natural Taſte was form'd before theſe Edifices were undertaken; but the Zeal of the Na-

tion

tion could not, it ſeems, admit of ſo long a Delay in their Eccleſiaſtical Structures, particularly their *Metropolitan*. And ſince a Zeal of this ſort has been newly kindled amongſt us, 'tis like we ſhall ſee from afar the many Spires ariſing in our great City with ſuch haſty and ſudden Growth, as may be the Occaſion perhaps that our immediate Reliſh ſhall be hereafter cenſured, as retaining much of what Artiſts call the *Gothic* kind.

Hardly indeed, as the Public now ſtands, ſhould we bear to ſee a *Whitehall* treated like a *Hampton-Court*, or even a new Cathedral like St. *Paul*'s. Almoſt every one now becomes concern'd, and intereſts himſelf in *public Structures*; even thoſe Pieces too are brought under the public *Cenſure*, which, tho' raiſed by private Men, are of ſuch a Grandeur and Magnificence, as to become national Ornaments. The ordinary Man may build his Cottage, or the plain Gentleman his Country-houſe, according as he fancies; but when a great Man builds, he will find little Quarter from the Public, if, inſtead of a beautiful Pile, he raiſes, at vaſt Expence, ſuch a falſe and counterfeit Piece of Magnificence, as can be juſtly arraigned for its Deformity, by ſo many knowing Men in Art, and by the whole People, who, in ſuch a Conjuncture, readily follow their Opinion.

In reality, the People are no ſmall Parties in this *Cauſe*; nothing moves ſucceſsfully without them, there can be no *Public* but where they are included; and without a *public Voice*, knowingly guided and directed, there is nothing which can raiſe a true Ambition in the Artiſt, nothing which can exalt the Genius of the Workman, or make him emulous *after Fame*, and of the *Approbation* of his *Country* and of *Poſterity*: For with *theſe* he naturally, as a *Freeman*, muſt take *part*; in *theſe* he has a paſſionate Concern and Intereſt raiſed in him by the common Genius of *Liberty*, the ſame *Laws* and *Government* by which his

Property,

Property, and the Rewards of his Pains and Induſtry are ſecured to *him*, and to his *Generation* after him. Every thing co-operates in ſuch a *State* towards the Improvement of *Arts* and *Sciences*. And for the *deſigning Arts* in particular, ſuch as *Architecture*, *Painting and Statuary*, they are in a manner linked together. The Taſte of one kind brings neceſſarily the Taſte of the others along with it. When the free Spirit of a Nation turns itſelf this way, Judgments are formed, Critics ariſe, the public *Eye* and *Ear* improve, a right *Taſte* prevails, and in a manner forces its way. Nothing is ſo improving, nothing ſo natural, ſo *congenial* to the *liberal Arts*, as that reigning Liberty and high Spirit of a People, which, from the Habit of judging in the higheſt Matters for themſelves, makes them freely judge of other Subjects, and enter throughly into the Characters as well of *Men* and *Manners*, as of the *Products* or *Works* of Men in Arts and Sciences. So much, my Lord, do we owe to the Excellence of our *National Conſtitution* and *Legal Monarchy*, happily fitted for us, which alone could hold together ſo mighty a People, all Sharers, tho' at ſo far a Diſtance from each other, in the Government of *themſelves*, and meeting under one *Head* in *one* vaſt *Metropolis*, whoſe enormous Growth, however cenſurable in other reſpects, is actually a Cauſe that Workmanſhip and Arts of ſo many kinds ariſe to ſo much Perfection.

What Encouragement our Higher Powers may think fit to give to theſe growing Arts, I will not pretend to gueſs; this I know, that 'tis much to their Advantage and Intereſt, to make themſelves the chief Parties in the Cauſe; that I wiſh no Court or Miniſtry, beſides a truly virtuous and wiſe one, may ever concern themſelves in the Affair: For ſhould they do ſo, they would in reality do more harm than good, ſince 'tis not the Nature of a Court (ſuch as Courts generally are) to improve, but rather corrupt a

Taſte;

Taste; and what is in the beginning set wrong by their Example, is hardly ever afterwards recoverable in the Genius of a Nation.

Content therefore I am, my Lord, that *Britain* stands, in this respect, as she now does; nor can one, methinks, with just Reason, regret her having hitherto made no greater Advancement in these Affairs of Art. As her *Constitution* has grown, and been establish'd, she has in proportion fitted herself for other Improvements. There has been no Anticipation in the Case; and in this surely she must be esteemed wise as well as happy, that ere she attempted to raise herself any other Taste or Relish, she secured herself a *right one* in *Government*. She has now the Advantage of being, in other Matters, on a new Foot; she has her *Models* yet to seek, her *Scale* and *Standard* yet to form with Deliberation and good Choice. Able enough she is at present to shift for herself, however abandon'd and helpless she has been left by those whom it became to assist her. Hardly, indeed, could she procure a single Academy for the training her Youth in Exercises, as good Soldiers as we are, and as good Horses as our Climate affords. Our Princes, rather than expend their Treasure this way, have suffer'd our Youth to pass into a foreign Nation to learn to ride. As for other *Academies*, such as those for *Painting*, *Sculpture*, or *Architecture*, we have not so much as heard of the Proposal, whilst the Prince of our rival Nation raises Academies, breeds Youth, and sends Rewards and Pensions into foreign Countries to advance the Interest and Credit of his own. Now if, notwithstanding the Interest and Pains of this foreign Court, and the supine Unconcernedness of our own, the national Taste however rises, and already shews itself, in many respects, beyond that of our so highly assisted Neighbours; what greater Proof can there be of the Superiority of Genius in one of these Nations above the other?

'Tis but this Moment that I chance to read in an Article of one of the Gazettes from *Paris*, that 'tis resolved at Court to establish a new *Academy* for political Affairs. "In it the present chief Minister is to "preside, having under him six Academists, *douez* "*des Talens necessaires*----No Person to be received "under the Age of Twenty-five; a thousand *Livres* a Year Pension for each Scholar----Able Masters to be appointed for teaching them the necessary Sciences, and instructing them in the Treaties of Peace and Alliances which have been formerly made----The Members to assemble three times a Week----*C'est de ce Seminaire* (says the Writer) "*qu'on tirera les Secretaires d'Ambassade; qui par* "*degrez pourront monter a de plus hauts Emplois.*"

I must confess, my Lord, as great an Admirer as I am of these regular Institutions, I can't but look upon an *Academy for Ministers* as a very extraordinary Establishment; especially in such a Monarchy as *France*, and at such a Conjuncture as the present; it looks as if the Ministers of that Court had discovered lately some new Methods of Negociation, such as their Predecessors, *Richlieu* and *Mazarine* never thought of; or that, on the contrary, they have found themselves so declin'd, and at such a Loss in the Management of this present Treaty, as to be forced to take their Lesson from some of those Ministers with whom they treat; a Reproach, of which, no doubt, they must be highly sensible.

But 'tis not my Design here to entertain your Lordship with any Reflections upon Politics, or the Methods which the *French* may take to raise themselves *new Ministers* or *new Generals*, who may prove a better Match for us than hitherto, whilst we held our *old*. I will only say to your Lordship on this Subject of Academies, that I have less Concern for the Deficiency of such a one as this, than of any other

which

which could be thought of for *England*; and that as for a Seminary of *Statesmen*, I doubt not but, without this extraordinary Help, we shall be able, out of our *old* Stock and the common Course of Business, constantly to furnish a sufficient Number of well qualified Persons to serve upon occasion either at home, or in our foreign Treaties, as often as such Persons accordingly qualified shall duly, honestly, and *bona fide* be required to serve.

I return therefore to my *Virtuoso*-Science, which being my chief Amusement in this Place and Circumstance, your Lordship has by it a fresh Instance, that I can never employ my Thoughts with Satisfaction on any Subject without making you a Party; for even this very *Notion* had its Rise chiefly from the Conversation of a certain Day, which I had the Happiness to pass a few Years since in the Country with your Lordship; 'twas there you shew'd me some Engravings which had been sent you from *Italy*. One in particular I well remember, of which the Subject was the very same with that of my written *Notion* inclosed; but by what Hand it was done, or after what Master, or how executed, I have quite forgot. 'Twas the Summer-season, when you had Recess from Business; and I have accordingly calculated this *Epistle* and *Project* for the same Recess and Leisure; for by the Time this can reach *England*, the Spring will be far advanc'd, and the national Affairs in a manner over with those who are not in the *immediate Administration*.

Were that indeed your Lordship's Lot at present, I know not whether, in regard to my Country, I should dare throw such Amusements as these in your way; yet even in this Case, I would venture to say however in Defence of my Project, and of the *Cause of Painting*, that, could my young Hero come to your Lordship as well represented as he might have been,

either by the Hand of a * *MARAT* or a *JORDANO*, (the Masters who were in being, and in repute when I travell'd first here in *Italy*) the Picture itself, whatever the Treatise proved, would have been worth Notice, and might have become a Present worthy of our Court, and Prince's Palace; especially were it so bless'd as to lodge within it a royal Issue of her Majesty's, such a Piece of Furniture might well fit the Gallery or Hall of Exercises, where our young Princes should learn their usual Lessons: And to see Virtue in this Garb and Action, might perhaps be no slight *Memorandum* hereafter to a royal Youth, who should one Day come to undergo himself this Trial, on which his own Happiness, as well as the Fate of *Europe*, and of the World, would in so great a Measure depend.

This, my Lord, is making (as you see) the most I can of my Project, and setting off my Amusements with the best Colour I am able, that I may be the more excusable in communicating them to your Lordship, and expressing thus with what Zeal I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most faithful

Humble Servant,

SHAFTSBURY.

* *Carlo Marat* was yet alive at the Time this Letter was written, but had been long superannuated and incapable of any considerable Performance.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

To my Nephew, Beville Granville, *upon his entering into holy Orders.*

WHEN I look upon the Date of the laſt Letter, I muſt own myſelf blameable for not having ſooner returned you my Thanks for it.

I approve very well of your Reſolution of dedicating yourſelf to the Service of God; you could not chuſe a better Maſter, provided you have ſo ſufficiently ſearched your Heart, as to be perſuaded you can ſerve him well; in ſo doing, you may ſecure to yourſelf many Bleſſings in this World, as well as a ſure Expectation in the next.

There is one Thing which I perceive you have not yet throughly purged yourſelf from, which is Flattery; you have beſtow'd ſo much of that upon me in your Letter, that I hope you have no more left, and that you only meant it, to take your Leave of ſuch Flights of Fancy, which, however well meant, oftner put a Man out of Countenance than oblige him.

You are now become a Searcher after Truth, I ſhall hereafter take it more kindly to be juſtly reproved by you, than to be undeſervedly complimented.

I would not have you underſtand me, as if I recommended to you a ſour *Preſbyterian* Severity; that is yet more to be avoided: Advice, like Phyſic, ſhould be ſo ſweeten'd and prepar'd, as to be made palatable, or Nature may be apt to revolt againſt it. Be always ſincere, but at the ſame time be always polite; be humble, without deſcending from your Character; reprove and correct, without offending good Manners: To be Cynic is as bad as to be a Sycophant; you are not to lay aſide the Gentleman with

with your Sword, nor to put on the Gown to hide your Birth and good Breeding, but to adorn it.

Such has been the Malice of the World from the Beginning, that Pride, Avarice and Ambition have been charged upon the Priesthood in all Ages, in all Countries, and in all Religions; what they are most obliged to combat against in their Pulpits, they are most accused of encouraging in their Conduct; it behoves you therefore to be more upon your Guard in this, than in any other Profession; let your Example confirm your Doctrine; and let no Man ever have it in his Power to reproach you with practising contrary to what you preach.

You had an Uncle, Dr. *Dennis Granville*, Dean of *Durham*, whose Memory I shall ever revere, make him your Example. Sanctity sat so easy, so unaffected, and so graceful upon him, that in him we beheld the very Beauty of Holiness: He was as chearful as familiar, and condescending in his Conversation, as he was strict, regular, and exemplary in his Piety; as well bred and accomplish'd as a Courtier; as reverend and venerable as an Apostle; he was indeed in every thing Apostolical, for he abandon'd all to follow his Lord and Master.*

May you resemble him! may he revive in you! may his Spirit descend upon you as *Elijah*'s upon *Elisha!* and may the great God of Heaven, in guiding, directing, and strengthning your pious Resolutions, pour down his best and choicest Blessings upon you.

You shall ever find me, dear Nephew, your most affectionate Uncle, and sincere Friend, &c.

LANSDOWNE.

* King *James* II.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

Lord Chancellor Bacon *to King* James I. *after his Disgrace.*

To the KING.

It may please your most excellent Majesty,

IN the midst of my Misery, which is rather assuaged by Remembrance than by Hope, my chiefest worldly Comfort is to think, that, since the time I had the first Vote of the Commons House of Parliament for Commissioner of the Union, until the time that I was, by this last Parliament, chosen by both Houses for their Messenger to your Majesty in the Petition of Religion (which two were my first and last Services) I was evermore so happy as to have my poor Services graciously accepted by your Majesty, and likewise not to have had any of them miscarry in my Hands; neither of which Points I can any wise take to myself, but ascribe the former to your Majesty's Goodness, and the latter to your prudent Directions, which I was ever careful to have and keep: For, as I have often said to your Majesty, I was towards you but as a Bucket and Cistern, to draw forth and conserve, whereas yourself was the Fountain. Unto this Comfort of nineteen Years Prosperity, there succeeded a Comfort even in my greatest Adversity, somewhat of the same Nature, which is, that, in those Offences wherewith I was charged, there was not any one that had special Relation to your Majesty, or any your particular Commandments. For as towards Almighty God there are Offences against the first and second Table, and yet all against God; so with the Servants of Kings, there are Offences more immediate against the Sovereign, although all Offences against Law are also against the King. Unto which

Comfort

Comfort there is added this Circumſtance, that as my Faults were not againſt your Majeſty, otherwiſe than as all Faults are; ſo my Fall was not your Majeſty's Act, otherwiſe than as all Acts of Juſtice are yours. This I write not to inſinuate with your Majeſty, but as a moſt humble Appeal to your Majeſty's gracious Remembrance, how honeſt and direct you have ever found me in your Service, whereby I have an aſſured Belief, that there is, in your Majeſty's own princely Thoughts, a great deal of Serenity and Clearneſs towards me, your Majeſty's now proſtrate and caſt-down Servant.

Neither, my moſt gracious Sovereign, do I, by this Mention of my former Services, lay Claim to your princely Grace and Bounty, though the Privilege of Calamity doth bear that Form of Petition. I know well had they been much more, they had been but my bounden Duty: Nay, I muſt alſo confeſs, that they were, from time to time, far above my Merit, over and ſuper-rewarded by your Majeſty's Benefits, which you heaped upon me. Your Majeſty was and is that Maſter to me, that raiſed and advanced me nine times, thrice in Dignity, and ſix times in Offices. The Places were indeed the painfuleſt of all your Services; but then they had both Honour and Profits; and the then Profits might have maintained my now Honours, if I had been wiſe; neither was your Majeſty's immediate Liberality wanting towards me in ſome Gifts, if I may hold them. All this I do moſt thankfully acknowledge; and do herewith conclude, that for any thing ariſing from myſelf to move your Eye of Pity towards me, there is much more in my preſent Miſery than in my paſt Services; ſave that the ſame your Majeſty's Goodneſs that may give Relief to the one, may give Value to the other.

And indeed, if it may pleaſe your Majeſty, this Theme of my Miſery is ſo plentiful, as it need not be

be coupled with any thing else. I have been Somebody by your Majesty's singular and undeserved Favour, even the prime Officer of your Kingdom. Your Majesty's Arm hath often been laid over mine in Council, when you presided at the Table; so near was I! I have borne your Majesty's Image in metal, much more in my Heart. I was never, in nineteen Years Service, chidden by your Majesty; but, contrariwise, often overjoyed when your Majesty would sometimes say, I was a good Husband for you, tho' none for myself; sometimes, That I had a way to deal in Business *suavibus modis*, which was the way, which was most according to your own Heart; and other most gracious Speeches of Affection and Trust, which I feed on to this Day. But why should I speak of these things, which are now vanished? But only the better to express my Downfall.

For now it is thus with me: I am a * Year and a half old in Misery; though I must ever acknowledge not without some Mixture of your Majesty's Grace and Mercy: For I do not think it possible that any one, whom you once loved, should be totally miserable. Mine own Means, through my own Improvidence, are poor and weak, little better than my Father left me. The poor things that I have had from your Majesty are either in Question or at Courtesy. My Dignities remain Marks of your past Favour, but Burdens of my present Fortune. The poor Remnants which I had of my former Fortunes, in Plate or Jewels, I have spread upon poor Men unto whom I owed, scarce leaving myself a convenient Subsistance; so as to conclude, I must pour out my Misery before your Majesty, so far as to say, *Si tu deseris, perimus.*

But as I can offer to your Majesty's Compassion little arising from myself to move you, except it be

* Therefore this was wrote near the Middle of the Year 1622.

my extreme Misery, which I have truly opened; so looking up to your Majesty's own self, I should think I committed *Cain*'s Fault if I should despair. Your Majesty is a King, whose Heart is as unscrutable for secret Motions of Goodness, as for Depth of Wisdom. You are Creator-like, factive, not destructive; you are the Prince in whom hath ever been noted an Aversion against any thing that savoured of an hard Heart; as, on the other Side, your princely Eye was wont to meet with any Motion that was made on the relieving Part; therefore, as one that hath had the Happiness to know your Majesty near hand, I have, most gracious Sovereign, Faith enough for a Miracle, and much more for a Grace, that your Majesty will not suffer your poor Creature to be utterly defaced, nor blot that Name quite out of your Book, upon which your sacred Hand hath been so oft for the giving him new Ornaments and Additions.

Unto this Degree of Compassion, I hope God (of whose Mercy towards me, both in my Prosperity and Adversity, I have had great Testimonies and Pledges, though mine own manifold and wretched Unthankfulness might have averted them) will dispose your princely Heart, already prepared to all Piety you shall * do for me. And as all commiserable Persons (especially such as find their Hearts void of all Malice) are apt to think that all Men pity them, so I assure myself that the Lords of your Council, who, out of their Wisdom and Nobleness, cannot but be sensible of human Events, will, in this way which I go, for the Relief of my Estate, further and advance your Majesty's Goodness towards me; for there is, as I conceive, a kind of Fraternity between great Men that are, and those that have been, being but the several Tenses of one Verb. Nay, I do further presume, that both Houses of Parliament will love their Justice

* Vouchsafe to express towards me.

the

the better, if it end not in my Ruin; for I have been often told, by many of my Lords, as it were in the way of excuſing the Severity of the Sentence, that they knew they left me in good Hands. And your Majeſty knoweth well I have been all my Life long acceptable to thoſe Aſſemblies; not by Flattery, but by Moderation, and by honeſt expreſſing of a Deſire to have all things go fairly and well.

But if it may pleaſe your Majeſty (for Saints I ſhall give them Reverence, but no Adoration; my Addreſs is to your Majeſty, the Fountain of Goodneſs) your Majeſty ſhall, by the Grace of God, not feel that in Gift, which I ſhall extremely feel in Help; for my Deſires are moderate, and my Courſes meaſured to a Life orderly and reſerved, hoping ſtill to do your Majeſty Honour in my way; only I moſt humbly beſeech your Majeſty to give me Leave to conclude with theſe Words, which Neceſſity ſpeaketh: Help me, dear Sovereign, Lord and Maſter, and pity ſo far, as that I, that have borne a Bag, be not now, in my Age, forced, in Effect, to bear a Wallet; nor that I, that deſire to live to ſtudy, may not be driven to ſtudy to live. I moſt humbly crave Pardon of a long Letter, after a long Silence. God of Heaven ever bleſs, preſerve, and proſper your Majeſty.

Your Majeſty's

Poor ancient Servant and Beadſman.

FR. BACON.

LETTER XLVII.

To oblige a Subſcriber, we are deſired to inſert this Epiſtle.

An Epiſtle to Mr. B------.

HAPPY are you, within your calm Retreat,
Remote from Noiſe, th' Attendant on the Great:
Amidſt thoſe Scenes where bounteous *Ceres* reigns;
Where *Flora* ſpreads her Mantle on the Plains:
Where circling Seaſons with new Charms invite
To Recreation, and to true Delight.
My adverſe Fate to one dull Spot confines
My num'rous Steps, as if in Magic Lines:
My Plan of Action is one conſtant Round,
In which no dear Variety is found:
From Day to Day my Proſpects are the ſame;
No Seaſons vary, and no Change of Game.
Yet all is Habit; I am quite content;
Like Birds there bred, and in their Cages pent;
Of what they never knew, they feel no Want.
My Thoughts are form'd, nor can Invention find
Amuſements keen enough to ſooth my Mind;
Even to *Vauxhall* Beauties I am blind.
Pleas'd with my humble Cell, I ſit, and ſmile
At B----'s Labour, and at T----'s Toil:
The one at Riches bends his utmoſt Aim;
The other ſeeks by Pow'r to raiſe his Name:
Diff'rent the Means, the Motives are the ſame.
Weak Efforts they; I hate Ambition's Plot;
Give me the Man contented with his Lot:
Nor let that Lot be large; for ſure the Eye
Whom Pomp allures, cannot true Bliſs enjoy.
Nothing of Show is worth a wiſe Man's Care;
For Splendor is a Cheat, and Wealth a Snare:
And Beauty too, will always bring her Share.

What

What is the rich Man's Pride, the Lover's Joy?
These Moments give them, what the next destroy:
Rapture's a Phantom, Grandeur but a Toy.
The sordid Mind, with Plenty will be poor;
Though cram'd his Bags, he hourly pines for more;
And *L*----*n* starves, with all his growing Store.
Nor is the Sot more happy; view his Heart;
There Midnight Draughts ingender Midnight Smart:
His Jollity no Bliss to me conveys;
A Flash of Lightning, or a Meteor's Blaze.
And grant, my Friend, that all Excess they shun,
Still into Danger, or Disgust they run:
In Vice less flagrant, they enough will find
To pain the Body, and to plague the Mind.
Their Mountains shrink to Mole-hills; and 'tis plain
They grasp at Pleasure, but they grasp in vain.
In Evening Moments, when my Soul unbends,
I seek Amusements with some chosen Friends:
Such as with you, I heretofore have past;
Gay, chearful Hours; their Memory will last.
With social Pipe, and o'er our nappy Ale,
We reason cool, or tell the laughing Tale.
Mirth and Instruction are alike my Aim;
The first my Birth-right, and the last my Claim.
Yet few are they, who have the Pow'r to please;
Who think with Freedom, and who talk with Ease.
Sweet and engaging is a friendly Mind,
And greatly amiable, to Wisdom join'd.
Not many such: Few have a fair Pretence
To *B*----'s Reason, and to *D*----*n*'s Sense.
Those are my Choice; their Thoughts and Judgments clear,
Improve my Heart, and charm my list'ning Ear;
Whether they speak on Freedom's glorious Cause,
On Moral Precepts, or on Nature's Laws.
But, after these, how few are here who claim
The Honours even of a second Name?

Vain

Vain prating Fools do ev'ry where abound;
And half-wise Coxcombs are as often found:
Dull is the Task o'er their low Jests to sit,
And hear their Nonsense, which they prize as Wit.
The *Politician*, full of sage Debate,
Neglects his own, to mark the Faults of State.
The *News-man* too, with eager busy Face,
Suffers no Rumour unobserved to pass.
Away with Politics! I hate the Name
Of civil Discord, and of Party Flame.
What is't to me who rules? The public Good
Is what I wish; when that is not pursued,
I'll ask the Forfeit with the Traytor's Blood.

Forgive me, Friend, these harsh, satyric Strains,
I'll suit thy Temper, and thy rural Plains:
Those paceful Regions claim a smoother Verse,
And *M*----'s Muse, will *G*----'s Charms rehearse.
To me thy Life one constant Calm appears,
Distant from Clamours, and the Din of Wars.
Various the Scenes that do thy Bliss inspire,
A Summer's Prospect, and a Winter's Fire.
Each has its Turn to please, and daily brings
Enjoyments greater than the Pomp of Kings.
Methinks I taste thy Sweets (they're known to few,)
Imagination forms th' enchanting View.
Would Heav'n, indulgent to my Wishes, grant,
I'd ask but just enough, secure from Want.
In some lone Village, where Contentments flow;
Where Nature's Bounties and her Beauties grow.
Where modish Vice, and tricking of the Town,
And where the World's Contentions are not known:
Unheeded there, I'd view the busy Hive,
For Riches scramble, and for Baubles strive:
There would I waste the Remnant of my Days,
Unhurt by Envy, and unmov'd by Praise.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. Moyle *to* Anthony Hammond, *Esq;*

Dear HAMMOND, *Jan.* 14, 1698-9.

I Hear, with great Joy, your noble Proceedings in the House of Commons, and should be extremely glad if you would sometimes rob from the Public an half Hour, in writing such welcome News to one, who longs, with much Impatience, to hear an Account of things from so good a Hand. Of old, in our Days of Pleasure, we used to communicate our Joys and Afflictions; but since those Days are over, and a dull Scene of Business succeeds, let us still keep up the Forms of agreeable Correspondence. Pleasures vary with each different Age; for God and Nature never made any Faculty, either in Soul or Body, but prepared a suitable Object, in order to its regular Gratification. Success in Business diverts the Spleen, that would now and then break in upon us in Retirement. It touches the Passions, and gives an Agitation of the Mind, that carries along with it some Resemblance of our earlier and livelier Pleasures; especially when the public Good is accompanied, is satisfying a just, though private Resentment. I would not constrain you to the Drudgery of a regular Correspondence; but only a Letter sometimes upon a great Flight in the House, as *Wymonsolde* expresses it.

You desired, I remember, a Series of Authors for the *Grecian* History. Take them in Order of Time as follows, *viz.*

1. *Herodotus*,
2. *Thucidides*,
3. *Xenophon*,
4. *Polibius*,
5. *Diodorus Siculus*,
6. *Dionysius Halicarnassus*,
7. *Plutarch*,
8. *Arrian*,
9. *Appian*,
10. *Diogenes Laertius*,
11. *Phi-*

11 *Philostratus*,
12 *Dion Cassius*,
13 *Herodian*,
14 *Zosimus*,
15 *Procopius*,
16. *Agathias*.

1. The Stile of *Herodotus* is noble, and at the same time elegant; his Design comprehensive and well executed; he is called by *Cicero* the Father of History, and unjustly censured by *Plutarch*: I cannot allow him to be the Author of *Homer*'s Life, which passes under his Name.

2. *Thucidides* is exact, and a just Observer of Truth; lofty, and yet regular in his Thoughts and Expressions; he is esteem'd the most accomplish'd Genius for History among the *Greeks*; you told me, if I mistake not, that Sir *John Marsham* * said Mr. *Hobbes* was assisted by Dr. *Pearson* (who wrote upon the Creed) in his Translation of *Thucidides*; yet I can assure you it is not very exact, tho' I know it is generally allow'd to be excellently well perform'd.

3. *Xenophon* is natural, pleasing and lively; a wonderful Sense of Religion runs through his Works; he was much read and admir'd by the Ancients themselves.

4. *Polibius* is likewise exact as *Thucidides*; he is a judicious, grave and instructive Author; but more a Statesman than Historian; I am sorry our Acquaintance, Sir *Henry Sheers*, who has given the *English World* a Translation of him, understood *French* so well, and *Greek* so ill; but I will say no more.

5. *Diodorus Siculus*, who lived in the Time of *Augustus*, is most valuable for his Collections out of other Authors, most of which are now lost.

6. *Dionysius Halicarnassus* is solid, learned and judicious; he understood the Constitution of the *Roman*

* Sir *John Marsham*, Bart. eldest Son to Sir *John Marsham*, mention'd before.

Govern-

Government, and the Cuſtoms of *Rome*, better than the *Romans* themſelves.

7. *Plutarch* wants no Character; and you are too well acquainted with him to want any from me; his hiſtorical Parts muſt be read as they fall into the Order of Time.

8. Of the reſt, I ſhall only now mention *Appian* and *Dion Caſſius*; the firſt of them makes large Depredations on the *Greek* Hiſtorians who lived and wrote before his Time; and the latter I am angry with, becauſe he ſeems to delight in Improbabilities; of his Books, *thirty-four* are loſt, and *twenty-ſix* only remain. *Xiphilin*, who was Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, and died *Anno Domini* 1080, made a Compendium of his laſt Books, which ſtill remain.

Pray give my Service to Sir *Walter Clarges*, *Jack Fredenham*, *Hymonſolde*, and Dr. *B*------

I am your moſt

Humble Servant,

W. MOYLE.

LETTER XLIX.

To Mr. Dennis.

Dear Sir,

IT is not more to keep my Word, than to gratify my Inclination, that I write to you; and tho' I have thus long deferred it, I was never forgetful of you, nor of my Promiſe; indeed I waited in Expectation of ſomething that might enable me to return the

Entertainment I received from your Letters; but you repreſent the Town ſo agreeable to me, that you put me quite out of conceit with the Country, and my Deſigns of making Obſervation from it.

Before I came to *Tunbridge*, I propoſed to myſelf the Satisfaction of communicating the Pleaſures of the Place to you; but, if I keep my Reſolution, I muſt tranſcribe and return you your own Letters; ſince I muſt own, I have met with nothing elſe ſo delightful. When you ſuppoſe the Country agreeable to me, you ſuppoſe ſuch Reaſons why it ſhould be ſo; that while I read your Letter, I am of your Mind, but when I look off, I find I am only charm'd with the Landſkip which you have drawn; ſo that if I would ſee a fine Proſpect of the Country, I muſt deſire you to ſend it from the Town; as, if I would eat good Fruit here, perhaps the beſt way were to beg a Baſket from my Friends in *Covent-Garden*. After all this, I muſt tell you, there is a great deal of Company at *Tunbridge*, and ſome very agreeable; but the greateſt Part is of that ſort, who at home converſe only with their own Relations, and conſequently when they come abroad, have few Acquaintance, but ſuch as they bring with them. But were the Country better or worſe, I would have you expect no Characters from me; for I profeſs myſelf an Enemy to Detraction, and who is there that can juſtly merit Commendation? I have a mind to *write* to you, without the Pretence of any manner of *News*, as I might drink to you without naming a *Health*; for I intend only *my Service to you*. I wiſh for you very often, that I might recommend to you ſome new Acquaintance that I have made here, and think very well worth the keeping, I mean, *Idleneſs* and a *good Stomach*. You would not think how People eat here, every body has the Appetite of an *Oſtrich*; and as they drink *Steel* in the Morning, ſo I believe at Noon they can digeſt *Iron*. But ſure you will laugh

at

at me for calling Idleness a new Acquaintance, when, to your Knowledge, the greatest Part of my Business is little better. Ay, but here's the Comfort of the Change, I am now idle without taking the Pains to be so; for Poetry is neither in my Head nor in my Heart. I know not whether these Waters may have any Communication with *Lethe*, but sure I am, they have none with the Streams of *Helicon*. I have often wonder'd how those wicked Writers of Lampoons could crowd together such Quantities of execrable Verses tagged with bad Rhimes, as I have formerly seen sent from this Place; but I am half of Opinion now, that this Well is an *Anti-Hypocrene*; what if we should get a Quantity of the Water privately conveyed into the Cistern at *Will*'s Coffee-house for an Experiment? But I am extravagant; tho' I remember *Ben Johnson*, in his Comedy of *Cynthia's Revels*, makes a *Well*, which he there calls the *Fountain* of *Self-love*, to be the Source of many entertaining and ridiculous Humours; I am of opinion, that something very comical and new might be brought upon the Stage from a Fiction of the like Nature: But now I talk of the Stage, pray, if any thing new should appear there, let me have an Account of it; for tho' *Plays* are a kind of *Winter-fruit*, yet I know there are now and then some *Wind-falls* at this time of the Year, which must be presently served up, lest they should not keep till the proper Season of Entertainment. 'Tis now the Time when the Sun breeds *Insects*, and you must expect to have the Hum and Buz about your Ears of Summer-flies and small Poets; Cuckoos have this Time allow'd them to sing, tho' they are damn'd to Silence all the rest of the Year: Besides, the approaching Feast of St. *Bartholomew* both creates an Expectation and bespeaks an Allowance of unnatural Productions and monstrous Births. Methinks the Days of *Bartholomew-Fair* are like so many Sabbaths or Days of Privilege, wherein *Criminals* and *Malefactors* in Poetry are per-

mitted to creep abroad; they put me in mind (tho' at a different time of Year) of the *Roman Saturnalia*, when all the Scum and Rabble and Slaves of *Rome*, by a kind of annual and limited Manumiſſion, were ſuffered to make abominable Mirth, and profane the Days of *Jubilee* with vile Buffoonry, by Authority. But I forget that I am writing a Poſt Letter, and run into Length, like a Poet in a Dedication, when he forgets his Patron to talk of himſelf; but I will take care to make no Apology for it, leſt my Excuſe (as Excuſes generally are) ſhould add to the Fault; Beſides, I would have no Appearance of Formality, when I am to tell you that I am

Your real Friend,

And humble Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

LETTER

LETTER L.

To Walter Moyle, *Esq*;

Dear Sir,

YOU know that a * *grave Fellow* assures us, that upon the Cessation of Oracles, lamentable Cries were heard in the Air, proclaiming all along the Coasts the Death of the great *Pan* ; and have not you, upon this Dearth of good Sense, and this Cessation of Wit ? tell me truly, have you not heard

These Sounds upon the Cornish *Shore,*
The Sage † Will Urwin *is no more ?*

Gone is the *universal Lord* of Wit ! he to whom all the *Wits* paid Homage, for whom his Subjects set a *Tax* upon *Words*, and laid exorbitant Customs on Thoughts : He is dead, alas, he is dead !

Dead I mean, Sir, in a legal Capacity ; that is, outlaw'd, and gone into the ‡ *Fryars*, to go into which, is once more to outlaw himself ; he has done it, Sir, and ill Fortune has brought him to be a *Felo de se* that way ; for since the Law thought it just to put *Will* out of its Protection, *Will* thought it prudent to put himself out of its Power : And since the Law could use him with so much Contempt, as to declare that it does not care for *Will Urwin*, *Will*, who is extremely stout in Adversity, has declared, by his Actions, that he does not care for the Law. *Virgil* tells us, in his sixth Book, that the Souls in

* *Plutarch.*
† A Coffee-Man in *Covent-Garden.*
‡ *White Fryars* in *Fleet-street* was at that time an Asylum for Debtors, and belongs to *Bury St. Edmunds* in *Suffolk.*

Hell

Hell were busied about the same things in which they were employ'd upon Earth; even so does sage *Will* use the same Nutmeg-grater and the same Tea-pot in the *Fryars*, that he handled before in *Bow-street*. Thus has he left the Wits, without any Sorrow, tho' he loves them, without taking any Leave of them; for *Will* thinks they cannot be long from him, and he says he expects that, in a very little time, his old Company should be constant at his new House; and, dost not thou think they too have Reason to expect the same thing? For, as the Death of any Man ought to put all his Friends in mind, that he went before but to lead them the way; so *Will*'s Departure from this miserable Life, this lewd *Covent-Garden* Life, and his ferrying from *Somerset-stairs* to the infernal Shore of *Alsatia*, should be a Memento to the rest of the Wits, that he is but gone whither they all must follow.

To leave off poetical Similies, this Body politic is in a cursed Condition, and cannot keep long together without a Head; the Members are at present in grave Debate how to get one. To-morrow the whole House will resolve itself into a grand Committee, to consult about Ways and Means of making Provision for the common Necessities. Some talk of an Excise upon *May Dew* and *Rasberry Brandy*; that there will be a Poll is strongly asserted, in which every Man is to pay according to his respective Condition; to-morrow it will be known to how much each Man's *Quota* amounts: As for example, how much a *Poet* is to pay, how much a *Wit*, how much a *Politician*, and how much a *Critic*. A *Critic*, did I say? I beg your Pardon: They have voted *Nemine contradicente*, that they will cess no Critic till Mr. *Moyle* returns.

I have given them my Sentiments on the fore-mention'd Poll, which were, that it were something hard to make a Man pay for being called Wit, Poet.

Poet or Critic; that they saw by Experience, lately in the State, that poor Dogs grumbled to pay for their Titles; how then could they think that People would be contented to be taxed for their Nick-names? that in settling this Tax, they were to take a quite contrary Method to that which was taken upon settling a Tax in the State; that in the State, sometimes, a Man paid for what he really had; as for example, when a Country Squire paid for his Land or his Money, and sometimes really what he had not; as when a Cit, that is twice dubb'd by the King, and cuckolded by his Wife, pays for his Honour and for his Children; the first of which is but as it were his, for they are really the Courtier's who helped him to his Title. In the State too a Man is made to pay for something which he does, or for something which he does not; as a Jacobite pays so much for swearing when he's drunk, and so much more for not swearing when he's sober; but that in our Case, if we would be exactly just, we should make People pay neither for what they have, nor for what they have not; nor for what they do, nor for what they do not; but should oblige them to pay for only pretending to have, what they really have not, or for offering to do what they are utterly incapable of doing; that thus the Tax would certainly fall upon the most solvent Part of the Body: For, how ridiculous would it be to tax a Man for having Poetry and Wit, when they are almost always Signs that he hath not a Farthing to pay; on the other side, how absurd would it be to tax him for a bare want of those Qualities! since when a Man is dull without pretending, it is ten to one but he is poor; for Riches make Men vain, and Vanity makes them affected; but he who is not much at his Ease, is hardly at leisure for Affectation; and I have often seen that when Vanity has thrown a Fop out of Nature, Necessity has brought him back again: But a rich Rogue will be sure to be always pretending; For-

tune

tune takes a Pleasure in making those vain, whom Nature before made impotent, and both of them often conspire to make a Coxcomb. Thus I would have none pay, but they who put Gravity upon us for Wisdom, Visions for Politics, and Quibbles for Wit; and I would have no Man at any Expence for being called a Poet, a Wit, or a Critic, unless it be by himself. It would be equally hard to lay a Tax upon any one for his ill Fortune, or for his ill Nature, since they are things of which no Man is Master: but what! a Sot cannot help his Vanity. Agreed; but then it makes him so much happier than he deserves to be, that he may well be contented to pay it.

I am

From Will's *that was*, Aug. 5. 1695.

Your most humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

LETTER LI.

To Mr. Congreve.

Dear Sir, *Bake* in *Cornwall. Oct.* 7. 1695.

I Came home from the Land's End yesterday, where I found three Letters from Mr. *Dennis*, and one from you, with a humorous Description of * *John Abassus*. Since the dubbing of *Don Quixote* and the Coronation of *Petrarch* in the *Capitol*, there has not been so great a Solemnity as at the Consecra-

* A Nick-name given to a stupid *Sussex* Squire, fond of Plays and Poems, who came up to Town, as he said, *to see the Poets of the Age*; and was, by some of them, introduced among the *Wits* of *Will*'s Coffee-house in *Covent-Garden*; among whom they admitted him under the Form of a poetical *Consecration*, as a Member of their Society.

tion

tion of *John Abassus* in all the *Pagan Ritual.* I never met with the Form of *poetical* Orders, but I believe the Ceremony of *consecrating* a Man to *Apollo* is the same with *devoting* a Man to the *Dii Manes*, for both are Martyrs to Fame. I believe not a Man of the *grave Club* durst assist at at this ridiculous Scene, for fear of laughing outright; *Wycherly* was in his Kingdom, and, for my part, I would rather have sat *there* than in the *House of Commons.* Would to God I could laugh with you, for one Hour or two, at all the ridiculous Things that have happen'd at *Will's Coffee-house* since I left it; it is the merriest Place in the World; and like *Africa*, it every Day produces a new *Monster*, and they are begot there, just as *Pliny* says they are in *Africa.* Beasts of different kinds come to drink, and mingle with one another and beget Monsters. Present my humble Duty to my new Lord †, and tell him that I am preparing an Address to congratulate his *Access* to the *Throne* of the *Rabble.* Tell the Lady who was the Author of the *Hue and Cry* after me, she might have sent out a hundred *Hues* and *Cries* before she would have found a Poet; for I went down clad like a Soldier, with a new Suit of Cloaths on, and, I think, there could not have been a better Disguise for a Poet, unless I had stole Dr. *Blackmore's* Coat. Mr. *Dennis* sent me down *Peter Motteux's Parodie.* I can say very little of the *Poem*, but as for the *Dialogue*, I think it was the first time that *Motteux* suffered any Body to talk with him, tho' indeed here he interrupts *Monsieur Boileau* in the midst of the first Word. My Humble Service to Mr. *Wycherly.* I desire you'd write me some News of the Stage, and what Progress you have made in your Tragedy *. I am *Your affectionate Friend and Servant,*

W. MOYLE.

† *Hallifax.* * The *Mourning Bride.*

LETTER LII.

Mr. Congreve's *Answer to Mr.* Moyle.

Dear Sir,

I Cannot but think a Letter from me in *London* to you in *Cornwall*, is like some ancient Correspondance between an *Inhabitant* of *Rome* and a *Cimmerian*. May be my way of Writing may not so modestly be compared with *Roman* Epistles, but the Resemblance of the Place will justify the other Part of the Parallel. The subterranean Habitations of the Miners, and the Proximity of the *Bajæ*, help a little; and while you are at *Bake*, let *Bake* be *Cumæ*, and do you supply the Place of *Sybille*. You may look on this as Raillery, but I can assure you, nothing less than Oracles are expected from you in the next Parliament, if you succeed in your Election, as we are pretty well assured you will. You wish yourself with us at *Will's Coffee-house*; and all here wish for you, from the *President* of the *Grave Club*, to the most young Member of the *Rabble*; they who *can*, think of you, and the rest talk of you; there is no such Monster in this *Africa*, that is not sensible of your Absence, even the worst natur'd People, and those of least Wit, lament it, I mean half Critics and Quiblers; to tell you all that want you, I should name all the Creatures of *Covent Garden*, which, like those of *Eden Garden*, would want some *Adam* to be a Godfather, and give them Names. I cannot tell whether I may justly compare our *Covent Garden* to that of *Eden* or no, for tho' I believe we may have variety of strange Animals equal to *Paradise*, yet I fear we have not amongst us the *Tree* of *Knowledge*. It had been much to the Disadvantage of *Pliny*, had the *Coffee-house* been in his Days; for sure he would have describ'd some who

frequent

frequent it, which would have given him the Reputation of a more fabulous Writer than he has now; but being in our Age, it does him a Service; for we who know it, can give faith to all his Monsters; you who take care to go down in the Country, unlike a Poet, I hope will take care not to come up again like a Politician, for then you will add a new Monster to the *Coffee-house*, that was never seen there before; so you may come back again in your Soldier's Coat, for in that you will no more be suspected for a Politician than a Poet.

Pray come upon any Terms, for you are wish'd for by every body, but most wanted by your

Affectionate Friend and Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

To Mr. DENNIS.

NAMURE taken and a Letter from Mr. *Dennis* were two of the most agreeable Surprizes I ever met with; and nothing but the Reflection how *dear* the *Conquest* will *cost us*, I mean the innumerable ill *Poems* it will produce, could allay the Pleasure. *Attila* † has watch'd for a Victory a long time, and will not miss this Opportunity to mortify the Day of Thanksgiving, and scribble away the public Joy. The Devil take *Will's Coffee-house*, I could be the easiest Man in the World under my Calamity, if it were not for some of the Company there, who are the greatest Enemies I now have in the World, worse than the Company, from which I am just now stolen to write this Letter. Amongst the rest is a *Country Gentleman*, who dictates Politics abundantly; for with us, as well as at *old Rome*, we take *Dictators* from the *Plough*, but ours are *such* as ought never to remove their Hands from it.

I am Yours, &c.

W. MOYLE.

† *Attila*, or the *Hand*, a Nick Name given to *Peter Motteux*.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

A Journey to OXFORD.

My Lord,

IF your Mare could ſpeak, ſhe would give you an Account of what extraordinary Company ſhe had upon the Road, which ſince ſhe cannot do, I will. It was the enterprizing Mr. *Lintott*, the redoubtable Rival of Mr. *Tonſon*, who mounted on a Stone-horſe (no diſagreeable Companion to your Lordſhip's Mare) overtook me in *Windſor Forreſt*. He ſaid he heard I deſign'd for *Oxford*, the Seat of the Muſes, and would, as my Bookſeller, by all Means, accompany me thither. I aſk'd him where he got his Horſe? He anſwered, he got it of his Publiſher; for that Rogue, that Printer, ſaid he, diſappointed me. I hoped to put him in a good Humour by a Treat at the Tavern of a brown Fricaſſee of Rabbits which coſt two Shillings, with two Quarts of Wine, beſides my Converſation. I thought myſelf cock-ſure of his Horſe, which he readily promiſed me, but ſaid that Mr. *Tonſon* had juſt ſuch another Deſign of going to *Cambridge*, expecting there a Copy of a new kind of *Horace* from Dr.———, and if *Tonſon* went, he was pre-engag'd to attend him, being to have the printing of the ſaid Copy. So, in ſhort, I borrow'd this Stone-horſe of my Publiſher, which he had of Mr. *Oldmixon* for a Debt. He lent me too the pretty Boy you ſee after me; he was a ſmutty Dog Yeſterday, and coſt me near two Hours to waſh the Ink off his Face; but the Devil is a fair condition'd Devil, and very forward in his Catechiſe: If you have any more Bags he ſhall carry them. I thought Mr. *Lintott*'s Civility not to be neglected, ſo gave the Boy a ſmall Bag, containing three Shirts and an *Elzevir Virgil*, and

mounted

mounted in an Instant, proceeded on the Road, with my Man before, my courteous Stationer beside, and the aforesaid Devil behind. Mr. *Lintott* began in this Manner: Now damn them! What if they should put it into the News-Paper how you and I went together to *Oxford*, what would I care? If I should go down into *Sussex*, they would say I was gone to the Speaker's; but what of that? If my Son were but big enough to go on with the Business, by G---d I would keep as good Company as old *Jacob*. Hereupon I enquired of his Son. The Lad, says he, has fine Parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are.-------I spare for nothing in his Education at *Westminster*. Pray don't you think *Westminster* to be the best School in *England*. Most of the late Ministry came out of it, so did many of this Ministry. I hope the Boy will make his Fortune. Don't you design to let him pass a Year at *Oxford*? To what purpose? said he; the Universities do but make Pedants, and I intend to breed him a Man of Business. As Mr. *Lintott* was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his Saddle, for which I expressed some Solicitude. Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough; but since we have the Day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest a while under the Woods. When we were alighted: See here what a mighty pretty *Horace* I have in my Pocket: What if you amus'd yourself in turning an Ode till we mount again. If you pleas'd, what a clever Miscellany might you make at Leisure Hours! Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on, the Motion is an Aid to my Fancy; a round Trot very much awakens my Spirits; then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can. Silence ensu'd for a full Hour, after which Mr. *Lintott* lugg'd the Reins short, and broke out: Well, Sir, how far have you gone. I answered, seven Miles. Lord, Sir, said *Lintott*, I thought you had done seven Stanza's; *Oldsworth* in a Ramble round *Wimbleton Hill*, would translate a whole Ode

in

in half this time. I'll say that for *Oldsworth* (tho I lost by his *Timothy*'s) he translates an Ode of *Horace* the quickest of any Man in *England*. I remember Dr. *King* would write Verses in a Tavern three Hours after he could not speak. And there's Sir *Richard*, in that rumbling old Chariot of his, between *Fleet Ditch* and *St. Giles's Pound*, shall make you half a Job. Pray Mr. *Lintott*, said I, now you talk of Translators, What is your Method of managing them? Sir, reply'd he, Those are the sadest pack of Rogues in the World; in an hungry fit they'll swear they understand all the Languages in the Universe. I have known one of them take down a *Greek* Book upon my Counter, and cry, Ay, this is *Hebrew*, I must read it from the Later End. By the Lord, I can never be sure in these Fellows, for I neither understand *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian* myself; but this is my Way; I agree with them for ten Shillings a Sheet, with a Proviso that I will have their Doings corrected by whom I please: So by one or other they are led at last to the true Sense of an Author, my Judgment giving the Negative to all the Translators. But how are you secure those Correctors may not impose upon you? Why I get any civil Gentleman (especially any *Scotsman*) that comes into my Shop, to read the Original to me in *English*; by this I know whether my first Translator be deficient, and whether my Corrector merits his Money or not. I'll tell you what happen'd to me last Month: I bargain'd with *S*------ for a new Version of *Lucretius*, to publish against *Tonson*'s, agreeing to pay the Author so many Shillings at his producing so many Lines. He made a great Progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the Corrector to compare with the *Latin*, but he went directly to *Creech*'s Translation, and found it the same, Word for Word, all but the first Page. Now, What do you think I did? I arrested the Translator for a Cheat; nay, I stopt the Corrector's Pay too upon this Proof that he had made use of

Creech

Creech instead of the Original. Pray tell me next how you deal with the *Critics*. Sir, said he, nothing more easy. I can silence the most formal of them; the rich ones for a Sheet apiece of the blotted Manuscript, which cost me nothing; they'll go about with it to their Acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the Author, who submitted to their Corrections. This has given them such an Air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the Top Critics of the Town. As for the poor Critics, I'll give you one Instance of my Management, by which you may guess at the rest. A lean Man that look'd like a very good Scholar came to me t'other Day, he turn'd over your *Homer*, shook his Head, shrugg'd up his Shoulders, and pish'd at every Line of it. One would wonder, said he, at the strange Presumption of some Men; *Homer* is no such easy Task, that every Stripling, every Versifier,----------He was going on, when my Wife call'd to Dinner. Sir, said I, will you please to eat a Piece of Beef with me. Mr. *Lintott*, said he, I am sorry you should be at the the Expence of this great Book; I am really concern'd on your Account------Sir, I am much oblig'd to you. If you can dine upon a Piece of Beef, together with a Slice of Pudding.------Mr. *Lintott*, I do not say but Mr. *Pope*, if he would condescend to advise with Men of Learning.-------Sir, the Pudding is upon the Table, if you please to go in.------My Critic complies. He came to a Taste of your Poetry, and tells me in the same Breath, that the Book is commendable, and the Pudding excellent. Now, Sir, concluded Mr. *Lintott*, in return to the Frankness I have shewn, pray tell me, is it the Opinion of your Friends at Court, that my Lord *Lansdown* will be brought to the Bar or not? I told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my Lord being one I had particular Obligations to. That may be, reply'd Mr. *Lintott*, but if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good

good Tryal. These, my Lord, are a few Traits by which you may discern the Genius of Mr. *Lintott*, which I have chosen for the Subject of a Letter. I dropt him as soon as I got to *Oxford*, and paid a Visit to Lord *Carlton* at *Middleton*. The Conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudic'd by my Pen, and the Pleasures from them only to be equal'd when I meet you. I hope in a few Days to cast myself from your Horse at your Feet.

I am, &c.

LETTER LV.

MADAM,

IF it was not for a treacherous Memory, the Respect which I have for you, would have oblig'd me before now to have presented you with the following Verses, which I had promis'd were devoted to your Service.

I can't say any thing in favour of the Prose, and therefore am doubtful of the Fate it may meet with; but as for the Poetic Part of the Letter, I think a Strain of Virtue, and Innocence of Thought runs throughout the whole; and as a young Lady of an uncommon and promising Genius is the supposed Author, I don't in the least question its meeting with a favourable Reception. Please to accept of them as follows:

I.

I envy not the Proud, their Wealth,
Their Equipage or State,
Give me but Innocence and Health,
I ask not to be Great.

II.

I in this ſweet Retirement find,
A Joy unknown to Kings;
For Scepters to a virtuous Mind,
Seem vain and empty Things.

III.

Great *Cincinnatus* at his Plough,
With brighter Luſtre ſhone,
Than guilty *Cæſar* e'er could do,
Tho' ſeated on a Throne.

IV.

Tumultuous Days, and reſtleſs Nights,
Ambition ever knows,
A Stranger to the calm Delights,
Of Study and Repoſe.

V.

Then free from Envy, Care, and Strife,
Permit me heavenly Powers,
To paſs a pure unblemiſh'd Life,
And crown with Peace my Hours.

If a Lady of your Genius and good Senſe, intends to encourage this Deſire for the Muſes, and ſuch like valuable Entertainments, we may naturally expect in time, that not only new Charms will ſtill be added to an agreeable Perſon, but alſo a few Hours in your Company will be eſteem'd more entertaining to Men of Senſe (who judge not of things by common Opinion, but by the Standard of Truth and Reaſon) than if they had ſpent whole Days in a Circle of Beauties,

adorn'd

adorn'd with the Addition of all the Luxuries of Dreſs, and every thing elſe that is fitted to allure and attract the Eye. The miſtaken Fair-Ones will not only then bluſh, but begin to be ſenſible of their having thrown away more Time, Care, and Pains upon adorning the Surface or exterior Part of them than they ought, when they find by the Perfections you are poſſeſs'd of (and among others, a Serenity of Mind which the Gay and the Great have ſought in vain) had they taken the the ſame Methods, they might not only have been valued for their Perſons, but likewiſe ſincerely eſteem'd for the amiable Qualities of a beauteous, innocent, and worthy Mind.

Permit me to ſubſcribe myſelf,

MADAM,

Your moſt Obedient,

April 16, 1743.

Humble Servant,

T. L.

LETTER LVI.

From Dean SWIFT *to his Friend.*

SIR,

AS you have been pleas'd very generouſly to honour me with your Friendſhip; ſo I think myſelf oblig'd to throw off all Diſguiſe, and diſcover to you my real Circumſtances: Which I ſhall here do, with all the Freedom and Openneſs imaginable.

You will be ſurpris'd at the Beginning of my Story; and be apt to think the Whole a Banter: But, you may depend upon it, 'tis certainly true; and, if need

were, I could bring the Parson of the Parish to testify the same.

You must know then, at this very time, I live in a poor, little, sorry House of Clay, that stands upon the Waste, as other Cottages do; and, what is worst of all, I am liable to be turn'd out, at a Minute's Warning.

It is a sort of Copyhold-Tenure: The Custom of the Manor is this; For the first Thirty Years of my Life, I am to pay no Rent, but only to do Suit and Service, and attend at the Court once a Week, and sometimes oftener: For Twenty Years after this, I am to pay a Rose every Year: And further than this, for the Remainder of my Life, I am to pay a Tooth (which you'll say is a whimsical kind of Acknowledgment) every two or three Years, and sometimes oftener, if it be demanded: And when I have nothing left to pay with, *OUT* must be the Word; and it will not be long before my Person be seiz'd. I might have had my Tenement, such as it is, on better Terms; if it had not been for a Fault in my Great-Grandfather and his Wife, together with the Advice of an ill Neighbour, who were concern'd in robbing of an Orchard belonging to the Lord of the Manor; so forfeited their grand Privilege, to my Sorrow I am sure: But, however, I must do as well as I can, and endeavour to keep my House in tolerable good Repair. My Kitchen, where I dress my Victuals, is a comical, little, round sort of Room, somewhat in the Figure of an Oven: It answers the Business it was design'd for; and that's enough. My Garrets, or Cock-lofts, are indeed very indifferently furnish'd; but they are Rooms which few regard now-a-days, unless it be to lay Lumber in: However, I make a shift to rub on, in my little Way; and, when Rent-day comes, I must see and discharge as well as I can. Whenever I am turn'd out, I understand my Lodge (or what else you are pleas'd to call it) descends upon a low-spirited,

spirited, creeping Family, remarkable for nothing but being instrumental for advancing the Reputation of the Great *Moor* in *Abchurch-lane*: But, be that as it will, I have one snug Apartment, which I reserve for my choicest Friends, that lies on the Left-side of my House; it is very warm; where you will always be a welcome Guest, and may depend upon a Lodge, as long as the Edifice is in the Tenure and Occupation of, *&c.*

LETTER LVII.

Maddox Street, July 21, 1744.

MADAM,

I was oblig'd with a very kind Letter from you a Month ago, which I should be asham'd to acknowledge the receiving, were I not much more ashamed to tell a Falshood, or do that which is but little better, by making a trifling Apology for the Neglect. But what need I to mention Apologies, when I know I am so happy as to be now writing to one, who has not only good Sense but Good-nature enough to put a favourable Construction upon any little Indiscretion and Inadvertency of her Friends. You have therefore only to put them in Practice upon this Occasion, according to our favourite Mr. *Pope*'s Recommendation, and then I am clearly acquitted:

Good Nature and good Sense must ever join;
To err, is human; to forgive, divine.

Now I mention Mr. *Pope*, out of the Esteem and Respect I have for his Memory. I must not omit assuring you, that what I apprehend you intimate concerning what was reported of him is entirely groundless.

less, and could proceed from nothing but Envy and Ill-nature, which one would be apt to believe, by their being both so common now-a-days, were to be rewarded with the Happiness which only flows from the Practice of their opposite Virtues.

I think it has been prettily observed, that Censure is a Tax which every great Man owes to the Public for being eminent; if so, it is no Wonder Mr. *Pope* should not escape, since his extraordinary Merit was as much superior to his Enemies Praise, as their Ill-nature was beneath his Notice, till such time as they began to attack his Morals, and then that Duty which every innocent Person owe themselves ought to induce them to be upon the defensive. ---- But the *Dunciad* Gentlemen, not content with aspersing him when living, have even cast their ill-natured Reflections on him now he is dead; than which I think nothing more plainly discovers and points out an ungenerous Mind, since disturbing the Ashes of the Dead, is equally as bad as falsly accusing the Innocent, or oppressing the Harmless and Helpless.

It would detain you too long to produce separate Instances both of Mr. *Pope*'s being praised, and aspersed; and indeed I have no Inclination for the latter, since I believe it would be as disagreeable to you, as the other would be agreeable. I have therefore only transcribed the following Verses, which are of the former kind, and the Author of whom I know.

On the Death of Mr. POPE.

Accept, great Shade, the Tribute of a Lay,
That hails thee onward to eternal Day;
At thy Approach, the sacred Roofs resound,
Repeated Euges eccho all around.
Eager about thee croud th' Angelic Band,
And seem forgetful of Divine Command.

At thy Approach, in Admiration loſt,
Heav'n's Will's ſuſpended, truant half its Hoſt.
That Bard be ours, enraptur'd Seraphs cried,
Of Vice and Folly who repell'd the Tide.
His ſhining *Ethics* muſt each Heart engage,
Whoſe Life's a fairer Tranſcript of his Page.
That Bard be ours, on whoſe mellifluous Tongue,
Pale Envy burſt, the Rival of our Song.
Receive, great Chief, this Palm, reſerv'd for thee,
Firſt Earth-born, added to our Hierarchy.
Say, did you envy his immortal Fire?
Till now imperfect was the Etherial Choir.
Bleſt Poet hail! to nobler Taſk conſign'd,
At once to glad all Heav'n, and mend Mankind.
O *St. John*, publiſh! that belongs to thee,
His latent Strains, thy Claim, Poſterity!
His mortal Part, O *Weſtminſter!* thy Truſt!
Lay near his *Gay*'s, and blend their Kindred Duſt;
So ſtrong their Union, who, it may be ſaid,
Ne'er parted living, nor were parted dead.
Ye jarring Cities, ceaſe your envious Strife,
For now 'tis bootleſs which gave *Homer* Life.
Exalt the Cliffs, O *Albion!* *Pope* was thine;
The Pride of Ages, and the Boaſt of Time.

Although it may be thought, that, in ſome of theſe Lines, the Encomiums are rather too high for Mortality, and therefore improper for the Bard, whoſe Elegy they are; yet they are an evident Proof (among many more) how greatly his Loſs is lamented, and how dear his Memory will ever be to the worthy and valuable Part of Mankind.

I think this Letter is an Inſtance, among others, that when I ſit down to write to you, I never can leave off till I arrive at the Bottom of the Sheet; and frequently not admoniſh'd when I get there, indiſcreetly write on, as I have now done, although it all

amounts

amounts to no more than that of my telling you, I wish you all the Happiness you can desire; and that I am, with much Truth,

Your most obedient, and faithful Servant.

T. L.

LETTER LVIII.

SIR,

THE following is a no less true than remarkable Instance of his late Majesty's 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 Stile 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 small Debts made "me fly for Succour to a fatal Remedy: I was "obliged, for Safety, to list for a Soldier, and not "being used to the Hardships they impose, in a short "time I 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 sixth of next Month, to suffer Death, "with another poor Wretch, as miserable as myself. "I must confess my Doom's severe; but it is too late "to repent: And I do not, nor I cannot 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 his 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 Fortune "frowns. I thank God I have learned that moral "Philosophy not to fear Death; and I believe 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 this fatal 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 Afflictions. If you have not

" forgot our paſt, though unhappy Loves, let Friend-
" ſhip plead in your tender Boſom on my Be-
" half. I believe, once I had 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 fer-
" vent Prayer for the unhappy Wretch, who, whilſt
" he remains, will be really yours,

Thurſday,
May 20, 1717.

JOHN HURST.

LETTER LIX.

Madam,

NOTHING could have more of that Melancholy which once uſed to pleaſe me, than my laſt Day's Journey; for after having paſt through my Favourite in the Foreſt, with a thouſand Reverees of paſt Pleaſures, I rid over hanging Hills, whoſe Tops were edged with Groves, and whoſe Feet were watered with winding Rivers, liſtening to the Falls of Cataracts below, and the Murmuring of the Winds above; the gloomy Verdure of *Stonor* ſucceeded to theſe; and then the Shades of the Evening overtook me. The Moon roſe in the cleareſt Sky I ever ſaw, by whoſe ſolemn Light I paced on ſlowly, without Company, or any Interruption to the Range of my Thoughts. About a Mile before I reached *Oxford*, all the Bells toll'd in different Notes, the Clocks of every College anſwered one another, and ſounded forth

forth (ſome in a deeper, ſome in a ſofter Tone) that it was eleven at Night. All this was no ill Preparation to the Life I have led ſince, among thoſe old Walls, venerable Galleries, Stone Portico's, ſtudious Walks, and ſolitary Scenes of the Univerſity. I wanted nothing but a black Gown and a Salary, to be as mere a Book-worm as any there. I conformed myſelf to the College Hours, was rolled up in Books, lay in one of the moſt ancient, duſky Parts of the Univerſity, and was as dead to the World as any Hermit of the Deſart. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little Vanity, ſuch as even thoſe good Men uſed to entertain, when the Monks of their Order extolled their Piety and Abſtraction. For I found myſelf received with a ſort of Reſpect, which this idle Part of Mankind, the Learned, pay to their own Species, who are as conſiderable here, as the Buſy, the Gay, and the Ambitious are in your World. Indeed I was treated in ſuch a Manner, that I could not but ſometimes aſk myſelf in my Mind, what College I was Founder to, or what Library I had built? Methinks I do very ill to return to the World again; to leave the only Place where I make a Figure, and from ſeeing myſelf ſeated with Dignity on the moſt conſpicuous Shelves of a Library, put myſelf into the abject Poſture of lying at a Lady's Feet in St. *James*'s Square. I will not deny, but that, like *Alexander*, in the midſt of my Glory I am wounded, and find myſelf a mere Man. To tell you from whence the Dart comes is to no Purpoſe, ſince neither of you will take the tender Care to draw it out of my Heart, and ſuck the Poiſon with your Lips. Here, at my Lord *H*----'s, I ſee a Creature nearer an Angel than a Woman (though a Woman be very near as good as an Angel;) ſhe is a Relation of his Lordſhip's, and he gravely propoſed her to me for a Wife, being tender of her Intereſts,

and knowing (what is a Shame to Providence) that she is less indebted to Fortune than I. I told him, 'twas what he could never have thought of, if it had not been his Misfortune to be blind, and what I never could think of, while I had Eyes to see both her and myself. I must not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmost in the Affair you desire. It would be an inexpressible Joy to me, if I could serve you; and I will always do all I can to give myself Pleasure. I wish as well for you as for myself; I am in love with you as much as I am with myself; for I find myself most so with either, when I least suspect it.

LETTER LX.

To the Lord Berkley.

My Lord,

I Must needs beg your Lordship's Excuse for not waiting upon you next *Sunday* at Dinner, for two Reasons: The first is, because Mrs.------- refuses to hear me preach, which I take to be a kind of a Slur upon so learned a Divine as I am; the other, that Sir *Robert C*------ is to go into the Country upon *Monday*, and has desired me to stay within to-morrow, about signing some Papers, which must be dispatched, for the clearing so much of my Estate as (in spite of my own Negligence, and the extraordinary Perquisites I have received from the Court) is yet left me. I am sure your Lordship is too much my Friend not to give me leave to look after my Temporal Affairs, if you but consider how little I am like to get by my Spirituality. Except Mrs. *B*----- be very much in the wrong,

pray

pray tell her I am resolved hereafter never to swear, but by * *Jo Ash*; and if that be a Sin, it's as odd a one as ever she heard of. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and most faithful Servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

* A Box-keeper of the Play-house.

LETTER LXI.

From Sir George Etherege, *to the Duke of* Buckingham.

My Lord,

I Received the News of your Grace's retiring into *Yorkshire*, and leading a sedate, contemplative Life there, with no less Astonishment than I should hear his Christian Majesty's turning *Benedictine* Monk, or the Pope's wearing a long Perriwig, and setting up for a flaming Beau in the seventy-fourth Year of his Age. We have a Picture here, in our Town-hall, which I never look upon but it makes me think on your Grace; and, I dare swear, you will say there is no Dishonour done you, when you hear whose it is. In short, it is that of the famous *Charles* V, who, among all the Magnificence which this foolish World affords, amidst all his *African* Laurels and *Gallic* Triumphs, freely divested himself of the Empire of *Europe*, and his hereditary Kingdoms, to pass the Remainder of his Life in Solitude and Retirement.

Is

Is it possible that your Grace (who has seen ten times more Luxury than that Emperor ever knew, possessed as much too of the true real Greatness of the World as ever he enjoyed) should, in an Age still capable of Pleasure, and under a Fortune whose very Ruins would make up a comfortable Electorate here in *Germany*; is it possible, I say, that your Grace should leave the Play at the Beginning of the fourth Act, when all the Spectators are in pain to know what will become of the Hero, and what mighty Matters He is reserved for, that set out so advantageously in the first? That a Person of your exquisite Taste, that has breath'd the Air of a Court even from your Infancy, should be content, in that part of your Life which is most difficult to be pleased, and most easy to be disgusted, to take up with the Conversation of Country Parsons (a Set of People whom, to my Knowledge, your Grace never much admired) and do Penance in the nauseous Company of Lawyers, whom I am certain you abominate?

To raise our Astonishment higher, who could ever have prophesied, though he had a double Gift of *Nostradamus*'s Spirit, that the Duke of *Buckingham*, who never vouchsafed his Embraces to any ordinary Beauty, would ever condescend to sigh and languish for the Heiress apparent of some thatch'd Cottage, in a Straw Hat, Flannel Petticoat, Stockings of as gross a Thrum as the Blue-coat Boys Caps at the Hospital, and a Smock (the Lord defend me from the wicked Idea of it!) of as coarse a Canvas as ever served an Apprentice to a Mackerel-boat? Who could believe, till Matter of Fact had confirmed the Belief of it, (and your Grace knows that Matter of Fact is not to be disputed) that the most polished, refined Epicure of his Age, that had regaled himself in the most exquisite Wines of *Italy*, *Greece* and *Spain*, would, in the last Scenes of his Life, debauch his Constitution in execrable *Yorkshire* Ale? And that he who, all his Life-

Life-time, had either seen Princes his Play-fellows or Companions, would submit to the nonsensical Chat and barbarous Language of Farmers and Higlers.

This, I confess, so much shocks me, that I cannot tell what to make on't; and unless the News came to me confirmed from so many authentic Hands, that I have no room to suspect the Veracity of it, I should still look upon it to be apocryphal. Is your Grace then in earnest, and really pleased with so prodigious an Alteration of Persons and Things? For my part, I believe it; for I am certain that your Grace can act any Person better than that of a Hypocrite.

But I humbly ask your Grace's Pardon for this Familiarity I have taken with you; give me leave therefore, if you please, to tell you something of myself. I presume that an Account of what passes in this busy part of the World will not come unacceptable to you, since all my Correspondents from *England* assure me, that your Grace does me the Honour to enquire often after me, and has expressed some sort of a Desire to know how my new Character sits upon me.

Ten Years ago, I as little thought that my Stars designed to make a Politician of me, and that it would come to my Share to debate in public Assemblies, as the Grand Signior dream'd of losing *Hungary*; but my royal Master, having the Charity to believe me Master of some Qualities, of which I never suspected myself, I find that the Zeal and Alacrity I discover in myself to support a Dignity which he has thought fit to confer upon me, has supplied all other Defects, and given me a Talent for which, till now, I justly fancied myself uncapable.

I live in one of the finest and best-manner'd Cities in *Germany*, where, 'tis true, we have not Pleasure in that Perfection as we see it in *London* and *Paris*; yet, to make us amends, we enjoy a noble serene Air, that makes us hungry as Hawks. And though Business,

and

and even the worst sort of Business, wicked Politics, is the distinguishing Commodity of the Place; yet I will say that for the *Germans*, that they manage it the best of any People in the World; they cut off and retrench all those idle Preliminaries and useless Ceremonies that clog the Wheels of it every where else; and I find that, to this Day, they make good the Observation that *Tacitus* made of their Ancestors, I mean, That their Affairs (let them be never so serious and pressing) never put a Stop to good eating and drinking, and that they debate their weightiest Negociations over their Cups.

'Tis true, they carry this Humour by much too far for one of my Complexion, for which Reason I decline appearing among them, but when my Master's Concerns make it necessary for me to come to their Assemblies. They are indeed a free-hearted, open sort of Gentlemen that compose the Diet, without Reserve, Affectation, and Artifice; but they are such unmerciful Pliers of the Bottle, so wholly given up to what our Sots call *good Fellowship*, that 'tis as great a Constraint upon my Nature to sit out a Night's Entertainment with them, as it would be to hear half a Score long-winded *Presbyterian* Divines cant successively one after another.

To unbosom myself frankly and freely to your Grace, I always look'd upon Drunkenness to be an unpardonable Crime in a young Fellow, who, without any of the foreign Helps, has Fire enough in his Veins to do Justice to *Cælia* whenever she demands a Tribute from him. In a middle-age Man, I consider the Bottle as only subservient to the nobler Pleasure of Love; and he that would suffer himself to be so far infatuated by it, as to neglect the Pursuit of a more agreeable Game, I think, deserves no Quarter from the Ladies. In old Age indeed, when 'tis convenient to forget and steal from ourselves, I am of opinion

that

that a little Drunkenness, discreetly used, may as well contribute to our Health of Body as Tranquility of Soul.

Thus I have given your Grace a short System of my Morals, and Belief in these Affairs; but the Gentlemen of this Country go upon a quite different Scheme of Pleasure; the best Furniture of their Parlours (instead of innocent China) are tall, overgrown Rummers; and they take more Care to enlarge their Cellars than their patrimonial Estates: In short, Drinking is the hereditary Sin of this Country; and that Hero of a Deputy here, that can demolish, at one Sitting, the rest of his Brother Envoys, is mentioned with as much Applause as the Duke of *Lorrain* for his noble Exploits against the *Turks*, and may claim a Statue, erected at the public Expence, in any Town in *Germany*.

Judge then, my Lord, whether a Person of my sober Principles, and one that only uses Wine (as the wiser sort of *Roman Catholics* do Images) to raise up my Imagination to something more exalted, and not to terminate my Worship upon it, must not be reduced to very mortifying Circumstances in this Place, where I cannot pretend to enjoy Conversation, without practising that Vice that directly ruins me.

As I have just Reason to complain of the Men, for laying so unreasonable a Tax upon Pleasure; so I have no less Reason to complain of the Women, for wholly denying it.

Could a Man find out the Secret to take a Lease for his Life, as *Methuselah*, and the rest of the *Antedeluvian* Gentlemen, who were three hundred Years growing up to the Perfection of Vigour, enjoyed it the same Number, and were as long a decaying, something might be said for the two crying Sins of both Sexes here; I mean Drunkenness in the Men, and Reservedness in the Ladies.

What would it signify, to throw away a Week's, nay a Month's Enjoyment upon one Night's Debauch, if a Man could promise himself the Age of a Patriarch?

Or where would be the mighty Penance, in dancing a dozen Years Attendance after a coy Female, watching her most favourable Moments, and most accessible Intervals, at last to enjoy her, if Infirmities and old Age were to come so late upon us?

But since Fate has given us so short a Period to taste Pleasure with Satisfaction, three or four Days Sickness is too great a Rent Charge upon human Nature, and Drunkenness cannot pretend, out of its own Fund, to acquit the Debt.

And, my Lord, since our Gaiety and Vigour leave us so soon in the lurch; since Feeblenes attacks us without giving fair Warning, and we no sooner pass the Meridian of Life, but begin to decline, it is hardly worth a Lover's while to stay as long for compassing a Mistress as *Jacob* did for obtaining a Wife; and without this tedious Drudgery and Application, I can assure your Grace that an Amour is not to be managed here.

But, my Lord, I forget that, while I take upon me to play the Moralist, and to enlarge so rhetorically upon the Preciousness of Time, I have already made bold with too much of your Grace's, for which Reason I here put a stop to my Discourse; and will endeavour, the next Pacquet that goes from this Place, to entertain you with something more agreeable.

I am, my Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient Servant,

G. ETHEREGE.

LETTER

LETTER LXII.

From Sir George Etherege *to his Grace the Duke of* Buckingham.

My Lord,

I Never enjoy myſelf ſo much as when I can ſteal a few Moments from the Hurry of public Buſineſs to write to my Friends in *England*: and as there is none to whom I pay a profounder Reſpect than to your Grace, wonder not if I afford myſelf the Satiſfaction of converſing with you by the way of Letter, the only Relief I have left me to ſupport your Abſence at this Diſtance, as often as I can find an Opportunity. You may gueſs, by my laſt, whether I do not paſs my time very comfortably here; forced as I am, by my Character, to ſpend the better Part of my Time in ſquabling and deliberating with Perſons of Beard and Gravity, how to preſerve the Balance of *Chriſtendom*, which would go well enough of itſelf, if the Divines, and Miniſters of Princes, would let it alone: And when I come home, ſpent and weary from the Diet, I have no Lord *D---t*'s, or Sir *Charles S----y*'s, to ſport away the Evening with; no Madam *I-----*, or my Lady *A-----s*; in ſhort, none of thoſe kind, charming Creatures *London* affords, in whoſe Embraces I might make myſelf amends for ſo many Hours murdered in impertinent Debates; ſo that, not to magnify my Sufferings to your Grace, they really want a greater Stock of Chriſtian Patience to ſupport them than I can pretend to be Maſter of.

I have been long enough in this Town, one would think, to have made Acquaintance enough with Perſons of both Sexes, ſo as never to be at a Loſs how to paſs the few vacant Hours I can allow myſelf; but the terrible Drinking that accompanies all Viſits, hinders me from converſing with the Men ſo often as

I would otherwise do; and the *German* Ladies are so intolerably reserved and virtuous (with Tears in my Eyes I speak it to your Grace) that it is next to an Impossibility to carry on an Intrigue with them. A Man has so many Scruples to conquer, and so many Difficulties to surmount, before he can promise himself the least Success, that, for my Part, I have given over all Pursuits of this Nature. Besides, there is so universal a Spirit of Censoriousness reigns in Town, that a Man and Woman cannot be seen at Ombre or Picquet together, but 'tis immediately concluded some other Game has been plaid between them. And as this renders all manner of Access to the Ladies almost impracticable, for fear of exposing their Reputation to the Mercy of their ill-natured Neighbours; so it makes an innocent Piece of Gallantry often pass for a criminal Correspondence.

So that, to deal freely with your Grace, among so many noble and wealthy Families as we have in this Town, I can only pretend to be truly acquainted but with one; the Gentleman's Name was Monsieur *Hoffman*, a frank, hearty, jolly Companion. His Father, one of the most eminent Wine Merchants of the City, left him a considerable Fortune, which he improved by marrying a *French* Jeweller's Daughter of *Lions*. To give you his Character in short, he was a sensible, ingenious Man, and had none of his Country's Vices, which I impute to his having travelled abroad, and seen *Italy*, *France*, and *England*. His Lady is a most accomplished, ingenious Person; and notwithstanding she is come into a Place where so much Formality and Stiffness is practised, keeps up all the Vivacity, Air, and Good-humour of *France*.

I had been happy in my Acquaintance with this Family some Months, when an ill-favoured Action robbed me of the greatest Happiness I had hitherto enjoyed in *Germany*, the Loss of which I can never

sufficiently

sufficiently regret. Monsieur *Hoffman*, about three Weeks ago, going to make merry with some Friends, at a Village some three Leagues from this Place, upon the *Danube*, by the Unskilfulness or Negligence of the Watermen, the Boat wherein he was, unfortunately chanc'd to overset, and of some twenty Persons, not one escap'd to bring home the News, but a Boy that miraculously saved himself by holding fast to the Rudder, and so by the Rapidity of the Current was cast upon the other Shore.

I was sensibly afflicted at the Destiny of my worthy Friend, and so indeed were all that had the Honour of knowing him; but his Wife took on so extravagantly, that she, in a short time, was the only Talk of City and Country: She refused to admit any Visits from her nearest Relations; her Chamber, her Antichamber and Pro-Antichamber were hung with black; nay, the very Candles, her Fans, and Tea Table wore the Livery of Grief; she refus'd all manner of Sustenance, and was so averse to the Thoughts of living, that she talk'd of nothing but Death; in short, you may tell your ingenious Friend *Monsieur de St. Evremont*, that *Petronius*'s *Ephesian* Matron, to whose Story he has done so much Justice in his noble Translation, was only a Type of our more obstinate, as well as unhappy *German* Widow.

About a Fortnight after this cruel Loss (for I thought it would be Labour lost to attack her Grief in its first Vehemence) I thought myself oblig'd in point of Honour and Gratitude, to the Memory of my deceas'd Friend, to make her a small Visit, and condole her Ladyship upon this unhappy Occasion; and tho' I had been told that she refused to see several Persons who had gone to wait on her with the same Errand, yet I presumed so much upon the Friendship her late Husband had always express'd for me (not to mention the particular Civilities I had received

ceived from her) as to think I should be admitted to have a sight of her. Accordingly, I came to her House, sent up my Name, and Word was immediately brought me, that if I pleased I might go up to her.

When I came into the Room, I fancy'd myself in the Territories of Death, every thing look'd so gloomy, so dismal, and so melancholy. There was a grave *Lutheran* Minister with her, that omitted no Arguments to bring her to a more compos'd and more Christian Disposition of Mind. Madam, says he, you don't consider that by abandoning yourself thus to Despair, you actually rebel against Providence. I can't help it, says she; Providence may even thank itself for laying so insupportable a Load upon me. O fie, Madam, cries the other, this is downright Impiety: What would you say now, if Heaven should punish it by some more exemplary Visitation? That is impossible, replies the Lady, sighing; and since it has robb'd me of the only Delight I had in this World, the only Favour it can do, is to level a Thunderbolt at my Head, and put an End to all my Sufferings. The Parson finding her in this extravagant Strain, and seeing no likelihood of persuading her to come to a better Temper, got up from his Seat, and took his Leave of her.

It came to my turn now, to try whether I was not capable of comforting her; and being convinc'd by so late an Instance, that Arguments brought from Religion were not like to work any extraordinary Effects upon her, I resolv'd to attack her Ladyship in a more sensible Part, and represent to her the great Inconveniencies (not which her Soul) but her Body receiv'd from this inordinate Sorrow.

Madam, says I to her, next to my Concern for your worthy Husband's untimely Death, I am griev'd to see what an Alteration the bemoaning his Loss has occa-

occasion'd in you! These Words raising her Curiosity to know what this Alteration was, I thus continued my Discourse: In endeavouring Madam, to extinguish, or at least to alleviate, your Grief, than which, nothing can be more prejudicial to a beautiful Woman, I intend a public Benefit, for if the Public is interested, as most certainly it is, in the preserving a beautiful Face, that Man does the Public no little Service, who contributes most to its Preservation.

This odd Beginning operated so wonderfully upon her, that she desired me to leave this general Road of Compliments, and explain myself more particularly to her. Upon this, (delivering myself with an unusual Air of Gravity, which your Grace knows, I seldom carry about me in the Company of Ladies) I told her, that Grief ruins the finest Faces sooner than any thing whatever; and that as Envy itself, could not deny her Face to be the most charming in the Universe, so if she did not suffer herself to be comforted, she must soon expect to take her Farewell of it. I confirmed this Assertion, by telling her of one of the finest Women we ever had in *England*, who did herself more Injury in a Fortnight's time, by lamenting her only Brother's Death, than ten Years could possibly have done. That I had heard an eminent Physician at *Leyden* say, That Tears (having abundance of saline Particles in them) not only spoiled the Complection, but hastened Wrinkles. But, Madam, concluded I, why should I give myself the Trouble to confirm this by foreign Instances, and by the Testimonies of our most knowing Doctors; when, alas! your own Face so fully justifies the Truth of what I have said to you.

How! reply'd our disconsolate Widow, with a Sigh that came from the Bottom of her Heart: And is it possible that my just Concern for my dear Husband

band has wrought so cruel an Effect upon me in so short a Time. With that she ordered her Gentlewoman to bring the Looking-glass to her, and having surveyed herself a few Minutes in it, she told me, she was perfectly convinced that my Notions were true; but, cries she, what would you have us poor Women to do in these Cases? For something, continued she, we owe to the Memory of the Deceased, and something to the World; which expects, at least, the common Appearance of Grief from us.

By your leave Madam, says I, all this is a Mistake, and no better; you owe nothing to your Husband, since he is dead, and knows nothing of your Lamentation. Besides, could you shed an Ocean of Tears upon his Hearse, it would not do him the least Service; much less do you lie under any such Obligations to the World, as to spoil a good Face, only to comply with its tyrannic Customs: No Madam, take Care to preserve your Beauty, and then, let the World say what it pleases; your Ladyship may be revenged of the World when ever you see fit. I am resolved, answers she, to be intirely governed by you, therefore, tell me frankly, what sort of Course you'd have me steer; why Madam, says I, in the first Place, forget the Defunct, and in Order to bring that about, relieve Nature, to which you have been so long unmerciful, with the most exquisite Meats, and the most generous Wines.

Upon Condition you will sup with me, cries our afflicted Lady, I will submit to your Prescription. But why should I trouble your Grace with a Narration of every Particular; in short, we had a noble Regale that Evening in her Bed-Chamber: And our good Widow push'd the Glass so strenuously about, that her Comforter (meaning myself) could hardly find the Way to his Coach. To conclude this Farce (which I am afraid begins now to be too tedious to your Grace) this Phenix of her Sex, this

Pattern

Pattern of Conjugal Fidelity, two Mornings ago, was married to a smooth-chin'd Enlign of Count *Trantmandorf*'s Regiment, that has not a Farthing in the World but his Pay to depend on: I assisted at the Ceremony, though I little imagined the Lady would take the Matrimonial Receipt so soon.

I was the easier persuaded to give your Grace a large Account of this Tragi-Comedy, not only because I wanted better Matter to entertain you withal at this lazy Conjuncture, but also, to shew your Grace, that not only *Ephesus* in ancient, and *England* in later Times, have afforded such fantastical Widows; but even *Germany* itself; where if the Ladies have not more Virtue than those of their Sex in other Countries, yet they pretend, at least, a greater Management of the Outside of it.

By my last Pacquet from *England*, among a heap of nauseous Trash, I received the *Three Dukes of Dunstable*; which is really so monstrous, and insipid, that I am sorry *Lapland* or *Livonia*, had not the Honour of producing it; but if I did penance in reading it, I rejoiced to hear that it was so solemnly interred to the Tune of Catcalls; *The Squire of Alsatia*, however, which came by the following Post, made me some Amends for the cursed Impertinence of the *Three Dukes*. And my witty Friend, Sir *C---- S---y*'s *Bellamira* gave me that entire Satisfaction, that I cannot read it over too often.

They tell me, my old Acquaintance Mr. *Dryden*, has left off the Theatre, and wholly applies himself to the Study of the Controversies between the two Churches; pray *Heaven*, this strange Alteration in him, portends nothing disastrous to the State; but I have all along observed, that Poets do Religion as little Service by drawing their Pens for it, as the Divines do Poetry by pretending to Verification.

But I forget how troublesome I have been to your Grace; I shall therefore conclude with assuring you, that I am, and to the last Moment of my Life shall be, ambitious of being

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

and most obliged Servant,

GEORGE ETHEREGE.

LETTER LXIII.

To the Countess of Hertford.

The Celebrated Mrs. Singer, *who married Mr.* Rowe, *left these Letters behind at her Death, to be delivered as directed.*

Madam,

THIS is the last Letter you will ever receive from me; the last Assurance I shall give you on Earth of a sincere and stedfast Friendship; but when we meet again, I hope it will be in the Height of immortal Love and Extasy. Mine perhaps may be the first glad Spirit to congratulate your safe Arrival on the happy Shores. Heaven can Witness how sincere my Concern for your Happiness is; thither I have sent my ardent Wishes, that you may be secured from the flattering Delusions of this World, and after your pious Example has been long a Blessing to Mankind, you may calmly resign your Breath, and enter the Confines of unmolested Joy.

I am

I am now taking my farewell of you here, but 'tis a ſhort Adieu; for I die with full Perſuaſion that we ſhall ſoon meet again. But O! In what Elevation of Happineſs! In what Enlargement of Mind, and Perfection of every Faculty! What tranſporting Reflections ſhall we make of the Advantages of which we ſhall find ourſelves eternally poſſeſſed! To him that liv'd and waſh'd us in his Blood, we ſhall aſcribe immortal Glory, Dominion and Praiſe for ever.

This is all my Salvation, and all my Hope: That Name in whom the Gentiles truſt, in whom all the Family on Earth is bleſſed, is now my glorious, my unfailing Confidence: In his Merits alone I expect to ſtand juſtified before infinite Purity and Juſtice. How poor were my Hopes, if I depended on thoſe Works which my own Vanity or the Partiality of Men call good, and which examined by divine Purity, would prove perhaps but ſpecious Sins! The beſt Actions of my Life would be found defective if brought to the Teſt of that unblemiſhed Holineſs, in whoſe Sight the Heavens are not clean. Where were my Hopes but for a Redeemer's Merits and Atonement? How deſperate, how undone my Condition! With the utmoſt Advantages I can boaſt, I ſhould ſtart back and tremble at the Thoughts of appearing before the unblemiſhed Majeſty----O Jeſus, what Harmony dwells in thy Name! O celeſtial Joy and immortal Life is in the ſound! Let Angels ſet thee to their golden Harps! Let the ranſomed Nations for ever magnify thee!

What a Dream is mortal Life! What Shadows are the Objects of Senſe! All the Glories of Mortality my much lov'd Friend, will be nothing in your View at the awful Hour of Death, when you muſt be ſeparated from the whole Creation and enter on the Borders of the immaterial World.

Something perſuades me this will be my laſt farewel in this World: Heaven forbid that it ſhould be

an everlasting parting! May that divine Protection, whose Care I implore, keep you stedfast in the Faith of Christianity, and guide your Steps in the strictest Paths of Virtue.

Adieu, my most dear Friend, till we meet in the Paradise of God.

ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER LXIV.

To the Earl of Orrery.

My Lord,

THERE seems to be something prefaging in the Message you ordered me to deliver to your charming *Hamilla*, when I meet her charming Spirit in the blissful Regions, which I believe will be very soon. I am now setting the last Part of Life, and composing myself to meet the universal Terror, with a Fortitude becoming the Principles of Christianity: 'Tis only through the great Redeemer's Merits and Atonement, that I hope to pass undaunted through the mortal Darkness.

Before him, Death the grisly Tyrant flies,
He wipes the Tears for ever from our Eyes.

All human Greatness makes no Figure to my present Apprehension, every Distinction vanishes, but those of Virtue and real Merit. 'Tis this which gives a peculiar Regard for such a Character as yours; and gives me Hopes your Example will not fall short of those of your illustrious Ancestors. The Approaches

of

of Death set the World in a true Light; its brightest Advantages appear no more than a Dream in that solemn Period. The immortal Mind perhaps will quit a Cottage with less Regret than it would leave the Splendor of a Palace, and the breathless Dust, sleep as quietly beneath the grassy Turf, as under the Parade of a costly Monument: These are insignificant Circumstances to a Spirit doom'd to an endless Duration of Misery or Bliss. 'Tis this important Concern, my Lord, that has induced me to spend my Time in a peaceful Retirement, rather than to waste it in a Train of thoughtless Amusements. My Thoughts are grown familiar with the Solemnity of dying, and Death seems to advance, not as an inflexible Tyrant, but as the peaceful Messenger of Liberty and Happiness. May I make my Exit in that elate Manner those charming Lines of Mr. *Pope* describes.

The World recedes, it disappears,
Heav'n opens in my Eyes; my Ears,
With Sounds Seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your Wings, I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! Where is thy Sting?

The nearer I approach to Immortality, the more extensive and enlarged I find the Principles of Amity and good Will in my Soul; from hence arise the most sincere Wishes for your Happiness, and of the charming Pledges your lovely *Henrietta* left. Oh! my Lord, if you would discharge your sacred Trust, keep them under your own Inspection.

This will not reach you my Lord, till I am past the Ceremony of subscribing

Your humble Servant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER

LETTER LXV.

To. Mr. JAMES THEOBALD *.

SIR,

THE Converſe I have had with you has been very ſhort, but the Friendſhip begun by it, will be tranſmitted to the Regions of perfect Amity and Bliſs. It would not be worth the while to cheriſh the Impreſſions of a virtuous Friendſhip, if the generous Engagement was to be diſſolved with mortal Life: Such a Thought would give the Grave a deeper Gloom, and add new Horrors to the fatal Darkneſs.

But I confeſs I have brighter Expectations, and am fully perſuaded thoſe noble Attachments that are founded on real Merit, are of an immortal Date. That Benignity, that divine Charity, which juſt warm the Soul in theſe cold Regions, will ſhine with new Luſtre, and burn with an immortal Ardor in the happy Seats of Peace and Love.

My preſent Experience confirms me in this Truth; the Powers of Nature are drooping, the vital ſpark grows languid and faint, while my Affection for my ſurviving Friends was never more warm, my Concern for their Happineſs was never more ardent and ſincere.

This makes me employ ſome of the laſt Part of my Time in writing to three or four Perſons, whoſe Merit requires my Eſteem, in Hopes this ſolemn Farewell will leave a ſerious Impreſſion on their Minds.

I am going to act the laſt and moſt important Part of Human Life; in a little time I ſhall land on the immortal Coaſts, where all is new, amazing and unknown: But however gloomy the Paſſage appears,

* He is at preſent one of the Directors of the Bank, Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries.

Sweet

Sweet Fields, beyond the ſwelling Flood.
Stand dreſs'd in living green,
So to the Jews *old* Canaan *ſtood,*
While Jordan *roll'd between.* Dr. WATTS.

Nature cannot but ſhiver on the fatal Brinks, unwilling to try the grand Experiment, whilſt the Hopes of Chriſtianity can alone ſupport the Soul in this ſolemn Criſis. In this Exigence the eternal Spirit whiſpers Peace and Pardon to the dying Saint thro' the *Atonement*, and brightens the Shadow of Death with ſome Glimmerings of immortal Light.

Tell Mrs. *Theobald* I hope to meet her in the ſhining Realms of Love and unmingled Bliſs.

Where crown'd with Joy, and ever blooming Youth,
The jocund Hours dance on their endleſs Round.

ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER LXVI.

To Mrs. SARAH ROWE.

My Dear Mother.

I Am now taking my final Adieu of this World, in certain Hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to the Grave my Affection and Gratitude to your Family, and leave you with the ſincereſt Concern for your own Happineſs and Welfare of your Family. May my Prayers be anſwered, when I am ſleeping in the Duſt. O! may the Angels of God conduct you in the Paths of immortal Glory and Pleaſure! I would collect the Powers of my Soul, and aſk Bleſ-

ſings

ſings for you with all the holy Violence of Prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious Anceſtors, who has been your Dwelling Place for many Generations, bleſs you!

'Tis but a ſhort Space I have to meaſure. The Shadows are lengthening, and my Sun declining. That Goodneſs which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the laſt concluding Act of Life. That Name which I have made my Glory and my Boaſt, ſhall then be my Strength and my Salvation.

To meet Death with a becoming Fortitude, is a Part above the Powers of Nature, and which I can perform by no Power or Holineſs of my own; for O! in my beſt Eſtate I am altogether Vanity, a wretched helpleſs Sinner! but in the Merits and perfect Righteouſneſs of God my Saviour, I hope to appear juſtified at the ſupreme Tribunal, where I muſt ſhortly ſtand to be judg'd.

ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER LXVII.

From Mr. Pinkethman *the Comedian, when he was a Priſoner in the* King's Bench, *and juſt recovering from a Fit of Sickneſs--------to his Grace the Duke of* Argyle.

My Lord,

SInce I had the Honour to play the Fool before your Grace here, it has been my Misfortune to act a very melancholy Part, for which your Grace knows very well that Nature has not adapted me, and for which I can aſſure your Grace that I have not the leaſt Inclination. But the Part that I have been forc'd to act, to the Life, and almoſt to the Death, has had ſo much

Tragedy,

Tragedy in it, that the Spectators thought more than once, that I would have gone quite off the Stage in an ill Humour.

I have (may it pleaſe your Grace) paſs'd the Beginning of this Winter in *Southwark*, as my old Patron, and your Grace's old Friend, *Phœbus*, has paſs'd it in *Greenland*. I have never riſen till twelve, and after I have been up a little more than an Hour, have been forc'd to go to Bed again; have like him, look'd very pale and wan, all the time I have been up, and have been for moſt Part of that time, as I may ſay, under a Cloud; and it has been conſtantly expected when, like my old Patron, I ſhould have gone under the Horizon for a long time before I roſe again.

But while I was thus between Life and Death, and in ſore Tribulation, my old Patron came to me by Night, at the time when he diſappear'd to all other Mortals, and giving me a ſwinging lug by the Ear, that has made one Side of my Head ſore ever ſince; *Pinky*, quoth he, be of good cheer, I have found a way to free thee from all thy Troubles; I have put an old and valued Friend in mind of thee, who has promiſed to talk with Colonel *Churchill* about Ways and Means to releaſe thee. What Friend, ſaid I, may it pleaſe your Godſhip? With that he directly nam'd your Grace to me; he did, my Lord, as I hope once more to be a merry Fool, inſtead of a ſour melancholy Sage, as I at this Inſtant am. My old and valued Friend, quoth he, has a Kindneſs for all my Domeſtics, who do their Buſineſs ſo as to pleaſe him and me. His Star and mine ſhall ſhine in benign Conjunction on thee. I will heal thee. His Grace and the Colonel will order a Contribution for thee, and thou ſhalt ſhortly act a ridiculous Squire in *Drury Lane*, inſtead of a ſullen dying Sophiſter in the *Borough*.

But, quoth I, to my old Patron, May I put his Grace in mind of this, and will he not take it ill? Thou may'ſt put him in mind, anſwered he, and I

will pawn my Divinity on it, that he will not take it ill.

Thus, my Lord, depending on his Divinity, and your Grace's Humanity, I have presum'd to send you this; and if your Grace takes it otherwise than it was meant, which was to bespeak your Favour, and to entertain you, I will never for the future believe in *Phœbus*, and will have no more Dependence on him, than has a small Poet, who tires successively four Pair of Horses to engage Persons of Quality to come to his third Night. I am,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most humble,

and most dutiful Servant,

W. PENKETHMAN.

POSTSCRIPT.

My Lord,

Since I had the Honour to write what is above to your Grace, *Phœbus* has appear'd to me again, and by another lug made the other Side of my Head sore: *Pinky*, quoth he, thou knoweſt that we great Wits, have often bad Memories: I quite forgot to order thee to remind his Grace of the Method which he was resolv'd to use in working thy Deliverance. His Grace is resolved, in a numerous Assembly, to put down a Guinea in a green Purse, and throwing it down upon the Table, to cry, That is for *Pinky*'s Deliverance. That Action, and those Words, will have Magic in them; for straight upon the pronouncing them, every Man's Guinea will of its own accord fly from his Pocket to the Table, and will run rowling to-

towards

wards the green Purse till it has found and saluted your Grace's; under which when they are united in a firm Confederacy, they will march in a Body to the *King's Bench* to deliver *Pinky* from Bondage. Thus will Guineas answer the End of their Creation, which was to promote Liberty, as *Lous d'Ors* were coin'd on purpose to work Bondage. The Scoundrel who arrested thee had two *Lous d'Ors* for his Labour. The Mischief that *Lewis*'s Image did thee, King *William*'s shall undo. This be assur'd of, and I command thee to send this with my Respects, by way of Postscript, to his Grace.

Borough of Southwark, Nov. 16, 1714.

LETTER LXVIII.

Among other Noblemen that were slain at Solebay *Fight with the* Dutch, *was* James Lee, *Earl of* Marlborough, *who wrote the following Letter a little before his Death, to the Right Honourable Sir* Hugh Pollard, *Comptroller of his Majesty's Houshold.*

SIR,

I Believe the Goodness of your Nature, and the Friendship you have always bore me, will receive with Kindness the last Office of your Friend. I am in health enough of Body, and (thro' the Mercy of God in Jesus Christ) well dispos'd in Mind. This I premise, that you may be satisfy'd that what I write proceeds not from any fantastic Terror of Mind, but from a sober Resolution of what concerns myself, and earnest Desire to do you more Good after my Death, than mine Example (God of his Mercy pardon the badness of it) in my Lifetime may do you harm. I

will not ſpeak aught of the Vanity of this World, your own Age and Experience will ſpare the Labour. But there is a certain thing goeth up and down this World call'd *Religion*, dreſs'd and pretended fantaſtically, and to Purpoſes bad enough, which yet by ſuch evil Dealing loſeth not its being. The Great God hath not left it without a Witneſs, more or leſs, ſooner or later in every Man's Boſom, to direct us in the Purſuit of it, and for the avoiding of thoſe inextricable Diſquiſitions and Entanglements our own frail Reaſon would perplex us withal. God in his infinite Wiſdom hath given us his Holy Word, in which, as there are many things hard to be underſtood, ſo there is enough plain and eaſy to quiet our Minds, and direct us concerning our future being. I confeſs to God and you, I have been a great Neglecter, and I fear a Deſpiſer of it (God of his infinite Mercy pardon me the dreadful Fault.) But when I retired myſelf from the Noiſe and deceitful Vanity of the World, I found no true Comfort in any other Reſolution, than what I had from thence. I commend from the Bottom of my Heart, the ſame to your (I hope) happy Uſe. Dear Sir *Hugh*, let us be more generous than to believe we die as Beaſts that periſh, but with a Chriſtian, manly, brave, Reſolution look to what is eternal. I will not trouble you farther: the only great God and holy God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, direct you to an happy End of your Life, and ſend us a joyful Reſurrection. So prays

Your true Friend,

MARLBOROUGH.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

Lord Churchill's *(afterwards Duke of* Marlborough*) Letter to King* James II. *at the Revolution.*

SIR,

SInce Men are seldom suspected of Sincerity, when they act contrary to their Interests; and tho' my dutiful Behaviour to your Majesty in the worst of Times (for which I acknowledge my poor Services much overpaid) may not be sufficient to incline you to a charitable Interpretation of my Actions; yet I hope the great Advantage I enjoy under your Majesty, which I can never expect in any other Change of Government, may reasonably convince your Majesty, and the World, that I am acted by an higher Principle, when I acted that Violence to my *Inclinations* and *Interest* as to desert your Majesty, at a time when your Affairs seem to challenge the strictest *Obedience* from all your Subjects, much more from me, who lies under the greatest Obligations imaginable to your Majesty. This, Sir, could proceed from nothing but the inv ble Dictates of my Conscience, and a necessary Concern for my Religion (which no good Man can oppose) and with which, I am instructed, nothing ought to come in Competition. Heaven knows with what Partiality my dutiful Opinion of your Majesty, has hitherto represented those unhappy Designs, which inconsiderate and self-interested Men have framed against your Majesty's true Interest, and the *Protestant Religion.* But as I can no longer join with such, to give a Pretence by Conquest to bring them to Effect, so I will always with the Hazard of my

Life

Life and Fortune (so much your Majesty's Due) endeavour to preserve your *Royal Person* and *lawful Rights*, with all the tender Concern, and dutiful Respect that becomes, *&c.*

LETTER LXX.

The Prince of Denmark's *Letter to King* James II. *on the same Occasion.*

SIR,

WITH a Heart full of Grief, I am forced to write what Prudence would not permit me to say to your Face, and may I e're find Credit with your Majesty,' and Protection from Heaven, as what I now do, is free from Passion, Vanity, or Design, with which, Actions of this Nature are too often accompanied. I am not ignorant of the frequent Mischiefs wrought in the World by factious Pretences of Religion, but were not Religion the most justifiable Cause, it would not be made the most superior Pretence. And your Majesty has always shewn too interested a Sense of *Religion*, to doubt the just Effects of it in one, whose Practices have, I hope, never given the World Cause to censure his real Conviction of it, or his Backwardness to perform what his Honour and Conscience prompt him to. How then can I longer disguise my just Concern, for that *Religion* in which I have been so happily educated; which my Judgment truly convinceth me to be the best, and for the Support of which, I am so highly interested in my native Country: And is not *England* now, by the most endearing Tie, become so?

Whilst the restless Spirits against the *reformed Religion*, back'd by the cruel Zeal of the prevailing Power of *France*

France, justly alarm and unite all the *Protestant* Princes of *Christendom*, and engage them in so vast an Expence for the Support of it, can I act so ungenerous and mean a Part as to deny my Concurrence to such worthy Endeavours for the disabusing of your Majesty, by the Reinforcement of those Laws, and Re-establishment of that Government, on which alone depend the Well-being of your Majesty, and of the Protestant Religion in *Europe*?

This, Sir, is that irresistible and only Cause that could come in Competition with my Duty and Obligation to your Majesty, and be able to tear me from you, whilst the same affectionate Desire to serve you continues in me. Could I secure your Person by the Hazard of my Life, I should think it could not be better employed. And would to God these your distracted Kingdoms might receive the satisfactory Compliance from your Majesty, in all their justifiable Pretensions, as might, upon the only sure Foundation (that of the Love and Interest of your Subjects) establish your Government, and as strongly unite the Hearts of all your Subjects to you, as is that of, *&c.*

LETTER LXXI.

The Princess of Denmark's *(afterwards Queen* Anne) *Letter to King* James's *Queen, on the same Occasion.*

MADAM,

I Beg your Pardon, if I am so deeply afflicted with the surprizing News of the Prince's being gone, as not to be able to see you, but to leave this Paper to express my humble Duty to the King and yourself, and

and to let you know, that I am gone to absent myself, to avoid the King's Displeasure, which I am not able to bear, either against the Prince or myself; and I shall stay at so great a Distance, as not to return before I hear the happy News of a Reconcilement. And as I am confident the Prince did not leave the King with any other Design than to use all possible Means for his Preservation; so I hope you will do me the Justice to believe, that I am not capable of following him for any other End.

Never was any one in such an unhappy Condition, so divided between Duty and Affection to a Father and a Husband; therefore I know not what to do, but to follow one to preserve the other. I see the general falling off of the Nobility and Gentry, who avow to have no other End, than to prevail with the King to secure their Religion, which they saw so much in Danger, by the violent Counsels of the Priests, who, to promote their own Religion, did not care to what Danger they exposed the King. I am fully persuaded that the Prince of *Orange* designs the King's Safety and Preservation, and hope all things may be composed without more Bloodshed, by calling of a Parliament. God grant an happy End to these Troubles, that the King's Reign may be prosperous, and that I may shortly meet you in perfect Peace and Safety; till when, let me beg you to continue the same favourable Opinion that you hitherto have had of

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LXXII.

To the D----- of Sh-----, *giving a full Description of* Buckingham-houſe; *written by his Grace* John Sheffield, *Duke of* Buckinghamſhire.

YOU accuſe me of Singularity, in reſigning the Privy-Seal, with a good Penſion added to it, and yet afterwards, of ſtaying in Town, at a Seaſon when every body elſe leaves it, which you ſay is at once both deſpiſing Court and Country; you deſire me, therefore, to defend myſelf, if I can, by deſcribing very particularly in what Manner I ſpend ſo many Hours, that appear ſo long to you who know nothing of the Matter, and yet methinks are but too ſhort for me.

No Part of this Taſk which you propoſe is uneaſy, except the Neceſſity of uſing the ſingular Number ſo often. That one Letter (I) is a moſt dangerous Monoſyllable, and gives an Air of Vanity to the modeſteſt Diſcourſe whatſoever. But you will remember, that I write this only by way of Apology; and that, under Accuſation, it is allowable to plead any thing for Defence, though a little tending to one's own Commendation.

To begin then, without more Preamble: I riſe now in Summer about ſeven o'Clock, from a very large Bed-chamber (entirely quiet, high, and free from the early Sun) to walk in the Garden; or, if rainy, in a Salon, filled with Pictures, ſome good, but none diſagreeable. There alſo, in a Row above them, I have ſo many Portraits of famous Perſons in ſeveral kinds, as are enough to excite Ambition in any Man leſs lazy, or leſs at eaſe than myſelf.

Inſtead of a little dozing Cloſet (according to the unwholſome Cuſtom of moſt People) I chuſe this

ſpacious Room for all my ſmall Affairs, reading Books, or writing Letters, where I am never in the leaſt tired, by the help of ſtretching my Legs ſometimes in ſo long a Room, or of looking into the pleaſanteſt Park in the World, juſt underneath it.

Viſits, after a certain Hour, are not to be avoided; ſome of which I own a little fatiguing (though, Thanks to the Town's Lazineſs, they come pretty late) if the Garden was not ſo near as to give a ſeaſonable Refreſhment between thoſe ceremonious Interruptions. And I am more ſorry than my Coachman himſelf, if I am forced to go abroad any Part of the Morning: For though my Garden is ſuch as, by not pretending to Rarities or Curioſities, has nothing in it to inveigle one's Thoughts; yet, by the Advantage of Situation and Proſpect, it is able to ſuggeſt the nobleſt that can be, in preſenting at once to View a vaſt Town, a Palace, and a magnificent Cathedral. I confeſs the laſt, with all its Splendor, has leſs Share in exciting my Devotion than the moſt common Shrub in my Garden. For though I am apt to be ſincerely devout in any ſort of religious Aſſemblies, from the very beſt (that of our own Church) even to thoſe of *Turks*, *Jews*, and *Indians*; yet the Works of Nature appear to me the better ſort of Sermons; every Flower contains in it more edifying Rhetoric, to fill us with Admiration of its omnipotent Creator.

After I have dined (either agreeably with Friends, or, at worſt, with better Company than your Country Neighbours) I drive away to a Place of Air, and Exerciſe, which ſome Conſtitutions are in abſolute need of, and Diverſion of the Mind, being a Compoſition for Health above all the Skill of *Hippocrates*.

The ſmall Diſtance of this Place from *London* is juſt enough for recovering my Wearineſs, and recruiting my Spirits, ſo as to make me fitter than before I ſet out for either Buſineſs or Pleaſure. At the mentioning the laſt of theſe, methinks I ſee you ſmile;

ſmile; but I confeſs myſelf ſo changed (which you maliciouſly will call decayed) as to my former enchanting Delights, that the Company I commonly find at home is agreeable enough to make me conclude the Evening on a delightful Terrace, or in a Place free from late Viſits, except of familiar Acquaintance.

By this you will ſee, that moſt of my time is conjugally ſpent at home, and conſequently you will blame my Lazineſs more than ever, for not employing it in a way which your Partiality is wont to think me capable of, therefore I am obliged to go on with this trifling Deſcription, as ſome Excuſe for my Idleneſs; but how ſuch a Deſcription of itſelf is excuſable, is what I ſhould be very much in Pain about, if I thought any body could ſee it beſides yourſelf, who are too good a Judge in all things, to miſtake a Friend's Compliance in a private Letter for the leaſt Touch of Vanity.

The Avenues to this Houſe are along through St. *James*'s Park, through Rows of goodly Elms on one Hand, and gay flouriſhing Limes on the other; that for Coaches, this for walking, with the Mall lying between them; this reaches to my Iron Paliſade, that incompaſſes a ſquare Court, which has in the midſt a great Baſon, with Statues and Water-works; and from its Entrance riſes all the way imperceptibly, till we mount to a Terrace, in the Front of a large Hall, paved with ſquare, white Stone, mixed with a dark-coloured Marble; the Walls of it covered with a ſet of Pictures, done in the School of *Raphael*. Out of this, on the Right-hand, we go into a Parlour, thirty-three Feet by thirty-nine, with a Nitch fifteen Feet broad for a Buffet, paved with white Marble, and placed within an Arch, with Pilaſters of divers Colours; the upper Part of which, as high as the Ceiling, is painted by *Ricci*.

From hence we pass through a Suit of large Rooms into a Bed-chamber of thirty-four Feet by twenty-seven; within it a large Closet, that opens into a Green-house.

On the Left-hand are three Stone Arches, supported by *Corinthian* Pillars, under one of which are eight and forty Steps, ten Feet broad, each Step of one entire *Portland* Stone. These Stairs, by the Help of two Resting-places, are so very easy, there is no need of leaning on the Iron Ballister. The Walls are painted with the Story of *Dido*, whom, though the Poet was obliged to dispatch away mournfully, in order to make room for *Lavinia*, the better-natured Painter has brought no farther than to that fatal Cave, where the Lovers appear just entering, and languishing with Desire.

The Roof of this Stair-case, which is fifty-five Foot from the Ground, is of forty Feet by thirty-six, filled with the Figures of Gods and Goddesses; in which is *Juno* condescending to beg Assistance from *Venus* to bring about a Marriage, which the *Fates* intended should be the Ruin of her own darling Queen and People; by which that sublime Poet wisely intimates, that we should never be over-eager for any thing either in our Pursuits, or in our Prayers, lest what we endeavour to ask too violently for our Interest, should be granted us by Providence, only in order to our Ruin.

The Bas-reliefs, and little Squares above, are all Episodical Paintings of the same Story; and the Largeness of the whole has admitted of a sure Remedy against any Decay of the Colours from Salt-Petre in the Wall, by making another of Oak Laths four Inches within it, and so primed over like a Picture.

From a wide Landing-place on the Stairs-head, a great double Door opens into an Apartment of the same Dimensions with that below, only three Feet higher, notwithstanding which, it would appear too low,

low, if the higher Saloon had not been divided from it. The first Room on this Floor has within it a Closet of original Paintings, which yet are not so entertaining as the delightful Prospect from the Windows. Out of the second Room, a Pair of great Doors give Entrance into the Salon, which is thirty-five Feet high, thirty-six broad, and forty-five long. In the midst of its Roof, a round Picture of *Gentileschi*, eighteen Feet in Diameter, represents the Muses playing in Concert to *Apollo*, lying along on a Cloud to hear them. The rest of the Room is adorned with Paintings relating to Arts and Sciences; and underneath, divers original Pictures hang, all in good Lights, by the help of an upper Row of Windows, which drown the Glaring.

Much of this seems appertaining to Parade, and therefore I am glad to leave it to describe the rest, which is all for Conveniency; as first, a covered Passage from the Kitchen without Doors, and another down to the Cellars, and all the Offices within. Near this, a large and lightsome Back-stairs leads up to such an Entry above, as secures our private Bedchambers both from Noise and Cold. Here we have necessary Dressing-rooms, Servants Rooms, and Closets, from which are the pleasantest Views of all the House, with a little Door for Communication between this private Apartment and the great one.

These Stairs, and those of the same kind at the other End of the House, carry us up to the highest Story, fitted for the Women and Children, with Floors so contrived, as to prevent all Noise over my Wife's Head, during the Mysteries of *Lucina*.

In mentioning the Court at first, I forgot the two Wings in it, built on Stone Arches, which join the House Corridors, supported on *Ionic* Pillars. In one of these Wings is a large Kitchen, thirty Feet high, with an open Cupolo on the Top; near it a Larder, Brewhouse, and Landry, with Rooms over them for

Servants.

Servants. The upper sort of Servants are lodged in the other Wing, which has also two Wardrobes, and a Store-room for Fruit. On the top of all, a leaden Cistern, holding fifty Tuns of Water, driven up by an Engine from the *Thames*, supplies all the Water-works in the Courts and Gardens, which lie quite round the House; through one of which, a Grass Walk conducts to the Stables, built round a Court, with six Coach-houses, and forty Stalls.

I will add but one thing more before I carry you into the Garden, and that is about walking too; but 'tis on the Top of all the House, which being covered with smooth mill'd Lead, and defended, by a Parapet of Ballusters, from all Apprehension, as well as Danger, entertains the eye with a far distant Prospect of Hills and Dales, and a near one of Parks and Gardens.

To these Gardens we go down from the House by seven Steps into a Gravel Walk, that reaches a-cross the whole Garden, with a covered Arbour at each End of it. Another of thirty Feet broad, leads from the Front of the House, and lies between two Groves of tall Lime-trees, planted in several equal Ranks, upon a Carpet of Grass; the Outsides of these Groves are bordered with Tubs of Bays and Orange-trees.

At the End of this broad Walk you go up to a Terrace, four hundred Paces long, with a large Semicircle in the Middle, from whence is beheld the Queen's two Parks, and a great Part of *Surry*; then going down a few Steps, you walk on the Bank of a Canal six hundred Yards long and seventeen broad, with two Rows of Limes on each side of it.

On one Side of this Terrace, a Wall, covered with Roses and Jessamines, is made low, to admit the View of a Meadow full of Cattle just under it (no disagreeable Object in the midst of a great City) and at each End, a Descent in Parterres, with Fountains and Water-works.

From

From the biggest of these Parterres, we pass into a little square Garden that has a Fountain in the Middle, and two Green-houses on the Sides, with a convenient Bathing Apartment in one of them, and near another Part of it, lies a Flower-garden. Below all this, a Kitchen-garden, full of the best Sorts of Fruit, has several Walks in it, fit for the coldest Weather.

Thus I have done with a tedious Description, only one Thing I forgot, though of more Satisfaction to me, than all the rest, which I fancy you guess already; and it is a little Closet of Books at the End of that Green-house, which joins the best Apartment; which, besides their being so very near, are ranked in such a Method, that by its Mark a very Irish Footman may fetch any Book I want.

Under the Windows of this Closet, and Green-house, is a little Wilderness of Black-birds and Nightingals. The Trees though planted by myself, require lopping already, to prevent their hindering the View of that fine Canal in the Park.

After all this (to a Friend I will expose my Weakness as an Instance of the Mind's Unquietness under the most pleasing Enjoyments) I am oftner missing a pretty Gallery in the old House I pulled down, than pleased with a *Salon* which I built in its stead though a thousand Times better in all manner of Respects.

And now (*Pour faire bonne bouche*, with a grave Reflection) it were well for us, if this Incapacity of being entirely contented, was as sure a Proof of our being reserved for Happiness in another World, as it is of our Frailty and Imperfection in this; I confess the Divines tell us so, but though I believe a future State more firmly than a great many of them appear to do, by their inordinate Desires of the good Things in this; yet I own my Faith is founded, not on the fallacious Arguments of Preachers, but on

that

that adorable Conjunction of unbounded Power and Goodness, which certainly must some way recompence hereafter, so many Thousands of innocent Wretches created to be so miserable here.

LETTER LXXIII.

To the Duke of Buckingham.

PLINY was one of those few Authors, who had a warm House over his Head, nay, two Houses, as appears by two of his Epistles. I believe, if any of his cotemporary Authors, durst have informed the Public where they lodged, we should have found the Garrets of *Rome* as well inhabited as those of *Fleet-Street*; but 'tis dangerous to let Creditors into such a Secret, therefore, we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, no body knew where they lived but their Bookfellers. It seems that when *Virgil* came to *Rome*, he had no Lodging at all: He first introduced himself to *Augustus* by an Epigram, beginning, *Nocte pluit tota*---an Observation, which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all Night in the Street. Where *Juvenal* lived, we cannot affirm; but in one of his Satires he complains of the excessive Price of Lodgings; neither do I think, he would have talked so feelingly of the Shortness of *Codrus*'s Bed, if there had been room for a Bedfellow in it. I believe with all the Ostentation of *Pliny*, he would have been glad to have changed both his Houses, for your Grace's one; which is a Country-house in the Summer, and a Town-house in the Winter; and must be owned to be the propereſt Habitation for a wise Man, who sees all the World change every Season, without ever changing himself.

I have

I have been reading a Description of *Pliny*'s House, with an Eye to yours, but finding they will bear no Comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large Country-seat I inhabit at present; and see what Figure it may make by the Help of a florid Description.

You must expect nothing regular in my Description, any more than in the House; the whole vast Edifice is so disjointed, and the several Parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that in one of my poetical Fits, I imagined it had been a Village in *Amphion*'s Time, where the Cottages having taken a Country Dance together, had been all out, and stood Stone-still with Amazement ever since.

You must excuse me, if I say nothing of the Front, indeed I do not know which it is? A Stranger would be grievously disappointed who endeavoured to get into this House the right Way. One would reasonably expect after the Entry through the Porch, to be let into the Hall; alas nothing less! you find your self in the House-of-office. From the Parlour, you think to step into the Drawing-room, but upon opening the Iron-nailed-door, you are convinced by a Flight of Birds about your Ears, and a Cloud of Dust in your Eyes, that it is the Pidgeon-house. If you come into the Chapel, you find its Altars like those of the Ancients, continually smoaking, but it is with the Steams of the adjoining Kitchen. The great Hall within, is high and spacious, flanked on one Side with a very long Table, a true Image of ancient Hospitality; the Walls are all over ornamented with monstrous Horns of Animals, about twenty broken Pikes, ten or a dozen Blunderbusses, and a rusty Match-lock-musket or two, which, we were informed had served in the civil Wars. Here is a vast arch'd Window, beautifully darkened with divers Scutcheons of painted Glass, one shining Pane

in particular, bears date 1286, which alone preſerves the Memory of a Knight, whoſe iron Armour is long ſince periſhed with Ruſt, and whoſe alabaſter Noſe is mouldered from his Monument. The Face of Dame Eleanor in another Piece, owes more to that ſingle Pane, than to all the Glaſſes ſhe ever conſulted in her Life. After this, who can ſay, that Glaſs is frail, when it is not half ſo frail as human Beauty, or Glory! And yet, I can't but ſigh to think, that the moſt authentic Record of ſo ancient a Family, ſhould lie at the Mercy of every Body that flings a Stone. In former Days there have dined in this Hall gartered Knights, and courtly Dames, attended by Uſhers, Sewers and Seneſchals; and yet it was but laſt Night that an Owl flew hither and took it for a Barn. This Hall lets you up and down over a very high Threſhold into the great Parlour. Its Contents are a broken-belly'd Virginal, a couple of cripled velvet Chairs, with two or three mildew'd Pictures of mouldy Anceſtors, who look as diſmally, as if they came freſh from Hell with all their Brimſtone about them. Theſe are carefully ſet at the other Corner; for the Windows being every where broken, make it ſo convenient a Place to dry Poppies and Muſtard Seed, that the Room is appropriated to that Uſe. Next this Parlour, as I ſaid before, lies the Pigeon-houſe, by the Side of which runs an Entry, which lets you on one Hand or other, into a Bed-chamber, a Buttery, and a ſmall Hole called the Chaplain's Study; then follow a Brewhouſe, a little green and gilt Parlour, and the great Stairs, under which is the Dairy, a little farther on the Right-hand the Servants Hall, and by the Side of it up ſix Steps, the old Lady's Cloſet for her private Devotions, which has a Lettice into the Hall, that at the ſame Time ſhe prayed, ſhe might have an Eye on the Men and Maids. There are upon the Ground-floor in all, twenty ſix Apart-

ments,

ments, among which I muſt not forget a Chamber which has in it a large Antiquity of Timber, that ſeems to have been either a Bedſtead, or a Cyder-preſs. The Kitchen is built in form of the *Rotonda*, being one vaſt Vault to the Top of the Roof, where the ſame Aperture ſerves to let out the Smoke, and let in the Light. But by the Blackneſs of the Walls, the circular Fires, vaſt Cauldrons, yawning Mouths of Ovens and Furnaces, you would think it either the Forge of *Vulcan*, the Cave of *Polypheme*, or the Temple of *Moloch*. The Horror of this Place, has made ſuch an Impreſſion on the Country People, that they believe the Witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a Year the Devil treats them with infernal Veniſon, a roaſted Tiger ſtuffed with Ten-penny Nails. Above Stairs we have a Number of Rooms, you never paſs out of one into another, but by the Aſcent, or Deſcent of two or three Stairs. Our beſt Room is very long and low, of the exact Proportion of a Band-box: In moſt of theſe, there are Hangings of the fineſt Work in the World, that is to ſay, which *Arachne* ſpins from her own Bowels: Were it not for this only Furniture, the whole would be a miſerable Scene of naked Walls, flawed Cielings, broken Windows, and ruſty Locks. The Roof is ſo decayed, that after a favourable Shower of Rain, we may expect a Crop of Muſhrooms between the Chinks of our Floors; all the Doors are as little and low as thoſe to the Cabbins of Packet-boats. Theſe Rooms for many Years have had no other Inhabitants than certain Rats, whoſe very Age renders them worthy of this Seat; for the very Rats of this venerable Houſe are grey: Since theſe have not quitted it, we hope at leaſt, that this ancient Manſion may not fall during the ſmall Remnant the poor Animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a ſmall Subſiſtence left them, in the few remaining Books of the Library.

We had never seen half what I have described, but for a starched, grey-headed Steward, who is as much an Antiquity as any in this Place, and looks like an old Family-picture walked out of its Frame; he entertained us as we passed from Room to Room, with several Relations of the Family, but his Observations were particularly curious when we came to the Cellars. He informed us where stood the triple Rows of Butts of Sack, and where were ranged the Bottles of Tent for Toasts in a Morning; he pointed to the Stands that supported the Iron-hooped Hogsheads of Strong-beer; then stepping to a Corner, he lugged out the tattered Fragments of an unframed Picture: This, says he with Tears in his Eyes, was poor Sir *Thomas!* once Master of all this Drink! he had two Sons, poor young Masters! who never arrived to the Age of his Beer; they both fell ill in this very Room, and never went out on their own Legs; he could not pass by a Heap of broken Bottles without taking up a Peice to shew us the Arms of the Family upon it. He then led us up the Tower by dark winding Stone-Steps, which landed us into several little Rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our Guide whispered to us as a Secret, the Occasion of it. It seems the Course of this noble Blood was a little interrupted about two Centuries ago, by a Freak of the Lady *Frances*, who was here taken in the Fact with a Neighbouring Prior; ever since the Room has been nailed up, and branded with the Name of the Adultery-chamber. The Ghost of Lady *Frances*, is supposed to walk there, and some prying Maids of the Family report, that they have seen a Lady in a Fardingale through the Key-hole, but this Matter is hush't up, and the Servants are forbid to talk of it. I must needs have tired you by this long Description; but what engaged me in it, was a generous Principle to preserve the Memory of that which itself, must soon fall into dirt; nay perhaps,

haps part of it, before this reaches your Hands. Indeed we owe this old House the same Kind of Gratitude that we do to an old Friend, who harbours us in his declining Condition, nay even in his last Extremities. How fit is this Retreat for uninterrupted Study, where no one that passes by, can dream there is an Inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us, dare not stay under our Roof! Any one who sees it, will own I could not have chosen a more likely Place to converse with the Dead. I had been to blame indeed, if I had left your Grace for any one but *Homer*. But when I return to the Living, I shall have the Sense to endeavour to converse with some of the best of them, and shall therefore as soon as possible, tell you in Person how much I am, *&c.*

LETTER LXXIV.

From the Master and Senior Fellows in Trinity-College Cambridge, *to the Right Honourable Thomas Earl of* Macclesfield, *on his Promotion to the Office of Lord Chancellor.*

AS the great and eminent Virtues and Abilities, whereby you have been long distinguished, and by which you have filled and adorned so many, and so important Stations, have been called to a further Advancement, and to display themselves in a yet more exalted Sphere; so that we now behold your Lordship invested with supreme Dignity, and entering upon the Custody and Conduct, of the most arduous, as well as the most illustrious Province of the Law.

And

And as we have this peculiar Happineſs and Glory belonging to us, that together with thoſe great Ornaments of the Profeſſion, the Lord chief Juſtice *Cook*, and the Lord Chancellor *Bacon*, your Lordſhip's Name is recorded among us; and that ſo noble a *Triumvirate* were all Members of our Society.

We therefore, the Maſter and Senior Fellows of *Trinity College*, eſteeming it a Duty we not only owe to your Lordſhip, but to our Society, not to be ſilent upon ſo great an Occaſion, have appointed two of our Fellows, Doctor *Baker*, and Doctor *Rudd*, perſonally to wait upon, and to congratulate your Lordſhip in our Names, and Behalf, being with all Veneration and Reſpect,

May it pleaſe your Lordſhip,

Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted,

humble Servants.

LETTER LXXV.

From Will. Pinkethman *the Comedian, to her Grace the Duchess of* --------

THE *humorous Lieutenant*, being ſhortly to tread the Stage for the Benefit of your Grace's moſt humble Servant, to whom ought I ſooner to have recourſe to encourage it, than to your Grace, who upon my laſt Benefit made ſuch an Appearance for me, as ſhewed your Power to be as great as your Goodneſs, or as my Acknowledgment? And as I make this humble Requeſt to your Grace with the leſs Deſpondence of obtaining it, becauſe I am aſſured from your noble

noble Nature, that I am far from offending you, in giving you an Occasion to excite your Beneficence.

My Success depends in a great Measure upon your Grace's Favour. *The humorous Lieutenant* is like to be a sad Fellow; and the rural Theatre in your Grace's Neighbourhood, is like to give a melancholy Lesson to Mortals of the Instability of human Affairs, and the short Duration of the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World; for that very Fabric which was metamorphosed from its original Form, and adorned for the Entertainment of Nobility, Wit and Beauty, will relapse and dwindle into a Barn, and fodder Cows and Horses.

That your Grace may be always both here and hereafter, compleatly happy as those blest Beings whom you resemble, and whose Example you imitate, is the constant Wish, and zealous Prayer (whenever I do happen to pray) of,

Madam,

Your Grace's most humble, and

most obliged, obedient Servant,

April 3, 1719

W. PENKETHMAN.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVI.

A Letter to a very young Lady on her Marriage.

MADAM,

THE Hurry and Impertinence of receiving and paying Visits on Account of your Marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter into a Course of Life, where you will want much Advice to divert you from falling into many Errors, Fopperies, and Follies to which your Sex are subject. I have always borne an entire Friendship to your Father and Mother; and the Person they have chosen for your Husband hath been, for some Years past, my particular Favourite. I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped, from the Goodness of your Disposition, and by following the Counsel of wise Friends, you might, in time, make yourself worthy of him. Your Parents were so far in the right, that they did not introduce you much into the World, wherebyyou avoided many wrong Steps, which others have taken, and have fewer ill Impressions to be removed; but they failed, as is generally the Case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your Mind, without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the Friendship and Esteem of a wise Man, who soon grows weary of acting the Lover, and treating his Wife like a Mistress, but wants a reasonable Companion and true Friend through every Stage of Life. It must be therefore your Business to qualify yourself for those Offices, wherein I will not fail to be your Director as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my Instructions, wherein will depend not only your making a good Figure in the World, but your own real Happi-

ness,

nefs, as well as that of the Perfon, who ought to be the dearefl to you.

I muft therefore defire you, in the firft Place, to be very flow in changing the modeft Behaviour of a Virgin. It is ufual, in young Wives, before they have been many Weeks married, to affume a bold forward Look and Manner of Talking, as if they intended to fignify, in all Companies, that they were no longer Girls, and, confequently, that their whole Demeanor, before they got a Hufband, was all but a Countenance and Confraint upon their Nature; whereas I fuppofe, if the Votes of wife Men were gathered, a very great Majority would be in favour of thofe Ladies, who, after they were entered into that State, rather chofe to double their Portion of Modefty and Refervednefs.

I muft likewife warn you ftrictly againft the leaft Degree of Fondnefs to your Hufband before any Witnefs whatfoever, even before your nearefl Relations, or the very Maids of your Chamber. This Proceeding is fo exceeding odious and difguftful to all who have good Breeding or good Senfe, that they affign two very unamiable Reafons for it, the one is grofs Hypocrify, the other has too bad a Name to mention. If there is any Difference to be made, your Hufband is the lowefl Perfon in Company, either at home or abroad; and every Gentleman prefent has a better Claim to all Marks of Civility and Diftinction from you. Conceal your Efteem and Love in your own Breaft; referve your kind Looks and Language for private Hours, which are fo many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ a Paffion as exalted as any that was ever defcribed in a *French* Romance.

Upon this Head I fhould likewife advife you, to differ in Practice from thofe Ladies who affect abundance of Uneafinefs while their Hufbands are abroad, ftart with every Knock at the Door, and ring the

Bell incessantly for the Servants to let their Master in; will not eat a Bit at Dinner or Supper if her Husband happens to stay out; and receive him, at his Return, with such a Medley of Chiding and Kindness, and catechising him where he has been; that a Shrew from *Billingsgate* would be the more easy and eligible Companion.

Of the same Leaven are those Wives, who, when their Husbands are gone a Journey, must have a Letter every Post, upon pain of Fits and Hysterics; and a Day must be fixed for a Return home, without the least Allowance for Business, or Sickness, or Accidents, or Weather: Upon which I can only say, that, in my Observation, those Ladies who are apt to make the greatest Clutter on such Occasions, would liberally have paid a Messenger for bringing them News that their Husbands had broken their Necks on the Road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I advise you to abate a little of that violent Passion for fine Cloaths so predominant in your Sex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your Council. I may venture to assure, that we will make an Abatement at any time of four Pounds a Yard in a Brocade, if the Ladies will but allow a suitable Addition of Cleanliness and Sweetness in their Persons; for the satyrical Part of Mankind will needs believe, that is it not impossible to be very fine, and very filthy; and that the Capacities of a Lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating Comeliness and Finery together? I shall only add, upon so tender a Subject, what a pleasant Gentleman said concerning a silly Woman of Quality, That nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her Head; for his Ears were offended by her Tongue, and his Nose by her Hair and Teeth.

I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in the Choice of Company, which however is a Point of as

great

great Importance as any in your Life. If your general Acquaintance be among Ladies who are your Equals or Superiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill Reputation, you think you are safe, and this, in the Stile of the World, will pass for good Company; whereas I am afraid it will be hard for you to pick out one Female Acquaintance in this Town, from whom you will not be in manifest Danger of contracting some Foppery, Affectation, Vanity, Folly, or Vice. Your only safe way of conversing with them is, by a firm Resolution to proceed in your Practice and Behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do; and this I take to be a good general Rule, with very few Exceptions. For instance, in the Doctrines they usually deliver to young married Women for managing their Husbands; their several Accounts of their Conduct in that Particular, to recommend it to your Imitation; the Reflections they make upon others of their Sex for acting differently; their Directions to come off with Victory, upon any Dispute or Quarrel you may have with your Husband; the Arts by which you may discover and practise upon his weak Side; when to work by Flattery and Insinuation, when to melt him with Tears, and when to engage with a high Hand. In these, and a thousand other Cases, it will be prudent to retain as many of their Lectures in your Memory as you can, and then determine to act in full Opposition to them all.

I hope your Husband will interpose his Authority to limit you in the Trade of Visiting. Half a dozen Fools are in all Conscience as many as you should require, and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a Year; for I think the Fashion does not exact that Visits should be paid to Friends.

I advise that your Company at home should consist of Men rather than Women. To say the Truth, I never knew a tolerable Woman to be fond of her

own Sex. I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their Qualities forward, there may be an Intercourse of Civility and Good-will, which, with the Addition of some Degree of Sense, can make Conversation or Amusement agreeable; but a Knot of Ladies got together by themselves, is a very School of Impertinence and Detraction; and it is well if those be the worst.

Let your Men Acquaintance be of your Husband's Choice, and not recommended to you by any She-Companions, because they will surely fix a Coxcomb upon you; and it will cost you some Time and Pains before you can arrive at the Knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a Man of Sense.

Never take a favourite Waiting-maid into your Cabinet-Council, to entertain you with Histories of those Ladies whom she has formerly served, of their Diversions and their Dressings; to insinuate how great a Fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander; to appeal to her from your Husband, and to be determined by her Judgment, because you are sure it will always be for you; to receive and discard Servants by her Approbation and Dislike; to engage you, by her Insinuations, into Misunderstandings with your best Friends; to represent all things in false Colours, and to be the common Emissary of Scandal.

But the great Affair of your Life will be to gain and preserve the Friendship and Esteem of your Husband. You are married to a Man of good Education and Learning, of an excellent Understanding, and an exact Taste, it is true; and it is happy for you that these Qualities in him are adorned with great Modesty, a most amiable Sweetness of Temper, and an unusual Disposition to Sobriety and Virtue; but neither Good-nature nor Virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his Judgment. And although he is not capable of using you ill; yet you will, in time,

grow

grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible, unless you can supply the Loss of Youth and Beauty with more durable Qualities. You have but a very few Years to be young and handsome in the Eyes of the World, and as few Months to be so in the Eyes of a Husband who is not a Fool; for I hope you do not still dream of Charms and Raptures, which Marriage ever did and ever will put an End to. Besides, yours was a Match of Prudence and common Good-liking, without any Mixture of that ridiculous Passion, which has no Being but in Play-books and Romances.

You must use, therefore, all Endeavours to attain to some Degree of those Accomplishments which your Husband most values in other People, and for which he is most valued himself; you must improve your Mind by pursuing such a Method of Study as I shall direct or approve of; you must get a Collection of History and Travels, which I will recommend to you, and spend some Hours every Day in reading of them, and making Extracts from them. If your Memory be weak, you must invite Persons of Knowledge and Understanding to an Acquaintance with you, by whose Conversation you may learn to correct your Taste and Judgment; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good Sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and to become a reasonable and agreeable Companion. This must produce in your Husband a true rational Love and Esteem for you, which old Age will not diminish. He will have Regard for your Judgment and Opinion in Matters of the greatest Weight; you will be able to entertain each other, without a third Person to relieve you by finding Discourse. The Endowments of your Mind will even make your Person more agreeable to him; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your Hands, for want of some trifling Amusement.

As

As little Respect as I have for the Generality of your Sex, it hath sometimes moved me with Pity to see the Lady of the House forced to withdraw immediately after Dinner, and this in Families where there is not much drinking, as if it were an establish'd Maxim, *that Women are incapable of Conversation.* In a Room where both Sexes meet, if the Men are discoursing upon any general Subject, the Ladies never think it their Business to partake in what passes; but, in a separate Club, entertain each other with the Price and Choice of Lace and Silk, and what Dresses they liked or disapproved at the Church or the Play-house: And when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first Compliments, do you apply your Hands to each other's Lappets, and Ruffles, and Mantuas, as if the whole Business of your Lives, and the public Concern of the World, depended upon the Cut and Colour of your Dresses: As Divines say, That some People take more Pains to be damn'd, than it would cost them to be saved; so your Sex employs more Thought, Memory, and Application to be Fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human Creatures; but a sort of Species, hardly a degree above a Monkey, who has more diverting Tricks than any of you, is an Animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable Critic in Velvet and Brocade, and, for aught I know, would equally become them.

I would have you look upon Finery as a necessary Folly, as all great Ladies did whom I have ever known. I do not desire you to be out of the Fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect that your Dress should be one Degree below what your Fortune can afford; and in your own Heart I would wish you to be an utter Contemner of all Distinctions which a fine Petticoat can give you, because it will neither

make

make you richer, handſomer, younger, better-natured, more virtuous, or wiſe than if it hung upon a Peg.

If you are in Company with Men of Learning, though they happen to diſcourſe of Arts and Sciences, out of your Compaſs, you will get more Advantage by liſtening to them, than from all the Nonſenſe and Frippery of your own Sex; but if they be Men of Breeding as well as Learning, they will ſeldom engage in any Converſation where you ought not to be a Hearer, and in time have your Parts. If they talk of the Manners and Cuſtoms of the ſeveral Kingdoms of *Europe*, of Travels into remoter Nations, of the State of their own Countries, or of the great Men and Actions of *Greece* and *Rome*; if they give their Judgment upon *Engliſh* and *French* Writers, either in Verſe or Proſe, or of the Nature and Limits of Virtue and Vice, it is a Shame for an *Engliſh* Lady not to reliſh ſuch Diſcourſes, not to improve by them, and endeavour, by Reading and Information, to have her Share in thoſe Entertainments; rather than turn aſide, as it is the uſual Cuſtom, and conſult with the Woman who ſits next her about a new Cargo of Fans.

It is a little hard that not one Gentleman's Daughter in a thouſand ſhould be brought to read or underſtand her own natural Tongue, or be Judge of the eaſieſt Books that are written in it, as any one may find, when they are diſpoſed to mangle a Play or a Novel, where the leaſt Word out of the common Road is ſure to diſconcert them. It is no Wonder, when they are not ſo much as taught to ſpell in their Childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole Lives. I adviſe you, therefore, to read aloud more or leſs every Day to your Huſband, if he will permit you, or to any other Friend (but not a Female one) who is able to ſet you right; and as for Spelling, you may compaſs it in time, by making Collections from the Books you read.

I know

I know very well that those who are commonly called Learned Women, have lost all manner of Credit, by their impertinent Talkativeness and Conceit of themselves; but there is an easy Remedy for this, if you once consider that after the Pains you may be at, you never can arrive in point of Learning, to the Perfection of a *School-boy*. The Reading I would advise you to, is only for Improvement of your own Good-sense, which will never fail of being mended by Discretion. It is a wrong Method and ill Choice of Books, that makes those learned Ladies just so much worse for what they have read, and therefore it shall be my Care to direct you better, a Task for which I take myself to be not ill-qualified, because I have spent more Time, and have had more Opportunities than many others, to observe and discover from what Sources the various Follies of Women are derived.

Pray observe how insignificant Things are the common Race of Ladies, when they have passed their Youth and Beauty, how contemptible they appear to the Men, and yet more contemptible to the younger Part of their own Sex, and have no Relief but in passing their Afternoons in Visits where they are never acceptable, and their Evenings at Cards among each other, while the former Part of the Day is spent in Spleen and Envy, or in vain Endeavours to repair by Art and Dress the Ruins of Time; whereas I have known Ladies at Sixty, to whom all the polite Part of the Court and Town, paid their Addresses, without any farther View, than that of enjoying the Pleasure of their Conversation.

I am ignorant of any one Quality that is amiable in a Man, which is not equally so in a Woman; I do not except even Modesty and Gentleness of Nature, nor do I know one Vice or Folly, which is not equally detestable in both, there is indeed one Infirmity which seems to be generally allowed you,

I mean

I mean that of *Cowardice*, yet there ſhould ſeem to be ſomething very capricious, that when Women profeſs their Admiration for a Colonel or a Captain, on account of his Valour, they ſhould fancy it a very graceful becoming Quality in themſelves to be afraid of their own Shadows; to ſcream in a Barge when the Weather is calmeſt, or in a Coach at the Ring; to run from a Cow at a hundred Yards diſtance; to fall into Fits at the Sight of a *Spider*, an *Earwig* or a *Frog*; at leaſt if Cowardice be a Sign of Cruelty (as it is generally granted) I can hardly think it an Accompliſhment ſo deſirable as to be thought worth improving by Affectation.

And as the ſame Virtue equally becomes both Sexes, ſo there is no Quality whereby Women endeavour to diſtinguiſh themſelves from Men, for which they are not juſt ſo much the worſe, except that only of Reſervedneſs, which, however, as you generally manage it, is nothing elſe but Affectation or Hypocriſy; for as you cannot too much diſcountenance thoſe of our Sex who preſume to take unbecoming Liberty before you, ſo you ought to be wholly unconſtrained in the Company of deſerving Men, when you have had ſufficient Experience of their Diſcretion.

There is never wanting in this Town a Tribe of bold, ſwaggering, rattling Ladies, whoſe Talents paſs among Coxcombs for Wit and Humour; their Excellency lies in rude choaking Expreſſions, and what they call *running a Man down*. If a Gentleman in their Company, happens to have a Blemiſh in his Birth or Perſon, if any Misfortune hath befallen his Family or himſelf for which he is aſhamed, they will be ſure to give him broad Hints of it without any Provocation. I would recommend you to the Acquaintance of a common Proſtitute, rather than to that of ſuch *Termagants* as theſe. I have often thought that no Man is obliged to ſuppoſe ſuch Creatures to be Women, but to treat them like inſolent Raſcals diſ-

guised in Female-habits, who ought to be stript and kicked down Stairs.

I will add one thing, although it be a little out of Place, which is to desire that you will learn to value and esteem your Husband for those good Qualities he really possesseth, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly hath not, for although this latter is generally understood to be be a Mark of Love, yet it is indeed nothing but Affectation or ill Judgment. It is true he wants so very few Accomplishments, that you are in no great Danger of erring on this side, but my Caution is occasioned by a Lady of your Acquaintance, married to a very valuable Person whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those Perfections to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no Advice upon the Article of *Expence*, only I think you ought to be well informed how much your Husband's Revenue amounts to, and be so good a Computer as to keep within it, in that Part of the Management which falls to your share; and not to put yourself in the Number of those politic Ladies, who think they gain a great Point when they have teazed their Husbands to buy them a new Equipage, a Laced-head, or a fine Petticoat; without once considering what long Scores remain unpaid to the Butcher.

I desire you will keep this Letter in your Cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole Conduct by it, and so GOD bless you, and make you a fair Example to your *Sex*, and a perpetual Comfort to your *Husband* and your *Parents*. I am, with great Truth and Affection,

Madam,

Your most faithful Friend,

and humble Servant, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVII.

To H------ C--------, *Esq;*

Dear Sir, *July* 17, 1709.

THE Morning after I parted with you, I found myself (as I had prophesied) all alone, in an uneasy Stage-Coach; a doleful Change! from that agreeable Company I enjoy'd the Night before, without the least Hope of Entertainment, but from my last Resource in such Cases, a Book. I then began to enter into Acquaintance with the *Moralists*, and had just receiv'd from them some cold Consolation for the Inconveniences of this Life, and the Uncertainty of human Affairs, when I perceiv'd my Vehicle to stop, and heard from the Side of it the dreadful News of a sick Woman preparing to enter it. 'Tis not easy to guess at my Mortification; but being so well fortify'd with Philosophy, I stood resign'd, with a *Stoical* Constancy, to endure the worst of Evils, *a sick Woman.* I was indeed a little comforted to find by her Voice and Dress, that she was young, and a Gentlewoman: But no sooner was her Hood remov'd, but I saw one of the finest Faces I ever beheld; and, to increase my Surprize, heard her salute me by my Name: I never had more Reason to accuse Nature, for making me short-sighted, than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair Eyes, which knew me so well; and was utterly at a loss how to address myself, till, with a great deal of Simplicity and Innocence, she let me know (even before I discover'd my Ignorance) that she was the Daughter of one in our Neighbourhood, lately marry'd, who, having been consulting her Physicians in Town, was returning into the Country, to try what a good Air and a new Husband could do to recover her. My Father, you must know, has

ſometimes recommended the Study of Phyſic to me; but the *Devil* take me, if ever I had any Ambition to be a Doctor, till this Inſtant. I ventur'd to preſcribe her ſome Fruit (which I happen'd to have in the Coach) which being forbidden her by her damn'd Doctors, ſhe had the more Inclination to: In ſhort, I tempted, and ſhe eat; nor was I more like the *Devil*, than ſhe like *Eve*. Having the good Succeſs of the foreſaid Gentleman before my Eyes, I put on the Gallantry of the old Serpent, and, in ſpite of my evil Form, accoſted her with all the Gaiety I was Maſter of; which had ſo good an Effect, that in leſs than an Hour ſhe grew pleaſant, her Colour return'd, and ſhe was pleas'd to ſay, that my Preſcription had wrought an immediate Cure.

In a word, I had the pleaſanteſt Journey imaginable; ſo that now, as once of yore, by means of the forbidden Fruit, the Devil got into *Paradiſe*---------- I ſhould not have us'd this laſt Phraſe, but that I know your civil Apprehenſion will not put any ill Conſtruction upon it, and you will firmly believe, that we were as modeſt--- even as *Sapdho* and Mr. *C*------.

Thus far, methinks, my Letter has ſomething of the Air of a Romance in it, tho' it be true; but I hope you will look on what follows as the greateſt of all Truths, that I think myſelf extremely oblig'd by you in all Points, eſpecially for your kind and honourable Information and Advice, in a Matter of the utmoſt Concern to me; which I ſhall ever acknowledge, as the higheſt Proof at once of your Friendſhip, Juſtice, and Sincerity: At the ſame time, be aſſured, that Gentleman we ſpoke of ſhall never, by any Alteration in me, diſcover my Knowledge of his Miſtake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind Return I can poſſibly make him for ſo many Favours; and I may derive this Pleaſure at leaſt from it, that whereas otherwiſe I muſt needs have been a little uneaſy to know my Incapacity of returning his Obligations,

I may

I may now, by bearing his Frailty, exercise my Gratitude and Friendship more, than himself either is, or perhaps ever will be, sensible of.

Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro.

But in one thing, I must confess, you have yourself oblig'd me more than any Man alive, even than Mr. *Wycherley*; which is, that you have shew'd me most of my Faults; to which as you are the more an implacable Enemy, by so much the more you are a kind Friend to me. I could be proud, in revenge, to find a few Slips in your Verses, which I read in *London*, and since in the Country, with more Application and Pleasure. The Thoughts are very just and noble; and you are sure not to let them suffer by the Versification. If you would oblige me with the Trust of any thing of yours, I should be glad to execute any Commissions you would give me concerning them: I am here so perfectly at leisure, that nothing would be so agreeable an Entertainment to me. But, if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the Satisfaction of your Letters, as long as we are absent, if you would not have him very unhappy, who is sincerely,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged,

and affectionate Servant.

P. S. Pray give my Service to Mr. *Tydcombe*, and intreat him, with all possible Tenderness, not to defraud me of the Letter he wrote, and which so rightfully belongs to me.

Having a vacant Space here, I will fill it with a short ODE *on* SOLITUDE, which I found Yesterday, by great Accident, and which I find by the Date

Date was written when I was not Twelve Years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued my Passion for a rural Life, and in the same Employments of it.

Happy the Man! who free from Care,
The Business and the Noise of Towns,
Contented breathes his native Air,
In his own Grounds.

Whose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,
Whose Flocks supply him with Attire,
Whose Trees in Summer, yield him Shade,
In Winter, Fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
His Years slide silently away,
In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
Quiet by Day.

Repose at Night, Study and Ease,
Together mixt, sweet Recreation,
And Innocence, which most doth please,
With Meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the World; and not a Stone
Tell where I lie.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

To the same.

SIR,

I Had written to you sooner, but that I made some scruple of sending prophane things to you in Holy-Week; besides, our Family would have been scandaliz'd, to see me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly Verses; and they say here so many Prayers, that I can make but few Poems; for in this point of Praying I am an occasional Conformist: So, as I am drunk or scandalous in Town, according to my Company, I am, for the same reason, grave and godly here. I assure you I am look'd upon in the Neighbourhood for a very sober and well-dispos'd Person; no great Hunter indeed, but a great Esteemer of the noble Sport, and only unhappy in my Want of Constitution for that, and Drinking. They all say, 'tis a pity I am so *sickly*; and I think 'tis a pity they are so *healthy*; but I say nothing that may destroy their good Opinion of me. I have not quoted one *Latin* Author since I came down; but have learnt without-book a Song of Mr. *Thomas Durfey*'s, who is your only Poet of tolerable Reputation in this Country: He makes all the Merriment in our Entertainments; and, but for him, there would be such a miserable Dearth of Catches, that I fear they would, *sans ceremonie*, put either the Parson or me upon making some for them. Any Man of Quality is heartily welcome to the best toping Table of our Gentry, who can roundly hum out some Fragments or Rhapsodies of his Works; so that in the same manner as it was said of *Homer* to his Detractors, What! dares any Man speak against him, who has given so many Men to eat? (meaning the Rhapsodists, who liv'd by repeating his Verses) so may it be said

said of Mr. *Durfey*, to his Detractors, Dares any one despise him, who has made so many Men drink? Alas! Sir, this is a Glory, which neither you no I must ever pretend to: Neither you with your *Ovid*, nor I with my *Statius*, can amuse a whole Board of Justices and extraordinary 'Squires, or gain one Hum of Approbation! or Laugh of Admiration! These things (they would say) are too studious, they may do well enough with such as love Reading; but give us our ancient Poet Mr. *Durfey*. 'Tis mortifying enough, it must be confess'd; but however, let us proceed in the Way that Nature has directed—— *Multi multa sciunt, sed nemo omnia*, as it is said in the Almanack. Let us communicate our Works, for our mutual Comfort; send me *Elegies*, and you shall not want *Heroics*. At present, I have only these Arguments in Prose to the *Thebaid*, which you claim by Promise, as I do your Translation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet*—— and the *Ring*; the rest I hope for, as soon as I can conveniently transcribe them. Whatsoever Orders you are pleas'd to give me shall be punctually obey'd.

Dear Sir, I give you my Thanks for abundance of Civility and Good-nature shewn to me in Town, on all Occasions; and desire you to believe me always sensible of the Favours of my Friends, which I never forget, any more than my Friends themselves. 'Tis the chief of my Pleasures here, to be assured of their Welfare; and I envy the Town for nothing else, but their continuing in it. You will oblige me by giving any Service to those at the *Coffee-house*, that have so little to employ their Thoughts, as to enquire of me: And pray, when you see Mr. *Balam*, do the same; who (you told me) was so obliging as to intend me his Company before I left *London*. I am in great Impatience of the Favour of a Line from you, which will be at all times extremely welcome to

April 10, 1710. *Sir, your very faithful, and obliged Servant.*

LETTER

LETTER LXXIX.

Anthony Collins, *Esq*; *being censured by some Persons who were deficient in the Learning or Humanity of that Gentleman; we are desired to give the great Mr.* Locke's *Testimony of him, who left him his joint Executor with Sir* Peter King, *afterwards Lord High Chancellor. Several Clergymen, now living, can bear the same Testimony of him, though they might differ in some Points: One Instance may be mentioned, That though the Reverend Mr. Dean* Sykes *wrote against some of his Opinions in Public, yet he held a friendly Correspondence with Mr.* Collins *in Private.*

To Anthony Collins, *Esq*;

SIR, *Oats, May* 4, 1703.

NONE of your Concerns are of Indifference to me; you may, from thence conclude, that I take Part in your late great Loss: But I consider you as a Philosopher and a Christian, and so spare you the Trouble of reading from me what your own Thoughts will much better suggest to you.

You have exceedingly obliged me in the Books of yours that you have sent me, and those of mine you have been at so much Trouble about. I received but just now the Packet, wherein are they and your obliging Letter; that must be my Excuse for so tardy a Return of my Thanks.

I am overjoyed with an Intimation I have received also, that gives me Hopes of seeing you here the next Week. You are a charitable good Friend, and are resolved to make the Decays and Dregs of Life the

pleasantest Part of it: For I know nothing calls me so much back to a pleasant Sense of Enjoyment, and makes my Days so gay and lively as your good Company. Come, then, and multiply happy Minutes upon, and rejoice here in the Good you have done; for I am, with a perfect Esteem and Respect,

SIR,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

JOHN LOCK.

LETTER LXXX.

To the same.

SIR, *Oats, Novemb.* 17, 1703.

THE Books I received from you To-night, with the kind Letter accompanying them (far more valuable than the Books) give Matter of enlarging myself this Evening. The common Offices of Friendship that I constantly receive from you in a very obliging Manner, give me Scope enough, and afford me large Matter of Acknowledgment; but when I think of you, I feel something of nearer Concernment that touches me; and that noble Principle of the Love of Truth which possesses you, makes me almost forget those other Obligations, which I should be very thankful for to another.

In good earnest, Sir, you cannot think what a Comfort it is to me to have found out such a Man; and not only so, but I have the Satisfaction that he is my Friend: This gives a Gusto to all the good things you say to me in your Letter.

For

For though I cannot attribute them to myself (for I know my own Defects too well) yet I am ready to persuade myself you mean as you say; and, to confess the Truth to you, I am almost loath to undeceive you, so much do I value your good Opinion.

But, to set it upon the right Ground, you must know that I am a poor ignorant Man, and if I have any thing to boast of, it is, that I sincerely love and seek Truth with Indifferency, whom it pleases or displeases. I take you to be of the same School, and so embrace you; and if it please God to afford me so much Life as to see you again, I shall communicate to you some of my Thoughts tending that way.

You need not make any Apology for my Book that is not yet come; I thank you for those you have sent me; they are more, I think, than I shall use; for the Indisposition of my Health has beaten me almost quite out of the Use of Books, and the growing Uneasiness of my * Distemper makes me good for nothing.

I am, &c.

* An Asthma.

LETTER LXXXI.

To the same.

Oats, April 3, 1704.

IN good sooth, Sir, you are an obstinate Lover; there is no help for it, you must carry your Point; only give me leave to tell you, that I do not like the puling Fit you fall into at the lower End of the Page, where you tell me, *I have given you an Argument against presuming so far again upon the Liberty I allow you.* That is to say, you may give me Books, you may buy Books for me, you may get

Books bound for me, you may trudge up and down with them on my Errand to the Ladies; but my Book you may not presume to read, use your Judgment about, and talk to me freely of; though I know no body that understands it so well, nor can give me better Light concerning it. Away with this Squeamishness, I beseech you; and be assured, that among the many good Offices you daily do for me in *London*, there is none whereby I shall reap so much Profit and Pleasure as your studying for me; and let us both, without Scruple or Reserve, help one another the best we can in the way to Truth and Knowledge; and whenever you find me presume that I know all that belongs to the Subject of my own Book, and disdain to receive Light and Instruction from another, though of much lower Form than you, conclude that I am an errant Coxcomb, and know nothing at all.

You will see by the Inclosed, that I can find Business for you at *Oxford* as well as at *London*, I have left it open that you may read it, before you seal and deliver it. In it you will see what he writes to me on that Affair, he is well acquainted with them in the University, and if he has not, may be prevailed on by you to fish out the Bottom of the Matter, and inform you in all the Particulars of it. But you must not take his Conjectures for Matter of Fact, but know his Authors for any Matter of Fact he affirms to you. You will think I intend to engage you in a thousand Disputes with him: Quite the Contrary, you may avoid all Dispute with him, if you will but say after him, though you put him upon Things that shew you question all he says.

If Mr. * *Wynne* of *Jesus-College*, who epitomised my Book, be in the University, 'tis like you will

* Mr. *Wynne*, afterwards Lord Bishop of St. *Asaph*, is the Author of an *Abridgment* of Mr. *Locke*'s Essay concerning human Understanding, *Lond.* 1696, in 8vo.

see

ſee him and talk with him of the Matter. Pray give him my Service, but be ſure forget me not with all manner of Reſpect to Mr. *Wright*, for whom I have, as I ought, a very peculiar Eſteem.

I hope you will be pleaſed with me, for you ſee I have cut out Work for you, and this is all that is left for me to do, to oblige you.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXII.

An Epiſtle of the Lady Jane Gray's *to a noble Friend of hers, newly fallen from the Truth.*

SO oft as I call to Mind (dear Friend and choſen Brother) the dreadful and fearful Sayings of God, *That he which layeth hold upon the Plow, and looketh back again, is not meet for the Kingdom of Heaven*; and on the other ſide to remember the comfortable Words of our Saviour *Chriſt*, to all thoſe that forſaking themſelves do follow him; I cannot but marvel at thee, and lament thy Caſe, that thou which ſometimes wert the lively Member of Chriſt, but now the deform'd Imp of the Devil; ſometimes the beautiful Temple of God, but now the ſtinking and filthy Kennel of Satan; ſometimes the unſpotted Spouſe of thy Saviour, but now the unſhamefac'd Paramour of Antichriſt; ſometimes my faithful Brother, but now a Stranger and Apoſtate; yea ſometimes a ſtout Chriſtian-ſoldier, but now a cowardly Runaway: So oft as I conſider the Threatnings and Promiſes of the Divine Juſtice, to all thoſe which faithfully love him, I cannot but ſpeak to thee, yea rather cry out and exclaim againſt thee, thou Seed of *Satan*, and not of *Juda*, whom the Devil hath deceiv'd, the World

World hath beguiled, and Desire of Life hath subverted, and made of a Christian an Infidel.

Wherefore hast thou taken upon thee the Testament of the Lord in thy Mouth? Wherefore hast thou hitherto yielded thy Body to the Fire, and to the bloody Hands of cruel Tyrants? Wherefore hast thou instructed others to be strong in Christ, when thou thy self dost now so horribly abuse the Testament and Law of the Lord, when thou thy self preachedst (as it were not to steal) yet most abominably stealest, not from Men, but from God; and as a most henious sacrilegious Robber, robbest Christ thy Redeemer of his Right in his Members, thy Body and thy Soul; when thou thy self dost rather chuse to live miserably (with Shame) in this World, than to die gloriously and reign in Honour with Christ to the end of all Eternity, in whom even in Death there is Life beyond Wish, beyond all Expression. And when I say thou thy self art most weak, thou oughtest to shew thy self most strong, for the Strength of a Fort is not known before the Assault; but thou yieldest (like a faint Captain) thy Hold before any Battery be brought against thee.

Oh wretched and unhappy Man! What art thou but Dust and Ashes? and wilt thou resist thy Maker that form'd and fashioned thee? Wilt thou now forsake him that called thee from Custom-gathering among the Romish Antichristians, to be an Ambassador and Messenger of his eternal Word? He that first fram'd thee, and since thy Creation and Birth preserved thee, nourished thee and kept thee, yea and inspired thee with the Spirit of Knowledge (I cannot, I wou'd I cou'd, say of Grace) shall he not possess thee? darest thou deliver up thy self to another, being not thine own, but his? How canst thou, having Knowledge, or how darest thou neglect the Law of the Lord, and follow the vain Traditions of Men? and whereas thou hast

been

been a public Professor of his Name, become now a Defacer of his Glory?

I will not refuse the true God, and worship the Invention of Man, the golden Calf, the Whore of *Babylon*, the Romish Religion, the abominable Idol, the most wicked Mass? Wilt thou torment again, rend and tear the most precious Body of our Saviour Christ with thy bodily and fleshly Teeth, without the breaking whereof upon the Cross our Sins and Transgressions could else no way be redeem'd? Wilt thou take upon thee to offer up any Sacrifice unto God for our Sins, considering that Christ offer'd up himself (as St. *Paul* saith) upon the Cross, a lively Sacrifice once for all?

Can neither the Punishment of the *Israelites* (which for their Idolatry so oft they received) move thee, neither the terrible Threatnings of the ancient Prophets stir thee, nor the Crosses of God's own Mouth fear thee to honour any other God than him? Wilt thou so regard him that spared not his dear and only Son for thee, so diminishing, yea utterly extinguishing his Glory, that thou wilt attribute the Praise and Honour to Idols, *which have Mouths and speak not, Eyes and see not, Ears and yet hear not*, which shall perish with them that made them? What saith the Prophet *Baruck*, where he reciteth the Epistle of *Jeremiah* written to the captive *Jews*, did he not forewarn them that in *Babylon* they should see Gods of Gold, Silver, Wood and Stone, borne upon Mens Shoulders, to cause a Fear upon the Heathen? But be not ye afraid of them (saith *Jeremiah*) nor do as others do: But when you see others worship them, say you in your Hearts, *It is thou (O Lord) that oughtest only to be worshipped*; for as touching the Timber of those Gods, the Carpenter framed them, and polished them; yea gilded they be, and laid over with Silver and vain Things, and cannot speak. He sheweth moreover the Abuse of their Deckings, how the

the Priests took off their Ornaments, and apparel'd their Women therewithal; how one holdeth a Scepter, another a Sword in his Hand, and yet can they judge in no matter, nor defend themselves, much less any other, from either Hatred or Murder, nor yet from gnawing Worms, Dust, Filth, or any other evil Thing: These and such like Words speaketh *Jeremy* unto them, whereby he proveth them but vain Things and no Gods; and at last he concludeth thus, *Confounded be those that worship them.*

They were warn'd by *Jeremy*, and thou as *Jeremy* hast warned others, and art warn'd thyself by many Scriptures in many Places.

God saith he is a *jealous God*, which will have all Honour, Glory and Worship given to him only: And Christ saith in the 4th of *Luke* to Satan which tempted him, even to the same Satan, the same *Beelzebub*, the same Devil which hath prevail'd against thee: *It is written*, saith he, *thou shalt honour the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.*

These and such like do prohibit thee and all Christians to worship any other God than he which was before all Worlds, and laid the Foundations both of Heaven and Earth; and wilt thou honour a detestable Idol, invented by the Popes of *Rome*, and the uncharitable College of politic Cardinals?

Christ offer'd up himself once for all, and wilt thou offer him up again daily at thy Pleasure? But thou wilt say thou dost it for a good Intent: Oh Sink of Sin! Oh Child of Perdition! canst thou dream of any good Intent therein, when thy Conscience beareth thee witness of the Wrath of God pronounced against thee?

How did *Saul*, who for that he disobeyed the Word of God for a good Intent, was thrown from his worldly and temporal Kingdom? Shalt thou then, which dost so deface God's Honour, and rob him of his Right, inherit the eternal heavenly Kingdom? Wilt thou

thou for a good Intent pluck Christ out of Heaven, and make his Death void, and deface the Triumph of his Cross, offering him up daily? Wilt thou, either for fear of Death, or hope of Life, deny and refuse thy God, who inriched thy Poverty, healed thine Infirmity, and yielded to this Victory if thou wouldst have kept it? Dost thou not consider that the Thread of Life hangeth upon him that made thee, who can (as his Will is) either twine it hard to last the longer, or untwine it again to break the sooner? Dost thou not remember the Saying of *David*, a notable King, which teacheth thee, a miserable Wretch, in his 104th Psalm, where he saith, *When thou takest away thy Spirit (O Lord) from Men, they die, and are turned again to their Dust; but when thou lettest thy Breath go forth, they shall be made, and thou shalt renew the Face of the Earth.*

Remember the Saying of Christ in his Gospel, *Whosoever seeketh to save his Life, shall lose it; but whosoever will lose it for my Sake, shall find it.* And in another Place, *Whosoever loveth Father or Mother above me, is not meet for me; for he that will be my Disciple, must forsake Father, and Mother, and himself, and take up his Cross and follow me:* What Cross? the Cross of Infamy and Shame, of Misery and Poverty, of Affliction and Persecution for his Name's sake.

Let the oft-falling of those heavenly Showers pierce thy stony Heart; let the two-edged Sword of God's Holy Word hew asunder the knit-together Sinews of worldly Respects, even to the very Marrow and Life-blood of thy carnal Heart, that thou may'st once again forsake thy self to embrace Christ: And like as good Subjects will not refuse to hazard all in the Defence of their earthly and temporal Governors; so fly not like a white-liver'd Milk-sop from thy Standard, whereby thy chief Captain Christ hath placed thee in a noble Array of this Life: *Viriliter age,*

confortetur cor tuum, & sustine Dominum; Fight manfully, come Life, come Death; the Quarrel is God's, and undoubtedly the Victory is ours.

But thou wilt say, I will not break Unity. What? Not the Unity of Satan, and his Members; not the Unity of Darkness, the Agreement of Antichrist, and his Adherents; nay then thou deceivest thy self with fond Imaginations of such an Unity as is amongst the Enemies of Christ: Were not the false Prophets in an Unity; were not *Joseph*'s Brethren *Jacob*'s Sons, in an Unity; were not the Heathen, as the *Amalekites*, the *Perizzites*, and *Jebusites*, in an Unity? I keep no Order, but look rather to my Matter: Were not the Scribes and Pharisees in an Unity? Doth not King *David* testify, *Convenient in unum adversus Dominum?* Yea Thieves and Murderers, Conspirators and Traitors have their Unity.

Mark, my dear Friend (yea Friend, if thou bee'st not God's Enemy) there is no Unity but when Christ knitteth the Knot amongst such as be his: Yea be you well assured that where his Truth is resident, there it is verisyed that he saith, *Non veni mittere pacem in terram, sed gladium*; that is, Christ came to set one against another; the Son against the Father, the Daughter against the Mother. Deceive not thy self therefore, with the glistring and glorious Name of Unity: For Antichrist hath his Unity, yet not in Deed, but in Name; for the Agreement of evil Men is not an Unity, but a Conspiracy.

Thou hast heard some Threatnings, some Curses, and some Admonishments of the Scriptures to those which love themselves above Christ.

Thou hast heard also the sharp and biting Words to those which deny him for Love of Life; saith he not, that *he which denieth me before Men, I will deny him before my Father which is in Heaven?* And to the same Effect writeth St. *Paul* in the sixth to the *Hebrews*, saying, *It is impossible that they which have*

been

been once lightned, and have tasted of the heavenly Gift of Grace, and been made Partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have relished of the pure Word of God, if they fall and slide away, it is impossible that they should be renewed again by Repentance, crucifying again to themselves the Son of God, and making him as it were a Mocking-stock, or Gaud of their Fancies. And again (saith he) *If we shall willingly sin after we have received the Knowledge of the Truth, there is no Oblation left for Sin, but the terrible Expectation of Judgment and Fire which shall devour the Adversaries.* Thus St. *Paul* writeth, and thus thou readest, and dost thou not quake and tremble? Well, if these terrible and thundering Alarms cannot stir thee to arise and cleave unto Christ, and forsake the World; yet let the sweet Consolations and Promises of the Scriptures, let the Examples of Christ and his Apostles, both Martyrs and Confessors, encourage thee to take faster hold by Christ. Hearken what he saith again in his holy Gospel, *Blessed are you when Men revile you, and persecute you for my sake; rejoice and be glad, for great is your Reward in Heaven, for so persecuted they the Prophets before you.*

Hear what *Isaiah* saith, *Fear not the Curse of Men, be not afraid of their Blasphemies and Reviling, for Worms and Moths shall eat them up like Cloth and Wool, but my Righteousness shall endure for ever, and my saving Health from Generation to Generation: What art thou then* (saith he) *that fearest a mortal Man, the Child of a Man, which fadeth away as doth the Flower, and forgettest the Lord that made thee, that spread out the Heavens like a Curtain, and laid the Foundations of the Earth so sure that they cannot be removed? I am the Lord thy God, which maketh the Sea to rage, and to be still, who is the Lord of Hosts: I shall put my Word in thy Mouth, and defend thee with the turning of a Hand.* And our Saviour Christ saith to his Disciples, *They shall accuse you, and bring you*

before the Princes and Rulers for my Name-sake; and some of you they shall persecute and kill; but fear you not (saith he) *neither care you not what you shall say; for it is my Spirit that speaketh in you, the Hand of the Highest shall defend you, for the Hairs of your Heads are numbred, and none of them shall perish. I have laid up Treasure for you,* saith he, *where no Thief can steal, nor Moth corrupt; and happy are you if you endure to the end. Fear not them,* saith Christ, *which have Power over the Body only; but fear him that hath Power both over the Body and the Soul. The World loveth her own, and if you were of the World, the World would love you; but you are mine, and therefore the World doth hate you.*

Let these and such like Consolations out of the Scriptures strengthen you to Godward: Let not the Examples of holy Men and Women go out of your Mind, as that of *Daniel* and the rest of the Prophets; of the three Children of *Eleazarus*, that constant Father; the *Maccabees* Children, that of *Peter*, *Paul*, *Stephen*, and other Apostles and holy Martyrs, in the beginning and Infancy of the Church; as of good *Simeon* Archbishop of *Seloma*, and *Zetrophone*, with infinite others, under *Sapores* the King of the *Persians* and *Indians*, who contemned all Torments devised by the Tyrants for their Saviour's Sake,

Return, return again, for Honour and Mercies sake, into the Way of Christ Jesus; and, as becometh a faithful Soldier, put on that Armour which St. *Paul* teacheth to be most necessary for a Christian Man, and above all things, take to you the Shield of Faith.

And be you most devoutly provoked by Christ's own Example, to withstand the Devil, to forsake the World, and to become a true and faithful Member of his mystical Body, who spared not his own Flesh for our Sins. Throw down thy self with the Fear of his threatned Vengeance, for this so great

and

and henious Offence of Apostacy, and comfort your self on the other Part, with the Mercy, Blood, and Promises of him that is ready to turn to you, whensoever you turn to him: Disdain not to come again with the lost Son, seeing you have so wandered with him: Be not ashamed to turn again with him from the Swill of Strangers to the Delicates of the most benign and loving Father, acknowledging that you have sinned against Heaven and Earth; against Heaven, by staining his glorious Name, and causing his most sincere and pure Word to be evil-spoken of through you; against Earth, by offending your so many weak Brethren, to whom you have been a Stumbling-block through your sudden sliding.

Be not ashamed to come again with *Mary*, and to weep bitterly with *Peter*, not only with shedding of Tears out of your bodily Eyes, but also pouring out the Streams of your Heart, to wash away, out of the Sight of God, the Filth and Mire of your offensive Fall: Be not ashamed to say with the Publican, Lord be merciful to me a Sinner. Remember the horrible History of *Julian* of old, and the lamentable Case of *Francis Spira* of late, whose remembrance methinks should yet be so grievous to your Memory, that being a thing of our Time, you should fear the like Inconvenience, seeing that you are fallen into the like Offence. Last of all, let the lively remembrance of the last Day be always before your Eyes, remembring the Terror that such shall be in at that Time, with the Runnagates and Fugitives from Christ; who setting more by the World than by Heaven, more by their Life than by him that gave them their Life; more by the Vanity of a painful Breath, than the perfect Assurance of eternal Salvation, did shrink, yea did clean fall away from him that never forsook them. And contrariwise, the inestimable Joys prepared for them, which feared no Peril, nor dreading Death, have manfully fought, and victori-

ously

ously triumphed over all Power of Darkness, over Hell, Death and Damnation, through their most redoubted Captain Jesus Christ our Saviour, who even now stretcheth out his Arms to receive you, ready to fall upon your Neck and kiss you, and last of all to feast you with the Dainties and Delicates of his own most precious Blood, which undoubtedly, if it might stand with his determinate Purpose, he would not let to shed again, rather than you should be lost: To whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be all Honour, Praise and Glory everlastingly. *Amen.*

Yours, if you be Christ's,

JANE GRAY.

POSTSCRIPT.

Be constant, be constant, fear not for Pain,
Christ hath delivered thee, and Heaven is thy Gain.

J. G.

LETTER LXXXIII.

An Exhortation written by the Lady Jane Dudley, *the Night before her Death, in the End of the New Testament, in Greek, which she sent to her Sister the Lady* Catherine Gray.

I Have here sent you (my dear Sister *Catherine*) a Book which although it be not outwardly trimmed with Gold, or the curious Imbroidery of the artfullest Needles, yet inwardly it is more Worth than all the precious Mines which the vast World can boast of. It is the Book, my only best and best loved Sister, of the Law of the Lord: It is the Testament and last Will which he bequeathed unto us Wretches

and

and wretched Sinners, which shall lead you to the Path of eternal Joy: And if you with a good Mind read it, and with an earnest Desire follow it, no doubt it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting Life. It will teach you to live, and learn you to die: It shall win you more, and endow you with greater Felicity than you should have gained by the Possession of our woeful Father's Lands; For as if God had prospered him, you should have inherited his Honours and Manors; so if you apply diligently this Book, seeking to direct your Life according to the Rule of the same, you shall be an Inheritor of such Riches, as neither the Covetous shall withdraw from you, neither the Thief shall steal, neither yet the Moths corrupt. Desire with *David*, my best Sister, to understand the Law of the Lord your God; live still to die, that you by Death may purchase eternal Life, and trust not that the Tenderness of your Age shall lengthen your Life; for unto God, when he calleth, all Hours, Times and Seasons are alike, and blessed are they whose Lamps are furnished when he cometh, for as soon will the Lord be glorified in the Young as in the Old.

My good Sister, once again more let me intreat thee to learn to die; deny the World, defy the Devil, and despise the Flesh, and delight your self only in the Lord; be penitent for your Sins, and yet despair not; be strong in Faith, yet presume not, and desire with St. *Paul* to be dissolved and to be with Christ, with whom even in Death there is Life.

Be like the good Servant, and even at Midnight be waking, lest when Death cometh and stealeth upon you like a Thief in the Night, you be with the Servants of Darkness found sleeping, and left for lack of Oil you be found like the five foolish Virgins, or like him that had not on the Wedding-garment, and then you be cast into Darkness, or banished from the Marriage. Rejoice in Christ, as I trust you do; and

seeing

ſeeing you have the Name of a Chriſtian, as near as you can follow the Steps, and be a true Imitator, of your Maſter Chriſt Jeſus, and take up your Croſs, lay your Sins on his Back, and always embrace him.

Now as touching my Death, rejoice as I do, my deareſt Siſter, that I ſhall be delivered of this Corruption, and put on Incorruption; for I am aſſured that I ſhall, for loſing of a mortal Life, win one that is immortal, joyful and everlaſting; the which I pray God grant you in his moſt bleſſed Hour, and ſend you his all-ſaving Grace to live in his Fear, and to die in the true Chriſtian Faith. From which in God's Name I exhort you that you never ſwerve, neither for hope of Life, nor fear of Death; for if you will deny his Truth to give length to a weary and corrupt Breath, God himſelf will deny you, and by Vengeance make ſhort what you by your Soul's Loſs would prolong; but if you will cleave to him, he will ſtretch forth your Days to an uncircumſcribed Comfort, and to his own Glory: To the which Glory God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it ſhall pleaſe him to call you. Farewel once again, my beloved Siſter, and put your only truſt in God, who only muſt help you. *Amen.*

Your loving Siſter,

JANE DUDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIV.

To. Dr. DELANY.

Dear Doctor,

THO' you expected to see me the happiest Man in the World, by the extraordinary Honours which I receiv'd from his *Excellency*; yet I cannot forbear acquainting you, you are greatly disappointed in that respect.

Before I receiv'd his Bounty (which far surpassed my Hopes, and was more the Effect of his Generosity than any Merit of mine) I thought *Riches* were so necessary an Ingredient in human Life, that it was scarce possible to attain any Degree of Happiness without them.

I imagin'd, that if I had but a competent Sum, I should have no Care, no Trouble to discompose my Thoughts, nothing to withdraw my Mind from *Virtue* and the *Muses*; but that, if possible, I should enjoy a more exalted Degree of Content and Delight than I had hitherto: But now I perceive these kind of Notions to have been the pure genuine Effect of a very empty *Purse*.

My Hopes are vanish'd, at the Increase of my Fortune; my Opinion of Things is of a sudden so alter'd, that I am taught to pity none so much as the *Rich*; who, by my Computation (after three tedious Weeks Experience) must of necessity have an Income of *Plagues*, proportion'd to their Fortunes.

I know this Declaration surprizes you; but, in order to convince you, I will, as exactly as possible, set down, by way of *Diary*, the different Emotions of Mind which I labour'd under during the first Three Weeks *Guardianship* (for I can hardly call it Possession) of that same unfortunate, Care-bringing Fifty Pounds;

and have not the least Doubt, but you will believe my Assertions to be true.

Monday, Feb. 16.

Received this Morning the agreeable News of being ordered to wait on his *Excellency* the Lord *Carteret*; but suffer'd a great deal of Perplexity about appearing before one in so eminent a Station, and more admired and eminent for Learning, and every other Perfection of the Mind---went however to the *Castle*--- met with a very gracious Reception-- had full Proof of that Affability, Wisdom, and Generosity, for which his Excellency is so peculiarly distinguish'd, and which I knew before only by the Testimonies of others-- Was order'd to go Mr. *T*---, to receive the Premium appointed by my Lord.

Memorandum, I imagin'd my Stature greatly increas'd, and walk'd more erect than usual, went in high Spirits to the *Secretary*'s, (but, as a Drawback to my Happiness) receiv'd the dispiriting Account of his being confin'd to his Chamber--Denied Admittance.

Memorandum, his Excellency easier of Access than his Officer.

Tuesday, 17.

The Secretary still sick-- Paid a Visit to his Street-door about Twelve-- Return'd melancholy.

Wednesday, . . ditto.
Thursday, . . ditto.
Friday, . . ditto.
Saturday, . . ditto.
Sunday, . . . ditto.

O! 'twas a dreadful Interval of Time!

Monday, 23.

Ordered to wait again on Mr. *T*--- ; but happening to be over eager to receive the Sum, I hasten'd away too unseasonably, about half an Hour after Twelve, and found him asleep.

Memorandum,

Memorandum, admitted this Morning to ſtand in the Hall, and not at the Door as hath been ſlanderouſly and maliciouſly reported; I preſume becauſe it happened ſo at other Times.

Walk'd in the *Piazzas* till after *One*, ruminating on the various Hopes and Fears with which my Mind has been tormented this Week paſt---could not forbear repeating aloud, the two Lines of the *Libel* which accidentally are not more true of Mr. *Addiſon*, than this Friend.

Who grown a Miniſter of State,
Sees Poets at his Levee wait.

Memorandum, not under any Apprehenſion of being underſtood by any Perſons walking there, which were only a few *Lawyers* and a *Parſon* or two----

Saunter again to the *Secretary*'s ——— out of Hope ——— permitted now to go into a wide unfurniſhed Apartment ——— in half an Hour's Time admitted to his Preſence ——— received a Bill of fifty Pounds——returned with great Delight——

I now imagined that nothing was wanting to make me really happy: I pleaſed myſelf alſo with the Thought of communicating Happineſs to my Friends who would ſhare in my Succeſs, and particularly to you who are unwearied in endeavouring to promote the Felicity of others ——— How far I was diſappointed will appear by the Sequel——ſo to proceed with my *Diary* ———

I wrapt up my Bill very carefully—yet could not forbear looking at it ſometimes, though not oftner than at every Street's length —— But mark the Inſtability of all human Affairs!——As I was very attentively reading it, a pert ſwaggering Fellow ruſhes by me—I immediately ſuſpected an Attempt upon my Treaſure—looked as earneſtly as I dared in the Fellow's Face, and thought I read Robbery in the Lines

of his Countenance------so haſtily ſlipt my Bill into my Pocket without its Cover ----- met a Friend, told him of my Succeſs-----and the Generoſity of his Excellency-----but pulling out the Bank Note haſtily, tore it in the Middle-----diſmally frightned! ---- came Home-----ſhewed it to my Wife----was more terrified at hearing that it would now be of no Value--- received ſeveral Compliments from her for my Care of it-----and *that I was likely to be rich; ſince I took ſuch Pains to preſerve what I got*-----and the like---- went directly in a Fit of Anger and Vexation to *Henry*'s Bank---ſmiled a little, and ſpoke ſubmiſſively to the *Clerk*------ obtained a new *Bill*------returned again in great Joy-----all Things ſettled amicably between us.

Memorandum. Found upon Enquiry that the ill-favour'd Gentleman abovementioned, was one Mr.-- what d'ye-call-him----- the *Attorney*, of whom I need not have been in ſuch Terror, ſince he was never known to be guilty of ſuch an Action in a public Way.

Monday Night, 12 o'Clock

Went to Bed as uſual----but found myſelf violently pulled till I awoke-----ſeized with a very great Trembling, when I heared a Voice *crying*------*Take care of the Bill*------found immediately it proceeded from the Concern of my Bedfellow, who it ſeems was as ill formed to poſſeſs great *Riches* as my ſelf---- pitied her-----told her it was ſafe ----- fell aſleep ſoon, but was in leſs than two Hours rouzed again with her crying-----*My Dear*-----*My Dear*----*are you ſure it is ſafe?*-----*Don't you hear ſome Noiſe there?*------ *I'll lay my Life there's Robbers in the Room!*-----*Lard have Mercy upon us*-----*what a hedious Fellow I juſt now ſaw by my Bed-ſide with a drawn Sword*----*or did I dream it?*-----trembled a little at her Suſpicions -----ſlumber'd-----but was awakened a third Time

in

in the same Manner-----rose about Six much discomposed----received a very solemn Charge to be watchful against Accidents----*and let me beg of you my Dear to have a great Care of the Bill.*

Tuesday, 24.

Become extremely impatient to have this tormenting *Bill* changed into Money, out of a Belief that it would be then less liable to Accidents, breaking of Bankers, *&c.*-----Went to one Bank and was refused -----yet was ashamed to go to *Henry*'s so soon-----contrived however to get it exchanged after a great Variety of Schemes and Journies to several Places---came home---spread it upon a Table to see the utmost Bounds and Extent of my Riches-----all the rest of the Day sat contriving where to lay it---what Part of the House would be most secure---what Place would be least suspected by Thieves, if any should come----perceived my Mind more disturbed with having so much Money in my Custody, than I was before.----

Tuesday Night, 11 o'Clock.

Went round my House to inspect my Doors, whether they were all safe----perceived a great Deficiency of Bars, Bolts, Locks, Latches, Door-Chains, Window-shutts, Fire-arms, *&c.* which I never had taken the least Notice of before-----peeped with great Circumspection under the Beds---resolved to watch this Night, and prepare Expedients for my Security next Morning----watched accordingly----

Wednesday, 25.

Extremely fatigued with last Night's Watching---consulted several Hours about preserving my Wealth, believed it most safe in *Bills*, after mature Deliberation hurried away to the Bank and took a Bill for it---came away with an easier Mind---walked about two Streets length chearfully---but began to reflect that if my Load was lighter, yet on the other Hand the *Bill* might

might again be torn, be dropt, be mislaid—went back in haste—once more receiv'd it in Money—brought it Home—look'd frequently behind me as I walked—hid it—resolved to lay out the greatest Part of it in Plate—bespoke it accordingly—prepared my Fire-arms—went to Bed—not one Wink of Sleep all this Night——

Thursday, 26.

Looked a little paler to Day than usual—but not much concerned at that, since it was misinterpreted by my Friends for the Effects of hard study—Invited abroad to Dinner—went—sat down to Table, but in that dreadfull Moment recollected that my Closet where my whole Treasure was deposited, was left open—was observed to change Colour and look terrified——Not *Macbeth* so startled when he saw the Ghost of murdered *Banquo* at the Feast——

Memorandum, Money a perpetual *Apparition* to the covetous Mind.

—Ran distractedly Home—found all safe, but returned too late for Dinner—fasted—fretted—Well saith St. *Paul—Money is the Root of all Evil.*

Thursday Night, 12 o'Clock.

Hired a Watchman to guard my Doors—went to Bed—but no Sleep—the same Mind plaguing Riches floated uppermost in my Thoughts—methinks they cried—*Sleep no more!——Wealth has murder'd Sleep!* slumbered however a little towards Morning—dreamt of nothing but *Robbers*, *Assassins*, *Spectres*, *Flames*, *Hurricanes*—waked in great Terror.

Dear Doctor, it would be too tedious to pursue the dreadful Narration any farther, every Day administred new Cause of Uneasiness, nor did my Concern forsake me even in the Midst of Company and Wine.

Till I had the Plate sent Home I was uneasy, lest after I had ordered it to be made I should be robbed of my Money, and then not be able to pay for it,

and

and when I had it once in my Possession, I trembled every Instant for fear of losing it for ever.

When at Home I was afraid of being murdered for my Substance, and when abroad I was much terrified with the Apprehension that either my Servants might possibly be dishonest, and so contrive to deprive me of it while I was guarding it, or else that by Carelessness they might set Fire to my House and destroy it all at once.

Every *Bell* I heard ring I immediately imagin'd to be a *Fire-bell*; and every *Fire-bell* alarmed me with a Belief that my own House was in a *Blaze*; so that I was plagued without Interruption.

Since I have recovered myself a little, I have made an exact Calculation of the Quantity of Pleasure and Pain which I endured, and I shall shew you the just Ballance, the more fully to convince you.

A faithful Account of the Happiness and Misery of Matthew Pilkington *Clerk, for the Space of eleven Days, on receiving fifty Pounds from his Excellency the Lord* Carteret.

HAPPY.	Days	Hours	Min.
During the whole Time of being with my *Lord*, and till I went to the *Secretary*'s	00	01	00
By telling my Success to several Friends and describing his *Excellency*'s Person and Perfections,	00	03	01
By receiving the Sum from Mr. *T*---	00	00	03
By obtaining the new Bill for that which was torn and pacifying my *Wife*	00	03	00
Total of Happiness.	00	07	04

MISERABLE.	Days	Hours	Min.
All the Remainder	10	16	56

To

To conclude all, to keep my Mind as calm and quiet as it was in the Days of my Poverty, I have expended thirty two Pounds in Plate, to be a Monument of his Excellency's Generosity to me; and that Plate I have lodged at a rich Neighbour's House for its Security. About ten Pounds I have expended in fortifying my House, against the next *Money Misfortune* may happen to me, of which however at present there appears no great Danger: And if providentially my Fortune be advanced, I hope to bear it with greater Resolution, and to be in a better Condition to preserve it. I am

Dear Doctor,

Your affectionate

Friend and Servant,

MAT. PILKINGTON.

LETTER LXXXV.

To -------

SIR, *Oats* 23, *July* 1703.

I Have so great a Veneration for the Memory of that excellent Man, whose Life you tell me you are writing *, that when I sat my self down to recollect what Memoirs I can (in answer to your Desire) furnish you with, I am ashamed I have so little in Particular to say, on a Subject that afforded so much. For I conclude you are so well acquainted with his

* Doctor *Edward Pocock* Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of *Oxford*; he was born at *Oxford* on the 8th of *November* 1604, and died on the 10th of *September* 1691.

Learning

Learning and Virtue, that I ſuppoſe it will be ſuperfluous to trouble you on theſe heads: However, give me leave not to be wholly ſilent upon this occaſion. So extraordinary an Example, in ſo degenerate an Age, deſerves for the Rarity, I was going to ſay for the Incredibility, of it, the Atteſtation of all that knew him and conſidered his Worth--- The Chriſtian World is a Witneſs of his great Learning, that the Works he publiſhed would not ſuffer to be concealed, nor could his Devotion and Piety lie hid and be unobſerved in a College where his conſtant and regular aſſiſting at the Cathedral Service never interrupted by Sharpneſs of Weather, and ſcarce reſtrained by downright Want of Health ſhewed, the Temper and Diſpoſition of his Mind.

But his other Virtues and excellent Qualities had ſo ſtrong and cloſe a Covering of Modeſty and unaffected Humility, that though they ſhone the brighter to thoſe who had the Opportunities to be more intimately acquainted with him, and Eyes to diſcern and diſtinguiſh Solidity from Shew, and eſteem Virtue that ſought not Reputation, yet they were the leſs taken notice and talked of by the generality of thoſe to whom he was not wholly unknown. Not that he was at all cloſe and reſerved, but on the contrary the readieſt to communicate to any one that conſulted him.

Indeed he was not forward to talk, nor ever would be the leading Man in the Diſcourſe, though it were on a Subject he underſtood better than any one of the Company, and would often content himſelf to ſit ſtill and hear others debate in Matters which he himſelf was more a Maſter of; he had often the Silence of a Learner, where he had the Knowledge of a Maſter, and that not with a Deſign (as is often) that the Ignorance any one betrayed might give him an Opportunity to diſplay his own Knowledge with the more Luſtre and Advantage to their Shame, or cenſure them when they were gone; for theſe Arts of Triumph

and Oſtentation frequently practiſed by Men of Skill and Ability, were utterly unknown to him. It was very ſeldom that he contradicted any one; or if it were neceſſary at any time to inform any one better who was in a Miſtake, it was in ſo ſoft and gentle a manner, that it had nothing of the Air of Diſpute or Correction, and ſeemed to have little of Oppoſition in it. I never heard him ſay any thing that put any one preſent the leaſt out of Countenance; nor ever cenſure or ſo much as ſpeak diminiſhing of any one that was abſent.

He was a Man of no irregular Appetites. If he indulged any one too much, 'twas that of Study, which his Wife would often complain of (and I think not without reaſon) that a due Conſideration of his Age and Health could not make him abate.

Though he was a Man of the greateſt Temperance in himſelf, and the fartheſt from Oſtentation and Vanity in his Way of Living, yet he was of a liberal Mind and given to Hoſpitality; which conſidering the Smallneſs of his Preferments, and the numerous Family of Children he had to provide for, might be thought to have outdone those who made more Noiſe and Shew.

His Name which was in great Eſteem beyond Sea, and that deſervedly, drew on him Viſits from all Foreigners of Learning who came to *Oxford*, to ſee that Univerſity; they never failed to be highly ſatiſfied with his great Knowledge and Civility, which was not always without Expence.

Though at the Reſtoration of King *Charles*, when Preferment rained down upon ſome Mens heads, his Merits were ſo overlooked or forgotten, that he was barely reſtored to what was his before, without receiving any new Preferment then or at any time after; yet I never heard him take the leaſt notice of it, or make the leaſt Complaint, in a Caſe that would have grated ſorely on ſome Mens Patience, and have filled their Mouths with Murmuring, and their Lives

with

with Discontent: But he was always unaffectedly chearful; no Marks of any thing that lay heavy at his heart for his being neglected ever broke from him; he was so far from having any Displeasure concealed there, that whenever any Expressions of Dissatisfaction, for what they thought hard Usage, broke from others in his presence, he always diverted the Discourse, and if it were any body with whom he thought he might take that liberty, he silenced it with visible Marks of Dislike.

Though he was not, as I said, a forward, much less an assuming Talker, yet he was the farthest in the World from being sullen or morose: He would talk very freely and very well of all Parts of Learning, besides that wherein he was known to excel; but this was not all; he could discourse very well of other things; he was not unacquainted with the World, though he made no Shew of it.

His Backwardness to meddle in other People's Matters, or to enter into Debates, where Names and Persons were brought upon the Stage, and Judgments and Censures were hardly avoided, concealed his Abilities in Matters of Business and Conduct from most People: But yet I can truly say that I know not any one in the University, whom I would more willingly consult in any Affair that required Consideration, nor whose Opinion I thought better worth the hearing than his, if he could be drawn to enter into it, and give his Advice.

Though in Company he never used himself, or willingly heard from others, any personal Reflections on other Men, though set off with a Sharpness that usually tickles, and by most Men is mistaken, for the best, if not the only Seasoning of pleasant Conversation; yet he would often bear his Part in innocent Mirth, and by some opposite and diverting Story continue and heighten the good Humour.

I shall give an Instance of it in a Story of his, which on this Occasion comes to my Mind; and I tell it you not as belonging to his Life, but that it may give you some Part of his Character, which possibly the very serious Temper of this good Man, may be apt to make Men oversee. The Story was this; There was at *Corpus Christi* College; when he was a young Man there, a proper Fellow with a long grey Beard, that was a Porter of the College. A waggish Fellow-Commoner of the House would be often handling and stroaking this grey Beard, and jestingly tell the Porter, he would one of these Days fetch it off; the Porter who took his Beard for the great Ornament that added Grace and Authority to his Person, could scarce hear the Mention, in Jest, of his Beard being cut off, with any Patience; however, he could not escape the mortal Agony that such a Loss would cause him; the fatal Hour came, and see what happened. The young Gentleman, as the Porter was standing at the College Gate with other People about him, took hold of his Beard with his Left-hand, and with a Pair of Scissars which he had ready in his Right, did the Execution; that the Porter and By-standers heard the Cutting of Scissars, and saw a Handful of grey Hairs fall to the Ground. The Porter on that Sight, in the utmost Rage, ran immediately away to the President of the College, and there with a loud and lamentable Outcry, desired Justice to be done on the Gentleman-Commoner, for the great Indignity and Injury he had received from him.

The President demanding what Harm the other had done him, the Porter reply'd, An Affront never to be forgiven; he had cut off his Beard. The President, not without laughing, told him, That his Barber was a Bungler, and that therefore he would do him that Justice, that he should have nothing for his Pains, having done his Work so negligently; for he had left him for aught he could see, after all his

Cut-

Cutting, the largeſt and moſt reverend Beard in all the Town. The Porter ſcarce able to believe what he ſaid, put up his Hand to his Chin, on which he found as full grown a Beard as ever. Out of Countenance for his Complaint for want of a Beard, he ſneaked away, and would not ſhew his Face for ſome time after.

The Contrivance of the young Gentleman was innocent and ingenious; he had provided a Handful of white Horſe-Hair, which he cut under the Covert of the other's Beard, and ſo let it drop; which the teſty Fellow, without any farther Examination, concluded to be of his own Growth; and ſo with open Mouth drew on himſelf every one's Laughter, which could not be refuſed to ſuch ſad Complaints, and ſo reverend a Beard.

Speaking of the expedite Way of Juſtice in *Turkey*, he told this pleaſant Story, whereof he was an Eye-Witneſs at *Aleppo*. A Fellow who was carrying Bread about to ſell, at the Turn of a Street ſpying a *Cadee* coming towards him, ſet down his Baſket of Bread, and betook to his Heels. The *Cadee* coming on; and finding the Baſket of Bread in his Way, bid ſome of his under Officers to weigh it (for he always goes attended for preſent Execution of any Fault he ſhall meet with) who finding it as it ſhould be; left it and went on. The Fellow watching at the Corner of the Street what would become of his Bread, when he found all was ſafe, returned to his Baſket. The Byſtanders aſked him why he ran away, his Bread being Weight? That was more than I knew, ſaid he, for though it be not mine, but I ſell it for another, yet if it had been leſs than Weight, and taken upon me, I ſhould have been drubbed.

Many things of this Nature, worth Notice, would often drop from him in Converſation, which would inform the World of ſeveral Particularities concerning that Country and People, among whom he ſpent ſe-

veral Years. You will pardon me, if of a ſudden my bad Memory cannot, after ſuch a Diſtance of Time, recollect more of them. Neither perhaps had this now occurred, had I not on an Occaſion that revived it in my Memory ſometime ſince, by telling it to others, refreſhed it in my own Thoughts.

I know not whether you find amongſt the Papers of his, that are, as you ſay, put into your Hands, any *Arabic* Proverbs tranſlated by him. He told me, That he had a Collection of 3000 as I remember, and that they were for the moſt Part very good. He had, as he intimated, ſome Thoughts of tranſlating them, and adding ſome Notes, where they were neceſſary to clear any Obſcurities; but whether he ever did any Thing in it before he died, I have not heard. But to return to what I can call to mind, and recover of him.

I do not remember that in all my Converſation with him, I ever ſaw him once angry, or to be ſo far provok'd as to change Colour or Countenance, or Tone of Voice; diſpleaſing Accidents and Actions would ſometimes occur, there is no Help for that; but nothing of that kind moved him, that I ſaw, to any paſſionate Words; much leſs to Chiding or Clamour. His Life appeared to me one conſtant Calm.

How great his Patience was in his long and dangerous Lameneſs (wherein there were very terrible and painful Operations) you have, no doubt, learn'd from others. I happened to be abſent from *Oxford* moſt of that Time; but I have heard and believe it. That it was ſuitable to the other Parts of his Life.

To conclude: I can ſay of him, what few Men can ſay of any Friend of theirs, nor of any other of my Acquaintance, that I do not remember I ever ſaw in him any one Action that I did or could in my own Mind blame, or thought amiſs in him.

Sir, if I had been put upon this Taſk ſoon after his Death, I might poſſibly have ſent you a Paper better

fur-

furnished than this is, and with Particularities fitter for your Purpose to fill up the Character of so good and extraordinary a Man, and so exemplary a Life. The Esteem and Honour I have still for him, would not suffer me to say nothing; tho' my decaying bad Memory did ill second my Desire, to obey your Commands. Pray accept this as a Mark of my Willingness, and believe that I am

Your most humble Servant,

JOHN LOCKE.

LETTER LXXXVI.

To Mrs. T--- *at* O---d *upon her stealing a Marriage unknown to her intimate Friend.*

MY DEAR SALLY,

BY this time I doubt not you are sensible that the Protestations and Favours of Admirers, in general, appear vain and trivial, when compar'd with the Behaviour of one, the Source of whose Actions and Sentiments flow from the strong and tender Ties of conjugal Affection.

This indeed I expected to have had the Pleasure of hearing from you before my writing; especially, as I was for a pretty while an intire Stranger to your Place of Abode, as well as ignorant of your unexpected Change of Life. However, I shall be unwilling to impute your Silence to proceed from standing upon any little Niceties or Punctualities, since I think they ought to be intirely laid aside long before now; as such a Behaviour implies a Strangeness where (if I am not greatly mistaken) the best Understanding and Harmony has long subsisted.

I cannot but confess, that upon the first hearing of your Marriage, I was very much surprized; notwithstanding

ſtanding I have been ſuſpected by your Father and Mother to have been in the Secret. Their Sentiments upon this Occaſion (which, I ſuppoſe, you will be glad to know) are, I am ſorry to ſay it, as yet, far from being ſo agreeable as could be wiſh'd; but it is to be hoped that Time and a calm Conſideration will induce them to think more favourably; ſince nothing is more odious or ſhocking than an unforgiving, irreconcileable Temper: And as you yourſelf muſt own, in their general Conduct they are known to be guided by Candour and Humanity; ſo I flatter myſelf I ſhall ſoon have the Pleaſure of hearing you ſay, that you are as happy as you yourſelf can deſire.

I am ſenſible that what I can do in your Behalf will be very trivial; and therefore in no wiſe equal to my warm Wiſhes: But be aſſured my beſt Offices ſhall not at any time be wanting on this Occaſion; and as an Inſtance of this, I cannot forbear telling you, I have been unwearied in acting the Part of a ſecret Benefactor (notwithſtanding your ſtealing a Marriage without the Privity of your intimate Friend) in endeavouring to influence every one to eſpouſe your Cauſe whom I have thought might be of real Service.

As your preſent Situation of Life has been intirely according to your own Inclination and Diſcretion; it is natural to infer it proceeded from the beſt of Motives. From that of a ſincere Eſteem, Love, and Value for him whom you have eſpouſed; which Affections I am perſuaded your and Mrs. *T*-- -'s good Senſe will teach you mutually to cheriſh as well as all the tender Offices which flow from the nuptial State.

I have accidentally lying before me at this Juncture, a Book which I know you both have a very great Value for. I need not tell you it is *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt*. As the moſt agreeable Preſent I can think of ſending you, I ſhall tranſcribe thoſe beautiful Lines wherein he has given a moſt inimitable and lovely

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Description of conjugal Happiness; and I expect no less than both your Thanks for my Trouble.

Hail wedded Love! mysterious Law! true Source
Of human Offspring! sole Propriety
In Paradise, of all Things common else!
By Thee adult'rous Lust was driv'n from Men,
Among the bestial Herds to range; by Thee
(Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure).
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.
Far be't, that I should write Thee Sin, or Blame!---
Perpetual Fountain of domestic Sweets!
Whose Bed is undefil'd, and chaste pronounc'd ---
Here love his golden Shafts employs; here lights
His constant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings;
Reigns here and revels ----
---- Happy if you seek
No happier State, and know to know no more.

Its being in the completest Sense as innocent to you both, as it is happy, and as happy, as it is innocent, will be the greatest Satisfaction and Pleasure to,

Dear Sally,

London,
July 12, 1742.

Yours most affectionately,

T. L.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Mrs. M--------h *at* Bath, *to her Husband in* London.

THOU, who do'ſt all my worldly Thoughts employ,
Thou pleaſing Source of all my earthly Joy!
Thou tend'reſt Huſband, and thou dearest Friend;
To Thee this fond, this laſt Adieu I ſend.
At length the Conqu'ror Death aſſerts his Right!
And will for ever veil me from thy Sight.
He wooes me to him, with a chearful Grace,
And not one Terror clouds his awful Face.
Th' eternal Joys of Heav'n he ſets in View!
And tells me that no other Joys are true.
But Love, fond Love, would fain exert its Pow'r,
And for a while defer the parting Hour;
It brings thy faithful Image to my Eyes,
Which would obſtruct my Paſſage to the Skies.
But ſay, thou dearest, thou unweary'd Friend,
Say, would'ſt thou mourn to ſee my Sorrows end?
Thou know'ſt a painful Pilgrimage I've paſt,
And can'ſt thou grieve that Reſt is come at laſt?
Rather rejoice! to ſee me ſhake off Life,
And die as I have liv'd thy faithful Wife.

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LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Mrs. H----- *on the Death of her Fawn and Canary-Bird.*

MADAM,

AS soon as I heard of the Death of your pretty *Fawn* and *Canary-Bird*, I wrote the following Lines, which I now take the Liberty to send you.

I.

To see the Deer in Parks to graze,
How pleasing is the Sight!
Each Blast of Wind does them amaze,
Their timorous Hearts affright.

II.

The Trees them shade from Summer Heat,
Thickets in Winter warm.
Happy indeed their sweet Retreat,
Were they secure from Harm.

III.

But Man whose Appetite to fill,
Earth, Air, and Sea, not all
Can satisfy, for Sport he kills,
To him they Victims fall.

IV.

Above them Birds of various Notes
Do sing melodiously,
And warble thro' their little Throats
Delightful Harmony.

V.

One of each Sort was late your Care,
In both Delight you took,
While *Dicky*'s Song ſtill pleas'd your Ears,
And *Billy*'s harmleſs Look.

VI.

But *Billy* ſoon did die, 'tis true!
A Fate ſevere he met;
And next your *Dicky* dear, whilſt you
With Tears their Loſs regret.

VII.

But ſoft! *B*--- ceaſe your Grief,
No more their Fate deplore:
Truſt me, from Death there's no Relief,
We all muſt be no more.

VIII.

Short! ſhort's the Time, indeed, my Fair,
Allotted Human Kind;
Then waſte it not in fruitleſs Care,
And be to Beauty blind.

IX.

Oh! ceaſe thoſe cruel Sighs and Tears,
Think how ſoon your Charms, my Fair,
Will feel the ſad Effect of Years,
And thoſe bright Eyes impair.

X.

Rather, my Fair, while Time is given,
Enjoy the preſent Hours,
(For who can tell the Will of Heaven!)
To-morrow mayn't be ours.

I doubt not, but, with your usual good Nature, you will excuse what Faults you may possibly find in the above; and believe me to be,

MADAM,

Your most obedient

humble Servant,

W. H.

LETTER LXXXIX.

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 I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented Folly that retards me; but I pass away my last Hours in Reflection 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 being criminal, 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 according to its Laws. As

we

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 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 Innocence when mortal? Why may I not hope to go on in my uſual Work, and, though 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 figure to myſelf a greater Happineſs than in ſuch an Employment; to be preſent at all the Adventures to which human Life is expoſed; to adminiſter Slumber to thy 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 or Pain, where I have longed to attend 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 capable, 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 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.

Farewell for ever.

LETTER

LETTER XC.

To the Editor of the Original Letters, *now publishing by Subscription.*

SIR, *Octob.* 15, 1744.

BEING greatly pleased with the Generality of your Letters, but more particularly with some than others; and more especially with the momentary Sorrow (if I may so call it) of your * *German* Widow; in which Letter we find that disconsolate Lady compared to the *Ephesian Matron*; but being unacquainted with her Story, we should be glad to have it by way of Note; or, if you chuse not to deviate from your first Proposals, by way of Letter. This, Sir, I assure you, will oblige a whole Boarding-school of young Ladies, and I hope not be disagreeable to the rest of your Subscribers.

I am, &c.

In compliance to the young Ladies Request, we shall, for once, break through our first Intention, being of the same Opinion with them, that the desired History will not be unacceptable to such of our Subscribers as are ignorant of it; and therefore shall give them the whole Narrative, as we find it set down in the Works of the ingenious Monsieur *de St. Evremont.*

The Ephesian *Matron.*

"There was a Lady, at *Ephesus*, in so high a Re-
"putation for her Chastity, that even Women from
"the neighbouring Countries came, out of Curio-
"sity, to see her, as a Miracle. This extraordi-
"nary Person having lost her Husband, was not con-

* See LETTER LXII.

"tent,

"tent, as the Fashion then was, to assist at the "Funeral Rites, with her Hair dishevel'd, 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, and wept "incessantly over it, abandoning herself to all the "Excesses of Despair and Grief; and so obstinately "determined to destroy herself 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 Leaves 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 unfor-"tunate Lady Company, who mingled her Tears with "those of her Mistress, and renewed the Lights as of-"ten 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 Go-"vernor 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 Centinel to "watch the Crosses, left the Bodies should be "stollen, perceiving a Light in the Monument, and "hearing the sad Complaints of a Person who seem'd "to be afflicted 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 surprized at the Sight "of so beautiful a Creature, he continued for some

"Time

" Time aſtoniſhed, as if he had ſeen ſome Phantom; " then earneſtly beholding the dead Body, which lay " ſtretched out before his Eyes, conſidering the " Lady's Tears, 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 her 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 Breaſt 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 Exhortations, endeavoured to per- " ſuade 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 you the Aſhes of the Dead*
" *Regard thoſe Tears, ſo vainly ſhed?*

"How do 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 Weak- "ness, which none but Women are capable of, and "enjoy the Advantages of Life, while Heaven gives "you leave to do it. This every body which you "see before you sufficiently shews you the Price of "Life, and may serve to instruct you to manage it "better; few People listen with Regret, when they "are press'd 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 as her Maid had done before her. I "need not here inform you, that Temptations of an- "other kind generally follow a Repast. With the "same Arms that 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 own Interest 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 "concerned this Part of her Body as the other; and "the Soldier, fully satisfied, succeeded in both his "Attempts upon her. Thus they continued toge- "ther not only the first Night of Enjoyment, but "the next day also, 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 the most pious Wife in the Uni-

"verse

" verſe had expired upon the Body of her Huſ-
" band.

" 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 Monu-
" ment. In the mean time, the Relations of one
" of the Men that were hanged, perceiving that no
" body looked after them, took this Opportunity in
" the Night to carry off the Body, and beſtowed
" the Rites of Sepulture upon it.

" But the poor Soldier who ſuffered this ſcurvy
" Trick to be play'd upon him, while he was too
" buſily purſuing his private Pleaſures, finding in the
" Morning one of the Croſſes without a Body, re-
" pair'd immediately to his Miſtreſs in the greateſt
" Apprehenſions of being puniſhed for his Negli-
" gence, and acquainted her with what had hap-
" pened to him, that as for himſelf, he was fully
" reſolved not to ſtay till his Condemnation, but
" would execute a Piece of Juſtice upon himſelf, and
" puniſh his fatal Imprudence with his own Hand;
" that all the Favour he demanded of her, was, to
" ſee the laſt Ceremonies performed 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 for-
" bid, 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 Corps out of the Coffin,
" in order to faſten it to the Croſs, from whence
" the Body was ſtolen. The Soldier immediately
" put in Execution the ſeaſonable Advice of this in-
" genious 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 XCI.

To Mr. Dryden.

SIR,

WHEN I ſaw you laſt, you gave me your *Word* that you would ſend me a Pound of Snuff in two Days Time; but what ſignifies your *Word*; for if you had kept your *Word*, I had had it long ago. Now, though you left your *Word* with me, I don't know what to do with it; I am afraid nobody will take your *Word* (I mean for a Pound of Snuff) unleſs you retrieve it very ſoon. But it may be you only deſigned a Compliment to my Underſtanding, believing I knew you ſo well, as not to depend upon your *Word*, for *Words* are but Wind; and ſo indeed a *Word* to the Wiſe is ſufficient.

However, you will find if you continue thus to forfeit your *Word*, that your *Word*, by the Bye, will become a *Bye-Word*; nevertheleſs, ſomething may be ſaid in Favour of your *Word*; as for Example; that though it brought me not a Pound of Snuff, and conſequently proved a *Word* of no Weight, yet it is certain, that I have taken Snuff at it in ſome meaſure.

Perhaps you will not like my Quibbling, becauſe it is playing upon a *Word*; but, when your *Word* ceaſes to paſs in earneſt, then it naturally paſſes into a Jeſt, and ſo in a *Word*, your *Word* is the Occaſion of theſe *Words* I've wrote, and of ſo many *Words* more which I have ſtill to ſay, when I have a farther Opportunity of *wording* on't with you by *Word* of Mouth,

Mouth, which shall be next Time we meet upon the *Word* of

Your humble Servant,

RICHARD SWAN.

LETTER XCII.

To my Lady ---------- *By Mr.* Smith.

MADAM,

I AM now at my Lady ------ where we have had a very *warm* Debate. Among many general Things, we happened to fall into a Discourse of Queen *Elizabeth*, and a Question arising, What Complexion she was of? One Lady said, She was *fair*; another maintain'd, She was *black*; a third contended, She was *brown*: The Dispute was managed with very great *Heat*, and little *Certainty* on all Sides. *Speed*, *Baker*, *Camden*, were consulted, but we found the Historians either *silent*; or as much divided as the Company. At last, after a *long* Debate, it was the *unanimous* Resolution of both Ladies and Gentlemen, to refer to your Ladyship's *Determination* as a Person of Great *Antiquity*, and consequently of better *Authority* than our *Chronicles*. If you shall do us the *Favour* to give us some *Satisfaction* in this Matter, 'twill be a general Obligation to the *whole* Company, and a *particular* Honour done to,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Obedient Servant.

LET-

LETTER XCIII.

To Doctor Garth.

WHETHER your *Letter*, or your *Prescription*, has made me *well*, I protest I cannot tell; but thus much I can say, That as the one was the most nauseous Thing I ever knew, so the other was most entertaining, I would gladly ascribe my Cure to the last, and if so, your Practice will become so universal, you must keep a Secretary as well as an Apothecary.

The Observations I have made are these; that your *Prescription* staid not long with me, but your *Letter* has, especially that Part of it, where you told me, I was not altogether out of your Memory; you'll find me as much alter'd in every thing, when you see me, but in my Esteem for yourself. I that was as lank as a *Crane* when I left you at *London*, am now as plump as a *Ortolan*. I have left off my *false Calves*, and had Yesterday a *Great-Belly* laid to me. A *facetious Widow* who is my Confidant in this Affair, says, You ought to father the Child; for he that lends a Man a Sword, is, in some Part, accessary to the Mischief is done with it. However, I will forgive you the Inconvenience you have put me to. I believe you were not aware you were giving Life to two People. Pray let me have a consolatory Letter from you upon this new Calamity, for nothing can be more welcome, excepting Rain in this Sandy Country where we live. The *Widow* says, She resolves to be *sick* on Purpose to be acquainted with you; but I tell her she'll relish your *Prescriptions* better in full Health; and if at this Distance you can do her no Service, pray *prescribe* her.

Your humble Servant,

T. M.

LETTER XCIV.

To Madam ------

IF you find any Extravagances in the little Book I send you, you are obliged in Honour to excuse them, since you have robb'd me of my Judgment, which might have hindered me from committing them.

I have been honour'd in my Time with the Company of very aimable Persons, to whom I am beholden for leaving me so much good Sense, as I had Occasion for 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 I see nothing 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 aimable.

There never was so disinterested a Passion in the World as mine. I love those who 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 yours are. I relent when you grow tender; when

you

you languish 'tis 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 now and then steal unawares from you, put my Heart to no less Expence than they did yours.

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 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 Expressions 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 us a lively Idea of our own Inquietude.

We should not believe this without making Experience of it at our own Cost. Those Matters which seem 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 comes from you which is not amiable, nothing is formed in you that does not turn to Love.

Upon a serious Reflexion, I am apt to believe that you will laugh at me for this Discourse, but you 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.

'Tis 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

will make bold to contradict *Montaigne* in this particular, and don't 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 by you for it, that I love you.

LETTER XCV.

To King William, *from her late Majesty Queen* Anne, *when Princess of* Denmark, *upon the Death of Queen* Mary.

SIR,

I Beg your Majesty's favourable Acceptance of my sincere and hearty Sorrow for your great Affliction on the Loss of your Queen; and I do assure your Majesty, I am as sensibly touched with this sad Misfortune, as if I had never been so unhappy, as to have fallen into her Displeasure.

It is my earnest Desire your Majesty would give me Leave to wait upon you as soon as it can be without Inconveniency to you, and without Danger of encreasing your Affliction, that I may have an Opportunity myself, not only of repeating this, but of assuring your Majesty of my real Intentions to omit no Occasion of giving you constant Proofs of my sincere

Respect and Concern for your Person and Interest, as becomes,

SIR,

Your MAJESTY'S

Most affectionate Sister

and Servant,

ANNE.

LETTER XCVI.

Windsor, *July* 6, 1708.

From Queen Anne *to the Duke of* Marlborough, *after the Victory of* Oudenarde, *the taking of* Lisle, *and the saving of* Brussels.

I Want Words to express the Joy I have that you are well after your glorious Success, for which, next to Almighty God, my Thanks are due to you. And indeed I can never say enough for all the great and faithful Services you have ever done me. But be so just as to believe, I am as truly sensible of them as a grateful Heart can be, and shall be ready to shew it upon all Occasions. I hope you cannot doubt of my Esteem and Friendship for you, nor think because I differ with you in some Things, it is for want of either: No, I do assure you. If you were here, I am sure you would not think me so much in the wrong in some things, as I fear you do now. I am afraid my Letter should come too late to *London*; and therefore dare say no more, but that I pray God Almighty to continue his Protection over you, and send you safe home again; and be assured I shall ever be sincerely, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XCVII.

From the Duke to the Queen.

MADAM, *July* 23, 1708.

I Have the Honour of your Majesty's Letter of the 6th, and am very thankful for all your Goodness to me; and I am sure it will always be my Intention as well as Duty, to be ready to venture my Life for your Service.

As I have formerly told your Majesty, that I am desirous to serve you in the Army, but not as a Minister, I am every Day more and more confirmed in that Opinion. And I think myself obliged upon all Accounts on this Occasion to speak my Mind freely to you. The Circumstances in this last Battle, I think, shew the Hand of God; for we were obliged, not only to march five Leagues that Morning, but to pass a River before the Enemy, and to engage them before the whole Army was passed, which was a visible Mark of the Favour of Heaven to you, and your Arms.

Your Majesty shall be convinced from this Time, that I have no Ambition nor any thing to ask for myself or Family; but I will end the few Years which I have to live in endeavouring to serve you, and to give God Almighty Thanks for his infinite Goodness to me. But as I have taken this Resolution to myself, give me Leave to say, That I think you are obliged in Conscience, and as a good Christian, to forgive, and to have no more Resentments to any particular Person or Party, but to make Use of such as will carry on this just War with Vigour, which is the only Way to preserve our Religion and Liberties, and the Crown on your Head. Which that you may long enjoy, and be a Blessing to your People, shall be

the conſtant Wiſh, and Prayer of him that is with the greateſt Truth and Duty.

Madam, &c.

LETTER XCVIII.

To Madam O------

I Remember, Madam, that as I went to the Army, I begg'd of you to love the Count of *B*---- in caſe I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to meet my Death there; in which Particular I have been ſo well obey'd 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 obey'd 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 don't 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 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 Indignation. My Paſſion is too violent to allow the leaſt Interval to my Reſentments; and my Tenderneſs will always make me forget the Injuries I have received from you. I love you tho' you are perfidious and faithleſs; and only

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 XCIX.

To the Duke of Ormond.

ALL Men naturally deſire to be happy; this Principle leaves us not as long as we live; and it is the only Truth perhaps, wherein all the World are of one Opinion.

But then to attain this Happineſs with leſs Trouble, to poſſeſs it with Security, without fearing to be diſturbed in ſo envied a Situation, we ought to act in ſuch a manner, my Lord, that others may be happy as well as ourſelves; for if a Man pretends to take care only for himſelf he will find continual Oppoſitions: But when we are reſolved not to be happy, but upon Condition that others may be ſo likewiſe, all Difficulties are removed, and all Mankind are ready to lend us a helping hand.

This Greatneſs of Soul ought therefore to be conſidered as the Deſire of being happy, but in ſuch a manner that others may be ſo too. Let us examine the moſt virtuous Actions, and we ſhall find they are all of this nature; and that they all flow from the ſame Principle.

To

To possess this generous Quality in the highest degree, 'tis requisite we should have Soundness of Judgment and Sincerity of Heart, and that both these should agree together.

By the Solidity of our Judgment we come to know what is most just and most reasonable to say and do; and by the Sincerity of our Heart we are always inclined to do and say the same.

When a Man has but one of these two Qualifications, he cannot pretend to possess this Character in perfection; for he is not a jot the better for knowing what Reason and Justice are, if Integrity of Heart does not go along with this Knowledge. In like manner, if the Integrity of the Heart acts singly, and the Assistance of the Judgment be wanting to guide it, it will blindly grope out its Way, without ever knowing exactly what Road it ought to take.

These are the two essential Ingredients in the Composition of a Man of Honour; and since 'tis so rare to see them separately, can we wonder if 'tis much more so to see them united? But, my Lord, when they once meet in the same Person, what Greatness! what Equity! what public-spirited Actions may we not expect from him? A Man of this Character discharges all his Duties with equal Reputation, however extended or different they may be.

He is a good Subject, a good Father, a good Friend, a good Citizen, and a good Master; he is indulgent and courteous, easy of Access, sensible of the Misfortunes of others, and ready to relieve them.

He is circumspect and modest; he neither affects to be thought a necessary Man, nor is he over nice: He takes notice of another's Faults, but never talks of them, nor does he seem to have observed them.

He is not in the least a Slave to Interest, but as he is no Stranger to the Necessities of Life, his Conduct is always regular, and he never abandons himself to any Excess.

He

He is not moved by any thing but true Merit. That which is called Grandeur, Authority, Fame, Riches, all the magnificent Names do not byaſs his Judgment. He knows perfectly well what Pains they have as well as Pleaſures, and this hinders him ſometimes from taking the ready Way that leads to Fortune.

Although he is agreeable and entertaining in Converſation, yet he knows when to retire, and loves not a Crowd: Thus may we ſee that he ſeldom endeavours to ſhew himſelf upon the Theatre of the World. But if his Birth or Fortune are pleaſed to place him there, having a large Stock of Wit, Judgment, good Senſe, and Experience, he fills the Poſt he is placed in, with univerſal Applauſe.

The *Man of Honour* ſets a great Value on Wit, but a much greater on Reaſon. The Love of Truth, is his predominate Paſſion, he would willingly know all things, but does not think it a Commendation to him to know nothing. He is careful and inquiſitive, he knows the Worth, Force and Weakneſs of every thing. He eſteems nothing but according to its intrinſic Value. The moſt inſinuating Errors and Prepoſſeſſions do not impoſe upon him, or make any Impreſſion upon his Mind.

In ſhort, a Perſon of this Character ſays and does nothing which is not agreeable, juſt, reaſonable, and which does not directly tend to make all Men happy.

'Tis therefore evident, my Lord, that to make the World happy, we muſt firſt eſtabliſh a Principle of Honour in it. But to bring this about, it is not enough to know what Condition it is in at preſent, 'tis neceſſary likewiſe, to know how it ought to be, and how it would be in Effect, if all Men governed themſelves by Reaſon.

As Affairs are managed in the World at preſent, every thing almoſt, is out of Order. Honour has nothing to do there, and Men of that Character, are as it were Strangers at Home.

'Twould

'Twould be an easy Matter for Princes to effect the Re-establishment of Honour. To accomplish so glorious and noble a Design, they need do no more else, but only prefer the *Virtuous*, and punish the *Bad*.

If all Men acted by the Dictates of Reason, we should have nothing amongst us, but natural Infirmities, as Sickness, Old Age and Death. Whereas we are surrounded with a thousand Ills: As Prejudice, Anger, Ambition, Perfidiousness, Ignorance and the Contempt of solid Knowledge.

Nothing more attracts the Eyes and Esteem of all Men, than noble Extraction, and Glory obtained by War, all other Merits (if I may so express my self) are languishing, and we scarce vouchsafe to take notice of them.

'Tis very just that the Merits of War should be considered; the Fatigues, Wounds, and Death itself, to which the Brave are so often exposed, ought indeed to be rewarded better than they are: Nevertheless if we compare the Honours that are bestowed upon them, with those of Persons excelling in other Arts, we shall find that they are sufficiently requited.

It falls out unhappily for Men of Wit, that as few People understand it, so even in this small Number, some have no great Esteem for it.

'Tis not so with Riches; all Mankind, the Poor as well as the Rich, set an equal Value on them: The other Gifts of Fortune carry the same Advantages with them; Men of the meanest Birth adore Greatness in their Hearts, and use their utmost Endeavours to obtain it.

I am, my Lord,

Your's &c.

LETTER

LETTER C.

To Madam L------

YOU imagine Madam that I hate you, and so far you are in the right on't, that if you consult the Reason I have to do so, you may well believe that I hate you most abominably. But then if you consider what a 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 the other Hand I wish you all the Prosperity in the World in spight 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 CI.

Sarah *late Duchess of* Marlborough, *upon publishing her* Conduct, *sent the following Letter to a Nobleman.*

My Lord,

I Have been often told that there is a Sort of Philosophy, by which People have brought themselves to be indifferent, not only whether they be at all remembered after Death, but whether, in Case their Names should survive them, they be mentioned with Praise or Infamy. If this be really a Point of Wisdom, it is infinitely beyond my Reach, and I shall own farther, that it seems to me too refined and sublime to be attained by any body who has not first got rid of the Prejudices of common Sense, and common Honesty. I will not pretend to say that the Passion for Fame may not sometimes be excessive, and deservedly the Subject of Ridicule. But surely, my Lord, there never was a single Instance of a Person of true Honour, who was willing to be spoken of either during Life or after it, as a Betrayer of his Country, or Friend.

And I am persuaded your Lordship must have observed that all those who, at this Day, declare themselves wholly careless about what the World, or what the Circle of their Acquaintance will say of them when they are dead, are quite as unconcerned to *deserve* a good Character while they live.

For my own Part, I frankly confess to your Lordship and to the World, that whatever Vanity, or Weakness, an Ambition of a good Name may be thought, either by Philosophers or Ministers of State, to imply, I have ever felt some Degree of that Ambition, from the Moment I could distinguish Good from Evil. My chief Aim (if I have any Acquaint-

ance

ance with my own Heart) has been both in public and private Life, to deſerve Approbation. I have ever been with an earneſt Deſire to *have* it too, both living and dead, from the Wiſe and Virtuous.

My Lord, this Paſſion has led me to take more Pains than you would eaſily imagine.

It has ſometimes carried me beyond the Sphere, to which the Men have thought proper, and perhaps generally ſpeaking with good Reaſon, to confine our Sex: I have been a Kind of Author. About forty Years ago, having underſtood that the Wife of the late Biſhop *Burnet*, a Lady whom I greatly eſteemed had received unfavourable Impreſſions of me, on account of the unhappy Differences between Queen *Mary* and her Siſter, I wrote a faithful Narrative of that Affair, purely to ſatisfy that one Perſon.

And when after my Diſmiſſion from Queen *Anne*'s Service, I perceived how induſtriouſly Malice was employ'd in inventing Calumnies to load me with, I drew up an Account of my Conduct in the ſeveral Offices I had filled under her Majeſty; this Piece I intended to publiſh immediately, but was diſſuaded from it by a Perſon (of great Eminence at this Day) whom I thought my Friend: I have ſince imagined that he had by Inſtinct an Averſion to *Accounting*. It was ſaid as a Reaſon for deferring the Publication of *my* Account, that Prejudice and Paſſion were grown too violent and ſtormy, for the Voice of Reaſon to be heared; but that thoſe after ſome Time would ſubſide, and that the Truth, then brought to light, would unavoidably prevail. I followed the Advice with leſs leſs Reluctance, as being conſcious of the Power of an eaſy Vindication, whenever my Patience ſhould be puſhed to Extremity.

After this I ſet myſelf another Taſk, to which I was partly urged by the Injuſtice, and I may ſay Ingratitude of the *Whigs*: It was to give an Account of my Conduct with regard to Parties, and of the

successful Artifice of Mr. *Harley* and Mrs. *Masham*, in taking Advantage of the Queen's Passion, for what she called, *the Church*, to undermine me in her Affections. In this Undertaking, I had the Assistance of a Friend, to whom I furnished *Materials*. Some Parts of the Work were my own Composition, being such Passages as no body but my self could relate with Exactness. This was not originally intended to be published till after my Death.

But my Lord, as I am now drawing near my End, and very soon there will nothing remain of *me* but a *Name*, I am grown desirous under the little Capacity which Age and Infirmities have left me for other Enjoyments, to have the Satisfaction before I die, of seeing that *Name* (which from the Station I have held in the great World, must unavoidably survive me) in *Possession* of what was only designed it for a *Legacy*.

From this Desire, I have caused the several Pieces abovementioned to be connected together and thrown into the Form, in which I now take the Liberty to address them to your Lordship; they may possibly be of some Use towards correcting the Folly and Injustice of those, who in order to judge of the Conduct of others, begin with forming to themselves *Characters* of them, upon slight and idle Reports, and then make such *Characters* the Rule, by which they admit or reject whatever they afterwards hear concerning them. If any such happy Effect as this, might reasonably be hoped from the Perusal of these Papers, I should be far from making any *Apology* for offering them to your Lordship: I would not call it, *troubling* your Lordship with them. No, my Lord, you will not esteem it a *Trouble* to read them, even though you should judge them useless for the Purpose I have mentioned. The Friendship you favour me with, will make you find a particular Satisfaction in this Justification of my injur'd *Character* to the World. And I imagine that there is no honest Mind, how much soever it may chance to be

prejudiced

prejudiced against me, but will feel something of the same Pleasure in being undeceived.

The original Letters, of which, either in Whole or in Part, the Copies will be here found, I have directed to be preserved in my Family, as incontestable Vouchers of the Truth of what I am going to relate.

LETTER CII.

Dear Sir, *Gr---n, July* 15, 1737.

HAVING quitted *B*-----, I arrived here this Day Fortnight, where I have been fully employed in setting things in Order, both within and without Doors; and I hope I shall, in a short time, make things look so, as to please my Friends as much as myself. I cannot complain of want of Leisure and Opportunity to do any thing I have a mind to do, having nothing to do in the parochial way; so that if I am wanting in my Respects to my Friends at any time, I shall not be able to plead the old stale Excuse of Business, but must have my Negligence imputed to its true Cause in general, *viz.* Indolence; for give me leave, by the way, to observe, that hardly any body is so much immersed, and so constantly employed in Business, but they may steal half an hour from that (or their Diversions) to continue an agreeable Correspondence with a Friend, whom they cannot often have the Opportunity of seeing,----*Sed verbum sat sapienti.* For fear, therefore, you should have lost the Directions I gave you for writing to me, but principally for the improving a more constant and uniform Correspondence, I send you this to give you the Pleasure of knowing, that I am fixed in a most sweet and agreeable Situation, having a good, neat, comfortable House, a pretty little Garden, a very civil

and

and hearty Neighbourhood, a moderate Income, and little Business; which last is no small Pleasure to one who has had so much of it as you are sensible I have formerly had. Upon the Whole, I think I am as happy as this World can well make me. Perhaps you will say, I still want a second self to share with me the Satisfaction I enjoy, or rather to double it to me. Why that may be, or may not be; 'tis just as it happens. I am sensible, by Experience, of the Freedom and Ease of a single Life; I know not either the Comforts or the Plagues of Matrimony, any otherwise than by Observation; and, to me, the Difficulties seem so great, that the Pleasures must be exceeding great to overbalance them. The Time may possibly come, when I shall be convinced of the contrary, by Experience too.----And let it come as soon as it will, if it comes in this Shape.-----For I am far from having an Aversion to the Fair-Sex; I rather believe them form'd by Nature to complete the Happiness of Mankind, and to have as much Beauty and Softness in their Minds, as their Bodies.

I know not how I am wandered from the chief Design of this Epistle, which was to observe to you, that I have found, in the Papers, a Comedy advertised, with a Title much like yours, *viz.* the *Projectors*. I hope they have not printed your Labours, and published them without your Knowledge and Consent; but if it is yours, I shall expect a Copy, and wish you Joy of being in Print; though I think it a great Risque a Man runs, in this nice and critical Age. But this also is like Matrimony; the Pleasure of being an Author, overcomes the Danger and Hazard of a Miscarriage. Forgive me, my Friend; for what I am saying is only in general, without any Intention of applying it to you, whose Performance I doubt not to be very perfect, and should rejoice much to see it, whether in Print or in Manuscript. Give me leave only to observe, that Success as an Author, might

spoil

ſpoil an honeſt and induſtrious P------; and I am pretty certain that the latter is far the more profitable Employment of the two. Our Friends at *B*--- were highly delighted to hear of your Health and Proſperity, and deſired me, when I ſhould write to you, to join, in wiſhing the Continuance of both, with,

Dear Sir,

Your ſincere Friend and Servant,

E. F.

LETTER CIII.

Dear Sir, *London, July* 25, 1737.

I Thank you for your kind Letter, and am heartily glad to find you are ſettled in a Situation every way ſo agreeable to you. It will, in ſome meaſure, compenſate for the Fatigues you have undergone hitherto. I hope I may now expect more Letters from you than uſual, ſince you confeſs to me you have more Leiſure. You have drawn ſo natural and lively a Picture of your Happineſs, that, did not I enjoy a tolerable Share myſelf, I might be tempted to envy your Enjoyments. Yet, when I look deeper into things, I am perſuaded that Happinneſs is incomplete without a Wife; and that the Difficulties Men frame to themſelves in Matrimony (like moſt other Difficulties) are greater in Proſpect and Imagination than in Reality. For when I conſider the Nature of true Happineſs, it ſeems to me to conſiſt in Man's doing his Duty; and alſo that Marriage is a Duty incumbent on every Man, whom Nature or ſome Accident hath not made impotent, whatever Conſiderations may re-

ſtrain

ſtrain him from entering into it. The Reaſons that prevail with me to be of this Opinion are as follow, *viz.* I find two very ſtrong Appetites implanted in my Nature. I mean a Deſire to preſerve myſelf, and a Deſire after propagating human Race. The latter becomes much leſs troubleſome the leſs it is indulged. The firſt is conſtant in ſolliciting me to provide for all the Exigences of my Conſtitution. Beſides, a pleaſurable Senſation as conſtantly attends moderate Eating and Drinking, as a painful and uneaſy one does the Neglect or Exceſs of them. So that by theſe two contrary Incentives, the one to Self-preſervation, and the other to the Continuation of my Species, and by all the proper Apparatus of my Structure manifeſtly adapted to that Purpoſe, I am taught, that it is an indiſpenſible Duty; and if I am not active in endeavouring to preſerve myſelf, I am ſorry, and, in effect, deny, that my Hands and Eyes, *&c.* were given me for that End. And as I have a Principle and Faculties of Generation within me, ſince I cannot ſuppoſe them given to no End, I am blameable if I don't make uſe of them to the Procreation of my Species; as I am alſo ſtrongly impell'd to it, both by the Uneaſineſs of not doing it, and the Pleaſure that accompanies the Action; and conſequently, whoever neglects either of theſe Duties, falls ſhort of his Happineſs, as much as he that indulges them beyond the Bounds of Moderation, and the moral Fitneſs of Things. Many are the Excuſes for not marrying, as the Love of Liberty, Eaſe, and Indolence, or the Fear of Difficulties and Diſappointments. But a Man ſhould always have Fortitude enough to do his Duty, and bravely to combat and defy all Obſtacles that may impede him in the Execution of it; ſo nearly is his Duty allied and connected to true Happineſs. Then, let whatſoever happen, he will always have the Complacency and Self-ſatisfaction of a good Conſcience to applaud him.

You'll

You'll not take all this as a Reflection on your living single, since I am equally concerned.

Video meliora proboque, &c.

But this philosophical Excursion has made me forget I am writing a Letter, and may demonstrate to you how much Leisure I have, as well as you, and how desirous I am to cultivate and cherish a friendly Correspondence. And as I have been free in communicating my Sentiments to you on the important Subject of Matrimony, I hope you will be as free in correcting any Mistakes I may have been guilty of, since it may employ some of that idle Time, which, without some such Amusement, may lie heavy on your Hands.

I have been so very little curious, that I have not read the *Projectors*; but believe it is not mine, by the Advertisement, though I have given mine over for lost for some time past. I am,

SIR,

Your sincere Friend,

and humble Servant,

J. C.

LETTER CIV.

To the Duchess of ---------

I Have presumed, Madam, to send you some Advice, though I am sensible how little you Ladies care to receive any; but let the Effect be what it will, I am too much in the Interest of your Beauty not to inform you, that you'll injure it extremely should you be so ill advised, as to set off and adorn yourself after the Fashion of the Court-Ladies on the Queen's *Birth-Day*. Let others of your Sex make use of Ornaments, for properly speaking, they are but so many artificial Helps, which we employ to cover the Defects of Nature, or else to give us some Agreements that are wanting in our Persons. But Heaven be pleased, you lie under no such Necessity, every Ornament that is bestowed upon you hides a Charm, as every Ornament that is taken from you, restores you some new Graces; and you are never so lovely, as when we behold nothing in you but your self.

The greatest Part of the Ladies lose themselves very advantageously under their Dress: How many indifferent Faces pass well enough with Jewels and Diamonds, and conquer Hearts by Candle-light, that would make a very sorry Figure without them. The richest Necklace in the World would have an ill Effect upon you, it would make some Alteration in your Person, and every Alteration that happens to a perfect Beauty, would certainly be for the worst.

Leave others then to ruin themselves by their Jewels and other Decorations; Nature, which has been at so vast an Expence to frame you, has saved you that Charge; you Madam would be very ungrateful, and we should discover but a wretched Taste, should we not be equally content with that Possession of Gifts, which she has heaped upon you.

I would

I would counſel you, Madam, to take the ſame Meaſures on her Majeſty's *Birth-Day*, which the famous *Buſſi d'Amboiſe* formerly obſerved at a Tournament, being informed beforehand that all the Noblemen of the Court, deſigned to put themſelves to an extraordinary Expence in their Equipages and Cloaths, he ordered thoſe of his Retinue to be dreſt like Lords, and appeared himſelf in the plaineſt Dreſs in the World, at the Head of ſo rich a Train. The Advantages of Nature were ſo conſpicuous in the Perſon of *Buſſi*, that he alone was taken for a great Lord, and the other Noblemen that rely'd ſo much upon the Magnificence of their Habits, paſſed but for Valets.

Govern your ſelf I beſeech you, Madam, by the Example of *Buſſi*; let your Women be attired like Ducheſſes, but as for your ſelf, appear in the Dreſs of a country Nymph, with nothing but the Charms of your Beauty to recommend you: All the Ladies will be taken for your Women, and the Plainneſs of your Habit, will not hinder you from outſhining all the Queens in the Univerſe.

I have no great Inclination to tell Stories, which perhaps is nothing but the Effect of an ill-grounded Vanity, that makes me prefer the expreſſing of what I imagine, to the reciting of what I have ſeen. The Profeſſion of a Story-teller ſits but aukwardly upon young People, and is downright Weakneſs in old Men. When our Wit is not arrived to its due Vigour, or when it begins to decline, we then take a Pleaſure in telling what does not put us to any great Expence of Thought. However I will for once renounce the Pleaſures which I generally take in my own Imagination, to recount to you a ſhort Adventure which I once ſaw happen at the *Hague*.

During my Reſidence in that Place, ſome malicious Demon put it one Day into the Heads of a certain Count and his Friend, to draw the Eyes of the Spectators after them. To put which noble Deſign

in Execution, they both resolved that their Dress should have all the Magnificence which this Part of the World was able to give it, and at the same Time discover the Goodness of their Invention.

The Count was one of the nicest Men of his Age, had a thousand Singularities to distinguish him: He had a Plume of Feathers in his Hat, which was buttoned up by a Diamond, the largest that could be found for this Occasion: He wore about his Neck some Point *de Venise*, which was neither a Cravat nor a Band, 'twas a small Ruff which had served him formerly instead of a *Golille*, when he lived at *Madrid*. After this, Madam, you'd expect to find him in a Doublet after the *Spanish* Manner; but to your Surprize I must tell you, it was an *Hungarian* Vest. Then the Ghost of Antiquity haunted his Memory, so he covered his Ancles with Buskins, but infinitely richer than the ancient *Romans* used to wear them; on which he had ordered his Mistress's Name to be written in Letters, that are extremely well designed upon an Embroidery of Pearls.

From his Hat down to his Vest, 'twas all singular, and odd, and fanciful. By the latter you would have taken him for the Count *de Serini*, or some Beau of Quality dropt out of the *Hungarian* World, and an old Picture of *Cæsar* or *Scipio*, had inspired him with the noble Thought of wearing Buskins.

As for his Friend, he apparelled himself after as extraordinary a Manner as he possibly could, but it was in the modern *French* Way; his Cravat reached down to his Middle, and had Stuff enough in it to make a Sail for a Barge; a most prodigious Cravat-String peeped from under his Chin, the two Corners of which, in Conjunction with a monstrous Perriwig, that would have made a *Laplander* sweat under the *Northern* Pole, eclipsed three Quarters of his Face: In short, he was so ribbon'd all over, that one would

have

have thought all the Milliners in the Place, had joined their Stocks to furnish him.

This, in short, was the Equipage of our Messieurs when they made their Appearance in the *Voortrout*, which is the Place where Persons of Quality use to take the Air and divert themselves.

They were scarce entered upon the Spot, when Multitudes ran from all parts to gaze and stare at them; and as every body was surprized at so fantastic a Scene, they could not tell at first, whether to admire it as extraordinary, or to ridicule it as extravagant. In this Uncertainty of Thought, as they were going to determine it one way or another, Monsieur *de Louvigni* arrived in the Place, and put a Stop to their grave Contemplation: He wore a plain black Suit, and clean Linen made up the rest; but he shewed one of the finest Shapes, and most agreeable Face that can be imagined: His modest Deportment silently insinuated the Merits of all his excellent Qualities.

The Ladies were touched, and the Men infinitely pleased. Were it not for you, Madam, the Question would be soon decided, and the Advantages of your Sex lost for ever. You are the only Woman in the World, who are able to make the strongest Impressions. Having thus described his Charms to you, 'tis no difficult Matter to guess how the Company received him. In short, Madam, all the Spectators were as much affected, as the poor Count and his Friend were mortified to their great Disappointment.

People still remember at the *Hague*, how triumphantly Monsieur *de Louvigni* came off, and still make sport with telling the ill Success of the two aforesaid Gentlemen.

If I were not in *England*, I should often think of this Adventure. But, Madam, you ruin all Objects, and all Ideas; you would triumph over a thousand *M*------, and a thousand *L*-----; for what has either of them to oppose to your Charms.

LET-

LETTER CV.

Major Dunbar *had Mr.* Addison's *Interest when he was Secretary to the late Earl of* Sunderland, *at the Time he was Lord Lieutenant of* Ireland, *to procure some Lands which were ceded by the* French, *at the Treaty of* Utrecht, *to the* English. *This Favour Major* Dunbar *thought deserved a handsome Gratuity; accordingly he sent the Secretary a Bank-Bill for* 300 *Guineas, which he would not by any means accept. Upon Mr.* Addison's *Refusal of the Bill, the Major purchased a Diamond Ring of the same Value, and upon the Tender of that Present, it was rejected also; which shews the Disinterestness of Mr.* Addison.

To the Honourable Major Dunbar.

Sir,

I This Morning urged to my Lord Lieutenant every thing you suggest in your Letter, and what else came into my Thoughts. He told me it stopped with the Secretary, and that he would still see what could be done in it. I spoke to Sir *William St. Quintin* to remove all Difficulties with the Secretary, and will again plead your Cause with his Excellency To-morrow Morning. If you send me Word where I may wait upon you about Eleven o'Clock in some *Bye Coffee-House*, I will inform you of the Issue of this Matter, if I find my Lord *Sunderland* at home; and will

will convince you that I was in earneſt when I wrote to you before, by ſhewing you myſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt diſintereſted

humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER CVI.

To the Same.

SIR,

I Find there is a very ſtrong Oppoſition formed againſt you, but I ſhall wait on my Lord Lieutenant this Morning, and lay your Caſe before him as advantageouſly as I can, if he is not engaged in other Company. I am afraid what you ſay of his * Grace does not portend you any Good.

And now, Sir, believe me when I aſſure you, I never did, nor ever will, on any Pretence whatſoever, take more than the ſtated and cuſtomary Fees of my Office. I might keep the contrary Practice conceal'd from the World were I capable of it, but I could not from myſelf. And I hope I ſhall always fear the Reproaches of my own Heart, more than thoſe of all Mankind. In the mean Time if I can ſerve a Gentleman of Merit, and ſuch a Character as you bear in the World, the Satisfaction I meet with on ſuch an

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* Duke of *Marlborough*.

an Occasion, is always a sufficient, and the only Reward to,

SIR,

Your most obedient

humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER CVII.

To M--------

WE were scarce got three Miles from *Euston* before we heartily repented that we left it. The Beauty of the Place, the agreeable Manner of living there, the Merit and obliging Temper of the Master and Mistress of the House, the Charms of the pretty *Egyptian*, the bewitching Qualities of the fair *Indifferent*, for whom 'tis impossible for any one that sees her to be indifferent; she whom we always behold with Pleasure, and whom we always hear with Admiration, that Wit so lively and so just, that Humour so gay and free, with a Conduct so just and exact; all these Persons, all these Things, presented themselves to our Imagination, and convinced us to our Sorrow, that Happiness is less valuable when we possess it than when we have lost it.

These melancholy Thoughts had rocked the Ambassador of *Portugal* asleep, in Complaisance, perhaps, to Madam *de Beurevel* who never sleeps so soundly as when she is very melancholly. As the Constitutions of People are different, my Concern kept me awake to reflect on what we had lost. I entertained for some

Time

Time these sad Thoughts, which were not disagreeable; and one Whimsy ushering in another, I found myself at last in one of *Don Quixote*'s Fits, and being seized all of a sudden with the Spirit of *Chivalry*, I cried out with a loud Voice, *Ye Knights of* Suffolk, *ye Palmerins of* Bury, *come and confess to the Knights of* Tagus, *and the* Norman Don Quixote, *that all your* Oriana's *and* Angelica's *are not worthy to carry the Slippers of the most incomparable* Carolina *of* Euston.

Transported as I was, and really more a *Don Quixote* than *Don Quixote himself*, I saw a Brace of Higglers coming upon the Road, whom I immediately took for two Knights, they had each of them Cudgels in their Hands, which I took to be Lances, as I did their Bonnets that were plucked down like that of my Lord *Johnson*, to be Helmets with the Vizard down: This Equipage which I mistook for a real Preparation for a Combat, made me conclude that Blood and Battle would soon ensue, for which Reason I thrice cried out, as loud as I was able, *Sancho*, *Sancho*, *saddle* Rozinante, *and get* Grizzle *ready*.

The Doctor who was behind the Coach imagining that I called him, leaped down immediately and ask'd me what I wanted? *Saddle* Rozinante, Sancho, *with all Expedition*; *for lo! a new Adventure offers itself*. The honest Doctor thought that being weary with riding in the Coach, I had a mind to ease myself on Horseback: Upon this he told me, They had not Horses enough for his *Excellency*'s Use; That for want of one to carry him, he was forced to ride behind the Coach, nay, that he could not so much as hire one to carry his Trunk to *New-Market*.

This Answer of the Doctor brought me to myself again, and the Dreams of *Knight Errantry* which had got into my Head beginning to vanish, the Knight of *Tagus* came by Degrees to be the *Portugal Ambassador*, and the *Norman Don Quixote* changed to St. *Evre-*

mond, and the Brace of Higglers paſſed quietly by us, with their Cudgels and Bonnets.

I muſt needs own, that I made no great Sacrifice to Madamoiſelle *de Beurevel*, when I loſt my Reaſon for the Love of her; the little I had to part with, made the Loſs inconſiderable. That indeed of the Ambaſſador was important, and accordingly he bore it much better than I did mine. You'll find by what I am going to tell you, that he was as ſerene and compoſed as if nothing in the World ail'd him.

Coming to a River's Side, whoſe Waters were ſwelled by the exceſſive Rains that had fallen a little before, I repreſented to him with what Eaſe he might put in Execution what Madamoiſelle *de la Roche* in a Copy of Verſes once deſired of her Lover; which was nothing in the World elſe but to take a civil Leap into the Water, and drown himſelf in order to gain the Reputation of an *amorous Hero*, and at the ſame Time to put an End to his Pains.

If my Paſſion for Madam *de Beurevel*, ſays he to me, was diſhonourable or infamous, I would never ſcruple to drown myſelf in ſuch a naſty Puddle as this; but all my Deſires are pure and innocent, ſo that if ever the Whim takes me to drown myſelf, I am reſolved it ſhall be in Water, that ſhall bear ſome Reſemblance to the Purity of my Thoughts. My Lord, ſaid I to him, if you are not to drown till you find out Water as clear as thoſe are, we ſhall not in all probability loſe you this good while.

We paſſed the River with theſe Sort of Diſcourſes, when *Charles* appeared, and pricked forward his Horſe towards us with ſo good a Grace, that one would ſooner have taken him for a Knight, who was entering the Lifts in a *Tournament*, than for a *Lackey* who came to give us an Account of his Errand. I muſt own indeed, that his Eloquence was ſomewhat confuſed when he came to deliver himſelf; for after he

had

had blurted out my Lord, Mr. *Jermyn* of *Bury*, my Lord *Crofts* and *Chevely*, some thirty Times, all we could pick out of his incoherent Speech was, that he had found nobody at home.

If my Concern for leaving so delicious a Place as *Euston*, could have given place to any other Vexation, it would have mortified me sufficiently to see the ill Success of my Letters; but nothing but that could then affect me; so I e'en left it to the Care of my Lord Ambassador to make serious Reflexions upon the Illness of my Lord *Crofts*, and upon the Absence of Mr. *Jermyn*.

We laid aside all Thoughts of going to *Chevely*, imagining that Mr. *Jermyn* was not there, when we found one of his Servants at *New-Market*, who brought me a Letter from him. This Letter inform'd us, that being acquainted after his Return from *Bury*, with our Design of making him a Visit, he conjured us to do him that Honour, and not to fail him; accordingly we went thither, and were very kindly received by him, who, though he has taken Leave of the Court, has carried the Civility and good Taste of it into the Country.

While my Lord Ambassador was admiring the Grove, the Garden, and the Palisadoes; while he was commending the Stables, plucking down this Wall, raising the House a Story higher, and contriving a better Entrance to it; I fancied Madamoiselle *de Beurevel* was playing at *Billiards*, or at *Ombre*, and sometimes methought I saw her put a Jewel in the Ear of a certain Knight, as a proper Ornament for a Person of his Gallantry.

After we had been treated with a noble Dinner, to which I brought a sorry Appetite, the Lord knows, we were obliged to take our Leaves of our Host, and pursue our intended Journey.

My Lord Ambaſſador at his coming out of the Park was ſeized again with that Melancholy, which he had laid aſide for ſome Minutes, and I continued that which I had not quitted: It is true, it was nothing elſe but Melancholy, but the Fit was ſo ſevere, that the worſt Road, and worſt Weather in the World, were not able to increaſe it.

The ruinous Condition of *Audley-End* made greater Impreſſion upon me; that vaſt and ſolitary Houſe encreaſed my Melancholy, and ſo diſcompoſed the Count *de Melos*, that he was ſcarce able to commend the Gallery, to blame the Apartments, and make his critical Reflections upon the Garden. Then I thought it was a proper Time to make a ſecond Attempt upon him; and that I might do all that lay in my Power to cure the Deſpair of my Friend, I civilly propoſed to him, to hang himſelf on one of thoſe tall and melancholy Trees, which according to Madamoiſelle *de Beureuel* reſembled a ---- But I found the Ambaſſador had got the Aſcendant over the Lover, and that the Count was a Politician fit to negociate Affairs at *Nimeguen*, rather than a deſperate *Inamorato*, who was reſolved to put a tragical Concluſion to the Violence of his Paſſion. Perhaps the Count *de Melos* would not die of Grief in her *Abſence*, becauſe he was reſolved to die of *Joy*, when he ſaw her at his Return. Perhaps he hopes that after he has given Peace to *Europe*, Madamoiſelle *de Beureuel* will not refuſe to give him that happy Repoſe which his long Services ſo well deſerve.

As for myſelf, I am reſolved to live; I own it frankly to you, and would be glad with all my Heart, to live for ever; that I might for ever adore and ſerve her, *&c.*

LETTER

LETTER CVIII.

For Anthony Collins, *Esq*;

To be delivered to him after my Death.

Dear Sir, *Oats, Aug.* 23, 1704.

BY my Will you will see that I had some Kindness for ***. And I know no better Way to take care of him, than to put him, and what I design for him, into your Hands and Management. The Knowledge I have of your Virtues of all kinds, secures the Trust (which by your Permission) I have placed in you: And the peculiar Esteem and Love I have observed in the young Man for you, will dispose him to be ruled and influenced by you, so that of that I need say nothing.

But there is one thing which is necessary for me to recommend to your especial Care and Memory****

May you live long and happy in the Enjoyment of Health, Freedom, Content, and all those Blessings which Providence has bestowed on you, and your Virtue entitles you to. I know you love me living, and will preserve my Memory now I am dead. All the Use to be made of it is, that this Life is a Scene of Vanity that soon passes away, and affords no solid Satisfaction, but in the Consciousness of doing well, and and in hopes of another Life.

This is, what I can say upon Experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the Account. *Adieu*; I leave my best Wishes with you.

JOHN LOCKE.

LET-

LETTER CIX.

Dear Sir, *Limpsfield, Sunday Sept.* 16, 1744.

I Am now at a Country Village in a pleasant Situation, about twenty Miles from *London*; where I came on *Friday* last, with an Intent to stay some time. I no sooner arrived than I thought of discharging the Obligation I lay under to you; but notwithstanding my Readiness now, there is sufficient Room left for you to see how little I stand upon Form and Ceremony in writing to my Friends, when it is not on Matters which require an immediate Dispatch; as well as what an Opinion I entertain of your Good-Nature; as two full Months have past since I was favoured with your obliging and affectionate Letter.——The Truth is, I have always thought, that where real Friendship was subsisting, every little Punctuality, Ceremony, and outward Profession, were entirely unnecessary, and therefore not required; they being too nearly allied to Flattery and Insincerity, both which are banished far from him, who is possessed with Virtue, Knowledge, Candour, Affability, Constancy and Truth, which are some of the chief Ingredients necessary towards establishing a durable Friendship; and he who has a true Idea thereof, will always endeavour to regulate his Behaviour thereby.

But if I had not this, or indeed any thing to say in Favour of my Negligence, I have the Happiness of your Affection to urge in my Behalf; and surely that is no small Happiness, since I know even that Affection alone will always incline you, not only to put the most favourable Construction upon any Inadvertency or Indiscretion I shall be guilty of, but also

to

to be ready to oppose upon just Occasions, the Malicious and Ill-natured, who, as they are Strangers to a candid and ingenuous Disposition, are always quick in exposing the Blemishes and Imperfections, and slow in publishing the Merits and good Qualities of Mankind.

You will conclude from the Time I intend staying in the Country, that I have altered my Situation of Life; and if that Alteration is not upon the most advantageous, yet it is upon the most worthy, Terms; if that of embracing Tranquility before Profit, and preferring Probity of Mind, even attended with Inconveniences, before its Opposite, although surrounded with every outward Accommodation, be deserving of that Epithet.

You are so well acquainted with me as to know, that I always thought a Competency, nay a bare Subsistence with the internal Satisfaction of pleasing Reflexions, preferable to a Superfluity attended with Disquietude and Uneasiness; and if I am not mistaken, your Sentiments and mine are much the same in this Particular.

True Happiness I take to be contained in a narrow Compass. After we are supplied with common Necessaries, quiet Passions and a contented Mind will go a great Way towards a complete Enjoyment of Life; and if we want either of these, What are Riches, Grandeur, Magnificence, or indeed any Thing else? Can they afford us any real or solid Satisfaction? No; the utmost that can be expected from them is, their captivating the unthinking Multitude, who for the most part (to use a common Phrase) take the Shadow for the Substance. They may believe, when they see us surrounded with Power, Honour, and Affluence, that we are in Possession of every thing desirable. But what alas! does all this

amount

amount to more than a Shadow? Since very imperfect must that Happiness be, which proceeds from what others think of us, and not from what we ourselves in reality feel.

I need no Apology for writing upon Matters of a serious Nature to you; since you are as capable of relishing and receiving Pleasure from Subjects of that kind, as from those of Mirth and Gaiety.——Besides, you know this Turn of Thinking is natural to one who has for a while exchanged Noise, Hurry and Confusion, for a Retirement and Quiet.——A rural Life has always been my Delight, and, as I have been for some time a Stranger to it, the Impression it makes upon me is still the more lively and agreeable.

Notwithstanding at present my Mind is entirely calm and serene, and every thing here appears with a smiling Countenance; yet, Sir, I cannot help communicating it to you with the Freedom of a Friend, that I still find my Happiness incomplete. That Friendship and Affection which has always subsisted between us, I know will naturally suggest to you upon this Occasion, that what greatly contributes to the diminishing of that Happiness, is the being deprived of the Pleasure of your agreeable Conversation. If you was but here, How would we entertain ourselves with the pleasing Remembrance of the many diverting Adventures we have made together, at that Time of Life where one meets with nothing to perplex or ruffle the tender Mind, but all within and without is Simplicity and Innocence, Gaiety and Delight?

But for want of your chearful and entertaining Company, and from the Solitariness of the Place, instead of these and such-like Thoughts, I have been, among other Things of the same Nature, insensibly drawn seriously to ponder on that Part of Life which is

is paſt, as well as that which is yet to come; and upon the Whole I flatter myſelf, I am one of thoſe who can reflect upon the Former with Complacency and Satisfaction, as well as look forward into the Latter without Dread or Anxiety. Poſſibly I may be miſtaken, and want ſome neceſſary Qualifications for Matters of ſuch Importance; but however this eſſential one I am ſenſible of having, that of being poſſeſſed with a Breaſt which glows with Benevolence and warm Wiſhes for the Happineſs of my Fellow-Creatures; and I hope I ſhall always take a Pleaſure in cheriſhing ſuch a Diſpoſition of Mind, ſince it is alſo neceſſary towards conſtituting the Character of the ſecret Benefactor, and the ready and faithful Friend.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate Friend,

and humble Servant,

T. L.

LETTER CX.

SIR, *Lyons, Octob.* 15.

I Do not question but that you have for this Month expected a Letter from me, and that perhaps with a little Impatience, since this is a Time which may afford Variety of News; of which, who must not now be desirous? But all the Time I was at *Paris* I had so much Sickness, that that might well supersede any Obligation I laid under: For let a Promise be never so binding, and never so much a Debt, who could take care of paying so trifling a one, when a most severe and importunate Creditor, *Nature*, calls for her's? Nor now, when at length that Excuse is wanting to me, are you like to receive such a Letter, as perhaps might be most welcome to you in this Conjuncture. For if I should send you the Truth in disguise, perhaps you might not discover her. And is this a Time to expose her naked to the World, when her Nakedness, which is only the Effect of her Innocence, by many would be mistaken for Lewdness, and by more for Barbarity? I will then say nothing of the Affairs of *Europe*, nor ours, though I could find much to say of them both, for now I converse with a People who are as full of Talk as they are inquisitive. But since I am taking my Leave of that People, I will confine my Discourse to them.

But before I begin I will use plain Dealing with you (a Thing which they never did yet with any one) and tell you that I mortally hate them.

Yet never shall my native nor acquir'd Antipathy suborn me to say any thing that is false of them. I will do like a Painter, who will draw the true Resemblance of the Face that is most provoking. But then I must give you this Caution, that what I have

to

to ſay, though it be true, in ſome Meaſure, of all of them, yet it is chiefly to be confined to the middle Sort of the Nation; for beſides, that I have moſt converſed with them, as a Stranger muſt of Neceſſity be forced to do, the Genius of a Nation moſt plainly appears in the middle Sort of its People; for great Education, which attends high Birth, or high Fortune, very often improves, or corrupts, or ſophiſticates Nature, whilſt in thoſe of the middle State ſhe remains unmixed and unaltered.

Theſe then I have found in the firſt Place exceſſively vain. Every Man here is a *Narciſſus*, and in the Flattering-glaſs of his own falſe Imagination, is eternally gazing upon himſelf; or at leaſt upon what he takes upon himſelf. For in this their Errors are different; for as that melancholy Boy took himſelf for another, theſe merry Fools take ſomething elſe for themſelves: For nothing in Nature is more unlike, than the Picture which a *Frenchman* draws of himſelf.

It would be needleſs to inſiſt longer on this, for they have ſo long made Sport for their neighbouring Nations, by extravagant and abſurd Commendations of their own, that to endeavour to bring Proofs of their Vanity would be ſomething more ridiculous than that. Now this is certain, that he who abounds in Vanity can want no Affectation: For Affectation is nothing but a fruitleſs Attempt to counterfeit and falſify Nature.

For when a Man impotently endeavours to appear what he really is not, or what he is incapable of being, *Nature* grows impatient, and ſtruggles to be freed from the Conſtraint that is put upon her; and in the Strife there appears ſomething ſo odious, that all who are Lovers of her cannot but hate the Perſon who endeavours ſo rudely to force her. Now Nature in Man is various; ſhe is gay in one, and froward in another; ſhe is delicate in a Third, in a

Fourth she is gross, and there is not a Man in a Million, whom Heaven made fit for all things, and will be offering at all things. Now such have been always, and will be always, affected: And such are the People with whom I have lately conversed; and I have more particularly remarked in some of their *Provincial* Gentlemen, that in their Endeavours to shew their Admiration mingled with a gentle Passion, they are guilty of Affectations so monstrous, that an *English Fop* is not capable of them.

Another necessary Effect of their Vanity is their Assurance, or in our Language, their Impudence; for Modesty is nothing but the Fear of displeasing, when a Man believes, or at least suspects, that he is defective, which is the Reason that renders it lovely to all, whenever it is joined with good Qualities. For it flatters and sooths our Self-Love, of which no Man can wholly divest himself, by assuring us that we are esteemed and preferred. Now how can any one have Fear of displeasing, who imagines himself all Perfection, and who, swell'd with the *Venom* of Pride, like the Toad in the Fable, believes himself greater than those, with whose Greatness he holds not the least Proportion.

The *French* then are affected and impudent, which are but the necessary Effects of that national Vice, their *Vanity*. But then they have one very good Quality, which proceeds from the same *Vanity*. And that is their extraordinary Civility to Strangers. For they are civil to us, not for our Satisfaction, but their own; not as they imagine it a Duty, but an Accomplishment. 'Tis to please himself, that a *Frenchman* is officious to me, and tries to honour himself, that he bows to others.

I am pretty confident that I am not deceived here. For I have found by some Observation, and some Thinking, that there is little Good-Nature amongst them;

them; for they will deceive or betray you at the very same Time they oblige you.

Thus have I given you an imperfect Account of such of their Qualities as are most conspicuous in them: There are some which lie more hidden, but I have said enough to tire myself and you.

I am Yours, &c.

LETTER CXI.

A Journey over the Alps.

SIR, *Turin, October* 25, 1688.

I Here send you a Journal of my Journey from *Lyons* hither, in which you will find that Account of the *Alps*, which you so earnestly desired of me before I came out of *England*. I have taken no notice of the Towns in *Savoy*, nor so much as the Rock of *Montmelian*, but have confined myself to a Subject you seem to affect so much.

On the 19th of *October* we set out from *Lyons*, and came that Night to *Vespellier*, thro' a fair Plain, which was sometimes arable, and sometimes Pasture, and bounded with rows of Hills, at that just Distance as gave, tho' not a large, an agreeable Prospect.

October 20 we came by Noon thro' the same Plain, which grew to be sometimes a Marsh, to a Bourg called *Tour du Pin*; from thence after Dinner we continued our way, thro' whole Groves of Walnut and Chesnut Trees, to *Pont Beau Voisin*, being the Bridge that separates *France* and *Savoy*.

October 21 we enter'd *Savoy* in the Morning, and

and pafs'd over *Mount Aiguebellete*. The Afcent was the more eafy, becaufe it wound about the Mountain; but as foon as we had conquer'd one Half of it, the unufual Height in which we found ourfelves, the impending Rock that hung over us, the dreadful Depth of the *Precipice*, and the *Torrent* that roar'd at the Bottom, gave us fuch a View as was altogether new and amazing.

On the other fide of that Torrent, was a Mountain that equal'd ours, about the Diftance of thirty Yards from us: Its craggy Clifts, which we half difcern'd thro' the mifty Gloom of Clouds that furrounded them, fometimes gave us a horrid Profpect, and fometimes its Face appear'd fmooth and beautiful as the moft even and fruitful Valley. So different from themfelves were the different Parts of it; in the very fame place Nature was feen fevere and wanton. In the mean time we walked upon the very Brink (in a literal fenfe) of Deftruction; one Stumble, and both Life and Carcafs had been at once deftroy'd.

The Senfe of all this produc'd different Motions in me, *viz.* A delightful Horror, a terrible Joy; and at the fame time that I was infinitely pleafed, I trembled.

From thence we went thro' a pleafant Valley bounded with high Mountains, whofe high, but yet verdant Tops, feem'd at once to forbid and invite Men. After we had march'd for a League thro' the Plain, we arrived at the Place which they call *La Cave*, where the late Duke of *Savoy*, in the Year 70, ftruck out a Paffage thro' a rocky Mountain, that had always been before impaffable; performing that by the Force of Gun-Powder, which *Thunderbolts* or *Earthquakes* could fcarce have effected. This Paffage is a Quarter of an *Engliffh* Mile, made with incredible Labour, and the Expence of

four

four Millions of *Livres*. At the Entrance into it, is the following pompous Inſcription.

Carolus Emanuel Secundus, Subaudiæ Dux, Pedemontani Princeps, Cypri Rex, publicâ felicitate partâ, ſingulorum commodis intentus, breviorem, ſecuriorenque hanc viam regiam, a natura occulſam, Romanis intentatam, ceteris deſperatam, everſis ſcopulorum repagulis, æquata Montium iniquitate, quæ cervicibus impendebant præcipitia pedibus ſubſternens, æternis populorum commerciis patefecit.

At *Chamberry* we dined, the capital Town of *Savoy*. In our way from thence to *Montmelian*, Nature ſeem'd quite to have chang'd her Face. There cragged Rocks look'd horrid to the Eye, and Hills appear'd on every ſide of ſo ſtupendious an height, that the Company was divided, at a Diſtance, whether they ſhould believe them to be ſunny Clouds, or the ſnowy Tops of Mountains. There appear'd a Hill with its Top quite hid in black Clouds; and beyond that Hill above theſe Clouds, ſome higher Mountain ſhew'd its hoary Head. With this ſtrange Entertainment by the Way, we came at Night to *Montmelian*.

On the 22d, we ſet forward in the Morning. The Mountains appear'd to grow ſtill more loſty. We dined that Day at *Aiguebelle*. In the Afternoon we proceeded on our way ſometimes thro' the Plain, and ſometimes on the Side of the *Alps*, with which we were hemmed in on all ſides. We then began that Day to have the additional Diverſion of a Torrent, that ran ſometimes with Fury beneath us, and of the Noiſe of the Caſcades, or the Downfall of Waters, which ſometimes came tumbling amain from the Precipices. We lay that Night at *La Chambre*.

On the 23d the Morning was very cold, which made

made us have dismal Apprehensions of Mount *Cenis*, since we felt its Influence so severely at so great a Distance. We arrived by Noon at *St. Michael*; in the Afternoon we continued our Journey mostly upon the Sides of the Mountains, which were sometimes all covered with Pines, and sometimes cultivated, even in Places where one would swear the thing were impossible, for they were only not *perpendicular*. We lay that Night at *Modane*.

October 24. *Modane* is within a dozen Miles of Mount *Cenis*, and therefore the next Morning we felt the Cold more severely. We went to Dinner at *Laneburg*, situated at the Foot of Mount *Cenis*.

As soon as we had dined, we sent our Horses about, and getting upon Mules, began to ascend the Mountain. I could not forbear looking back now and then to contemplate the Town and the Vale beneath me. When I was arrived within a hundred Yards of the Top, I could still discern *Laneburg* at the Bottom, distant three tedious Miles from me. What an amazing Distance! Think what an Impression a Place must make upon you, which you should see as far under you, as it is from your House to *Hampstead*. And here I wish I had Force to do Right to this renown'd Passage of the *Alps*. 'Tis an easy thing to describe *Rome* or *Naples* to you, because you have seen something yourself that holds, at least, some Resemblance with them; but impossible to set a Mountain before your Eyes that is inaccessible almost to the Sight, and wearies the very Eye to climb it: For when I tell you that we were arriv'd within a hundred Yards of the Top, I mean only the Plain, thro' which we afterwards passed, but there is another vast Mountain still upon that.

If these Hills were first made with the World (as has been a long time thought) and Nature design'd them only as a Mound, to inclose her Garden, *Italy*, then

then we may well say of her, what some affirm of great Wits, That her careless, irregular and boldest Strokes, are most admirable; for the *Alps* are Works which she seems to have design'd, and executed too, in fury; yet she moves us less, where she studies to please us more. I am delighted, 'tis true, with the Prospect of Hills and Vallies, of flowry Meads and murmuring Streams; yet it is a Delight that is consistent with Reason, a Delight that creates and improves Meditation.

But transporting Pleasure follow'd the Sight of the *Alps*; and what unusual Transports, think you, were those, that were mingled with Horrors, and sometimes almost with Despair? But if these Mountains were not a Creation, but form'd by universal Destruction, when the Arch, with a mighty Flaw, dissolved, and fell into the vast Abyss (which surely is the best Opinion) then are these Ruins of the old World the greatest Wonders of the new; for they are not only vast, but horrid, hideous, ghastly Ruins.

After we had galloped a League over the Plain, and came at last to descend, through the very Bowels, as it were, of the Mountain; (for we seem'd to be inclosed on all Sides) what an astonishing Prospect was there! Ruins upon Ruins in monstrous Heaps, and Heaven and Earth confounded. The uncouth Rocks that were above us, Rocks that were void of all Form, but what they had received from Ruin, the frightful View of the Precipices, and the foaming Waters that threw themselves headling down from them, made up such a Concert for the Eye, as that sort of Music does for the Ear, in which Horror can be join'd with Harmony.

I am afraid that you will think I have said too much; yet if you had but seen what I have done, you would surely think that I have said too little: However, Hyperboles might easily here be forgiven. The

Alps appear to be Nature's Extravagances, and who ſhould bluſh to be guilty of Extravagances in Words that make mention of hers? But 'tis time to proceed. We deſcended in Chairs. The Deſcent was four *Engliſh* Miles. We paſſed thro' *Novaleſe*, ſituate at the Foot of Mount *Cenis* on the Side of *Italy*, and lay that Night at *Suſe*. We dined the next Day at *Villane*, and thro' a pleaſant Valley came that Night to this Place.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXII.

To Monſieur d'Olonne.

AS ſoon as I heard of your Diſgrace, I did myſelf the Honour to write to you, to let you ſee how much I am concerned at it: And the Buſineſs of this Letter is to let you know that you ought, at leaſt, to avoid that troubleſome Companion, *Melancholy*, at a Time when it is not in your Power to reliſh Joy.

If you have any honeſt Gentlemen where you are, their Converſation may make ſome amends for that which you have loſt. But if you find none there, Books and good Cheer may help to ſupply the Defect, and give no ordinary Conſolation.

I talk magiſterially to you, not that I preſume upon the Superiority of Underſtanding: But I fancy I have a Right to aſſume ſome Authority over Perſons who are *Novices* in Diſgrace, by the long Experience I have had of Misfortunes and unhappy Revolutions.

Amongſt the Books you are to chuſe for your Entertainment in the Country, apply yourſelf principally to thoſe that ſtrike in with your Humour, rather than thoſe that pretend to fortify your Mind by Arguments and Reaſons:

Reasons: The last engage with your Distemper which is always done at the Expence of the Person in whom this troublesome Scene is acted: The First make it to be forgotten, and it is no hard Matter to make Joy succeed to obliterated Grief.

Systems of Morality are only proper to set the Conscience in good Order, and retrieve it from Confusion: And I have seen several grave and composed Men, come out of its School, whose aukward Prudence made them ridiculous.

Men of true Sense need none of the Lectures; for they have all the Materials within them. As they know what's Good, purely by the Exactness of their Taste, so they are disposed to it by their own Motion. Not but that there are certain Occasions, where their Assistance is not to be rejected; but where we want not their Aid, we may well enough get clear of these Occasions.

If you were to bleed to *death*: read *Seneca* and imitate *him*. But for my Part, I would rather chuse the Indifference of *Petronius*, than an affected, forced Constancy, which is not obtained without great Difficulty.

If you were of an Humour to devote yourself for your Country: I would advise you to read nothing but the Lives of those old *Romans*, who courted a glorious Death for the good of their Nation: But, considering your present Circumstances, I think you lie under an Obligation to live for yourself, and to spend the Remainder of your Life as agreeably as you can.

Now this being your Case, leave off all Study of Wisdom, which will neither contribute to the lessening of your Troubles, nor to the regaining of your Pleasures. You may seek for Constancy in *Seneca*, but will find nothing in him but Severity. *Plutarch* will

be less troublesome, however he will make you grave and serious, rather than sedate.

Montaigne will make you know Mankind better than any other. But after all, this Man with all his Glimmerings of Knowledge, which are useful indeed in Prosperity to teach Moderation, has nothing but sad and afflicting Thoughts, which serve to deject him in the bad.

Let not the Unhappy, then, learn from Books to be disturbed at our Miseries, but to laugh at our Follies. For this Reason you will prefer the reading of *Lucian*, *Petronius*, and *Don Quixote*, before *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, and *Montaigne*. But I recommend to you *Don Quixote* above all. Let your Affliction be what it will, the Fineness of his Ridicule will insensibly make you relish Mirth.

You will tell me, perhaps, that I was not of so gay a Humour in my Misfortunes, as I appear to be in yours, and that it is unfriendly for a Man to bestow all his Concern upon his own Misfortunes, and be indifferent to, nay, and even be merry with, the Calamity of his Friends. I should agree with you in that, if I behaved myself so; but I can honestly affirm to you, that I am not less concerned at your Exile than yourself, and the Easiness which I advise you to, is in order to have a Share of it myself, when I shall see you capable of receiving it.

As for what relates to my Misfortunes, if I have formerly appear'd to you more afflicted under them, than I seem to you at present, it is not that I was so in effect. I was of Opinion, that Disgraces exacted from us the *Decorum* of a melancholy Air, and that the apparent Mortification was a Respect we ow'd to the Will of our Superiors, who seldom think to punish us without a Design to afflict us. But then you are to know, that under this sad Outside and mortified Countenance, I gave myself all the Satisfaction

faction I could find in myself, and all the Pleasure I could take in the Correspondence of my Friends.'

After having found the Vanity of that grave Temper we learn from Morality, I should grow ridiculous myself, if I continued so serious a Discourse upon this score. I shall quit the Subject, and give you some Advices that shall be less troublesome than Instructions.

Adapt as much as possibly you can your Palate and Appetite to your Health; 'tis a great Secret to be able to reconcile the Agreeable and Necessary in two things which have been almost always opposite.

Yet after all, to arrive at this great Mystery we want nothing but Sobriety and Judgment: And what ought not a Man to do, that he may learn to chuse those delicious Dishes at his Meals, which will keep both his Mind and Body in a good Disposition all the Remainder of the Day?

A Man may be sober without being delicate, but he can never be delicate without being sober. Happy is the Person who enjoys both these Qualities together! he doth not separate his Diet from his Pleasure.

Spare no Cost to procure the Wines of *Champagne*, tho' you were two hundred Leagues from *Paris*: Those of *Burgundy* have lost all their Credit with the Men of good Taste, and scarce do they preserve a small Remainder of their old Reputation with the Merchants.

There is no Province that affords excellent Wines for all Seasons, but *Champagne*: It furnishes us with *Vin d'Ay*, *d'Avenet*, *Douillé* till Spring; *Tessy*, and *Sellery*, for the rest of the Year.

If you ask me which of all these Wines I prefer, without being sway'd by the Fashion, which has introduced a false Delicacy, I will maintain that the *Vin d'Ay* is the most natural of all Wines, the most wholesome

wholsome, the most free from all terrene Smell, and of the most exquisite Agreeablenes, in regard of its *Peach* Taste, which is peculiar to it, and is, in my Opinion, the chief of all Tastes.

* *L.* X. *C.* V. *F.* I. and *H.* VIII. had each of them their Houses in *Ay*, in order to the more curious making of their Wines. Amongst the greatest Affairs in the World, in which those Princes were more or less concern'd, it was not the least of their Cares to have the the *Vin d'Ay* in their Cellars.

Be not too desirous of Rarities, but be nice in your Choice of what may be had with Convenience, a good wholsome natural Pottage, which is neither too high nor too little season'd, nor too much Jelly, is to be prefered for common Use before all others, as well for the Exactnes of its Taste, as the Advantage of its Use.

Tender, juicy Mutton, good sucking Veal, white and curious Barn-door Fowls, fat Quail taken in the Country, Pheasant, Partridge, and Rabbet; all which have an agreeable Savour in their Taste, are the true Meats which may help to furnish your Table at all Seasons of the Year.

The Wood-Hen is particularly to be esteem'd for its Excellency, but not to be sought after where you and I are, by reason of its great Rarity.

If you are obliged to be at a Neighbour's public Treat, you may commend the Hare, the Stag, the Roe-Buck, the Wild Boar, but eat none of them: Let the Ducks and the Teal have your good Word too. Of all brown Fowl, the Snipe alone is to be commended, in favour of its Taste, tho' it is somewhat prejudicial to Health. Look upon *Olives* and Kitchen Compositions, call'd *Ragons* or forced Meats, to be little better than Poison: If you eat but little of them, they will do you but little Hurt: If you eat a great deal,

* *Lewis* the Xth, *Charles* the Vth, *Francis* the Ist, and *Henry* the VIIIth.

its

its impoſſible but their Pepper, their Vinegar, and their Onions, muſt ruin your Taſte at laſt, and ſoon cauſe an Alteration in your Health.

Your Sauces, if you make them as ſimple and plain as is poſſible, can do no Harm at all.

Salt and Orange are the moſt general, and moſt natural, Seaſoning.

Fine Herbs are wholeſomer, and have ſomething in them more exquiſite than Spices, but they are not equally proper for every Thing. One muſt uſe them with Judgment in Meats when they are moſt agreeable; and diſtribute them with ſo much Diſcretion, that they may improve the proper Taſte of the Meat, without making their own diſcern'd.

Having thus diſcourſed to you of the Qualities of Wines, and the Properties of Meats, 'tis neceſſary to come to the moſt proper Counſel for according the Palate to the Body.

Let Nature incite you to eat and drink, by a ſecret Diſpoſition, which is lightly perceived, and doth not preſs you to it through Neceſſity.

Without Appetite the moſt wholeſome Nouriſhment is capable of hurting, and the moſt agreeable of diſguſting us.

With Hunger the Neceſſity of eating is a Sort of Evil, which cauſes another after the Meal is over, by making us eat more than we ſhould.

The Appetite prepares, if I may ſo ſpeak, an Exerciſe for our Heats in the Digeſtion; whereas Greedineſs prepares Labour and Pains for it. The Way to keep us always in a good Temper is, to ſuffer neither too much Emptineſs, nor too much Repletion, that ſo Nature never may be tempted to fill itſelf greedily with what it wants, nor impatient to diſcharge its Load.

This is all that my Experience has been able to furniſh me with, in relation to Reading and Good-Cheer.

B. fore

Before I conclude, I will add a Word or two concerning Love.

If you have a Miſtreſs at *Paris*, forget her as ſoon as ever you can, for ſhe will not fail to change, and it is good to be beforehand with the Unfaithful.

A Perſon amiable at Court aims at being beloved there; and where ſhe is loved, ſhe loves to the end.

The Ladies who preſerve a Paſſion for abſent Perſons, raiſe but little in thoſe who ſee them; and the Continuation of their Love to the Abſent is leſs an Honour to their Conſtancy, than a Scandal to their Beauty.

Thus, Sir, whether your Miſtreſs loves another, or whether ſhe loves you ſtill, good Senſe ought to make you leave her as deceitful, or as contemned. Nevertheleſs, in caſe you live to ſee an End of your Diſgrace, you ought not to put an End to your Love; a ſhort Abſence excites Paſſion, whereas a long one deſtroys it.

What way ſoever your Mind turns, give not a new Weight to it by too much Serioufneſs: Diſgrace is but too heavy of itſelf.

Practiſe in your Exile what *Petronius* did at his Death. *Amove res ſerias, quibus gravitas et conſtantiæ gloria peti ſolet. Tibi ut illi levia, carmina & faciles verſus.*

There are ſome, whoſe Misfortunes have render'd them devout by a certain ſecret Pity, which a Man is apt to entertain for himſelf, proper enough to diſpoſe Men to a more *religious Life*. My Diſgraces never gave me this Sort of Compaſſion.

Nature has not made me ſenſible enough of my own Misfortunes. The Loſs of my Friends might be able to excite in me thoſe tender Sorrows, and thoſe nice Afflictions, out of which may be ſtruck a Senſe of Devotion in Proceſs of Time.

I

I would not advise any one to resist that Devotion, which springs from Compassion, nor that which gives us an Assurance.

Both one and t'other agreeably touch the Soul, and confirm the Mind in a sweet Repose; but all Men, and particularly the *Unhappy*, ought to defend themselves with Care from a superstitious Devotion, lest it should make their Misfortunes blacker.

LETTER CXIII.

Containing a Description of the ancient and modern Romans.

SIR,

TO perform the Promise which I made you in my Last, I venture to say something of the ancient and modern *Italians*, tho' you do not consider that when you made that Request to me, you put me upon a Necessity of disobliging my Friend by a Refusal, or expose myself by treating of a Subject, for which I am wholly unqualified. It is true, when I was at *Lyons*, in compliance with your Desire, I ventured to say something of the *French*; but besides that, I have been longer in *France* than I have in *Italy*, the *French* lie so open, that a Man who will observe them, may as well venture to give their *Character* in a Month's Time, as he may in several Years; for they who are excessively vain, take as much Pains to shew themselves, as a Stroller at a Fair does a Monster. 'Tis the constant Business of their Lives to point out their Virtue to you; nay, their Defects too, which their Vanity mistakes for their Virtues.

But the *Italians* are as reserved to Strangers, as the *French* are open; and one would wonder how they who shew so much Flegm before they are well ac-

quainted, ſhould be able afterwards in ſo ſtrange a manner to animate Converſation. But to come to my Buſineſs: 'Tis wonderful you ſay, that the modern *Italians* ſhould appear ſo different from the ancient, ſince they breathe the ſame Air, and are nourriſhed by the ſame Soil. For ſince the Affinity is ſo near betwixt the Soul and the Body, and they work ſo ſtrongly upon each other, you ſay it is but reaſonable to believe that the Climate which helps to give the Body its Complexion, ſhould help to give the Mind its Temper. Now ſince you have Reaſon, you ſay, to ſuppoſe that the Climate of *Italy* is very near the ſame at this Day, that it was too thouſand Years ago, you cannot but wonder that the modern *Italians* ſhould appear ſo different from the ancient.

The *French* are the very ſame now, that *Cæſar* deſcribed them formerly, excepting that they are grown a more poliſh'd Sort of *Barbarians*. The *Carthaginians* were famed for their Cruelty and their Perfidiouſneſs; and thoſe two Vices are at preſent inſeparable from the Inhabitants of the Coaſts of *Barbary*: But the *Italians* you ſay are at preſent renown'd for ſeveral extraordinary Vices, which were utterly unknown to the ancient *Romans*, to whoſe Virtues the modern are utterly Strangers.

In anſwer to this, give me leave to tell you, that you are miſtaken in Part of your Aſſertion; for the Vices which are to be found this Day in *Italy*, were the Vices of the ancient *Romans*. Their Empire ow'd its Riſe to the ſame Crimes which diſſolved it; and there were proportionably as many Villains in the *Rome* of *Romulus*, as there are in that of *Innocent* XI.

Conſider the Factions of *Marius* and *Sylla*, and the two *Triumvirates* following, and you will find infinitely more Examples of black Revenge, than you can amongſt the modern *Italians*. What can be more bloody than thoſe Times? or more treacherous and

baſe

base than those of *Tiberius*? 'Tis true from the Time of the first Consuls, to the End of the *Punic* War, there flourished a continual Race of Heroes, with whom if you compare the modern *Italians*, they seem to be Men of quite different Frames, and Inhabitants of a different Part of the World. A Capacity to practise these glittering Virtues which the World so much admires, depends very much upon Force of Mind, which depends in some sort on the Complexion, as that does in some sort on the Climate.

But then it is certain, that there is the very same Force of Mind required, to be prodigiously wicked, that there is required to be heroically virtuous.

Weak People are but wicked by Halves; but whenever we hear of high and enormous Crimes, we may conclude that they proceeded from a Power of Soul, and Reach of Thought, which are altogether extraordinary. So the modern *Italians*, who by your own Confession, are skilled in all the Ways of exquisite Wickedness, come into the World with as much natural Capacity, to exert heroic Virtue, as ever the ancient *Romans* did.

Force of Mind makes a Man capable of great Virtues, or of great Vices, but it determines him to neither. Education, Discipline and Accidents of Life constitute him either a great Philosopher, or an illustrious Libertine.

As strongest Bodies cannot be secure from Infection in pestilential Seasons, so Minds that have most Force are apt to be tainted by the Contagion of epidemic Vices.

The two most glittering Virtues that shined amongst the ancient *Romans* were, Greatness of Mind, and Heroic Fortitude. 'Twas that Greatness of Mind that made one of their Generals reject with Disdain, the Offer that was made him, to poison the most formidable Enemy to their State; whereas the modern

Italians have at every Turn Recourſe to *Stiletto* and *Poiſon*, which are almoſt their only offenſive Weapons.

Do but compare the happy and flouriſhing State of the old Common-wealth, with the wretched Condition of the modern *Italians*, and you will ſoon find the Reaſon why the *Romans* were brave and honourable Enemies, and why the *Italians* at preſent are baſe ones. For this is moſt certain, that no Man can baſely offer Violence to another without doing ſome to himſelf: From whence it follows, that no Man will do it, unleſs in ſome Meaſure he believes it neceſſary. No Man then will take a baſe Revenge of another, who believes that he can take an honourable one. No Man will ever have Recourſe to Treachery, who is confident of prevailing by open Force.

Now great Succeſs moſt commonly infuſes great Thoughts, and inſpires a noble Preſumption, which renders Men brave and magnanimous; whereas we frequently ſee, that Men with their Fortunes and Liberties loſe their very Spirits and Souls, according to the Obſervation of the comic Poet. *Ut res noſtræ ſint, ita nos magni atque humiles ſumus.*

LETTER

LETTER CXIV.

To Mr. ------ on the Loſs of his Miſtreſs.

Dear Sir,

I Have had yours of the 31ſt of *March*, to which I ſhould ſooner have returned an Anſwer, had I not been forced to take a little Turn out of Town; but your Letter to me brought me not more Satisfaction, than your laſt to Mr. *Moyle* gave me a Diſquiet for you, ſince by that I find how uneaſy you are. You know, my Friend, from one ſufficiently experienced in Love Diſaſters, that Love is often a kind of Loſing-Loadam, in which the Loſer is moſt often the Gainer. If you have been deprived of a Miſtreſs, conſider you have loſt a Wife; and though you are diſappointed of a ſhort Satisfaction, you have likewiſe eſcaped a tedious Vexation, which Matrimony infallibly comes to by one Way or another; ſo that your Misfortune is an Accident, which your true Friends ſhould rather fecilitate than commiſerate.

You told me in your laſt, That you were no more Maſter of yourſelf; then, How ſhould I help rejoicing at the Reſtoration of your Liberty? A Man might as reaſonably be ſorry for his Friends Recovery from Madneſs, as for his Recovery from Love (tho' for a Time a pleaſant Frenzy); ſo that your Miſtreſs's Father has rather been your Doctor, than your Enemy; and you ſhould not be angry with him, if he cures you of your Love Diſtemper, tho' by means a little too violent; for next to his Daughter's Cure of Love, his may prove the beſt.

Well, pray be not angry that I can be pleaſed with any thing that can ſo much diſpleaſe you; I own my Friendſhip for you has a little Selfiſhneſs in it; for now you cannot be happy as you would in the Country,

try, I hope you will make us as happy as we can be in Town, which we ſhall be as ſoon as we have your Company. For know, my Friend, Change of Air after a Love Diſtemper, may be as good as it is is after a Fever; and therefore make Haſte to Town where a great many Doctors have engaged to complete your Cure. Your Friends will do any thing to root out the Remains of your Paſſion; the witty Club will grow *grave* to inſtruct you, and the grave Club will grow *gay* to delight you. *Wh*------ will turn a *Philoſopher*, I will grow a *Good-fellow*, and venture my own Health for the Recovery of your good Humour, for I had rather be ſick in your Company than for want of it, who am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt unalterable Friend,

and humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLY.

P. S. Pray pardon me for not writing to you before, or rather for writing to you ſo dully now, which I hope will be my beſt Excuſe for not writing ſooner. All your Friends at the *Coffee-Houſe* are well; and what is no News to you, are, in Spight of your Abſence, your conſtant humble Servants.

LETTER

LETTER CXV.

The Answer to Mr. Wycherley.

Dear Sir,

I Have a colourable Excuse for my Silence; for, when you went out of Town, you gave me the Hopes of receiving a Letter from you, as soon as you arrived at *Cleve*; besides, since, I have been a Month in *Northamptonshire:* But the Inclination which I have to converse with Mr. *Wycherley* is too violent to receive any Check from Punctilios. But alas! I was restrained by too just an Impediment; for ever-since I saw you, I have been so wracked by a cruel Passion, that I have no Power to do any thing but to complain; and your Portion of Melancholy is not so small, that you have need to be troubled with another Man's Spleen. I would be sure to communicate my Happiness to my Friend; nay, I could be but half happy, if I did not communicate it; as in Love I never could be pleased to a Height with my own Pleasure, if I did not find it added to that of my Mistress. But I should impart my ill Humour to my Friend (if I found that it were not in his Power to ease me, and that it were much in his Inclination) with as much Regret, as I should acquaint him with his own ill Fortune, if I were clearly convinced that it were not in my Power to assist him.

You would not advise me to stifle this Passion; you are too well acquainted with Love and me to do that; you know that would be to persuade me to a thing, which you are already sensible that I am very willing and very unable to do.

I blush while I shew this Weakness; but sure, there is some Force of Mind required to shew some sort of Weakness. You remember the Maxim of the wise Duke: *La meme fermete qui sert a resister a l'Amour,*

l'Amour, sert accessi quelque fois a le rendre violent et durable. If that be true, I beseech you to believe, that this obstinate Lover is a constant Friend too, and unalterable,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

LETTER CXVI.

To Mrs. Hunt *at* Epsom.

ANGEL, *Windsor, July* 26, 1694.

THere can be no stronger Motive to bring me to *Epsom*, or to the North of *Scotland*, or to Paradise, than your being in any of those Places; for you make every Place alike heavenly, wherever you are: And I believe, if any thing could 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, a most unmerciful She-Ass.

Balaam was allowed an Angel to his Ass, I'll pray, if that will do any Good, for the same Grace. I would have set out upon my Ass 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 I find I make such slow Advances, that I despair of arriving

riving 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 Secreſy: However if you were here I would contrive to make you one of the Party. I'll expect you, as a good Chriſtian may every Thing that he devoutly prays for. I am,

Your everlaſting Adorer,

W. CONGREVE.

LETTER CXVII.

To Mr. D-----.

My dear Mr. D-----,

WHEN I read a Letter ſo full of Commendations as your laſt, I cannot but conſider you as the Maſter of a vaſt Treaſure, who having more than enough for yourſelf, are forced to ebb out upon your Friends. You have indeed the beſt Right to give them, ſince you have them in Propriety; but they are no more mine, when I receive them, than the Light of the Moon can be allowed to be her own, who ſhines but by the Reflexion of her Brother. Your own Poetry is a more powerful Example, to prove that the modern Writers may enter into Compariſon with the Ancients, than any which *Perrault* could produce in *France*; yet neither he, nor you, who are a better Critic, can perſuade me, that there is any room left for a ſolid Commendation at this time of Day, at leaſt for me.

 If

If I undertake the Tranſlation of *Virgil*, the little which I can perform will ſhew at leaſt, that no Man is fit to write after him in a barbarous modern Tongue. Neither will his Machines be of any Service to a Chriſtian Poet: We ſee how ineffectually they have been tried by *Taſſo* and *Arioſto*; 'tis uſing them too duly, if we only make Devils of his Gods: As if, for Example, I would raiſe a Storm, and make uſe of *Æolus*, with only the Difference of calling him Prince of the Air, What Invention of mine would there be in this? Or who would not ſee *Virgil*, through me, only the ſame Trick plaid over again by a bungling Juggler? *Boileau* has well obſerved, that it is an eaſy matter, in a Chriſtian Poem, for God to bring the Devil to Reaſon.

I think I have given a better Hint for new Machines, in my Preface to *Juvenal*, where I have particularly recommended two Subjects, one of king *Arthur*'s Conqueſt of the *Saxons*, and the other of the *Black Prince* in his Conqueſt of *Spain*; but the guardian Angels of Monarchies and Kingdoms are not to be touched by every Hand. A Man muſt be deeply converſed in *Platonic* Philoſophy to deal with them; and therefore I may reaſonably expect, that no Poet of our Age will preſume to handle thoſe Machines, for fear of diſcovering his own Ignorance; or if he ſhould, he might perhaps be ungrateful enough not to own me for his Benefactor.

After I have confeſſed thus much of our modern heroic Poetry, I cannot but conclude, with Mr. *Rym*----, that our *Engliſh* Comedy is far beyond any thing of the Ancient; and, notwithſtanding our Irregularities, ſo is our Tragedy. *Shakeſpeare* had a Genius for it; and we know, in ſpite of Mr. *R*-------, that Genius alone is a greater Virtue (if I may ſo call it) than all other Qualifications put together. You ſee what Succeſs this learned Critic has found in the World, after his blaſpheming *Shakeſpeare*. Almoſt all

all the Faults he has discovered are truly there; yet who will read Mr. *Rym*---, or not read *Shakespeare*? For my own Part, I reverence Mr. *Rym*---'s Learning, but I detest his Ill-nature and his Arrogance.

I, indeed, and such as I, have reason to be afraid of him; but *Shakespeare* has not. There is another Part of Poetry, in which the *English* stand almost upon an equal Foot with the Ancients, and 'tis that which we call *Pindaric*, introduced, but not perfected, by famous Mr. *Cowley*; and of this, Sir, you are certainly one of the greatest Masters. You have the Sublimity of Sense as well as Sound, and know how far the Boldness of a Poet may lawfully extend. I could wish you would cultivate this kind of Ode, and reduce it to the same Measure which *Pindar* used, or give new Measures of your own.

For, as it is, it looks like a vast Tract of Land newly discovered; the Soil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanured; overstock'd with Inhabitants, but almost all Savages, without Laws, Arts, Arms, or Policy.

I remember poor *Nat. Lee*, who was then upon the Verge of Madness, yet made a sober and witty Answer to a bad Poet, who told him, *It was an easy thing to write like a Madman. No*, said he, *'tis very difficult to write like a Madman; but 'tis a very easy matter to write like a Fool.*

Otway and he are safe, by Death, from all Attacks; but we poor Poets militant (to use Mr. *Cowley*'s Expression) are at the Mercy of wretched Scribblers; and, when they cannot fasten upon our Verses, they fall upon our Morals, our Principles of State, and Religion. For my Principles of Religion, I will not justify them to you; I know yours are far different. For the same Reason I shall say nothing of my Principles of State; I believe you, in yours, follow the Dictates of your Reason; as I, in mine, do those of my Conscience. If I thought myself in an

Error, I would retract it; and I am sure that I suffer for them; and *Milton* makes even the Devil say, that no Creature is in love with Pain. For my Morals between Man and Man, I am not to be my own Judge; I appeal to the World if I have deceived or defrauded any Man; and for my private Conversation, they who see me every Day can be the best Witnesses, whether or no it be blameless and inoffensive. Hitherto I have no Reason to complain, that Men of either Party shun my Company.

I have never been an impudent Beggar at the Doors of Noblemen. My Visits, indeed, have been too rare to be unacceptable, and but just enough to testify my Gratitude for their Bounty, which I have frequently received; but always unasked, as themselves will witness. I have written more than I needed to you on this Subject; for I dare say you justify me to yourself. As for that which I first intended for the principal Subject of this Letter, which is my Friend's Passion, and his Design of Marriage, on better Consideration, I have changed my Mind; for having had the Honour to see my dear Friend Mr. *Wycherley*'s Letter to him on that Occasion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But, as well as I love Mr. *Wycherley*, I confess I love myself so well, that I will not shew how much I am inferior to him in Wit and Judgment, by undertaking any thing after him. There is *Moses* and the Prophets in his Counsel. *Jupiter* and *Juno*, as the Poets tell us, made *Tiresias* their Umpire, in a certain merry Dispute which fell out in Heaven between them. *Tiresias*, you know, had been of both Sexes, and therefore was a proper Judge. Our Friend Mr. *Wycherley* is full as competent an Arbitrator: He has been a Bachelor, and married Man, and is now a Widower. *Virgil* says of *Cenеus*,

Nunc

Nunc vir, nunc fœmina Ceneus,
Rursus & in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

Yet I suppose he will not give any large Commendations to his middle State; nor, as the Sailor said, will be fond, after a Shipwreck, to put to Sea again. If my Friend will adventure, after this, I can but wish him a good Wind, as being his, and,

My dear Mr. D----,

Your most affectionate,

and most faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

LETTER CXVIII.

The Duke of Marlborough *to the* Queen, *on his Dismission from all Employments.*

Madam,

I Am very sensible of the Honour your Majesty does me, in dismissing me from your Service by a Letter from your own Hand, although I find, by it, that my Enemies have been able to prevail with your Majesty to do it in the Manner that is most injurious to me. And if their Malice and Inveteracy against me had not been more powerful with them, than their Consideration of your Honour and Justice, they would not have influenced you to impute the Occasion of my Dismission to a false and malicious Insinuation, contrived by themselves, and made public

lic when there was no Opportunity for me to give in my Anſwer, which they muſt needs be conſcious would fully detect the Falſhood and Malice of their Aſperſions, and not leave them that Handle for bringing your Majeſty to ſuch Extremities againſt me.

But I am much more concerned at an Expreſſion in your Majeſty's Letter, which ſeems to complain of the Treatment you had met with. I know not how to underſtand that Word, nor what Conſtruction to make of it. I know I have always endeavoured to ſerve your Majeſty faithfully and zealouſly, through a great many undeſerved Mortifications.

But if your Majeſty does intend, by that Expreſſion, to find fault with my not coming to the Cabinet-Council, I am very free to acknowledge, that my Duty to your Majeſty and Country would not give me leave to join in the Counſel of a Man, who, in my Opinion, puts your Majeſty upon all manner of Extremities. And it is not my Opinion only, but the Opinion of all Mankind, *that the Friendſhip of* France *muſt needs be deſtructive to your Majeſty; there being, in that Court, a Root of Enmity irreconcileable to your Majeſty's Government, and the Religion of theſe Kingdoms.* I wiſh your Majeſty may never find the Want of ſo faithful a Servant as I have always endeavoured to approve myſelf to you. I am, with the greateſt Duty and Submiſſion,

Madam,

Your Majeſty's

moſt dutiful

and obedient Subject,

MARLBOROUGH.

LETTER

LETTER CXIX.

To Mademoiselle de Rambouillet.

Madam, *Lisbon, Oct.* 22, 1733.

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 have 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 of those 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 chuse. 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 effectually 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 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

three Days in a Month you are not to be converſed with, methinks that ſeems ſome Diſpoſition to ſuch a Change. I am of Monſieur *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, &c.

P. S. I moſt ſubmiſſively beſeech you, Madam, to oblige your Dwarf to accept a Compliment here from me, inſtead of any other Anſwer to the Challenge he ſent me: I will not have any Quarrels with thoſe who belong to you; and ſo, both for his Lady's ſake, and his own, I bear him a very ſingular Eſteem, and deſire his Friendſhip.

LETTER CXX.

To Monſieur the Count de Grammont.

SIR,

IT was with a great deal of Grief that I heard of your ſecond Death *, and with no leſs Joy did I receive the News of your ſecond Reſurrection. I always write to my Hero in a poetical Strain. As a

* Monſieur the Count *de Grammont* was ſo ill, that all the World ſuppoſed him to be dead; however, he recovered, and ever after dated his Letters from his Death. A ſecond Illneſs, which was deſperate, and yet met with a miraculous Cure, made him ſubſtitute his ſecond inſtead of his firſt Death, this Letter of Monſieur *de St. Evremond* was written ſoon after his ſecond Recovery.

Poet,

Poet, then, I will tell you, that you have met with a Ford even in *Cocytus*; that you have paſſed and repaſſed it with greater Eaſe than I could do a ſmall River. The Difficulty which I ſhould meet with, in returning back from the other World, makes me ſtick as cloſe as I can to this, how much ſoever I am convinced of the Vanity of its Pleaſures, and the Inſolidity of its Charms.

At laſt the flattering Cheat I can deſcry,
This World's vain Pomp, and pleaſing Vanity.
All here's but Charm, a Phantom of the Brain;
Happy the Soul who Heav'n ſeeks t' attain.
There may we meet with undiſturbed Bliſs,
Seraphic Joys, and ſolid Happineſs.
But ſtill I feel ſome Struggles in my Mind;
She ſtartles at the Way to Bliſs deſign'd.
Is there no other Way, but through the Grave?
O! that we might a ſweeter Paſſage have.

LETTER CXXI.

Dear Sir, *Groton, Oct.* 27, 1739.

HAVING ſat down this Day to balance Accounts with all my Correſpondents, I find you in the Number of my Creditors; and indeed I'm greatly aſhamed to find myſelf ſo deeply in debt, to You in particular. In looking over my Letters, I was confounded with one of yours, bearing Date laſt *November*, when I could not meet with one of a later *Æra*; but hope I have only miſlaid your laſt, and that I am not quite ſo guilty as at firſt Sight I appear'd to myſelf. Be it as it will, a Northern Expedition, a Summer's Employment in Repairs of my Houſe, and other Country Buſineſs, together with a ſuff-

cient Quantity of Indolence, *&c.* have brought me under a Necessity of begging for Acceptance of a Composition of every body who have any epistolary Demands upon me; and I would willingly flatter myself, that you, who used to be one of my best Friends, will, out of your usual Goodness, be still kind and favourable. Assure yourself that my past Silence has not been the Effect of any Superiority you may imagine the Change of my Station has given me; and that I hope a greater (if it was to happen) would never alter my Temper, nor make me less respectful to my Friends. The Truth is (and Truth, you know, is ever best) the Sense of being a Letter in your debt has been every now and then heavy upon my Spirits for a considerable time; but you must know, that having had a Design to spend a Week or ten Days in Town, with you and the rest of my Friends, in this same Month of *October*, and likewise an inherent natural Aversion to sit down and write Letters, I the more easily excused myself for not writing to you; for what signifies writing (said I to myself) when I shall converse with him *viva voce* so shortly. This Pretence lulled me into great Tranquility for a Month or two before *October*. When *October* was at hand, I found myself but little disposed to make so long a Journey out of mere Compliment (for Business indeed I had little or none, but to pay *J. Cartwright*'s Bill.) And now the fine Weather is over, and the Days become short and dark, I have entirely laid aside the Thoughts of eating a Duck with you for this Winter. Probably *March* or *April* next will bring me to you. This, my dear Friend, is the true State of the Case; and I now send this as an Harbinger, to see how I shall be received in Person, as your witty Folks throw their Hats into the House, to try whether themselves may be admitted. I was mentioning a Northern Expedition; for you are to know, that I set out for *Leek* on *Easter* Monday last, and re-

turned

turned to *Groton* the Monday before *Whitsuntide*; being absent from home just six Weeks. I had the Pleasure of seeing Brother *Harry* and my new Sister (with whom, by the way, I was very much pleased, being a genteel, agreeable Woman, as Women go thereabouts) at *Leck*, and twice at *Holme*, and I went and dined with them at *Milthorp*. I also once, during the Carnival at *Holme* (where I spent a great deal of my Time) saw your Father and Brother *John*, and drank a dram of Rum with them at the Door, when we were coming from *Burton* Church one Sunday at Noon. The old Man, I think, looks much the same as ever I remember him. *John* too seems to be in *statu quo*, saving that he has got a pretty Bedfellow. And now I talk of Bedfellow, with your next tell me that you have got the better of your Fears. And has Enthusiasm (the prevailing Virtue, shall I say, or Distemper of the Age) fixed you to the Object admired? If you are really so happy, dare to own it; and tell me, experimentally, that there are Pleasures in Matrimony sufficient to counterbalance all its Cares and Difficulties. Who knows what Effect such a Declaration from a Friend may have upon me? But if the State do not quite answer your Expectation, do not (with the Boy in the River) cry out 'tis pure and warm, merely with a View of drawing me into the same Scrape. To be serious, and to draw to Conclusion of this idle, impertinent Scrawl, I shall be glad to hear from you at your Leisure, and to hear that you are well and prosperous. And, in the mean time, I am,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged

and very humble Servant,

LETTER CXXII.

Dear Sir, *Groton, August* 8, 1740.

YOURS of the Eighth last gave me the Pleasure, not only of knowing you were in the Land of the Living (which from your long Silence I had some Reason to doubt of) but also, of your being as happy in Life as this World can make you.

I should also be ashamed (as you profess yourself to be) if my own Example could be truly alledged, in Justification of your late Neglect. I must freely own, because I know it can be proved against me if I deny it, that I have often been too hardy in my Correspondence, considering the Value I set upon your Letters, and the Regard I have always had for your Friendship; but I hope it can never be made appear against me, that a Twelvemonth has passed without a Line. And I will further own, that this frequent Silence of mine, has richly deserved the Neglect it has met with. Upon the Whole, I think we must renew our Repentance on both Sides, and promise Amendment for the future: I do, for my Part, and hope to see the good Fruits and Effects of it in you.

I never doubted, Dear Sir, your Sincerity in advancing and defending the Matrimonial Doctrine, and you have now in Fact confirmed to me that you were in earnest. I am heartily glad that your Change of Life has proved so very agreeable to you, and beg leave to congratulate you and your Lady upon the Occasion, and to wish you as Happy as you can wish yourselves: Your own good Sense and Prudence directed you in making a proper Choice, and the like Dispositions in your other-self, will preserve and maintain an happy Union till Time shall be no more.

I know

I know not how it is, but even this Example added to the Precept, makes still but weak and feeble Impressions upon me, with Regard to my entering into the State of Matrimony: The Reason whereof, perhaps may be, that my Time is not yet come; however I am not so old, but that I can without Envy, and with Pleasures see other People happy in the married State; nor do I quite give over the Thoughts of trying my Luck.

I thank you for your kind Invitation, and should be glad with all my Heart, to eat a Duck with you and Mrs. *Cock*, but I really know not when that will happen. The most probable Conjecture I can at present make, is as follows; I expect a Visit from Cousin *Cumming* in *October* or *November* next, and probably he will think I ought to set him on his Way as far as *London* in his Return, and if the Weather is not too bad, it is not impossible but that I may come with him—and then have at your Duck.

It is too late now to tell you as News, the Misfortune the People of *Holme* met with last *Holy Thursday* by a Fire, in which (as my Cousin advises) the poor Sufferers received Damage to the Value of eight or nine hundred Pounds---Happy it was for your Relations and mine, that they were not within Reach of the Flames.

As you have married a *Suffolk* Woman, I suppose she will be inclined now and then to visit her Friends here, and I shall flatter myself that you will not be so uncomplaisant as to let her come alone; and when you are in the Country, I am sure you will not leave *Groton* unseen. In the mean time, I wish the Continuance of your Health and Happiness, and am, with humble Service to Mrs. *Cock* and all Friends,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble Servant,

LETTER

LETTER CXXIII.

To Monsieur the Count of Lionne, *Master of the Horse to the* French *King.*

SIR,

COULD I by my Acknowledgments make you the least Return for all the Obligations you have laid upon me, I would have rendered a thousand Thanks to you; but whereas the least Trouble you have taken for me, is more valuable than all the Compliments of the World, I shall leave you to satisfy yourself with the Pleasure an honest Man feels in being beneficial to others. Perhaps you will say that I am ungrateful: If it be so, at least it is not after that ordinary Manner; and knowing the Delicacy of your Genius, I fancy I shall please you better by a refined Ingratitude, than by a too common Acknowledgment.

If by Misfortune this Proceeding does not please you, be you yourself a Mediator in my Behalf; and from what you have done for me, persuade yourself that I am sensible of all that you have done. Whatsoever Success your Cares may have had, I shall be always infinitely obliged to you, and the good Intentions of those who would do me any Service have always something very sweet and pleasant to me, even though they should not suceeed. As for the Papers you speak of, you are Master of them already, and nothing is more delightful to us, than what our Industry affords us. The Ingenuity you have shewn in your Theft deserves to be rewarded, by telling you something that is out of the Way. You can't tell me more ingeniously that *Emilia* does not please the *Parisian* Ladies; to tell you the Truth, she has too much of the *Dutch* in her, her fat Carcass makes

me

me believe that she has swell'd it with *Ale*, and her Devotion is such, as inclines me to think, that she carries her Bible under her Arm every *Sunday*.

Let me intreat you not to communicate the Copy of the small Peices I send you to any Person whatsoever, except it be that of the Letter; which Monsieur *de Turenne* has required of you in order to do me a Kindness. I have added something to the Dissertation on *Alexander* of Monsieur *Racine*, which seems to me more rational than any you have hitherto seen. If the Earl of St. *Albans* has a Desire to see what is in your Hands, you may shew it him: For I have not a Thought in the World of which I would not make him my Confidant. I am transported with Joy, that the Marriage between the Son of the Marquis *de Coeuvres*, and the Daughter of Monsieur *de Lionne* the Minister, is at last concluded; having always been an humble Servant to the Messieurs *d'Estrees*, and of Monsieur *de Lionne*, to the utmost of my Capacity. But when I fancy to myself that I have seen the Marquis *de Coeuvres* married, and that I have seen his Son in Hanging-sleeves, bidding Monsieur *de Leon* good Morrow, which he calls his *Tonton*, I make a very severe Reflection upon my Age; and shrugging up my Shoulders, and lifting up my Eyes, I cannot forbear crying out with the Poet,

When Age alas! our vigorous Spirits freeze,
Adieu to all our former Happiness.

It is reported here as well as at *Paris*, that the* Peace of *Portugal* is concluded, but the News of it comes from *Madrid*. The *Portuguese*† Ambassador, with whom I play every

* The Peace was concluded *February* the 12th, 1668.

† Monsieur *de la Neuville*, in his History of *Holland*, Tom. iii. p. 186, and 224. printed in the Year 1702, has made a very great Mistake, where he says that *Don Francisco de Mello* was the then *Spanish* Ambassador, who in truth was the *Portuguese* Ambassador above mentioned; for in-

stars

every Day at *Ombre*, knows nothing of the Matter; He complains upon the Credit that is given to this News, that *Portugal* is looked upon as a Cypher; and his Reason for it is this: 'Tis believed, says he, that the Peace is concluded, because 'tis known that *Spain* offers us every thing, but who knows whether we will accept of their Offer? Whatever comes from the *Castilians* I egregiously suspect, for I will believe nothing but what I have Intelligence of from *Lisbon*.

He has dispatched an Express upon this very Account, and upon some other Affairs that he had in this Country. The Elector of *Cologn* is at *Amsterdam incognito*, and the Duke of *Tuscany* will arrive thither within a few Days. The Prince of *Strasburg* is at the *Hague*, affirming that the Peace will be concluded, but few will believe him; for 'tis supposed the *Spaniards* will open the Campaign before they will resolve upon a Treaty: Never envy them the Honour of being patient Losers; they give us leave to get what we please; for being long accustomed to Misfortunes, they never trouble their Heads about diverting them. This is all you shall have from me at present; what you honourably demand of me, thereby to give me to understand that you remember my Triffles at the *Hague*, is so confused and sorrily wrote, that you would be hardly able to read it; not to say that I know how to demean myself so as to take off the Edge of the Desire you have for my Triffles.

To tell you the downright Truth, there are a great many Passages in them, which please me pretty well; but there are a great many more which ought to be struck out. If you desire the Remarks which I have made on some *Latin* Histories, they are at your Service. Let me entreat you to return my

deed *Don Estevan de Gonzaga*, was at that time the *Spanish* Ambassador in *Holland*; but it is to be hoped that he is more exact in the other Parts of his History than in this Particular.

henry

hearty Thanks to Monſieur -------- did you know him as well as I do, whatever Reſpect you may have for him, you would be inchanted more and more.

Farewell, Sir, I am born ſo grateful that all the Art and Study that I am capable of, cannot make me otherwiſe; and howſoever I began this Letter, I cannot forbear concluding it with aſſuring you that I ſhall, while I live, be always mindful of the Obligations you have laid me under. I wiſh it might laſt long;

But Age, alas! our vigorous Spirits freeze:
Adieu to all our former Happineſs.

Were you not more inclined to venture a Leg or an Arm in the Wars, than to write, I would dare to ſay you would prove the beſt Epiſtolizer in the World.

LETTER CXXIV.

From the Reverend Dean SWIFT *to Mrs.* Prat, *returning Thanks for her Preſent of a* Fire-Screen.

Madam,

MRS. *Fitzmorice* did the unkindeſt thing ſhe could imagine; ſhe ſends an open Note, by a Servant (for ſhe was too much a Prude to write me a Letter) deſiring, that the Dean of St. *Patrick* ſhould enquire for one *Howard*, Maſter of a Ship, who had brought over a Screen to him, the ſaid Dean, from Mrs. *Prat*; away I ran to the *Cuſtom-houſe*, where they told me the Ship was expected every Day, but the God of Winds, in Confederacy with Mrs. *Fitzmorice*,

to teaze me, kept the Ship at least a Month longer, and left me miserable in a State of Impatience, between Hope and Fear, worse than a Lady who is in Pain that her Cloaths will not be ready against the Birth-Day. I will not move your Good-nature by representing how many restless Nights and Days I have passed, with what Dreams my Sleep hath been disturbed, where I sometimes saw the Ship sinking, my Screen floating in the Sea, and the Mermaids struggling which of them should get it for her own Apartment. At last Mr. *Medlycott*, whose Heart inclines him to pity the Distressed, gave me notice of its safe Arrival: He interposed his Authority, and overruling the tedious Forms of the *Custom-House*, sent my Screen to the Deanry, where it was immediately opened, on *Tuesday*, the 16th Instant, three Minutes, seven Seconds after Four o'Clock in the Afternoon, the Day being fair, but somewhat windy, the Sun in *Aries*, and the Moon within thirty-nine Hours eight Seconds and a Half of being full; all which I had, by consulting *Ptolomy*, found to be fortunate Incidents, prognosticating, that, with due Care, my Screen will escape the Mops of the House-Maid, and the greasy Hands of the Footmen.

At the opening the Screen just after Dinner, some Company of both Sexes were present: The Ladies were full of Malice, and the Men of Envy, while I remained very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing shew'd a better Judgment than to know how to make a proper Present, and that no Present could be more judiciously chosen; for no Man in this Kingdom wanted a Screen so much as myself, and besides, since I had left the World, it was very kind to send the World to me; however, one of the Ladies affirmed, that your Gift was an open Reflection upon my Age, that she had made the same Present some Time ago to her Grand-father, and that she could not imagine how any of her Sex would send a

Screen

Screen to a Gentleman without a Design to insinuate, that he was absolutely *un homme sans Consequence*. For my own Part I confess I never expected to be sheltered by the World, when I have been so long endeavouring to shelter myself from it.

See, how ill you bestow your Favour, where you meet with nothing but Complaints and Reproaches instead of Acknowledgments, for thinking, in the Midst of Courts and Diversions, upon an absent and insignificant Man buried in Obscurity: But I know it is as hard to give Thanks as to take them, therefore I shall say no more, than that I receive your acceptable Present, just as I am sure you desire I should. Though I cannot sit under my own Vine, or my own Fig-Tree, yet I will sit under my own Screen, and bless the Giver; but I cannot promise it will add one Jot to the Love and Esteem I have for you, because it is impossible for me to be more than I have always been, and shall ever continue,

Madam,

Your most obedient

and obliged Servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I just observe, that the two celestial Maps are placed at the Bottom, within two Inches of the Ground, which is the most fashionable Circumstance in the whole Work.

I sometimes dine in the third Place with your Stoic Mr. *Prat*, and find he continues in Health, but of late very busy, and a Courtier.

I desire to present my most humble Service to my Lady *Savil*.

Mr. *Fitzmorice* dines temperately at a Tavern, and sometimes with Clergymen, for want of better Company.

Mr. *Medlycott* dines with me every *Sunday*, and goes to Church like any thing.

Mrs. *Fitzmorice* is left desolate, I reckoned but fifteen Ladies and five Gentlemen t'other Night in her Play-room, and I condoled with her upon it. It is thought she will fall out with my Lady *Carteret* for drawing away her Company, but at present they are very great, as I find by consulting them both.

I think you are acquainted with Lady *Worsely*; if so, tell her how angry I am at her not coming to *Ireland* as I expected, and was told she was actually landed, whereupon, being at that Time confined by a Deafness, I writ her a most Cavalier Letter, which being brought back I tore in a Rage.

Miss *Carteret* is every Day getting new Magazines of Arms to destroy all *England* upon her Return.

LETTER CXXV.

To Madam the Duchess of ------

MADAM,

I Never saw a Letter, wherein there was so much Good-Sense as in yours. You commend a good Stomach with such a *bon Grace*, that it will be a Shame to have a good Genius, unless one has a swinging Appetite: I am obliged to Monsieur the Abbot *D*—— for having rais'd in you such a good Opinion of me upon that Account. Though I am Eighty-five Years of Age, yet I eat Oysters every Morn-

Morning, I make a hearty Dinner, and a pretty good Supper. Certainly they have made Heroes with less Merit than this of mine is.

Suppose, that One more Wealth and Credit has,
And me in Grace and Conduct does surpass;
Yet, Why should I at these Defects repine,
When I can eat good Meats, and drink rich Wine?
An hungry Stomach is the greatest Bliss;
Without it nothing else is Happiness.
A daring Heart to all Things would pretend,
And a large Soul would all Things comprehend:
But in my Mind, a Stomach is the best
That duly can its Meats and Wine digest;
To this, both Wit and Courage are a downright Jest.

When I was young I was wholly taken up with the Employments of the Mind, being less wedded to the Interests of the Body, than I ought to have been. At present I endeavour to make amends, as far as is possible, for the Wrong which I did to my Body. Whether it be because I am more habituated to it, or whether it be for the Love and Esteem which I have for it, your Method of using it, is quite the Reverse of mine. In your younger Days you took care of the Body, but at present you regard nothing but what relates to the Mind. I cannot imagine whether you have any Reason to esteem it so much; we hardly read any thing that is worth the Trouble of remembering; and scarce any thing is said that is worth the hearing. How decay'd soever our Senses are, at an Age so far advanc'd as mine, yet the Impressions which pleasing Objects make upon them, affect me very much; and we are in the wrong if we desire to mortify them. 'Tis perhaps a Jealousy of the Mind, which perceives the Senses to have a better Share than itself.

Monsieur *Bernier*, the merriest Philosopher I ever knew, (A merry Philosopher is an odd Expression; but

but his Make, his Gait, and the Manner of his Conversation, render him worthy of that Epithet.) Monsieur *Bernier*, I say, in discoursing concerning the Mortification of the Senses, one Day told me, *I will communicate to you what I would not to Madam* de la Sablière, *nor to Mademoiselle* de Lencos *herself, for whom I have a greater Esteem. I will tell you then under the Rose, that the abstaining from Pleasure is a great Sin.*

I was startled at the Novelty of the Notion; however, it made some Impression upon me. Had he continued his Discourse, perhaps, he would have made me to relish his Doctrine. Continue me in your good Graces, which have never yet met with any Change, which is something of a Rarity, considering how long we have held a Correspondence with each other.

LETTER CXXVI.

To Monsieur Dery*.

MY dear pretty little Rogue, I do not wonder that you hitherto have had an irresistible Aversion to the Thing in the World that concerns you most. Some rude and clownish People have talk'd of having you castrated, an Expression so base and odious, as would have discouraged a Genius less tender than yours. As for my Part, my dear Rogue, I will endeavour to procure your Happiness in a Method that is not so displeasing to you, and I will tell you with all the flattering Terms of Insinuation, that they ought to make you easy by a quick and slight Operation, which may preserve the Sweetness of your Colour a

* A Youth belonging to the Duchess of *Mazarine* who sung sweetly.

long

long Time, and the Charmingneſs of your Voice as long as you live.

"Thoſe Guineas, fine Clothes, and little pretty Horſes, which you are at preſent Maſter of, are not beſtowed on the Son of Monſieur *Dery*, upon the account of the Nobleneſs of his Extract, 'tis your Face and Voice that have procured them within theſe three or four Years. Alas! you will loſe the Merit both of one and the other, if you are not ſo wiſe as to prevent it; and the Spring of all thoſe pleaſing Charms will be exhauſted. At preſent you ſpeak to Kings with Familiarity; even Ducheſſes careſs you; and you are highly extolled by all Perſons of Quality; when the Sweetneſs of your Voice is gone, you will be only a Companion for *Pompey*†, and perhaps the Contempt of Monſieur *Stourton*‡.

But you are afraid, you ſay, that you ſhall be leſs in the good Graces of the Ladies. Away with that fooliſh Fancy: We no longer live in an Age of *Simpletons*; the Merit which ſucceeds the Operation is, at preſent, ſufficiently known; and for one Miſtreſs which Monſieur *Dery* might have enjoy'd in his natural State, ſoft Monſieur *Dery* will enjoy a hundred. The only Trouble you have to get over, will be to know whether you ought to prefer the intelligent Women before Men of Parts, or Men of ſound Judgment before fine Women; being ſuch an honeſt and civil Gentleman as I fancy you are, I believe you would not willingly diſoblige either Sex, which moſt of the Ingenious think to be the beſt Way.

You may be aſſured of having Miſtreſſes enough, which is a great Bleſſing; and by having no Wife you will be rid of a great Plague. Happy in being without a Wife, and more happy in not being troubled with Children. A Daughter of Monſieur *Dery* may

† A Negro belonging to the ſame Ducheſs.
‡ The Ducheſs of *Mazarine's* Page.

happen

happen to be debauched, and his Son may come to the Gallows; but what is worse than all, his Wife may make him a Cuckold. Guard yourself therefore against all these Misfortunes, by a speedy Operation, and you will then be entirely your own Man, and Master of your own Fortune. Should I live so long as to see you, when your Voice is broke, and a Beard upon your Face, you must expect to be rattled off severely. Be so kind to yourself as to prevent this Reproach, and believe me to be the sincerest of your Friends.

LETTER CXXVII.

To Monsieur -----

SIR,

YOU cannot give me greater Testimonies of your Friendship, than at such a Time wherein I stand in need of all the Tenderness of my Friends, and all the Strength of my own Mind to comfort me. Tho' I were but thirty, yet it would be very difficult for me to repay the Agreeableness of such a Conversation. But being so old as I am, it's impossible for me to make any Return to it. A Correspondence which you and some other Persons, who still are engaged in my Interest, would be a great Relief to me at *Paris*; and I would not stick at coming thither to seek it, did not the Infirmities of extreme old Age put a sufficient Bar in my Way.

Besides, What should I do at *Paris*, unless to lock myself up, or to present myself to the World a frightful Spectre, often sick, and always decay'd and decrepid? It may be said of me, what M---- *de C*----

said

ſaid once of a Lady: *I would fain know what Church-yard ſhe reſorts to, to revive her dead Carcaſs.* Theſe are ſufficient Reaſons for my not leaving *England*, but the ſtrongeſt is ſtill behind; *viz.* that the ſmall Eſtate I have here, cannot croſs the Seas with me: It would be next to impoſſible for me to draw it from hence; 'tis indeed ſcarce worth ſpeaking of; but as ſmall as it is, I make ſhift to live upon it. Madam *Mazarine* ſtood indebted to me —— ſhe owed me more* —— when ſhe died; 'tis certain that ſhe ſpent more of what I had, than I did myſelf. The Extremities to which ſhe was reduced are inconceivable; I wiſh that I had given all that I had left, provided that ſhe had lived.

You have in her loſt one of your beſt Friends; you cannot imagine how much both the Public, as well as particular Perſons regret her Loſs. She wanted nothing with reſpect to Religion; and ſhe had ſo great an Indifference for her Life, that 'tis to be ſuppoſed that ſhe was not very uneaſy at the loſing of it. The *Engliſh*, who ſurpaſs all Nations in Bravery at their Deaths, ought to look upon her with an envious Eye. Reſt aſſured,

S I R,

I am, &c.

* Madam *Mazarine* ow'd Monſieur *de St. Everemont* above Five hundred Pounds Sterling when ſhe died.

S(LETTER

LETTER CXXVIII.

To the Duke of York, *on the Duchess's embracing the* Roman Catholic *Religion, by the Earl of* Clarendon.

I Have not presumed in any Manner to approach your Royal Presence, since I have been marked with the Brand of Banishment; and I would still with the same forbear this Presumption, if I did not believe myself bound by all the Obligations of Duty to make this Address to you. I have been too much acquainted with the Presumption and Impudence of the Times in raising false and scandalous Reproaches upon innonocent and worthy Persons of all Qualities and Degrees, to give Credit to those bold Whispers which have been too long scattered abroad concerning your Wife's being shaken in her Religion; but when those Whispers break out into Noise, and public Persons begin to report, that the Duchess is become a *Roman Catholic*; when I heard that many worthy Persons of unquestionable Devotion to your Royal Highness are not without some Fear and Apprehension of it, and many Reflections are made from thence to the Prejudice of your Royal Person, and even of the King's Majesty, I hope it may not misbecome me, at what Distance soever, to cast myself at your Feet, and beseech you to look on this Matter in Time, and to apply some Antidote to expel the Poison of it.

It is not possible your Royal Highness can be without Zeal and entire Devotion for that Church, for the Purity and Preservation whereof, your blessed Father made himself a Sacrifice, and to the Restoration whereof you have contributed so much yourself, and which highly deserves the King's Protection, and yours, since there can be no possible Defection in the

Hearts

Hearts of the People, while due Reverence is made to the Church.

Your Wife is generally believed to have ſo perfect a Duty and entire Reſignation to the Will of your Royal Highneſs, that any Defection in her from her Religion, will be for want of Circumſpection in you; and not uſing your Authority, or to your Connivance. I need not tell the ill Conſequence that ſuch a Mutation would be attended with in Reference to your Royal Highneſs, and even to the King himſelf, whoſe greateſt Security (under God) is in the Affection and Duty of his *Proteſtant* Subjects. Your Royal Highneſs knows how far I have always been from wiſhing, that the *Roman Catholics* ſhould be proſecuted with Severity; but I leſs wiſh it ſhould ever be in their Power to to be able to proſecute thoſe who differ from them, ſince we well know how little Moderation they would or could uſe.

And if this which People ſo much talk of (I hope without Ground) ſhould fall out, it might very probably raiſe a greater Storm againſt the *Roman Catholics* in general, than modeſt Men can wiſh; ſince after ſuch a Breach any Jealouſy of their Preſumption would ſeem reaſonable. I have written to the Duchess with the Freedom and Affection of a troubled and perplexed Father. I do moſt humbly beſeech your Royal Highneſs by your Authority, to reſcue her from bringing a Miſchief upon you and herſelf that can never be repair'd; and to think it worthy your Wiſdom to remove and diſpel thoſe Reproaches (how falſe ſoever) by better Evidence than Contempt; and hope you do believe, that no Severity I have, or can, undergo, ſhall in any Degree leſſen or diminiſh my moſt profound Duty to his Majeſty and your Royal Highneſs; but that I do with all imaginable Obedience ſubmit to your Good Pleaſure in all Things.

God preserve your Royal Highness, and keep me in your Favour.

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Humble

and obedient Servant,

CLARENDON.

LETTER CXXIX.

To the Duchess of York *on the same Occasion.*

YOU have much Reason to believe that I have no Mind to trouble you, or displease you, especially in an Argument that is so unpleasant and grievous to myself; but as no Distance of a Place that is between us, in respect of our Residence, or the greater Distance in respect of the high Condition you are in, can make me less your Father, or absolve me from performing those Obligations which that Relation requires from me; so when I receive any credible Advertisement of what reflects upon you, in Point of Honour, Conscience, or Discretion, I ought not to omit the informing you of it, or adminstring such Advice to you, as to my Understanding seems reasonable; and which I must still hope will have some Credit with you. I will confess to you, that what you wrote to me many Months since upon those Reproaches, which I told you were generally reported concerning your Defection in Religion, gave me so much Satisfaction, that I believed them to proceed from that ill

Spirit

Spirit of the Times that delights in Slander and Calumny. But I muſt tell you that the ſame Report increaſes of late very much, and I myſelf ſaw the laſt Week a Letter from *Paris*, from a Perſon who ſaid the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador aſſured him the Day before, that the Ducheſs was become a *Roman Catholic*; and which makes greater Impreſſions upon me, I am aſſured that many good Men in *England*, who have great Affection for you and me, and who have thought nothing more impoſſible than that there ſhould be ſuch a Change in you, are at preſent under much Affliction, with the Obſervation of a great Change in your Courſe of Life, and that conſtant Exerciſe of that Devotion which was ſo notorious; and do apprehend from your frequent Diſcourſes, that you have not the ſame Reverence and Veneration that you uſed to have for the Church of *England*; the Church in which you was baptized, and the Church the beſt conſtituted, and the moſt free from Errors of any Chriſtian Church this Day in the World; and that ſome Perſons by their Inſinuations have prevailed with you to have a better Opinion of that which is moſt oppoſite to it, the Church of *Rome*, than the Integrity thereof deſerves.

It is not yet in my Power to believe, that your Wit and Underſtanding (with God's Bleſſing upon both) can ſuffer you to be ſhaken farther than with melancholy Reflections upon the Iniquity and Wickedneſs of the Age we live in; which diſcredits all Religion, and which with equal Licence breaks into the Profeſſors of all, and prevails upon the Members of all Churches, and whoſe Manners will have no Benefit from the Faith of any Church.

I preſume you do not entangle yourſelf in the particular Controverſies between the *Romaniſts* and us, or think yourſelf a competent Judge of all Difficulties which occur therein: And therefore it muſt be ſome fallacious Argument of Antiquity, and Univerſality,

con-

confidently urged by Men who know less than many of those you are acquainted with, and ought less to be believed by you, that can raise any Doubts and Scruples in you, and if you will with equal Temper hear those who are well able to instruct you in those Particulars, it is not possible for you to suck in that Poison which can only corrupt and prevail over you by stopping your own Ears, and shutting your own Eyes. There are but two Persons in the World who have greater Authority with you than I can pretend to; and am sure they both suffer more in this Rumour, and would suffer much more if there were Ground for it, than I can do: And truly I am as unlikely to be deceived myself, or to deceive you, as any Man that endeavours to pervert you in your Religion. And therefore, I beseech you let me have so much Credit with you, as to persuade you to communicate any Doubts or Scruples which occur to you, before you suffer them to make too deep an Impression upon you.

The common Argument that there is no Salvation out of the Church, and that the Church of *Rome* is that only true Church, is both irrational and untrue; there are many Churches in which Salvation may be attained, as well as in any one of them; and were many, even in the Apostles Time; otherwise they would never have directed their Epistles to so many several Churches in which there were different Opinions received, and very different Doctrines taught. There is indeed but one Faith in which we can be saved, the stedfast Belief of the Birth, Passion and Resurrection of our Saviour; and every Church that receives and embraces that Faith, is in a State of Salvation. If the Apostles preached true Doctrine, the Reception and Retention of many Errors does not destroy the Essence of a Church; if it did the Church of *Rome* would be in as ill, if not in a worse, Condition, than most other Christian Churches; because its

Errors

Errors are of a greater Magnitude, and more destructive to Religion. Let not the canting Discourses of the Universality and Extent of the Church, which has as little Truth as the rest, prevail over you: They who will imitate the greatest Part of the World, must turn Heathens; for it is generally believed that above one half of the World is possessed by them, and that the *Mahometans* possess above one half of the Remainder. There is as little Question, that of the rest, which is inhabited by Christians, one Part of four is not of the Communion of the Church of *Rome*; and God knows in that very Communion there is as great Discord in Opinion, and in Matters of as great Moment, as is between the other Christians.

I hear you do in public Discourses dislike some things in the Church of *England*, as the Marriage of the Clergy, which is a Point which no *Roman Catholic* will pretend to be of the Essence of Religion, and is in use in many Places which are of the Communion of the Church of *Rome*; as in *Bohemia* and those Parts of the *Greek* Church which submit to the *Roman*: And all Men know that in the late Council of *Trent*, the Sacraments of both Kinds, and Liberty of the Clergy to marry were very passionately pressed both by the Emperor and King of *France* for their Dominions; and it was afterwards granted to *Germany*, though under such Conditions as made it ineffectual; which however shews that it was not, nor ever can be look'd upon as a Matter of Religion. Christianity was many hundred Years old before such a Restraint was ever heard of in the Church; and when it was endeavoured it met with great Opposition, and was never submitted to. And as the positive Inhibition seems absolutely unlawful, so the Inconveniences which result from thence, will upon a just Disquisition be found superior to those which attend the Liberty which the Christian Religion permits.

Those

Thoſe Arguments which are not ſtrong enough to draw Perſons from the *Roman* Communion into that of the Church of *England*, when Cuſtom and Education, and a long ſtupid Reſignation of all their Faculties to their Teachers, uſually ſhuts out all Reaſon to the Contrary; may yet be abundant to retain thoſe who have been baptized, and bred, and inſtructed in the Grounds and Principles of that Religion; which are, in Truth, not only founded upon the clear Authority of the Scriptures, but upon the Conſent of Antiquity, and the Practice of the primitive Church: And Men who look into Antiquity, know well by what Corruption and Violence, and with what conſtant and continual Oppoſition, thoſe Opinions, which are contrary to ours, crept into the World, and how unwarrantably the Authority of the Biſhop of *Rome*, which alone ſupports all the reſt, came to prevail; which has no more Pretence of Authority and Power in *England*, than the Biſhop of *Paris*, or *Toledo*, can as reaſonably lay Claim to; and is ſo far from being Matter of Catholic Religion, that the Pope has ſo much and no more, to do in *France* or *Spain*, or any other Catholic Dominion, than the Crown, and Laws, and Conſtitutions of ſeveral Kingdoms give him leave; which makes him ſo little (if at all) conſidered in *France*, and ſo much in *Spain*, and therefore the *Engliſh* Catholics, which attribute ſo much to him, make themſelves very unwarrantably of another Religion than the Catholic Church profeſſes: And without Doubt thoſe who deſert the Church of *England*, of which they are Members, and become thereby diſobedient to the eccleſiaſtical and civil Laws of their Country; and therein renounce their Subjection to the State, as well as to the Church (which are grievous Sins) had need of a better Excuſe, than the meeting with ſome Doubts which they could not anſwer; and leſs than a manifeſt Evidence, that their Salvation is deſperate in that

Com-

Communion, cannot serve their Turn: And they who imagine they have such an Evidence, ought rather to suspect that their Understanding has forsaken them, and that they are become mad, than that the Church, which is replenished with all Learning and Piety requisite, can betray them to Perdition.

I beseech you to consider (which I hope will overrule those ordinary Doubts and Objections which may be infused into you) that if you change your Religion, you renounce all Obedience and Affection to your Father who loves you so tenderly, that such an odious Mutation would break his Heart; you condemn your Father and your Mother (whose incomparable Virtues, and Piety, and Devotion, have placed her in Heaven) for having impiously educated you; you declare the Church and State, to both which you owe Reverence and Subjection, to be, in your Judgment, *Antichristian*: You bring irreparable Dishonour, Scandal, and Prejudice, to the Duke your Husband, to whom you ought to pay all imaginable Duty; and whom, I presume, is much more precious to you, than your own Life; and all possible Ruin to your Children, of whose Company and Conversation you must look to be deprived; for God forbid that after such an Apostacy, you should have any Power in the Education of your Children. You have many Enemies, whom you would here abundantly gratify, and some Friends whom you will thereby (at least as far as in you lies) perfectly destroy; and afflict many others, who have deserved well of you.

I know you are not inclined to any Part of this Mischief, and therefore offer these Considerations as all those Particulars would be infallible Consequences of such a Conclusion. It is to me the sadest Circumstance of my Banishment, that I may not be admitted in such a Season as this, to confer with you, when I am confident I would satisfy you in all Doubts, and make it appear to you, that there are many Ab-

ſurdities in the *Roman* Religion, inconſiſtent with your Judgment and Underſtanding; and many Impieties inconſiſtent with your Conſcience; ſo that before you can ſubmit to the Obligations of Faith, you muſt diveſt yourſelf of your natural Reaſon, and common Senſe, and captivate the Dictates of your Conſcience, to the Impoſitions of an Authority which has not any Pretence to oblige, or adviſe, you. If you will not with Freedom communicate the Doubts which occur to you, to thoſe near you, of whoſe Learning and Piety you have had ſuch Experience, let me conjure you to impart them to me, and to expect my Anſwer before you ſuffer them to prevail over you.

God bleſs you and yours.

LETTER CXXX.

The Ducheſs of YORK'S *Anſwer to the Earl of* CLARENDON.

WHEREAS I have been ever from my Infancy bred up in the *Engliſh* Proteſtant Religion, and have had very able Perſons to inſtruct me in the Grounds thereof, and I doubt not but I am expoſed to the Cenſure of an infinite Number of Perſons, who are aſtoniſhed at my quitting it, to embrace the Religion of the *Roman Catholics*; (for which I have ever profeſſed a great Averſion) and therefore I have thought fit, to give ſome Satisfaction to my Friends, by declaring unto them the Reaſons, upon which I have been moved to do it; without engaging myſelf in long and unprofitable Diſputes touching the Matter.

I proteſt therefore before God, that ſince my coming into *England*, no Perſon either Man or Woman, hath at any Time perſuaded me to alter my Religion;

Religion; or hath used any Discourses to me upon that Subject. It hath been only a particular Favour from God, who hath been graciously pleased to hear the Prayers I daily made unto him, both in *France* and *Flanders*, whilst I was there; that he would vouchsafe to bring me into the true Church before I died; in case I was not in the Right. And it was the Devotion I observed in the *Catholics* there, which induced me to make that Prayer; altho' my own Devotion during all that Time, was very slender. I did notwithstanding all the Time I was in those Countries, believe I was in the true Religion; neither had I the least Scruple of it, until *November* last; at which Time, reading Dr. *Heylin*'s History of the Reformation, which had been highly recommended to me, I was so far from finding the Satisfaction I expected, that I found nothing but Sacrileges; and looking over the Reasons therein set down, which caused the Separation of the Church of *England* from that of *Rome*, I read three there, which to me, were great Impieties. The First was, that *Henry* VIII. had cast off the *Pope*'s Authority, because he would not permit him to quit his Wife, and marry another.

The Second, That during the Minority of *Edward* VI. his Uncle, the Duke of *Somerset*, who then governed all, and was the Principal in that Alteration, did greatly inrich himself with the Goods of the Church, which he engrossed.

And the Third consisted in this, That Queen *Elizabeth* not being rightful Heir to the Crown, could not keep it, but by renouncing a Church, which would never have allowed of such Injustice. I could not be persuaded the Holy Ghost would ever have made use of such Motives as these were, to change Religion, and was astonished that the Bishops, if they had no other Intention than to establish the Doctrine of the primitive Church, had not attempted

it before the Schism of *Henry* VIII. which was grounded upon such unjustifiable Pretences.

Being troubled with these Scruples, I began to make some Reflections upon the points of Doctrine wherein we differed from the *Catholics*; and to that Purpose had recourse to the Holy Scripture, and though I pretend not to be able perfectly to understand it, I found notwithstanding several Points, which seemed to me very plain; and I cannot but wonder that I staid so long without taking notice of them. Amongst these, were the Real Presence of our Saviour in the Sacraments, the Infallibility of the Church, Confession, and Prayers for the Dead. I treated of these Particulars severally, with two of the most learned Bishops of *England*; and advising upon these Subjects, they told me, that it was to be wish'd, that the Church of *England* had retained several Things it altered: As for Example, Confession, which, without Doubt, is of divine Institution. They told me also, that Prayer for the Dead, had been in Use in the primitive Church, during the first Centuries; and that they themselves did daily observe those Things, though they desired not publicly to own those Doctrines. And having pressed one of them something earnestly touching these Things, he frankly told me, that if he had been bred up in the *Catholic* Religion he should not have left it: But now being a Member of that Church, which believed all the Articles necessary to Salvation, he thought he should do ill to quit it, because he was beholden to that Church for his Baptism, and he should thereby give Occasion of great Scandal to others.

All these Discourses were a Means to encrease the Desire I had to embrace the *Roman Catholic Religion*, and added much to the inward Trouble of my Mind; but the Fear I had to be hasty in a Matter of that Importance, made me act warily, with all Pre-

cautions

cautions necessary in such a Case. I pray'd incessantly to God, that he would be pleased to inform me in the Truth of these Points, whereof I doubted. Upon *Christmas* Day, going to receive at the King's Chapel, I found myself in greater Trouble than ever I had been in, neither was it possible for me to be at quiet, until I had discovered myself to a certain Catholic, who presently brought me a Priest. He was the First of them with whom I ever conversed, and the more I conversed with him, the more I found myself to be confirmed in the Resolution I had taken. It was, I thought, impossible to doubt of these Words, *This is my Body*; and I am verily persuaded, that our Saviour who is Truth itself, and hath promised to continue with his Church to the Worlds-end, would never suffer these holy Mysteries to the *Laity*, only under one Kind, if it was inconsistent with his Institution of that Sacrament.

I am not able to dispute touching these Things with any body, and if I were, I would not go about to do it, but I content myself to have wrote this, to justify the Change I have made of my Religion; and I call God to witness, I had not done it, had I believed I could have been saved in that Church, whereof till then, I was a Member. I protest seriously, I have not been induced to this, by any worldly Interests or Motives, neither can the Truth of this my Protestation be rationally doubted by any Person, since it was evident that thereby I lost all my Friends, and very much prejudiced my Reputation; but having seriously considered with myself, whether I ought to renounce my Portion in the other World, to enjoy the Advantages of my present being here, I assure you I found it no Difficulty at all, to resolve the contrary, for which I render Thanks to God, who is the Author of all Goodness.

My only Prayer to him is, that the poor Catholics of this Kingdom, may not be prosecuted

upon

upon my Account, and I beſeech God to grant me Patience in my Afflictions, and that what Tribulations ſoever his Goodneſs has appointed for me, I may ſo go through with them, as that I may hereafter enjoy a Happineſs for all Eternity.

Given at St. *James*'s the
20th of *Auguſt*, 1670.

LETTER CXXXI.

Written by a young Lady on a Bluſh.

CAN my own Blood betray me to Diſgrace;
Fill me with Shame, then triumph in my Face.
Thou baſe Deſerter of my better Part,
That has ſo long inhabited my Heart;
To leave thy deareſt, native, manſion Seat
Unguarded, and expos'd to Love and Fate;
Had you but kept the Seat, no Room had been
For any Demon to have enter'd in.
But while in Pomp, you in my Checks were ſet,
He the Poſſeſſion of my Heart did get.
Now you my treach'rous Wanderer may ſtay,
And new Confuſion to my Heart convey;
You've Buſineſs now of Conſequence to tell,
But ſee the gentle Tale you manage well;
Appear not you, in all your furious Flame,
And you may have a Charm, as well as Fame.
If ſecret Joys from *Damon*'s Sight ariſe,
You, I ſuppoſe, will tell it at my Eyes.
I cou'd forgive you too, did you proceed-----
From real Cauſe, or ſome inglorious Deed;
I wou'd be ſtill aſham'd of doing Ill,
And Compenſation make, by bluſhing ſtill;
But e'en in Innocence you're ſtill my Foe,
And when I do not, or I wou'd not know:
Still in my Face a ſeeming Guilt you ſhow.

And

And while it pleases you to take these Airs,
I am abandon'd to a thousand Fears.
Shame and Confusion dwell upon my Face,
While ev'ry one their diff'rent Censure pass.
Fie *Damon!* 'twas a treach'rous Coward's Part,
To seize a weak, and an unguarded Heart:
You watch the Sentinel abroad, and then
Surprise his Box, e're he comes back again.
Come on *Lucinda*, Trick for Trick say I,
Since he is in, there keep him till he die.
There's now no Blood, you say, then keep it close,
Let none return, and I'll engage he goes.
For without Blood he can no more live there,
Than *Sparrows* in *Boyle's Glasses* without Air.
And if henceforth your Blood should upwards move,
Say 'tis for Joy, and triumph not for Love.

LETTER CXXXII.

To Mrs. G----- T------- *Spinster, late of the Parish of* Holm-Cultram, *vulgarly*, Abby-Holme, *Greeting*,

Madam, *Queen's, Oxford, Sep.* 8, 1736.

PRAY pay to Mr. *Jonathan Dalton*, of *Whitehaven*, or Order, the Sum of six Dishes of young *Sibbs's* Best Green-Tea, with a super-sufficient Quantity of Cream and Sugar: Likewise I desire you to pay to that *great Critic, viz. Jack Dalton*, two or three Hours of your very best, witty Conversation, you are Mistress of, and place it to the Accompt of,

Madam,

Your very humble Servant,

(who

(who will pay you when able — *i. e.* never)

W. F.

£ { Six Dishes of *Sibb's* Tea: Three Hours of witty and agreeable Conversation.

N. B. Gilt Paper improper for Bills. &c. &c.--

LETTER CXXXIII.

Madam, *Queen's, Oxford, Jan.* 28, 1736-7.

I Have for this long time been studying for an Excuse; but, at long run, find that no Apology will take place where a Lady is concern'd; so, without farther Preface, return you my greatest Thanks for yours.—Since *Black-Eyes* has been the darling Subject of your Letter, it will not be amiss, I believe, to make a bare Mention of him, and desire to know what Account you can give of him. I am satisfied there must be some particular Reason why he neglects his Friends here in *Oxford.* If *Cathedral-street* occasion his Silence to us; I must write post-haste to an Acquaintance of yours and mine to enter a Caveat. How you can answer this to the World, I am a Stranger to; so, both for your sake and his, shall make an immediate Report of all Transactions to the Person who is so nearly concern'd.

But why, in the Name of Goodness, can you scruple to pay that Visit to *Oxford* which she expects from you? Promises, though made on the other Side of the Equinox, are as obligatory as those that are made in our own Climate. So don't imagine that the Privileges of your Sex shall free you from the Crime of breaking

breaking your Word, which you can moſt eaſily diſpenſe with in your own Conſciences.

If you have the leaſt Thoughts of breathing *Oxford* Air, and that my coming up to Town will be conducive to it, 'tis but promiſing me Bed and Board, and I will uſe all the Logic and Rhetoric I have imbibed ever ſince my firſt Entrance, to perſuade you to undertake the Journey.—But, ſeriouſly ſpeaking, if Matters will hit, I will ſpend ſome ſmall Time with you next *April*. Theſe are pretty relaxing Thoughts, which are much more projected than put in practice. Yeſterday's Poſt brought me a Letter from *Carliſle*, with an Account of Siſter *Molly*'s Marriage; but I fancy 'tis no News to you. I ſhall conclude by wiſhing to have the Pleaſure of congratulating you upon that Subject.

Your very humble Servant,

W. F.

Pray my beſt Reſpects to Miſs *Railton*, Couſin *Kitty*, &c. I will be more punctual for the future, and not give you time to accuſe me of Negligence.

LETTER CXXXIV.

From a young Lady to her Brother, who perſuaded her to marry.

WHY does my ever-deareſt Brother blame his Siſter for performing her Duty; that Duty which God has commanded, which Nature dictates, and which Reaſon approves. Had I given Mr. —— Encouragement, after I had received my Parents

 ſtrict

ſtrict Commands to the 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 would 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 may never be in my Power to perform? I am, at preſent, too young, and I hope I ſhall never be ſo old, as to have Art enough to deceive a Perſon in that Manner. Virtue, Innocence and Truth has hitherto attended me, and I'll uſe my utmoſt Endeavours to preſerve thoſe amiable Qualities; for what real Satisfaction would the Enjoyment of all the Pleaſure 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 the Bleſſing of Heaven! And without that, I ſhall not only be miſerable in this Life, but in the Life to come. Therefore ceaſe to urge me any more to what 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 ſees good; for I am ſatisfied, as long as we uſe our Endeavour to keep his Commands, he will not let us be miſerable; but, in time, will provide for us better than we can do for ourſelves; Therefore you may

tell

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 Judgment 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'll allow me, who am, with the greatest Sincerity,

Your affectionate Sister.

LETTER CXXXV.

Mr. John Locke *to the Reverend Mr.* Richard King.

SIR, *Oats, Aug.* 25, 1703.

YOURS of the 4th Instant I received; and though I am conscious I do not deserve those advantageous things which your Civility says of me in it, give me leave to assure you, that the Offer of my Service to you, which you are pleased to take notice of, is

that Part which I shall not fail to make good on all Occasions.

You ask me, *What is the shortest and surest way for a young Gentleman to attain a true Knowledge of the Christian Religion, in the full and just Extent of it?* For so I understand your Question; if I have mistaken it, you must set me right. And to this I have a short and plain Answer, *Let him study the Holy Scripture, especially the New Testament:* Wherein are contained the Words of eternal Life; it has God for its Author, Salvation for its End, and Truth, without any Mixture of Error, for its Matter. So that it is a Wonder to me, how any one, professing Christianity, that would seriously set himself to know his Religion, should be in any Doubt where to employ his Search, and lay out his Pains for his Information, when he knows a Book, wherein all is contained pure and entire, and whither, at last, every one must have Recourse, to verify that of it which he finds any where else.

The other Question, which I think I may call two or three, will require a larger Answer.

As to *Morality*, which, I take it, is the first in those things which you enquire after, that is best to be found in the Book that I have already recommended to you; but because you may perhaps think, that, the better to observe those Rules, a little Warning may not be inconvenient, and some Method of ranging them be useful for the Memory, I recommend to you the *Whole Duty of Man*, as a methodical System; and if you desire a larger View of the *Parts of Morality*, I know not where you will find them so well and distinctly explained, and so strongly enforced, as in the practical Divines of the Church of *England*. The Sermons of Dr. *Barrow*, Archbishop *Tillotson*, and Dr. *Whichcot* are Master-pieces in this kind; not to name abundance of others who excel on that Subject, if you have a mind to see how far human Reason advanced

vanced in the Discovery of *Morality*, you'll have a good Specimen in TULLY's *Offices*; unless you have a mind to look farther back, into the Source from whence he drew his Rules, and then you must consult ARISTOTLE, and the other *Greek* Philosophers.

Though *Prudence* be reckoned among the Cardinal Virtues, yet I do not remember any professed Treatise of Morality, where it is treated in its full Extent, and with that Accuracy it ought; for which, possibly, this may be a Reason, that every imprudent Action does not make a Man culpable *in Foro Conscientiæ*. The Business of *Morality* I look upon to be, the avoiding of Crimes of Prudence, Inconveniencies; the Foundation whereof lies in knowing *Men* and *Manners*. History teaches this best, next to Experience; which is the only effectual Way to get a Knowledge of the World. As to the Rules of Prudence, in the Conduct of common Life; tho' there be several that have employ'd their Pens therein, yet these Writers have their Eyes so fixt on Convenience, that they sometimes lose the Sight of Virtue, and do not take care to keep themselves always clear from the Borders of Dishonesty; while they are tracing out, what they take to be sometimes, the securest Way to Success: Most of those that I have seen on this Subject having, as it seem'd to me, something of this Defect. So that I know none that I can confidently recommend to your young Gentleman, but the SON *of* SYRAC.

To *complete a Man in the Practice of human Offices* (for to that tend your Enquiries) there is one thing more required; which, tho' it be ordinarily consider'd as distinct from both Virtue and Prudence, yet I think it is so nearly ally'd to them, that he will scarce keep himself from Slips in both who is without it: That which I mean is *Good-breeding*. The School for a young Gentleman to learn it in is, the Conversation of those who are *well-bred*.

As

As to the laſt Part of your Enquiry, which is, after *Books that will give an Inſight into the Conſtitution of the Government, and real Intereſt, of his Country*; to proceed orderly in this, I think the Foundation ſhould be laid in enquiring into the Ground and Nature of *Civil Society*; and how it is form'd on different *Models* of Government; and what are the ſeveral *Species* of it. ARISTOTLE is allow'd a Maſter-piece in this Science; and few enter upon the Conſideration of Government, without reading his *Politics*. Hereunto ſhould be added, true Notions of Laws in general; and Property, the Subject-matter about which Laws are made. He that would acquaint himſelf with the former of theſe, ſhould thoroughly ſtudy the judicious HOOKER's firſt Book of *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*. And *Property* I have no where found more clearly explain'd, than in a Book, intituled, *Two Treatiſes on Government*. But, not to load your young Gentleman with too many Books on this Subject, which requires more Meditation than Reading, give me leave to recommend to him PUFFENDORF's little Treatiſe *De Officio Hominis & Civis*.

To get an Inſight into the particular *Conſtitution* of the Government of his own Country, will require a little more Reading, unleſs he will content himſelf with ſuch a ſuperficial Knowledge of it, as is contain'd in CHAMBERLAYNE's *State of* England, or SMITH *de Republica Anglicana*. Your Enquiry manifeſtly looks farther than that; and to attain ſuch a Knowledge of it, as becomes a Gentleman of *England* to have, to the Purpoſe you mention, I think he ſhould read our ancient Lawyers, ſuch as BRACTON, *Fleta*, the *Mirror of Juſtice*, &c. which our Couſin * *King* can better direct you to than I; joining with them the *Hiſtory of* England *under the* Romans, and ſo continuing it down quite to our Times, reading it always in thoſe Authors who lived neareſt thoſe Times; their

* Sir *Peter King*.

Name

Names you will find, and Characters often, in Mr. TYRRELL's *History of* England: To which if there be added a serious Consideration of the Laws *made* in each Reign, and how far any of them influenced the Constitution; all these together will give him a full Insight into what you desire.

As to the *Interest* of any Country: That, 'tis manifest, lies in its Prosperity and Security; Plenty of well-employed People, and Riches within, and good Alliances abroad, make its Strength: But the Ways of attaining these comprehend all the Arts of *Peace* and *War*, the Management of Trade, the Employment of the Poor, and all those other things that belong to the Administration of the Public; which are so many, so various, and so changeable, according to the mutable State of Men and Things in the World, that 'tis not strange if a very small Part of this consists in Book-learning: He that would know it must have his Eyes open upon the present State of Affairs, and from thence take his Measures of what is good, or prejudicial, to the Interest of his Country.

You see how ready I am to obey your Commands, tho' in Matters wherein I am sensible of my own Ignorance. I am so little acquainted with Books, especially on these Subjects relating to *Politics*, that you must forgive me, if perhaps I have not named to you the best in every kind; and you must take it as a Mark of Readiness to serve you, if I have ventur'd so far out of what lay in my Way of Reading, in the Days when I had Leisure to converse with Books. The Knowledge of the Bible, and the Business of his Calling, is enough for an ordinary Man: A Gentleman ought to go farther.

Those of this Place return their Service and Thanks, for the Honour of your Remembrance.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXVI.

To the same.

Dear Sir, *Oats, Sept.* 27, 1704.

I AM sorry to find that the Question which was the most material, and my Mind was most upon, was answer'd so little to your Satisfaction, that you are fain to ask it again: Since therefore you ask me a second time, *What is the best Method to study Religion?* I must ask you, *What Religion you mean?* For if it be, as I understood you before, the *Christian Religion, in its full Extent and Purity*, I can make no other Answer than what I did, *viz. That the only Way to attain a certain Knowledge of that is the Study of the Holy Scripture*; and my Reason is, because the *Christian Religion* is a Revelation from GOD ALMIGHTY, which is contain'd in the Bible; and so all the Knowledge we can have of it must be deriv'd from thence. But if you ask, Which is the best Way to get the Knowledge of the *Romish*, *Lutheran*, or *Reformed Religion*; of this or that particular Church, *&c.* each whereof intitles itself to be the true Christian Religion, with some kind of Exclusion or Diminution to the rest; that will not be hard to tell you: But then it is plain, that the Books that best teach you any of these, do most remove you from all the rest: And, in this way of studying, you pitch upon one as the right, before you know it to be so: Whereas that Choice should be the Result of your Study of the *Christian Religion* in the sacred Scriptures. And the Method I have proposed would, I presume, bring you the surest Way to that Church, which I imagine you already think most conformable to the Word of GOD.

I find the Letter you last honour'd me with contains a new Question, and that a very material one, *viz.*

What

What is the beſt Way of interpreting the ſacred Scripture? Taking *interpreting* to mean *underſtanding*, I think the beſt Way for underſtanding the Scripture, or the New Teſtament (for of that, the Queſtion will here be in the firſt place) is to read it aſſiduouſly and diligently; and, if it can be, in the Original. I do not mean, to read every-day ſome certain Number of Chapters, as is uſual; but to read it ſo, as to ſtudy and conſider; and not leave, till you are ſatisfy'd that you have got the true Meaning.

To this purpoſe, it will be neceſſary to take the Aſſiſtance of Interpreters and Commentators; ſuch as are thoſe called the *Critics*, and POOL's *Synopſis Criticorum*, Dr. HAMMOND *on the New Teſtament*, and Dr. WHITBY, *&c.*

I ſhould not think it convenient to multiply Books of this kind, were there any one I could direct you to that was infallible. But you will not think it ſtrange if I tell you, that, after all, you muſt make uſe of your own Judgment, when you conſider, that it is, and always will be, impoſſible to find an Expoſitor whom you can blindfold rely upon, and cannot be miſtaken in following. Such a Reſignation as that is due to the Holy Scriptures alone, which are dictated by the Holy Spirit of GOD.

Such Writings as Mr. MEDE's, and Dr. LIGHTFOOT's, are very much conducing to lead us into a true Senſe of the Sacred Scriptures.

As to the Method of reading them, Order requires, that the *Four Evangeliſts* ſhould, in the firſt place, be well ſtudied, and thoroughly underſtood: They all, treating of the ſame Subject, do give great Light to one-another; and, I think, may with the greateſt Advantage be read in *Harmony*. To this purpoſe, Monſieur LE CLERC's, or Mr. WHISTON's, *Harmony of the four Evangeliſts*, will be of uſe, and ſave a great deal of Time and Trouble in turning the Bible: They are now both in *Engliſh*; and Monſieur LE CLERC's

has a Paraphrase. But if you would read the *Evangelists* in the Original, Monsieur LE CLERC's Edition of his *Harmony* in *Greek* and *Latin* will be the best.

If you find that by this Method you advance in the Knowledge of the Gospel, when you have laid a Foundation there to your Satisfaction, it will not be hard to add what may help you forwards in the Study of the other Parts of the *New Testament*.

But I have troubled you too much already; for which I beg your Pardon; and

am, &c.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Dear Sir, *Paris, November* 23, 1731.

YOU will wonder to see me in Print, but how could I avoid it? The Dead and the Living, my Friends and Foes, at home and abroad, call'd upon me to say something; and the Reputation of an History*, which I and all the World value, must have suffered had I continued silent. I have printed here, in Hopes that somebody afterwards may ventnre to reprint in *England*, notwithstanding the two frightening Words at the Close of it. Whether that happens or not, it is fit you should have a Sight of it, who I know will read it with some degree of Satisfaction as it is mine, though it should have, as it really has, nothing else to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc opus morientis habeto*; for that may well be my Case, considering that within a few Months I am entering into my 70th Year, after which even the Healthy and the Happy cannot much depend on Life, and will not, if they are wise, much desire it. Whenever

* Lord *Clarendon's*, which had been unfairly attack'd by Mr. *Oldmixon*.

ever I go you will lose a Friend that loves and values you extremely; if in my Circumstances I can be said to be lost to any one when dead, more than I am already while living.

I expected to have heard from you by Mr. *Morris*, and wonder'd a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a Fault for not giving you due notice of his Motions. It was not amiss that you forbore writing on an Head wherein I promised more than I was able to perform. Disgrac'd Men fancy sometimes that they preserve an Influence, where, when they endeavour and try to exert it, they soon see their Mistake. I did so, my good Friend, and acknowledge it under my Hand. You sounded the Coast and found out my Error, it seems, before I was aware of it. But enough on this Subject.

What are they doing in *England* to the Honour of Letters? and particularly, what are you doing? *Ipse quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agilis thymo?* Do you pursue the moral Plan you mark'd out and seem'd sixteen Months ago so intent upon? Am I to see it perfected e're I die? and are you to enjoy the Reputation of it while you live? or do you rather chuse to leave the Marks of your Friendship like the Legacies of a Will, to be read and enjoy'd only by those who survive you? I would hope to peep into the Manuscript even before it was finished, but alas! there is, and will ever, probably, be, a great deal of Land and Sea between us. How many Books of late have come out in your Parts, which you think I should be glad to peruse? name them; the Catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much Trouble. They must be good ones, indeed, to challenge any Part of my Life, now I have so little of it left. I that squandered away whole Days heretofore, now husband Hours when the Glass begins to run low, and care not to mispend them on Trifles. At the End of the Lottery of Life, our last Minutes, like Benefit Tickets left

in the Wheel, rise in their Valuation; they are not, perhaps, of so much worth in themselves as those which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with Reason. I do so, my dear Friend, and yet think the most precious of my Minutes are well employ'd in reading what you write: But that is a Satisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore must betake myself to others which are less entertaining.

Adieu, dear Sir, and forgive my engaging with * one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the Heroes of your Dunciad. It was necessary for me either to accept his dirty Challenge, or to have suffered in the Esteem of the World, by declining it. My Respects to your Mother. I send a Paper for Dean *Swift*, if you have an Opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it.

My Country to me, at this Distance, seems a strange Sight, I know not how it appears to you who are in the midst of the Sun, and yourself a Part of it. I wish you would tell me. You may write safely to Mr. *Morris* by the honest Hand that conveys this, and will return to these Parts before *Christmas*. Sketch out a rough Draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a Return to it be really eligible, or whether I should not, like the Chymist in the Bottle, upon hearing *Don Quevedo*'s Account of *Spain*, desire to be cork'd up again.

After all, I do, and must love my Country with all its Faults and Blemishes, even that Part of the Constitution which wounded me unjustly, and itself through my Side, will ever be dear to be. My last Wish will be like that of St. *Paul*'s, *esto perpetua*; and when I die at a Distance from it, it will be in the same Manner as *Virgil* describes the expiring † *Peloponnesian*: *Sternitur & dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos.*

* *Oldmixon.* † Author or Companion of *Hercules.*

Do I still live in the Memory of my Friends as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of the Paper Squabbles about me, and am glad to find such free Confessions on that Head, though made with no View of doing me Pleasure, but merely of loading another.

FRAN. ROFFEN.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

SIR,

YOU will oblige several of your Subscribers if you'll insert in the Collection of Letters the following authentic Copy of the Register of the Court Baron of *Dunmow*, in *Essex*, concerning a Claim made of the Gammon of Bacon, according to the Custom of that Mannor.

Yours, S. P.

DUNMOW nuper Priorat. *ss.* — *At a Court Baron of the Right Worshipful Sir* Thomas May, *Knight, there to be holden on* Friday *the* 27th *Day of June in the* 13th *Year of the Reign of our Sovereign, Lord* William III. *by the Grace of God, King of* England, Scotland, France, *and* Ireland, *Defender of the Faith*, &c. *and in the Year of our Lord* 1701, *before* Thomas Wheeler, *Gent. Steward of the said Manor, it is thus enrolled.*

Homage

Homage { *Elizabeth Beaumont*, *Henrietta Beaumont*, *Annabella Beaumont*, *Jane Beaumont*, *Mary Wheeler*, Spinsters all, } Jurors.

BE it remembered, that at this Court it is found and presented by the Homage aforesaid, that *W. Paisley* of *Much-Easton* in the County of *Essex*, Butcher, and *Jane* his Wife, have been marry'd for the Space of three Years last past, and upwards: And it is likewise found, presented, and adjudged, by the Homage aforesaid, that the said *William Paisley*, and *Jane* his Wife, by means of their quiet and peaceable, tender and loving, Cohabitation, for the space of Time aforesaid (as appears to the said Homage) are fit and qualify'd Persons, to be admitted by the Court to receive the ancient and accustomed Oath, whereby to entitle themselves to have the Bacon of *Dunmow* deliver'd unto them, according to the Custom of the Manor.

Whereupon, at this Court, in full and open Court, came the said *William Paisley*, and *Jane* his Wife, in their proper Persons, and humbly pray'd they might be admitted to take the Oath.

Whereupon the said Steward, with the Jury, Suitors, and other Officers of the Court, proceeded, with the usual Solemnity, to the ancient and accustomed Place, for Administration of the Oath, and receiving the Bacon aforesaid, that is to say, the two great Stones lying near the Church Door, within the said Manor: Where the said *William Paisley*, and *Jane* his Wife, kneeling down on the two Stones, the said Steward did administer unto them the Oath, in these Words, or to the Effect following, viz.

You do swear, by Custom of Confession,
That you neer made nuptial Transgression;

Nor,

Nor, ſince you were marry'd Man and Wife,
By houſhold Brawls, or contentious Strife,
Or otherwiſe, in Bed, or at Board,
Offended each other in Deed or in Word;
Or, in a Twelvemonth's time and a Day,
Repented not in a Thought any way;
Or, ſince the Church Clerk ſaid *Amen*,
Wiſh'd yourſelves unmarry'd again;
But continue true, and in Deſire,
As when you join'd Hands in holy Quire.

And immediately thereupon, the ſaid *William Paiſley*, and *Jane* his Wife, claiming the ſaid Bacon, the Court pronounced the Sentence for the ſame, in theſe Words, or to the Effect following:

Since to theſe Conditions, without any Fear,
Of your own accord, you do freely ſwear;
An whole Gammon of Bacon you do receive,
And bear it away with Love and good Leave.
For this is the Cuſtom of *Dunmow* well known:
'Tho' the Pleaſure be ours, the Bacon's your own.

And accordingly a Gammon of Bacon was deliver'd unto the ſaid *William Paiſley* and *Jane* his Wife, with the uſual Solemnity.

Examined per THO. WHEELER, *Steward.*

LETTER

LETTER CXXXIX.

Dear Sir,

I AM oblig'd with yours of the 22d *ult.* wherein you give me a kind Invitation into the Country. I would have anſwer'd it ſooner, if I had not waited in expectation of a Letter from your Brother, to have incloſed.

I ſhould think myſelf very happy in coming to ſee you, and my Siſter; but Buſineſs will by no means admit of it at preſent. You muſt therefore, I think, (as I can't have the Pleaſure of looking upon your Cherry-gardens, nor of breakfaſting or ſupping upon new Milk, and partaking of your rural Diverſions) ſend me up, when in Seaſon, a Baſket of Cherries:

With them, and gen'rous Wine, I'll feaſt the Day;
While you ſubmit to ſup on Curds and Whey.

If the above-mention'd Reaſon was not an Hinderance, I hardly know of any thing elſe that ſhould prevent me from embracing your kind Offer. Then I would,

One Week, at leaſt, with you forget my Care,
Cheſnuts, Strawberries and Cream, ſhould b' our Fare:
The graſſy Ground ſhould be with Leaves o'erſpread,
" And Boughs ſhould weave a Cov'ring for the Head.
" We'd ſee the ſunny Hills the Shades extend;
" And curling Smoke from Cottages aſcend.

As that Part of Time we'd intend for our Repaſts ſhould be thus rurally managed, ſo a principal Part ſhould

ſhould be devoted to the contemplating upon the various Works of Nature, which, in the Country, are continually ruſhing in upon the Senſes. This noble Employment would inſuſe into us generous and extenſive Sentiments, and would alſo naturally elevate our Minds to the glorious Author of Nature. At the ſame time, it has an immediate Tendency to ſooth and allay the Paſſions, and would thereby make us at perfect Eaſe and Tranquility within ourſelves, and pleaſant and agreeable to all around.

Another Part of our Time ſhould be allotted to the amuſing ourſelves with the diſtant Sight of the lofty Hills, and humble Valleys, the green Meadows, flow'ry Fields, and blooming Gardens: Our Ears ſhould be charm'd with the melodious Birds, bleating Flocks, murmuring Brooks, and purling Streams, where we'd hook, and play

" The ſilver Eel, in ſhining Volumes roll'd;
" The yellow Carp, in Scales bedropp'd with Gold;
" Swift Trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon Stains;
" And Pikes, the Tyrants of the wat'ry Plains.

Our Mornings and Evenings ſhould ſlide calmly and gently away, under the Alder, Poplar, and ſhady Beech; where we might have the delightful Pleaſure of being charm'd with the ſweet and raviſhing Muſic of the Nightingale, and all the warbling, wing'd Songſters; the Entertainment from whom would now be far more agreeable and acceptable to me, than even the Serenades of *Vaux-hall* or *Ranelagh*.

I would, Sir, proceed in the above rural Deſcription, if I had but your Aſſiſtance, in repreſenting to me the happieſt Attitude of Things. With it I ſhould poſſibly be enabled to lift up my Imagination to a Pitch capable of painting Nature in all its variegated and

beautiful Attire: But ſince I have not that Aſſiſtance, I muſt haſten to conclude myſelf,

Your moſt affectionate Brother,

And humble Servant,

Cold-Bath Fields,
May 20, 1744. T. L.

LETTER CXL.

Dear Mrs. B-----,

I Think the laſt Letter from Mrs. *B*--- made mention of ſome extraordinary Compliments expected from me upon the Birth of a ſecond Son. As I don't really remember, that I was ſo extremely well-bred, when the firſt-born made his Entrance, I have been deliberating, for theſe four or five Months paſt, whether or no to ſend any Congratulations would not be look'd upon as an Affront by the eldeſt Brother: But, at laſt, I have determin'd to wiſh dear Mrs *B*--- Joy, of both at the ſame time. I don't find that I am in the leaſt Likelihood of having the Compliments return'd; for I have only a ſingle one to ſhew, for ſix Years: Had I made as good uſe of my Time as you have done, I might have had half a Dozen. I believe I muſt, at laſt, go try the Experiment of *Bath* Waters, *&c.* But I defer that Trial, till I ſee how far my good Uncle purſues his Title to my Eſtate. I find, by the Account Mr. *B*--- gives, I am to continue four Years to come in quiet Poſſeſſion. It is indeed a very uncommon Piece of Indulgence, as I am very well inform'd my Uncle has a full Power to proceed to the Recovery of his boaſted Right, as deputed Guardian to his Son: And I only wiſh I had an equit-

able

able Cause, of an Estate to recover at Law for my poor *Jack*, I should be very sorry to stop Proceedings till he come at Age.

I give you this, as a small Specimen of my Improvement in Law Affairs; and 'tis very probable you may think I have paid very sufficiently for my Improvement that Way.

I am writing to my old Friend Mrs. *B*----, to tell her I find our Correspondence is in a very declining Way: And how to spirit you up, in order to renew it, I am greatly at a loss. I have both scolded, reason'd, and brawl'd; but all to no purpose: I am afraid there is only one Way left, to revive our decaying Friendship; for I fancy seven Years Absence is Death to Friendship, as well as Love: And I have, from one Summer to another, flatter'd myself with making a personal Appearance among all my old Acquaintance; which I now begin to suspect I shall hardly be able to make good. I can give no Reason why, but this, that I find, when it comes to the push, I can't for my Life leave either my Husband or Child behind me; and 'tis very improbable we can all undertake such a Journey together. Now 'tis very likely, after I have let you into this Secret, I shall, instead of hearing from you once in a Year or two, put an entire End to any thing of that kind for ever: For even Tea, Cloaths, or China, which used to procure me such a Favour, have ceased for some time past. I am,

Dear Mrs. B-----t's,

most affectionate Friend

and Servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXLI.

Netherhall, June the 29th, 1735.

Dear Mrs. W---,

MANY Thanks for yours; and as I have obſerv'd all along, that your Letters conſtantly begin with a Scold, and mine with an Apology, I'm reſolv'd for once to break the Charm, which otherwiſe will always attend us, and take it in my Head to ſcold you a little, for writing three Sides of a Sheet of Paper about nothing but *Bearns*, as we call them in this Country. 'Tis a Subject pretty enough, I agree, tho' one I think much fitter for me, that lives three hundred and fifty Miles North of *London*; a Place that affords me nothing to entertain you with, in your Knowledge, except my own Family. You muſt know, when we, in theſe remote Parts of the World, receive a Letter from your great City, every body is buzzing round one's Ears to know what News, and how People put on their Head-cloaths, what ſort of Silk is worn that Seaſon, and whether End the Ladies wear of their Hoops up; for really theſe Rumps make it diſputable, they being almoſt as big at one End as the other; but you know 'twas always our Failing in *Cumberland* to be in the Extremes of all Faſhions: But there is juſt now a Lady come into the Abby, that, I dare ſay, will take great pains to regulate all the Errors we have heedleſsly run into in her Abſence. I don't know whether the Juſtice will have any Loſs or no, but I hear Miſs *Nancy U*------- is very near gone into a Conſumption; I fancy 'twill be no great Concern, as Miſs *Betty G*---- ſeems to engroſs, at preſent, entirely all his Affections; though I dare ſay, in the End, ſhe'll come off not one bit better than her Predeceſſor. But we have another Bachelor, that by every

body

body was thought wou'd always remain so, is just now going to disappoint the World, Mr. *H*---- being at last smitten with the second Miss *M*-----, to the no small Joy of that Family; which had, for some time, been out of all hopes of any such thing. Mr. *H*---- of *Corby* is again a Widower, having lately lost his third Wife, a Lady younger than either of his own Daughters.

We all agree, that *London* Air has agreed mighty well with both the Bishop and Archdeacon: 'Twill no doubt be a good Temptation to their spending a little Time with you there, now and then: We hope to see all the Family here shortly, to stay during the Chapter at *Carlisle*.

And now I hope dear Mrs. *W*----- will allow me to conclude; having said all I can think of, except that we much fear the Summer will be very short this Year; as we can scarce say here, we have had any yet.

With Mr. *S*--------- Service, and mine, to your whole self, I am,

Dear Cuz.

Your affectionate Kinswoman,

And humble Servant,

M. S.

LETTER

LETTER CXLII.

Madam,

WHAT after so many Years Silence *only almost ashamed?* I really think it might have been, quite downright ashamed, and confounded, and truly I am *not to imagine it want of Respect*, but I say, I must, and will, imagine it; and that my old Friend, Mrs. *B*------ has neither Friendship, nor Value left for one, she can just remember nine Years ago, and perhaps may never see again: In short, I am resolved to believe no other Proof of your boasted Sincerity, but that of Black and White. And I insist upon having the same under your own Hand, in a very small and decent Time, after the Receipt of this. Indeed I won't pretend to deny your having Business enough in this World, without writing Letters; for Increase and Multiply goes forward so fast, that I suppose you can think of nothing else; now for my Part, I have not the same Interruptions to break in upon my Time, and now less than ever, as I have parted with my only beloved Son to School above a Month: There's a Woman of Courage and Resolution! and I must further add in my own Praise, that I was more desirous of his going than his Papa; but the Truth of the whole Matter was, that he had stay'd at Home till he was Master of the House; and if I may say it, a very fine Boy he is, of a *London* Boy. With much ado, I have got once more into your Way, but I did not in the least suspect that my good Uncle would have persuaded his Son to serve a fresh Ejectment, otherwise I would have stopt Proceedings; but however, they have been so kind to let me know, that no Danger will ensue this Assizes. Now I am upon that Topic, let us say a little as to this mighty

Love

Love Affair, which has made such a Noise, even in this Part of the World. The Accounts I have had, all represent poor Mrs. *B*———'s Case more a Distemper than any Weakness, or Forwardness, for a different Sex; and I declare for my Part (tho' I love a *Joke* as well as most of my Acquaintance) yet I have always thought the Affair on her Side, far too serious to be placed in a ludicrous Light, for she is certainly now in a deep Melancholy; no doubt but it was her own Indiscretion at first, to give this Man Encouragement; but who, alas! can say, that they have not been so too, one Time or other in Life, and the same Way. And *far be it from me*, though all those Kind of Failings appear in a much more ridiculous and inexcusable Light to the World, when so far advanced in Life; and I dare say, it was the severe Reflections upon her own Folly, which she could not bear, that has thrown her into this dismal unhappy Way. I sincerely wish to hear a better Account of her, or that she is released from a Life so compleatly miserable. As for the Doctor, no body can blame him for desiring an Alliance so advantageous to his Family; as for the Methods he pursued to gain a Conquest, I do not know whether or no, he kept strictly up to the Rules of Honour and Decency, as I have not yet had his Side of the Question at large. The poor harmless *T*----- I bear no manner of ill Will at, but quite the reverse; but I think they ought to give me leave to be a little merry at their Expence, when I take it in my Head, especially as they know a Way to sober me, and make me pay for it.

Well, 'tis a very strange thing, that as often as I have told all the People who correspond with me, from *Carlisle*, both what to say, and how to please me, and yet I can't beat it into their stuped Heads; once more then to begin at the tip-top, let me hear if Mrs. *W*------ continues as gay and agreeable as

in

in the Days of our Youth; and as I think she has every With that can complete Happiness in this World, I should be glad to hear if she has a due Sense of these Things, as I have often observed, 'tis a common Case to be quite insensible of many Blessings we enjoy; and how poor Mrs. T---- bears so dreadful a Complaint as that of a sore Breast. I am really sorry for her, though I question much, whether or no she would be so for me, or many others, either in a bad State of Health, or any other Misfortunes. But to go on, let me hear how *Peggy* and *Joe* go forward, whether *Peggy*'s Mirth still continues, notwithstanding the Cares and Vexations of the Matrimonial State; that my old Friend *Nancy*, has quite conquer'd her unavailing Passion for that obdurate hearted Justice, whose Journey to this Part of the World, if I mistake not, was upon the Account of a certain Lady's being a Widow; but this is only my own Conjecture, and not to pass for authentic. Tell me likewise, if Mrs. *C*---- *P*------ is fat or lean, and whether or no, Mrs. *H*----- says they still follow each other to a private Corner; and in what State of Health and Spirits, Mrs *H*----- is in. And to conclude my best of Particulars, a full and true Account of the Alterations, you find in your own sweet Person, both in Looks and Sentiments, and tell me if you can still be as witty and lovely as I knew you nine Years ago. Now perhaps, you may want to know how I find myself, which I'll tell you as impartially as I can; as to my Looks, pale and thin, according to the *London* Complexion; as to my Temper, generally grave and serious, but not in the least fretful; and when I have met with Vexations and Afflictions in Life, as who are without, I think I have borne them with as much Courage and Resignation, as the rest of my Acquaintance; but when I happen to be in Company with different Sexes, can still hold up my Head, and be as noisy

and

and merry as you have ſeen me. You tell me, you wiſh any thing could bring me once more to *Carliſle*, and I can tell you 'tis in the Power of Fate to bring that Wiſh about, which I aſſure you would be full as agreeable to me.

Before this comes to Hand, I hope you have received your Tea, and the Reaſon of your not having the Waſh-balls is, I had really quite forgot them, till my Couſin *P*------- came in a great Hurry to pack up the Box, at which Time I had not a Creature in the Houſe to ſend, and it rain'd ſo hard that I could not ſtir myſelf; but when I hear of any body's ſending a Box down, I'll take the Opportunity.

I hope by this Time, I have given you length enough, according to your Deſire; and tho' I write in the ſame Condition you call uneaſy, I never make that an Excuſe for not doing as at other Times, but in things I don't like. My Service to good Mrs. *B*------, and my ſweet Huſband is very much at yours, as you will always find without the leaſt Alteration, Dear Mrs. *B*-----, a very ſincere and well Wiſher,

and very humble Servant in,

G. W.

London, July the 7th, 1739.

LETTER CXLIII.

Dear Sir, *G*----, *Sept.* 12, 1737.

YOURS of *July* the 25th* came to Hand, and was (as every thing that falls from Mr. *C*----) very acceptable to me. The Leisure which you seem to imagine I have in my new Situation, may have put you upon expecting this Acknowledgment much sooner; but the receiving Visits from my new Neighbours (some of which I have also returned) and some Repairs that were needful to be done this Summer, will be able, I presume, to account pretty tolerably for the Time I have been in *Suffolk*. Besides your very Philosophical Letter required some Thought and Consideration, to return a proper Answer to it, and to give you my Sentiments in a Way suitable to that weighty Affair of Matrimony; for though we have too many Instances of thoughtless Fools, who enter into that State Hand over Head, without thinking at all before, any further than the Gratification of their Lusts; yet I think you and I, who are both of us past the dangerous Part of Life, in Respect (I mean) to our Passions, should judge in another Manner of it than they do; and think not only of allaying a Motion which may now and then be troublesome to us, but also of providing for ourselves an agreeable and virtuous (for no other can be agreeable) Companion for Life.

Now in Order to give you my Thoughts upon this Subject, I know not whether I am to take upon myself the Character of a Philosopher, or a Divine; but in either Capacity I think I have Reason to judge differently from you; and I am very sure that your usual Candour will give me leave to offer my Reasons

* See the LETTER dated *London*, *July* 25, 1737, and sign'd J. C. Page 247.

without

without Offence, or without any Suſpicion of my entertaining a mean Opinion of your Judgment in that, as well as other Matters.

To conſider the thing therefore, firſt in a philoſophical Way. The Point in Diſpute is, Whether Marriage is a Duty? You maintain the Affirmation in Speculation, and I aſſure you I ſhall make no uſe of the *Argumentum ad Hominem*, nor take Advantage of your denying it in Practice. There is no manner of Doubt but the *Conjunctionis Appetitus*, was very wiſely implanted, not only in our own Species, but in the whole Animal World, *Procreandi cauſâ*. If that had not been a ruling Principle, in all Probability the Earth had been left deſolate ſome thouſand Years ago, and had had neither Man nor Beaſt to inhabit it. In allowing this Poſtulatum, I ſuppoſe I grant as much as you deſire. But then a Queſtion will ariſe, whether the Philoſopher or wiſe Man (for *Sapiens* is *Seneca*'s Name for a Philoſopher) ought blindly and impetuouſly to follow the Dictates of his Paſſions, or his Reaſon; and what is, or ought to be, his *Summum Bonum!* Now the moſt celebrated Heathen Philoſophers placed the *Summum Bonum* of Man, in a calm, quiet, and eaſy Poſſeſſion of his Soul; in the Government of his Paſſions, and a due Superiority and Command of his Reaſon over the inferior Appetites. If you will admit this for ſound Philoſophy, then it will follow, that a wiſe Man may, nay, that in many Caſes he ought, to reſtrain and contradict his natural Deſires; eſpecially when the Gratification of them, may be attended with Conſequences of Uneaſineſs, and Anxiety; more than equal to the Pleaſure received from that Gratification. The Pleaſures of Matrimony I am an utter Stranger to; but I ſuppoſe that I (like other People, and in other Caſes) may have raiſed my Expectations full as high as the thing will bear. But be the Pleaſures great as they will, (and no doubt they are very great, where there is a ſweet

Union and Harmony of Souls, as well as Conjunction of Bodies, and a real and ſincere Friendſhip) yet the great Riſque a Man runs, whether, after all his Care, he ſhall be ſo happy as to meet with a proper Perſon; or whether he may not be deceived by ſome lurking and hidden Irregularity of Temper, which before Marriage is always craftily concealed; or whether laſtly, the ſame Deſires that firſt prompted her to enter into the State, may not tempt her to Unfaithfulneſs, and an unnatural Commerce with ſome new Gallant: Theſe Uncertainties, I ſay, beſides the natural and neceſſary Cares, which will always attend the Proviſion for, and Maintenance of, a Family, are, with ſome thinking and conſiderate People, ſufficient Diſcouragements againſt entering into a State, the Event and Conſequence whereof the wiſeſt cannot foreſee. In a Word, they look upon it as a kind of Lottery, in which the Number of Blanks always exceed that of Prizes; and therefore will be at ſome Pains in reſtraining their natural Deſires, rather than run the Hazard of gratifying them at the Expence of their future Eaſe and Tranquility; and I take it, that there is more Courage requir'd and ſhewn in the moderating our Paſſions, than in the gratifying them at all Adventures.

If we paſs from viewing this Subject in a philoſophical Light to a religious one, we ſhall find that Matrimony has ſtill leſs Pretence to be called a Duty, or to be of general Obligation to Mankind. Every body that conſiders, muſt acknowledge of how little Concern the Life that we lead in this World is to any Man, any otherwiſe than as being preparatory to a better. Every thing therefore is valuable, in proportion as it conduces to that End; and we make a wrong Judgment of Things, if we ſet a Value on them upon any other Account. Now it is certain that the engaging in a married Life, does unavoidably involve a Man in the Cares of this Life; which do

very

very much entangle the Soul, and estrange it from the Practice of Religion and Virtue; and therefore we have the Opinion of an Apostle (1 *Corinth.* vii.) not indeed commanding as from God, but recommending upon prudential and pious Accounts, a single Life—*I say therefore, to the Unmarried and Widows,* (says he) *it is good for them if they abide even as I*—And again, *Art thou loosed from a Wife, seek not a Wife*---The Reason whereof follows afterwards, *I would have you* (says he) *without Carefulness: He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord: But he that is married, careth for the things that are of the World, how he may please his Wife*--And more to the same Purpose, to which I refer you. It is to be acknowledged indeed, that this same Apostle has also said in the same Chapter, *If they cannot contain, let them marry; for it is better to marry than to burn.* Which is as much as to say, If People's Passions are so strong, that they cannot make themselves easy, and are thereby tempted to Filthiness; it is then far better, more agreeable both to Reason and Religion, to enter into Matrimony, which is honourable and the Bed undefiled, and there to get rid of their uneasy Passion---which I suppose they may soon do---And this furnishes us with the only Pretence, which Matrimony has to be called a Duty, and is indeed the only thing that can make it so; I mean when People's Lusts are so violent, that if they are not satisfied in a matrimonial Way, they will hurry them into Adultery or Fornication. And no doubt when this is any Man's Case, it is Time for him to look about for a Wife, and to satisfy his Desires in a regular Way; which though it expose him to some Difficulties and Inconveniences of another kind, yet those are less and more tolerable, than the Guilt he would involve himself in, by an irregular and unlawful Gratification of his Passions.

Thus

Thus, Sir, you ſee that your philoſophical Excurſion has led me into one much longer, and which I fear will hardly be worth your reading; however, as you gave the firſt Occaſion, I hope you'll not be angry with the Length of it. You will perceive by it, that I am not quite of your Opinion, ſo as to think Matrimony a Duty to any body, except in the Caſe before mentioned: But that it is an indifferent thing, to be choſen or avoided, as pious and prudential Reaſons ſhall render it eligible, or the contrary. The Reaſons I have offered above, are to me ſatisfactory, and make me mighty eaſy in a ſingle Life; which to be ſure I could not be, if I thought it my Duty to marry; and I reckon, I need not fear that my Paſſions will grow ſtronger, as I grow older. Nevertheleſs, I have made no Vows againſt Matrimony, nor is it impoſſible that prudential Reaſons may, at ſome time or another, induce me to enter into it. I own to you, that it is high time to think of it now, if ever; but I cannot ſay that I find in myſelf at preſent, an Inclination ſtrong enough to tempt me to it. You will judge, I hope, that what I have ſaid, is not with Deſign to diſcourage you from entering into that happy State, (which I think is convenient, not to ſay neceſſary for you, on other Conſiderations beſides the gratifying Nature) but only to juſtify myſelf from the Imputation of a Crime, for neglecting to enter into it myſelf. Your Friend made me a great Compliment, in imagining me a-kin to Sir *Roger*'s Chaplain; you will preſent my Service to him, and tell him, that if I was in that Poſt in Sir *Roger*'s Family, I know no body I ſhould like better for a Butler, for I dare ſay we ſhould live well. I have tired myſelf with writing, and (I reckon) you with reading, and indeed have but juſt left room to add, that I am, yours ſincerely,

E. F.

L. E. F.

LETTER CXLIV.

Dear Sir, *London, Oct.* 11, 1737.

I Received yours of the 12th of *September*, and was greatly delighted with your candid and ingenuous Answer to my Letter. Far be it from me to think either you or myself criminal for not marrying; tho' I wish we were both married (notwithstanding what St. *Paul* says in favour of a single Life) to sober, virtuous, and single Companions; the Choice of which must undoubtedly depend on unprejudiced Reason, and unbiassed Judgment, which I hope we shall neither of us want, when we think fit to enter into that State.

Your Arguments to shew Matrimony an indifferent thing, are, methinks, hardly cogent enough to convince me of its being so entirely to a Man whose Virility is sufficient to Procreation. It does not appear to me to be a Virtue to contradict, and endeavour totally to suppress that Passion, which was, and is, wisely implanted in our Nature, *Procreandi Causâ.* For certainly to use that Appetite as being what it is, in a reasonable and a religious way, must be entering into God's Constitution of Things, and acting conformably to his Will: It is to obey that great Dictate of Nature, and the original Command of its great and wise Author, *Increase and multiply.* For if the Passion had not been good, he would not have implanted it in human Nature. The Passions, unquestionably, were all given to answer the wise Ends of their Creator, and to afford Happiness to Mankind; for without them there can be no Happiness; and Reason was given to controul and govern them to that End: And therefore it can never be allowed a Virtue to endeavour totally to suppress them; though it must be acknowledged to be a great one to endavour to moderate

moderate them, by correcting and regulating their inordinate Motives.

As you rightly obſerve, that every thing in this Life is valuable only in Proportion as it conduces to a better, Man's *Summum Bonum* is not attainable in this Life. And if the ancient Philoſophers placed theirs in a State of Indolence and Freedom from Anxiety, I cannot admit that for ſound Philoſophy, at leaſt not for Chriſtianity; for 'tis certain that Man's chief Good in this Life is to do his Duty, becauſe 'tis that alone which prepares him for future Happineſs. Now the doing a Man's Duty in this Life is often attended with Affliction, Calamity, and Diſtreſs, which might frequently be avoided by neglecting to think of, and to do his Duty. And therefore a Man is not to chuſe Eaſe, when it ſtands in Competition with any Duty to be done with Pains.

The Almighty very wiſely implanted both Reaſon and the Paſſions in human Nature, mutually to conduce to Man's Happineſs. But, in order to become a happy Creature, Man is neither blindly and impetuouſly to follow the Impulſe of his Paſſions to the Excluſion of his Reaſon, nor the Dictates of his Reaſon to the utter Excluſion of his Paſſions. As Reaſon is the nobler Principle in Man, it was no doubt given him to judge and diſtinguiſh between the Objects and Motions of the Paſſions, which naturally lead to Virtue and Happineſs, and their Contraries, which lead to Vice and Miſery; and for the Government of them according to the Laws preſcribed by right Reaſon for the Attainment of Happineſs. Man, therefore, ought never to contradict his natural Deſires, but when they prompt him to invert the Order of Nature, and to oppoſe the common Good of Society, the Dictates of right Reaſon, and the manifeſt Deſign of Providence.

As to the Diſcouragements you mentioned, I think them no ſufficient Objection. Every Man that enters

into

into any kind of Business, runs a Hazard whether he shall meet with Success, or not. But that Man is certainly blameable who refuses to enter into Business at all, for fear of ill Luck; when at the same time Business is necessary to his present Happiness, and no Bar to his future: And the Man that is hungry and refuses to eat, lest there should be Poison in his Food, because 'tis possible there may, can never be esteemed a wise Man; since eating is necessary to Self-Preservation. But as a Man is not to eat every thing for Food that he finds eatable; neither should he run Hand-over-Head, marry the first Woman he meets, or any Woman with whom there is no Probability of his living happily. For which Reason, it behoves every Man to be vigilant and careful in his Choice: And that alone can excuse Celibacy; but no longer than 'till a proper Opportunity offers.

True Religion and sound Philosophy, seem to me to go Hand in Hand, and both to advance the same Design: Namely the preparing Mankind for future Happiness. Matrimony, you say, has yet less Pretence to be called a Duty on a religious, than a philosophical Account; and therefore you look upon it as a wise and prudential thing, to contain, (as St. *Paul* calls it) and really better, and more conducive to future Happiness, than to marry; because the additional Cares of Matrimony entangle the Soul, and very much estrange it from the Practice of Religion and Virtue.

'Tis certain, that by committing Matrimony, a Man multiplies Duties upon himself. But then the Question is, whether, or no, God does not strictly require of him to enter into that Relation (having sufficiently qualified him for it) and to undertake that Set of Duties? Man was never intended to be idle: And if a Man marries and discharges to the utmost of his Power, the several Duties of a marriage State, as I

 apprehend,

apprehend, he effectually practifes Religion and Virtue. So that the whole Difpute turns upon this Queftion, *viz.* Whether 'tis a greater Virtue to curb and contradict the Defire of Procreation; or to indulge it after a reafonable Manner, as before? Now I take the moft active Virtue to be moft conducive to future Happinefs. And therefore if one Man undertakes more Duties by Marriage, and faithfully difcharges them, than another does by living fingle, he practices Religion and Virtue in a more exalted Manner, and of the two muft pleafe God the better. Becaufe he ufes his Faculties according to the Almighty's Intent and Meaning of them. And this is what ftill influences me to think Matrimony a Duty to the fufficient Part of Mankind. And therefore I intend to put into the Lottery the firft fair Opportunity, and get a Prize if I can. In the mean Time

I am,

Sir,

Your fincere Friend,

and humble Servant,

London, October 11, 1737.

J. C

LETTER

LETTER CXLV.

Dear Sir, *Sept.* 16, 1738.

IN order to prevent for the future, the covering your unfriendly Slownefs in writing, from my own Example; I think it is high time to acknowledge the Favour of yours, of *July* 6, which indeed deferved, and probably would have had, a fpeedier Acknowledgment, but that my Thoughts and Time have been of late chiefly taken up in my Harveft Affairs, which are juft now finifhed.

I know not how to reproach you with your paft Neglect, fince you give fo plaufible an Excufe for it; for as your earneft Inclination to commit Matrimony, is the ftrongeft Proof of your believing, and being influenced by your own Doctrine, fo the giving me Affurance that you had really engaged in it (which I perceive you were in great Hopes of) would have been to me a proper Argument, that you were really in earneft in your Doctrine, and did not contend merely to fhew your Dexterity in managing the wrong Side of a Queftion. However, the fame Sentiments will infpire you with Courage to make another Attempt, in which you may be more fucceffful; and my real Opinion is, that in your Circumftances of Bufinefs and Care, fuch an Attempt is not only proper, but expedient, in order to fecure a fecond-felf, who would be interefted in your Affairs, and for that Reafon have greater Regard to them, than any other Perfon befides. I will only beg Leave to advife, that Virtue and Prudence may be the ftrongeft Attractive in your Choice, and not be made fubmit to Beauty or Fortune, or any other meaner Views.

I know not what Effect your own Application of your own Doctrine might have upon me, but at

present the Doctrine itself, seems to have but little, and I live in Hopes that the longer I live, it will have the less. No doubt there are some Moments of ones Life when even a Man of Forty (for, to confess the Truth, that is my Case) could wish for an agreeable Companion; and I freely own that a married State may be, and I hope is, to many Persons the happiest State in Life: But from the little Experience and Observation I have been able to make, there seem to be so many Blanks to one Prize, that I am very doubtful of the Event, if I should resolve to make the Trial. To be sure I should endeavour to discover the Genius, and Temper, and real Sentiments of the Person to be chosen; I should choose one as near as I could, whose Ideas of things, and Way of thinking, resembled my own. But after all, there are so many Windings and Doublings in a Woman's Heart, so many artful Concealments of their bad Qualities, and only affected Pretences to good ones, that I think it a great Chance if a Man is not deceiv'd after his most diligent Enquiries. Besides, I will own to you, that I know not my own Heart, nor how my Temper might be altered by the Alteration of my Condition: I am looked upon, and perhaps think myself, tolerably well temper'd now, but know not how I should behave, if I had another to please as well as myself. If these Sentiments are not entirely agreeable to your Way of Thinking, the Hints will, at least, do you no Harm. I will conclude, however, with a thing in which I entirely agree with you, and that is in a sincere Concern and Condolence with you, for the Loss of so hopeful a Brother. And I am,

Dear Sir,

Your very faithful Friend

and humble Servant,

E. F.

LETT

LETTER CXLVI.

King Stanillaus *to his Daughter the Queen of* France.

August, 1725.

HEARKEN my dear Child, and lend an Ear to what I shall say; *You must now forget your People and the House of your Father*; I borrow the Words of the Holy Ghost to bid you Farewel, since in the Event of this Day I only consider the Providence of God, whose powerful Hand has conducted us beyond all human Prudence, Speculation, Policy, and even Expectation itself; it only belongs to that divine Wisdom to raise itself above our Imaginations, to confound our Views by the Decrees of its Providence, and to raise its own Glory by Miracles.

You are now become Queen of *France*, and your Condition is the highest in this World; it is the Fame of your Virtues that has raised you to this Choice. Consider the most precious Jewels of your Crown are going to shine, and to be represented in so clear a Light, that the least Flaw will easily be perceived.

I shall lay before your Eyes three Rocks, against which the Virtues of the greatest Heroes have often split.

The first is a *supreme Degree of Grandeur* which raises us up to Idols, and makes us forget our Humanity, and which renders us odious to Man, and disagreeable to God; by which we are so intoxicated that we cannot see the Dangers which may suddenly throw us down. Carry yourself according to the Rank which is due to you, still considering that all your Grandeur consists in the Glory of God. Humble yourself by continually remembering how little you

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are before his Eyes, and think that true Greatness consists in the Eminence of your Sentiments, in Noblenes of Heart, in the Combat of your Passions, and in the conquering of yourself.

The second thing is, that *Prosperity may be the more dangerous to you*, because it is a thing altogether unknown to you, and having been acquainted with nothing but Misfortunes from your Birth, let them serve now as a useful Lesson to instruct you not to abuse your present good Fortune, nor be so infatuated with it, as to forget that Prosperity is sometimes deceitful; and when we give ourselves entirely up to the Thoughts of it, we do not keep ourselves in that equal Temper of Mind which is so becoming in Persons of high Degree.

The third is *Flattery*, the Attempts of which, you will find unavoidable, the opposing them difficult, but the Conquest of them safe and glorious.

Represent yourself, my dear Child, as surrounded with a number of People pressing to make their Court to you; there will not be one of these who will not be ready to obey you, to sacrifice his Life and Fortune for your Service, and yet, perhaps, you will not meet with any who will tell you Truth, lest in doing so, they should displease you, and risk their Preferment: Thus, though in the midst of Persons the most attach'd and devoted to your Interest, you are left to yourself, and have nothing to depend upon, but your own good Sense and Reason. We may easily avoid the Infection which comes from the Poison of Flattery, if we are not prevented by Self-Love, which is the only thing can give us a Relish of it. You must consider it as an Incense which is good for nothing but to make us giddy with its deceitful Odour.

You will possess the greatest Science in the World, if you can judge the true Characters of Persons, and can distinguish real Merit. This is the Point of

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the greatest Importance. You will no doubt meet with Persons, both in the Court and in the Kingdom, worthy your Esteem, and to such you should pay your Consideration; 'tis a Recompence to support Merit, and chastise Vice. You will also meet with Persons who will be for recommending themselves by a certain Forwardness, supported by *nothing* except a passionate Desire of being great; give such to understand that you know them, and that they are only worthy of your Contempt, for they will be incorrigible should you give them the least Indulgence.

There are Persons whom we hate, and others whom we love, we know not why; the first of these is an Injustice, and the last a Weakness.

In fine, all this will lead you to one great Maxim, which I recommend to you above all the rest, and this is, to consider your Trust as a Treasure above all Price, and which you may easily lose, if you use it indiscreetly; 'tis a thing you owe to none but the *King*, and to the *Duke*, who is the Depository of all his Commands. Should you partake it with a Third, it will lose its Merit with the two First, and you will have no Right to expect the Confidence of the *King*, or of the *Duke*, upon whom your Happiness and Tranquility must hereafter depend.

Let there be no Person about you, be they never so dear to you, who shall have Reason to think that you are without Reserve in Respect to them; for if you impart a Secret, which is not of absolute Necessity to any Person, you characterize that Person with the Name of your Favourite, or a Confidant; the Consequence of which is, that from being their Mistress, you become their Slave; they will direct and command you, sometimes according to their Interest, sometimes according to their Humours, but never with Justice: However this should not hinder

hinder you from hearing good Advice without Prejudice to Persons, judging only of their Sentiments.

As to the rest; you must consider, that *the Voice of the People is the Voice of God*, therefore you must conduct yourself in such a Manner, as if you were to give an Account of your Actions to the meanest of your Subjects, and as if the Public were to be your Judges; since they will be continually upon the Watch to observe you. This has been the Opinion of all wise Men; 'tis the Public that must render you immortal in your Prosperity; their Censure is dangerous, and their Approbation to be courted and esteemed.

Consider that a great King is now become your Husband; that he gives you his Hand, in hopes of finding in you Comfort and Ease in all his Cares; that you will be the Companion of his Labours, a faithful Friend, a virtuous Wife, and a great Queen.

Our Religion, of which this Kingdom is its great Support, opens its Bosom to receive you, and considers you as its most powerful Protectress: Your Subjects look upon you as their Mother, since the Person of his Majesty (in whom they live) is committed to your Care.

You must answer the King's Hopes, by your Tenderness of his Person; by an entire Complaisance to his Will; by your natural Sweetness in complying with his Desires, and by a Resignation to his Sentiments. Let it be your Will to please, and your Pleasure to obey him. Avoid every thing that may give him the least Disgust, and let his Honour and Interest be the only Objects of all your Studies.

Regard your Religion with all the Zeal that is due to it; the Goodness of God in a particular Manner obliges you to it; and your own Piety is a Security to me that you will do so.

Be not too inquisitive in Matters of Religion, the Doctrine of your Catechism is the safest, follow that, and

and avoid ſearching into Things that are not the Province of your Sex.

Take care you are not ſeduced by an outward Appearance of Sanctity; the World is ſo wicked, that Religion is often uſed as a Cloak for Ambition and Intereſt. In theſe Caſes you muſt moderate your Zeal, leſt it ſhould miſlead you, and hinder you from ſeeing *thoſe Snakes in the Graſs*. Without entering into uſeleſs Arguments, teach Religion by true Piety, as our Saviour has commanded us, and correct the Manners of your Court, by your own good Example.

Anſwer the Hopes of your Subjects by Juſtice and Clemency, by ſupporting Merit, by extirpating Vice, by comforting the Afflicted, and by protecting the Oppreſs'd: Let theſe Duties be your daily Employment, and drive from your Thoughts all thoſe things that may engage you to meddle in the Affairs of the Government. The Wiſdom of the King and Council will not ſtand in need of your Aſſiſtance, and never buſy yourſelf unleſs where the Glory of God, the Perſon of the King, and the Safety of your own People are immediately concerned.

I give God Thanks that I find nothing in you that wants Correction; and, as I think, you are inclined to no Vice, I apply my Council to your Virtues: Bounty and Generoſity are the two diſtinguiſhing Beauties of a great Soul, but when they exceed certain Bounds, they loſe their Merit; and, as I know them both to be natural to your Temper, you muſt take care to keep them within their due Limits, leſt they ſhould degenerate into Faults.

The Firſt, if it be too general, may give an Authority to Crimes, and hinder the Courſe of Juſtice.

The Second, if it be done with Profuſion, loſes its Name, and becomes contemptible: Let the Motive of the firſt be Chriſtianity and good Nature; of the Second, Charity and true Merit.

It only remains for me to tell you (my dear Child) that, as my Daughter, you are indebted in Gratitude to the Duke, and, as Queen of *France*, you owe him your Confidence. The Truſt that the King repoſes in him, his prudent Government, his Diſintereſtedneſs for the Good of the Kingdom, and his Friendſhip for me, are, I hope, ſufficient Ties to make you remember the infinite Obligations you are under to him, and to induce you to follow his wholeſome Advice.

Employ all your Cares to keep up an Union in the Royal Houſe of *France*; nothing can be more glorious or advantageous to the State.

In fine, remember your Father and Mother, as well as thoſe who have been attach'd to us in all our Adverſities; you know their Number is ſo ſmall that they cannot be ſo eaſily forgot: And ſince all our Wiſhes, by the Grace of God, are accompliſh'd in your Perſon, it only remains for us Night and Day to offer up our Vows to Heaven to pour down its Bleſſings upon you.

To ſum up all; praiſe God, be charitable to your Neighbour, love the King, abhor Vice, know yourſelf in your good Fortune, be firm in all Accidents, and ſupport yourſelf in Misfortunes, if any ſhould fall upon you; reſiſt the Snares of the World, correct Errors by Clemency, and Crimes by Juſtice, and encourage Merit by juſt Rewards; and, in order to live and reign happy, judge of all things without Paſſion or Prejudice.

LETTER

LETTER CXLVII.

To the Editor of the Original Letters, *coming out weekly in Numbers, in* Fleet-ſtreet, London.

SIR, *Bath, Nov.* 16, 1744.

I Have taken notice, that you now and then inſert Letters in your Collection which are not Original; but then they have been thoſe which are ſeldom to be met with, and very agreeable; and, as ſuch, they could not fail of being acceptable. I flatter myſelf, that the following will be thought, by the generality of your Subſcribers, as well as myſelf, to come under that Denomination. I therefore hope to ſee them favoured with a Place in one of your Numbers.—I had them of a young Lady of my Acquaintance ſome Years ago; and I have ſeldom ſhewn them to any of my own Sex, but they have deſired Copies. It will be neceſſary to mention what occaſioned them.

Philip V, the preſent 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, there 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 Sweet-meats and turned them into her Apron. She received his Majeſty's Preſent with ſurprizing 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 that ſhe had made upon 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-doux*, and gave it to his Page, to carry to the Lady, who was ſo ſuddenly become the Object of his Paſſion.

The young Monarch's Letter.

"Love 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 Em- "pire. 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 "ſhew 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 punctually executed his Majeſty's Commands. The fair *Gaſcoin* read the King's tender Billet, and received his Preſent. As ſhe was of a ſprightly Genius, ſhe immediately ſent to his Majeſty the following Letter.

The fair Gaſcoin's *Anſwer.*

Sir,

"I aſſure you, that if Love reigns over the Hearts "of Kings, as it does over thoſe of the leaſt of their

"Sub-

"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 that you have con-"ceived of me, and yet more for the Declaration "that 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 des-"cended 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 this Interview, which "cannot but be fatal to my Virtue.

"Nevertheless, Sir, I will keep your fine Dia-"mond, 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 CXLVIII.

Mrs. Centlivre *to Mr.* B------, *giving an Account of her Journey to* Exon.

April 8, 1700.

AS we have one good Quality in our Sex, beyond what yours can boast of, that is, seldom to make a Promise without a Design to keep it, I have therefore been careful to let you see I cannot easily forget any thing, which so great an Obligation as my Word engaged me to remember; and as there was nothing needful but a bare Remembrance of my Promise to induce me to preserve it; so I hope, on your

your Part, there will be nothing more required, to render what I have sent you acceptable, than a Willingness to receive it. I confess I have given you but a rude Account of my Journey, every Part just scribbled over with as much Freedom as it was acted, wanting Leisure to put it in any other than a loose morning Dress, not questioning but it may please you as well without the Formalities of Stile, as a pretty Woman, without Stays, may some of your Acquaintance.

In the first Place, I shall give you a rough Draught of those disorderly Mortals our Company was composed of in the Stage-coach, *viz.* A Barrister at Law, an Attorney's Clerk, a *Cornish* Justice, a Taylor, and a Valet to a Parliament Man that would be; but some Dispute arising in the Election, prevents me fixing his Title; that, had I been travelling in a *Dutch* Scout, or a *Gravesend* Tilt-boat, I could not have been treated with less Manners, or teazed with more Impertinence.

The Justice, notwithstanding the Government's Care for the Reformation of Vice, was as drunk as a *Dutch* Captain before he engages, and, for the first Day, talked of nothing but Fox-hounds, *March* Beer, Warrants, Whipping-posts, and Vagabonds; hollowing as laudably in every Interval of his Nonsense, as if he had been riding three-quarters Speed, at the Heels of his Beagles, larding his other Qualifications, now and then, with a *Hey down, ho down*, &c. which gave me good Reason to suspect he had been much more conversant with *Robin Hood*'s Ballads, than with *Keble*'s Statutes, understanding the latter, I believe, as much as a *German* Juggler does Necromancy, or a Lord Mayor State Policy.

The Limbs of the Law were much disturb'd at his Bawling; for I conceive they love no body's Noise but their own. They desired him to sleep; but he cried, *Zounds, Sir, I won't sleep. I don't care a*

F----:

F-----t for your Anger. I'm a Justice of Peace, and worth thirty thousand Pounds, and am the head Man where I live; and by G----, if you come to Lancton, *I'll give you a Glass of the best* March *Beer you ever drank in your Life; but I will make a Noise if I please.* I was in hopes of seeing *Law* and *Justice* fall together by the Ears; but, at last, *Justice* slept, and *Law* got the better by surviving it.

The Taylor, had you seen him, you would have sworn he had been broke by the *Jubilee Beaux*; for he had Lines of Faith in his Face, and his Cloaths bore the Marks of Poverty. He complained very much of Trusting, and I find 'tis a common Calamity, and ruins more Families than the *Royal Oak* Lottery.

The Vallet personated his Master to a Tittle, and was as arrogant and noisy as e'er a Country 'Squire in *England.*

Now, if I were to be hang'd, I can't tell who had most Manners of all these. The Lawyer slept a Dog-sleep most part of the way, I suppose the better to ruminate on the Causes he had in hand. The Clerk was as impertinent as a Midwife at a Gossiping, and I was as dull as an old Woman at a Funeral. They failed not to eat and drink heartily upon the Road, nor to make me club to the Reckoning. Justice and Law were both of a side, and the Courts of Equity being very chargeable, I chose to submit upon any Terms, rather than seek for Remedy.

After the Fatigue of four Days, which might serve for a reasonable Penance for all the Sins I ever committed in my Life, I arrived at *Exon*, where we met the Judges entering the Town in as much Triumph as ever *Cæsar* did *Rome* after a Victory. The High Sheriff rode in as much State as a Colonel of the City Train-bands, and much in the same Order; only the Sheriff marched in the Rear of his Army, and the other in the Front. The next Day, being

Sunday.

Sunday, called, by the Natives of the Country, *Maze-Sunday* (and indeed not without ſome Reaſon, for the People looked as if they were gallied) I was waked by a tremendous Sound of a horſe Trumpet, imagined ſome Monſter was to be ſeen, and looking out of my Window, I ſaw ſeveral ſorts. The firſt were Mrs. Sheriff and her Huſband (for Women rule in this Climate, and therefore I give her the Pre-eminence) in a triumphant Chariot, erected on Purpoſe for that Occaſion, with *Dick* and *Doll* crouding to ſee their Worſhips, as if it had been his *Czariſh* Majeſty. The Cuſtom, it ſeems, is to conduct them in this manner to the moſt magnificent Church of the Place, where we will leave them to their ſeveral Ejaculations. I am,

Your obliged Servant,

YOU-KNOW-WHO.

LETTER CXLIX.

The Anſwer.

Madam, *April* 22, 1700.

I Received your Letter, and am glad to find, by it, that you have got that, by making a ſmall Journey to *Exeter*, for which other People are forced to croſs the *Alps*, and beat the Hoof to *Rome*: I mean the Remiſſion of your Sins, which I think you have made a reaſonable Attonement for, by ſuffering ſo much from the Impertinence of the *Corniſh* Juſtice, and the two Limbs of the Law.

But, Madam, don't flatter yourſelf, or think that your Chalk will be ſo eaſily wip'd out. You have been

have been a great Sinner in your Time, and four Days Penance in a Stage-coach will hardly attone for the Sins you have committed; and becauſe we are apt to be over favourable to ourſelves, give me leave, Madam, to waken your Conſcience out of this dangerous State of Security, by laying before you ſome of the many Sins you are accountable for.

Imprimis, Here are People in Town that charge you with Murders numberleſs; and unleſs you heartily repent of them, and promiſe to commit no more, I find but little Hopes of you. Yes, Madam, you are charged with Murder, with this horrid Aggravation too on your ſide, that whereas the Aſſaſſins only murder their Enemies, or ſuch as they ſuſpect to be ſo; you make no ſcruple to kill your Lovers, that throw themſelves at your Feet, and would purchaſe a ſingle Smile from you at a ſeven Years Service.

In the next Place, you are accuſed of *Theft*. Set your Hand to your Heart, and do but conſider how many of thoſe valuable Commodities you have ſtolen in your time, yet never had the Conſcience to reſtore them to the right Owners. What makes the Crime worſe in you is, that you have added *Sacrilege* to *Theft*, and ſtole away People's Hearts at Church, in the time of Divine Service, in the Sight of *Moſes* and *Aaron*.

You will tell me, perhaps, that this is no *Theft*; and if Men will put their Hearts upon you, how can you help it? But, Madam, ſome People gave them you, who had no Right to diſpoſe of them, as I could inſtance a thouſand married Men that ſighed for you; and, according to the ancient Proverb, *the Receiver is as bad as the Thief*; for they ſtole them from their Wives to beſtow them upon you.

Thirdly and *Laſtly*, Madam, you have not only your own Sins, but thoſe of other People to anſwer for. How many Women have you made guilty of the horrid Sin of Detraction, and tell a thouſand

malicious Stories of you, only becauſe you were handſomer than they? How many Men have you made guilty of Perjury, and tempted them to forſake their former Vows, to ſacrifice them to you? Should I undertake to ſend you a full Catalogue of them, I ſhould have as fine a time on't as the Commiſſaries that are to inſpect public Accounts. Therefore never think that your *Exeter* Journey has compounded for them; I would adviſe you, this holy Year of Jubilee, to turn your Face towards *Rome*; but alas! you'll ſpoil the Devotion of all the Pilgrims there, that, according to our laſt Advices, are above a hundred thouſand ſtrong. In ſhort, Madam, I don't know what Courſe to adviſe you to, only don't ſtay long in the Country; for that would be to treſpaſs againſt the poſitive Text, and put your *Candle under a Buſhel*. Come to Town as ſoon as you can, and begin to make Reſtitution in the Place where you have done the moſt Miſchief.

You deſire, in my Anſwer, I ſhould tranſmit you ſome News. I aſſure you, Madam, there is not enough ſtirring about Town to fill the laſt half Column of the Weekly Papers, without a tedious Repetition of the ſame fulſome Stuff; ſo that the City News-hounds ſit as huſh over their Coffee, as ſo many *Engliſhmen* in a Tavern, when the Drawer has brought the Reckoning: But however, for once, I will ſtrain a Point to oblige you.

Notwithſtanding the late War in *Flanders*, and the preſent Year of *Jubilee*, have rid the Nation of abundance of Fools; yet Knaves are every Term as thick in *Weſtminſter-hall*, and Cuckolds every Day as thick upon Change, as if they had ſtill, without Loſs, preſerved their ancient Name.

Poetaſters are grown as numerous in this Town as Quack Doctors, or Stock-jobbers; and every one ſo applies himſelf to the Stage, that the *White-Friers* Printers are quite beggar'd for want of Ballads. Yet

WIT,

WIT, I obſerve, is as ſcarce as it was in the Time of *Jeffry Chaucer*, when a Diſtich of Verſes was worth a Page of *Proſe*, and a Song with a *Fa la la* Chorus was much more liſtned to than a Sermon.

Diſcretion in married Women here, is grown as ſcarce as *Modeſty* in Maids; they ſo forward their Daughters by their own fooliſh Talk and Example, that the pretty Miſs at *ſeven*, inſtead of a Rattle, talks of nothing but a HUSBAND, and the young Lady at *eleven*, is as ripe in her Thoughts, and as pert in her Behaviour, as if her Education had been at the famous Mrs. *C*——'s near *Red Lyon Square*, inſtead of a Dancing-ſchool.

I know, Madam, ſome of this News muſt ſeem ſtrange to a Woman of your Virtue, but the more ſurpriſing, generally, the more acceptable, eſpecially if it be true; for which Occaſion I ſent it you, to ſupply the Scarcity of ſuch as might have been more welcome; and therefore beg your Acceptance of it, in the Room of better, from

Madam,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER CL.

The Earl of Briſtol *to King* Charles II. *upon his being baniſhed his royal Preſence.*

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

DURING the ſeven Months Sufferance under the Misfortune of your Majeſty's heavy Diſpleaſure, baniſhed from your Preſence, and deprived of the Fruits of your former Bounty, branded by

Proclamation, as guilty of high Crimes against your Person and Government, and lastly, prosecuted to such Extremes for my Religion; I have chosen to live most of the Time a closer Prisoner, than, I dare say, your Clemency would have me. And to undergo all with Submission and Silence, rather than seek Advantages from my Enemies, by exposing to Censure any thing (how irregular soever) wherein your Majesty's Name hath been used: And should have continued to do so still, expecting (with an entire Resignation to your Will and Pleasure) your Majesty's own Time for Grace and Favour; did not the approaching Session of Parliament, impose upon me this Address by Way of Duty to your Service, since it appears to me impossible, that the Privilege of *Peers* in Parliament, can suffer one of their own Members to lie under an Imputation of Crimes, without either being pardoned, punished, or vindicated.

This it is, which makes me presume at this Time, to cast myself at your Majesty's Feet, and most humbly to beg your Pardon for my rash and indiscreet Behaviour, in being more earnest than became me, when I had last the Honour to wait upon you in your Closet; such as I must confess, might very justly move your Indignation against me, since no Provocation, nor Excess of Zeal whatever, can justify such a Freedom from a *Subject* to a *Sovereign*. And if my Sufferings and Submissions, have not yet been sufficient to expiate that Indiscretion, I am ready to undergo whatever your Majesty shall further think fit to inflict upon me, by Way of Displeasure; so that it draw along with it no Imputation of Crime: For as to that, I must ever crave Leave to defend my Innocence against all the World, since this Truth I must justify to my latest Breath; that neither then, nor at any other Time, hath my Heart ever been susceptible

ſuſceptible of a Thought either to deſerve or diſpleaſe you.

But as God himſelf, whoſe Vicegerent you are, doth in the judging of Sin, admit of Extenuation from high Temptations of Frailty; ſo I hope your Majeſty will be pleaſed to conſider how far the Nature of ſo faithful and paſſionate a Servant of yours, as I am, could bear that Provocation, of finding his Maſter not only ſo incenſed againſt him by his Enemies, but continued ſtill in the Danger of being betrayed, by their Unfaithfulneſs, in the higheſt Intereſts of his Eſtate and Perſon. Reflecting upon this, I beſeech you, Sir, what honeſt Man, (loving you as I do) might not have been tranſported even to Frenzy and Madneſs? As for my charging your *Lord Chancellor* in the Houſe of *Peers*, I muſt confeſs to have done it without Leave was a Failure, ſince no Man ought to think that he is a better Judge of his Maſter's higheſt Concernment, than himſelf. I do therefore, in all Humility, beg your Pardon, for any the leaſt Appearance of ſuch Preſumption. But that done, I muſt humbly beſeech you, to weigh in your princely Thoughts, from what other Motive it could poſſibly proceed, but from my Zeal to your Service. From particular Spleen your Majeſty cannot think it, ſince you have ſo often vouchſafed me the Character of a *very unvindictive Man*; and know ſo well, with what Patience I have borne all his *malicious Practices* againſt me, without falling upon him publicly, till I thought it could be no longer forborne, without imminent Hazard to your Service and Safety: From Intereſt much leſs, ſince it is evident that by forbearing to do it, I might have enjoyed Plenty and Quiet, with Marks of your Favour; and that by doing it, I hazarded and ruined my Fortune, then upon the Point of Settlement, and reduced myſelf, either to be a *Priſoner*, or a *Vagabond*. Nor do I think that any body will ſay, that finding myſelf

ſelf loſt with you, I made my Court by it, to the next in Power.

Laſtly, be pleaſed to vouchſafe me one Moment of Reflection back upon the whole Tenour of my Life in your Royal Father's Service, and in yours; and if in the entire Progreſs of it, your princely Heart can accuſe me of the leaſt Failure in true Zeal for the Intereſt and Glory of your Crown, or in Affection for the Honour and Happineſs of your Perſon, I am ſo far from deſiring your Pardon, that I deſire not to live; but if, on the Contrary, your excellent Judgment, as well as Nature, ſhall bear me the Teſtimony, within yourſelf, of a conſtant Fervour and Faithfulneſs in them both, I hope that with ſo gracious a Maſter, I ſhall not be ruined, for one Tranſportment of Love beyond the Bounds of Diſcretion. You know as well as *Solomon*, that *Love* covers a Multitude of Faults: It is that which I cannot but promiſe myſelf, from your incomparable Goodneſs, whom I beſeech God to bleſs and direct to what may be moſt for the Honour and Proſperity of your Affairs, though it were to be with the certain Deſtruction of

Your Majeſty's

humble Servant,

BRISTOL.

LETTER

LETTER CLI.

From my Lord Chamberlain (*Earl of* Arlington) *to his Grace the Duke of* Ormond, *condoling him upon the Death of his Son, the Earl of* Offory, *Father to the now degraded Duke of* Ormond.

July 31, 1680.

MY last gave your *Grace* some Hopes of *my Lord*, your *Son*'s Recovery, and the next Day after those Hopes were strengthened by the concurrent Opinion of all *Physicians*; but we at length were undeceived. On *Friday*, at a Quarter past Seven in the Evening, it pleased *God* to take him from us; to whose Will we resign ourselves, as I hope your *Grace* will do, on so extraordinary an Occasion: Fortify your *Christianity* with your *Prudence*, and *Experience* of the Vanity of this World; which we take more Pains than we ought to render pleasant and acceptable to us, and value ourselves upon Possessions, which in a Moment we may lose. His Disease was so strong in his Head (being a high malignant *Fever*) that he had but few Intervals free from the *Delirium*, that troubled him more or less all his Sickness, which Dr. *Floyd*, with much Care and Prudence, laid hold of, for the composing his Mind, and to render him capable of receiving, and doing, other Acts of a *good Christian*. In the Middle of his Sickness he spoke of making a *Will*, but finding him so ill, I diverted him from it in the Presence of some of his Servants, by telling him the Circumstances in which he was, did not make it so necessary for him, as for another Man: For, said I, *my Lord*, I think you have nothing of that Nature to do, but to reccommend your Wife and Children to your

Father,

Father, and to him likewise, the Payment of your Debts, and Gratification of your Servants; and this, if you please, I will do in your Name; which he seemed very well to accept of, and never more mentioned it; and I the rather humoured this Way with him, because in the Times he hath hitherto put himself into any extraordinary Actions at Sea or Land, he used to leave a short Paper with me, which contained the same Things in Effect, and particularly beseeching your *Grace* to increase his Wife's *Jointure*, which I know not whether she was ever acquainted with; so I told him the aforementioned Points, would be over-secured by your *Grace's* Generosity.

I have caused his Body to be laid in a Vault in *Westminster Abbey*, that it may be in a Condition of being buried hereafter here, or carried to *Euston*, or to *Kilkenny*, as your Grace shall think fit to direct.

What I have further ordered concerning his Affairs, you will find in a *Memorandum* I have put into Mr. *M*——'s Hands, to receive your Orders thereupon. In the mean Time I have presumed to send to the * Bishop, to let my Lord *James* come hither, to shew him to the World, whilst they are so much in love with his Father's Memory, and lament to such an Excess, the Loss of him, that it would look like Flattery, if I should tell your Grace half the Truth.

I cannot end this Letter without adding, that I never saw a better Set of orderly, affectionate, and deserving Servants, who have sufficiently shewn it in his Sickness; each of whom, I have promised to recommend to your Grace, as any Occasion offers for their Preferments and Advantages. And thus I will dismiss your Grace for the present, and myself from this unpleasing Theme, reserving myself to

* Doctor *Fell*, Bishop of *Oxford*, and Dean of *Christ Church*; in which College, my Lord *James*, the present Duke of *Ormond*, received his Education.

compliment

compliment my Lady Duchess, and Lady *Ossory*, upon it (as my Wife does also) until we have better recollected ourselves, a Matter of so hard Digestion; and in the mean Time, only offering myself to obey all the Commands, your *Grace* shall be pleased to lay upon me, on this, or any other, Occasion.

I am

Your Grace's, &c.

LETTER CLII.

The DUKE'S *Answer to my Lord Chamberlain.*

Kilkenny, August 9, 1680.

THOUGH I had much more Fear than Hope of my Son *Ossory*'s Recovery, from yours of the 27th of last Month, and did all that I could to prepare myself for what yours of the 31st brought me; yet I find I was mistaken in myself, and that I want the Composure I ought to have. The Breach that the Death of such a Son has made in my Family, with all the Consequences of it, come into my Thoughts as fast as Grief will allow them Entrance. I consider my own Age, and my Grandson's Youth, and how unfit we are to contend with public and domestic Difficulties. But *God* having let me see the Vanity and Sinfulness of any Confidence and Reliance upon that Son, will, I trust, upon a hearty Submission to his blessed Will, extend his Protection to those he has left behind him. I have now in this World no Business of my own belonging to the World, but to provide for his Widow and fatherless Children; all I have, and shall have, is, and I

 trust

truſt in God will be, theirs; and I wiſh for their Sakes, I had been a better Manager than I have been. My Son's Kindneſs to his Wife, and Care of her, increaſe my Value of him, and Sorrow for him. And I am glad he expreſt it ſo frequently, when he thought of that Hour that is come upon us. But there was no other Need of it, than the Manifeſtation of his Good-nature, for I am ready to do for her, whatever ſhe or her Friends can wiſh, knowing that who are her Friends, muſt be her Children's. What is to be done in Relation to the Payments of Debts and Rewards of Servants, I muſt have more Time, and more ſettled Thoughts upon; only in general, my Intention is to fulfill all his Deſires, as far as they can be reaſonably executed.

The Body I wiſh may remain in a decent Repoſitory, till I am able to think of removing it where I purpoſe to lie myſelf. I am not able to judge of the Advantage of his Son's appearing ſo early, but if the Biſhop has delayed the ſending him on your laſt Summons till he hears from me, as by a Letter from him I find his Intention was, I deſire he may be left there, till I am in a Caſe to offer your *Lordſhip* my Senſe concerning the diſpoſing of him for the Time to come.

And if the Youth be with you, I wiſh he may be ſent back, as ſoon as you have produced him where you think fit. I ſhould now own all your Kindneſſes to my Son, which have been ſo long, ſo conſtant, and ſo uſefull to him to the laſt; and I am confident your Love will transfer to thoſe he hath left. Think but how I loved and valued him; think me grateful, and then you will make ſome *Eſtimate* of my Senſe of your Concernment for him.

I am, my Lord,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER CLIII.

To the Editor of the Original Letters, *now publishing by Subscription.*

SIR,

AS you printed a Journey to *Exeter* in your *Letters*, pray insert this from *Exeter* to *London*.

From Mr. ------- *at* London, *to his Friend in* Exeter.

SIR,

AS it is common for all Persons when deprived of a certain Happiness to use all Endeavours to make their Loss less grievous; so, Sir, though I am by the distance between us, deprived of the Pleasure of your Company, give me leave to keep up the Friendship between us, by an Epistolary Correspondence, and having little else to write to you, shall only send you a short Account of what occurred the most remarkable in my Journey to *London*. Tho' Sir, you may think that we have all the News in Town, yet favour me with a Letter, and draw me from the Inquietude and Fears of being by Absence blotted from your Memory.

In our first Day's Journey nothing signal befell us, save that the Coachman stopt at least a dozen Times to drink and light his Pipe. Furthermore, a hard Shower of Rain fell upon us five Miles beyond *Dorchester*, but wet us not, we being in the Stage-Coach; we dined this Day upon a Leg of Mutton and Spinage, and had good *Southam* Cyder.

As soon as we came to our Inn, I took a View of *Dorchester*. It has a Market-House in the Middle

of it, and there is a River running by it, in which, it is credibly reported there are some Fish. We sup'd this Night upon a Neck of Mutton and Broth, and some rare *October* as pale as *Sack*, and as soft as *Sherry*, and as strong as *Brandy*—*Rare Beer indeed!*

When we came to *Piddle* Town, they brought us some run Wine; it was small and sower, so that I (being also fasting) could not drink above a Quart thereof. When we came to *Blandford* I also took a View thereof, it has also a Market-House in the Center, and a River running by it, near unto which, there is Store of Meadow-Ground: I saw there a very comely bay Gelding, lame of the *String-halt*—*it was a thousand pities*—We dined this Day, upon a good fat Gammon and Greens, and had moreover excellent *October*.

We stopt in *Cranbourn Chase*, at a small Hutt upon the high Way; where I gulp'd a thwacking Glass of rare *French* Brandy, and eat a Biscake; the Ways here are very good, being all upon the Down, and you see on every Side Flocks of Sheep: We dined this Day upon Beef and Carrots, the *October* not strong enough.

When we came to *Salisbury*, I walked into the Market-Place and round it, for at least a quarter of an Hour, because I would be able to give a good Account of this City. It lies low, and has Water about it; it has a large Market-place, and they say, they have a brave large Church, but our Beer at the Inn, was very bad—We sup'd this Night, on Bacon and Fowls—the *October* stark enough.

Stockbridge is famous for store of Fish, upon which, I concluded before I saw it, that it had a good River near it, and it proved so. Here I drank some bottled Ale, and a Dram after it: *Excellent French Brandy!* *Sutton* has nothing extraordinary, but that it is a poor, little, ordinary Town We din'd this Day, upon a Hog's-face and a couple of Rabbits. *No good Beer!*

Basingstoke,

Basingstoke stands upon the Side of a Hill, and near it there is a Common; there is also, hard by, a *Deer* Park, belonging to some great Duke, but I know not who it may be, it is like he has a Place at Court, for they say he seldom lives here: Here we drank a Dram: And I jogg'd on.

We lay at *Hertford Bridge*. It stands close by a good Heath, twenty Miles over, for ought I know to the contrary; my Landlady was a Widow Woman, and a very good Woman she was—*I never sup'd better in my Life-time.*

We had Bacon and Eggs, and a roasted Turkey, and some good Brown-beer. As we went through the aforesaid Heath, we saw a Gibbet where a Highwayman had been hang'd—*May they all come to the same untimely Fate!*

Egham is a long Town, not worth the Pains to describe it so exactly as I have described the rest:

There are two or three Inns in it, but never a Market-house: Here I first saw the River *Thames*---- *and a lovely sweet River it is*-----We dined at *Tim Harris's*; we had a Leg of boiled Pork and Turnips, and some curious *Red Port*; the Maid of the House knew me, but I pretended not to know her, for I suppose she expected something from me; so I thought it became us Travellers, to carry our Wits about us.

Brentford is the longest Town I ever saw, it stands upon the aforesaid River, *Thames*, and has a Market-house in it. Here I saw sitting upon a Bench in the Street, a grave, fat, old Gentleman, with Wainscots and a Fur-Cap; he had likewise on, a long, grave Coat; I bow'd to him, taking him to be the Mayor of the Town, but they told me he was a Waterman past Business--Here I drank half a Pint of Lisbon. *Very good!*

Beyond *Hammersmith*, I began to see a great many fine Houses on both Sides of the aforesaid River *Thames*;

Thames; I was ſurpriſed to hear that many of them belonged to *Tradeſmen* in the City; for I thought they had all belonged to *noble Dukes*. Juſt as we came into *Hammerſmith*, a Wheel broke off from the Coach, and while it was mending, I went to an *Ale-houſe*, where I aſked the Tapſter ſeveral Queſtions about the Place, and the People; as well knowing that we Travellers ſhould improve ourſelves. He proved in Converſation to be an underſtanding Lad, for I found he had been once at a *Grammar School*; ſo when I paid for my Pint of *Ale*, I gave him a Penny over and above for himſelf. The Ale here was but poor Stuff. The Country hereabouts is well wooded, and very full of People.

At *Kenſington* the King has a fine Houſe, and large Garden. Here are 'alſo ſeveral other Gardens very fine; but (more Shame is theirs) they ſell whatever they produce. The Ale here is ſtark enough. We went through *Hide Park* to *London*, which is as pretty a Piece of Road as ever *Crow* flew over.

LONDON, is certainly the greateſt City upon Earth; at leaſt there is nothing like it in *Devonſhire*; but our Beer is infinitely better than theirs, which is as black as Bull's Blood, and as thick as Muſtard. Every thing is ſhamefully dear here, you pay half a Crown or three Shillings for a Chicken, which with us, would not yield above a Groat or Five-Pence; but they have ſo many Cuſtomers, that they aſk and have juſt what they pleaſe. You ſee a great many Coaches ſtanding in the Street ready to be hired, and they will carry a Beggar for his Money, as ſoon as a Lord, and ſooner; for they ſay, that Perſons of Quality inſtead of paying the Coachman do often run him through the Body, and it ſeems there is no Law againſt Lords, which is the Reaſon that Perſons of Quality are greater than any Sort of Men whatſoever. Theſe Coaches

are

are very convenient, if they were not so confounded dear; but if one of them carries you but three Doors, he will have a Shilling: Whereas in our Country, you may have a Couple of Horses a dozen Miles, for half a Crown.

The Houses are all built of Brick, and for the most Part one House holds several Families: So fond are People of living in *London!* notwithstanding the Badness of the Drink.

Here are also hireling Chairs; they are covered with black Leather and brass Nails, they have fine sash'd Windows, and a sash'd Door, and fine silk Curtains, and a rare soft Cushion; one of them is carried by two short Fellows, with no Heels to their Shoes, they use two long Poles, and pace along with wonderful Expedition. *These Chairs too, are dev'lish dear.*

There are here Houses called *Chocolate-houses*, cover'd all over with Sconces and Looking-glasses. Hither Gentlemen who have nothing to do, but to dress themselves, repair to shew their fine Cloaths; it is worth while to see a whole Row of those Beaus sit looking at one another, or at themselves; or if they do any thing else, it is only to swear and take Snuff, or to play at Dice, and then all the while they play, they are constantly damning themselves. It is almost become a Proverb here, in *London*, that *all your fine Fellows, are prodigiously ignorant, and prodigiously wicked:* Insomuch, that they are the Jest of Men of Wit, and pitied by Men of Virtue, and shunn'd by both.

There is a fine River running by *London* full of Ships and Boats; one of these Boats will carry you for Six-Pence, and some of them for Three-Pence a great Way; and it would be very pleasant, if it were not for the Abuse and ugly Language you meet with; for the People upon the Water will affront you to your Teeth, and call you a hundred Names,

though

though you do not say a Word to them: It is to no purpose to be angry, or to threaten them; they laugh at all that. I offered to get out of the Boat and to box with several of those saucy Fellows, but not one of them would accept of my Challenge, nay, the Women are as bad as the Men. *The more Shame is theirs!*

I went to see St. *Paul*'s Church (which is almost as big as a Town, and much taller) to see my *Lord Mayor*. He was an elderly Man in a red Gown, pretty fat, and slept all the time of divine Service; for which I thought he was to blame, seeing it would have better become a Magistrate like him, to have reproved the People for walking about the Church, as they did, and talking about their own worldly Affairs.

Westminster Hall is a vast great Room, where Law and Justice have been bought so dear, that one had oftener better go without them. The Lawyers strol about here and look dev'lish sharp and greedy for Fees. There are in the Hall other *Toymen* besides Lawyers, and they will sell you their Baubles at treble Prices; so there is nothing but biting on all Hands.

Not far from hence, is the House of *Commons*. I went to see it, and to see the Manner of their Proceedings, and came away very much dissatisfied; for a dozen Members talked at a time, and I could not understand a Word of the Debate. I also visited the House of *Lords*; there, indeed I perceived more Order, but neither heard, nor saw any thing remarkable, but some grave Folks in odd Habits.

There is a Street in *London* call'd *Drury-lane*, which is a very scandalous Place, being for the most Part inhabited by filthy lewd Women, and yet is frequented by *great Men, and grave Citizens*. It is therefore,

therefore, no Wonder, these *shameless Jades* wear fine Clothes and gold Watches.

In this great City they are quite another thing, than what they are out of it; insomuch, that he who will be great with you in the Country, will scarce pull off his Hat to you in *London*. I once dined at *Exeter* with a Couple of Judges, and they talked to me *there*, and drank my Health, and we were very familiar together; so when I saw them again, passing through *Westminster Hall*, I was glad of it, with all my Heart, and ran to meet them with a broad Smile, and asked them how they did, and to shake Hands with them; but they look'd at me so coldly, and so proudly, as you cannot imagine, and did not seem to know me; at which I was confounded angry and mad; but I kept my Mind to myself. At another time I was at the Play-house (which is a rare Place for Mirth, and Music, and Dancing) and being in the Pit, saw in one of the Boxes a Member of Parliament of our Country, with whom I have been as great as *Hand* and *Glove*; so being overjoy'd to see him, I call'd to him aloud by his Name, and ask'd him how he did, but instead of saluting me again, or making any Manner of Answer, he look'd plaguy sower, and never open'd his Mouth; though when he is in the Country he is as merry a Grigg as any in fifty Miles, and we have crack'd many a Bottle together.

Thus, my good Friend, I have given to you so long an Account of my Journey, that I fear I have tired you; but never mind it, when I come down I'll tell you as much more, when we sit over a Bottle and can find no other Subject to talk of. Till which Time I tell plainly that I am

Your Friend and humble Servant.

LETTER CLIV.

Sir Walter Raleigh *to Prince* Henry, *Son to King* James I.

May it please your Highness,

THE following Lines are address'd to your Highness, from a Man who values his Liberty, and a very small Fortune in a remote Part of this Island, under the present Constitution, above all the Riches and Honours that he could any where enjoy under any other Establishment.

You see, Sir, the Doctrines that are lately come into the World, and how far the Phrase has obtained, of calling your royal Father, God's Vice-gerent; which ill Men have turn'd both to the Dishonour of God, and the Impeachment of his Majesty's Goodness. They adjoin Vice-gerency to the Idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His Majesty's Wisdom ('tis to be hoped) will save him from the Snare that may lie under gross Adulations; but your Youth, and the Thirst of Praise, which I have observ'd in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these Charmers, who would conduct your noble Nature into Tyranny. Be careful, O my Prince! Hear them not, fly from their Deceits; you are in the Succession to a Throne, from whence no Evil can be imputed to you, but all Good must be convey'd from you. Your Father is call'd the Vice-gerent of Heaven; while he is good, he is the Vice-gerent of Heaven. Shall Man have Authority from the Fountain of Good to do Evil? No, my Prince; let mean and degenerate Spirits, which want Benevolence, suppose your Power impair'd by a Disability of doing Injuries. If Want of Power to do ill, be an Incapacity in a Prince, with Reverence

be

be it ſpoken, it is an Incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all Pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual Happineſs of Prince and People, will appear as abſurd to your great Underſtanding, as diſagreeable to your noble Nature. Exert yourſelf, O generous Prince, againſt ſuch Sycophants, in the glorious Cauſe of Liberty; and aſſume ſuch an Ambition worthy of you, to ſecure your Fellow Creatures from Slavery; from a Condition as much below that of Brutes, as to act without Reaſon, is leſs miſerable than to act againſt it. Preſerve to your future Subjects, the divine Right of being free Agents; and to your own royal Houſe, the divine Right of being their Benefactors: Believe me, my Prince, there is no other Right can flow from God. While your Highneſs is forming yourſelf for a Throne, conſider the Laws as ſo many Common-Places in your Study of the Science of Government; when you mean nothing but Juſtice, they are an Eaſe and Help to you. This Way of thinking is what gave Men the glorious Appellations of Deliverers and Fathers of their Country; this made the Sight of them rouſe their Beholders into Acclamations, and Mankind incapable of bearing their very Appearance, without applauding it as a Benefit. Conſider the inexpreſſible Advantages which will ever attend your Highneſs, while you make the Power of rendering Men happy the Meaſure of your Actions; while this is your Impulſe, how eaſily will that Power be extended; the Glance of your Eye will give Gladneſs, and your very Sentence have a Force of Bounty. Whatever ſome Men would inſinuate, you have loſt your Subjects when you have loſt their Inclinations: You are to preſide over the Minds, not the Bodies of Men; the Soul is the Eſſence of the Man, and you can't have the true Man againſt his Inclinations. Chuſe therefore to be the King, or the Conqueror of your

People; it may be Submission, but it cannot be Obedience that is passive. I am,

Sir,

Your Highness's

London,

Aug. 12. 1611. *most faithful Servant,*

WALTER RALEIGH.

LETTER CLV.

Capt. Thomas Preston, *who lately has obliged the World with a large, new, accurate* CHART *of* ZETLAND, *or* SHETLAND, *which will be of the greatest Service to all Navigators, in War Time, who are obliged to sail* North *about, but particularly so to the* East-India-Men, *writes the following Description of that Island to the ingenious Mr.* Joseph Ames, *F. R. S. and Secretary to the Society of Antiquarians in* London; *who is now writing the History of* English PRINTERS; *which, from the Knowledge, indefatigable Industry, and Experience of this Gentleman, the learned World may soon expect to see finished, in a Manner that will be both Entertaining and Instructive.*

Dear Sir, *Zetland, Jan.* 31, 1743-4.

YOUR Favour of the 2d of *June*, came lately to Hand. Nothing but a Sight of you could equal the Pleasure it brought me, with an Account of your Welfare. I wrote to you ten Months since, with some

ſome Letters to other Friends, but find thoſe all miſcarried. The Opportunity by which I ſend this is very unexpected, for this Iſland has very rarely any Correſpondence with the reſt of the World, for the Six Winter Months; I ſhould not ſay for Six of the Winter Months; for the Year may be ſaid to contain Ten Months of Winter and Two of cold raw Weather. I thought it very abſurd to hear the Inhabitants complain of Heat, at the ſame Inſtant that I complain'd of Cold, and wiſhed for a great Coat. They are ſo accuſtomed to ſtormy bad Weather, that they'll venture to Sea in ſmall Boats, when you'd not venture to croſs the *Thames*.------I ſhall give a ſhort Deſcription of this Iſland: 'Tis the Northernmoſt belonging to *Scotland*, ſituated between the Latitudes of 60 and 61 Degrees, its Length is North and South 60 Miles, its Breadth 30, and ſo divided into Headlands, and ſmaller Iſlands, Creeks, Bays, Inlets and Coves, &c. that you cannot place a Compaſs on any the moſt inland Part of its Chart, that ſhall be two Miles from the Sea; which makes it extreme difficult to make a good Draught of the Iſland, of which there is no Chart extant worth naming. During my long Stay, I have devoted ſome of my (otherwiſe) idle Time, in making Obſervations, and ſurveying the Place, by which and ſuitable Informations, gained from the Inhabitants, I have attempted a Sea Chart, which, I flatter myſelf, may be of great Uſe to our Navigators, who are all Strangers to the many ſafe and good Harbours in this Iſland, and ſeveral of them capable of receiving many large Ships.

The Land is wild, barren, and mountainous, nor is there ſo much as a Tree or a Buſh to be ſeen. The Shores are difficult, and in many Places inacceſſible, rude, ſteep, and iron like; the Sight of which ſtrikes the Mind with a certain Dread and Horror, and ſuch monſtrous Precipices and hedious Rocks, as bring all *Brodiuag* before your Thoughts.

I doubt not but you are now listning out for some Account of Curiosities of Art and Nature, of which most here are Strangers to, and yet this Island is not quite barren of; but not having room here, must defer an Account thereof, 'till it please God I see you. In Winter the Sun sets soon after it rises, and in Summer it rises soon after setting, so that the Night at that Season is near as light as the Day, and the Day in *December* is near as dark as the Night in the Winter-Solstice. We see every Night the *Aurora Borealis*, I think you call it, but we Seamen the Northern Lights, which spreads a broad glaring Light over the whole Northern Hemisphere, and looks somewhat terrifying to them not used to it.

I shall only mention (lest I tire your Patience) that a Comet has appeared to us, for some Time, from the West, large and plain to the naked Eye.

I have near finished my troublesome Affairs in this Place, and hope to set out for *Edinburgh* shortly in my Way Home. I shall be glad to receive a Letter from you at that Place; if so, please to direct for me to the Care of Mr. *James Sotherland*, Merchant at *Leith*.

I shall not trouble you here with my troublesome Affairs; the Difficulties I have encountered have not discouraged me, nor my Disappointments deprived me of Hope: Time will determine whether the Accident I have met with, may be reckoned amongst the Number of Misfortunes or not. But I detain you too long, to so little Purpose; I shall only add, that I am,

Worthy Sir,

Sincerely,

Your affectionate Friend

and humble Servant.

THOMAS PRESTON.

LETTER CLVI.

To the same.

Dear Sir, *Leith, May* 12, 1744.

THIS informs you of my safe Arrival at this Place, where I met your kind Letter, of no Date. I have seen Mr. *Ruddiman*, who says you shall hear from him in a few Days, but cannot give you much Encouragment as to Subscriptions; he promises to give you what Assistance he can, as to the Book itself.

In my last from *Zetland* I gave you a short Account of that Country; I shall now give you some more Particulars under that Head, just as they occur to my Memory.

This Island is called by the *Dutch*, *Hitland*, by us commonly *Shetland*, but the proper Name of it is *Zetland*, wherein there are thirty Parish Churches, and about eighty Gentlemen's Houses, besides the Towns of *Lerwick* and *Scalloway*. It was first inhabited by the *Pights* or *Picts*, who were drove out by the *Danes*. *Christiern*, King of *Denmark* and *Norway*, whose Daughter, the Lady *Margaret*, was given in Marriage to King *James* III. of *Scotland*, in the Year 1468, agreed that the Islands of *Orkney* and *Zetland*, should be in the Possession of the said King *James*, until he had paid to him 50000 Florins of the *Rhine* for his Daughter's Dowry; and *Christiern*, afterwards, upon the Birth of a young Prince, his Grandson, called *James*, renounced his Title to the said Islands, in Favour of King *James*, which have ever since belonged to *Scotland*.

Zetland lies between the Latitudes of 60 and 61 Degrees, the Longitude differs but little from the East Part of *Scotland*; the longest Day is near 20 Hours. I have read a very small Print in my Chamber at Midnight, with the Windows shut. The Air is temperate, con-

considering the Country lies so far North, and agrees tolerably well with those that can endure Cold and a thick Fog. I must own I have not found the Winters so cold as in other Parts of *Great-Britain*, nor are the Summers near so warm, for which, indeed, the Length of the Days makes some amends. I have heard that some Fishermen have affirmed that at Sea they have seen the Sun's Body at Midnight; but that is impossible, since the Sun in the shortest Day in *December*, is four Hours above the Horizon, and it must certainly be depress'd as long under it in *June*.

The Winters are more subject to Rain than Snow, nor does Frost and Snow continue so long on the Ground, as on the Main-land of *Great-Britain*, yet I have seen the Ground wholly covered with Snow, the 20th of *May* last Year. The Winds during the long Winter Season, continue to blow most boisterously, generally between the South and West, which occasions many Shipwrecks; there have been three or four on the Island in my Time.

The Land is mountainous and moorish, abounding with Moss and Heather, under which they dig Paits (or Turf) for Firing; under that are hard Rocks.

Their Horses are very little, but strong and well-mettled, which they call *Sheltics*; their Oxen, Swine, and Sheep, of which last they have Plenty, and their Cattle of all Kinds are small. The Price of a Horse is a Guinea, an Ox somewhat less, a Sheep Half a Crown, a Calf Six-Pence: Rabbits they have in some Parts of the Country. Frogs and Toads there are none, nor perhaps any poisonous Animals. There are many Otters, which they call *Tikes*, and Seals, which they call *Selkies*. Sometimes there are many young Whales, which they call *Pellacks* or Spout Whales; they run into the Creeks and so intangle themselves among the Rocks, that they are cast on the Shore, or easily taken.

There is Plenty of Sea-weeds, called *Tangle*, growing on the Rocks, of which might be made *Kelp* for

for the making of Soap. There is Plenty of Shell-Fish of most kinds; their Oysters are the best I ever eat. In the Sea they catch Cod, Ling, Haddock, Whitings, Scate, Turbut, Herrings, Colefish, Flukes, Trouts, &c.

There are many Sorts of Wild-Fowl, namely, the Dunter Goose, Clark Goose, Solen Goose, Swans, Ducks, Teal, Whaps, Toists, Lyres, Kittiwaicks, Maws, Plovers, Scarfs, &c. There is likewise the Ember Goose, which is said to hatch her Egg under her Wing; this is certain, that none ever saw them on the Land, or out of the Water; and that they have a Cavity or hollow Place under one of their Wings only capable of containing a large Egg.

There are here very large Eagles, which they call *Earns*, which prey upon the young Lambs, &c. There is a Law in Force, that if any kill one of these Eagles, he is to have an Hen out of every House in the Parish, wherein it is killed; tho' 'tis never demanded.

I don't doubt but there are Mines of Silver, Tin, and Lead in the Country; for several Sorts of Minerals are to be found; and I have been credibly informed, that Pieces of pure massy Silver, of considerable Bigness, have been turned up by the Plough; but such Treasures are neglected, or not improved through the Poverty or Carelessness of the Proprietors. In many Places, Marle, Quarries of excellent Free-stone, Lime-stone and Slate are found, and some Veins of Marble.

Sometimes are cast up by the Sea, Timber-Peices of Wreck, Hogsheads of Wine, Brandy, &c. and sometimes they are grown over with a Kind of Shell-Fish called Cleck-Geese, which I take to be the *Concha Anatifera*; and sometimes Sperma Cæti, Amber-grease, Water-Spunges, and Camshells, (*Os Sepiæ*) are found on the Shore.

There is no Forest or Wood, not so much as a Tree, hardly a Bush of any Sort in the whole Country, except in some Gentlemen's Gardens, and those

never dare to peep over the Garden Wall, for fear of the North Wind.

The Country is so divided by the Sea, that it cannot be expected there should be in it any Rivers, yet there are many Brooks and little Runs of Water, called *Bourns*, and Loches or Lakes, many of which afford Trouts, and I have eaten excellent Codfish that have been taken in one of these Lochs or Lakes of perfect fresh Water, which has been very near the Sea.

The People are generally civil, sagacious, of a ready Wit, and of a quick Apprehension, piously inclined, much given to Hospitality, civil and liberal in their Entertainments, and exceeding kind to Strangers, which indeed I may say from Experience, for I never met with more Civility in any Part of the World.— They are generally of a dark Complexion, personable and comely enough; the Women are lovely, and the Gentry of them go well dreſt, are genteel in Carriage, well-behaved in Company, and smart and pleasant in Conversation, even to a Miracle, considering they live in such a remote Island, which has such little Correspondence with the rest of the World; they delight more in the Conversation of Men, than in the common Tittle-Tattle of their own Sex; they are Strangers to Plays, Operas, Masquerades, Assemblies, Balls, set visiting Days, extravagant Dress, Gallantry, &c. and are free from those innocent fashionable Vices, which so much disgrace their Betters; they are modest Virgins, and virtuous Wives, for Adultery is not known among them. Among the common Sort, Fornication sometimes happens, but their Constancy is such, that they are sure to marry one another; nevertheless, if a Child happens to come in less than nine Months after Marriage, they are both obliged, by the Law of *Scotland*, to do Penance in the Kirk; this heinous Sin, the pious Priests call Antinuptial Fornication, the Name is of their own Coining, and so is the Sin too, for aught I know; for I think it is somewhat odd

that

that a Man muſt ſuffer the Cenſure of the Kirk for going to bed to his own Wife; however if they find out new Sins, they ſhould invent new Names.

The Country is moſt commodious for Navigation, which makes me wonder it has ſo long been neglected, that we have not even ſo much as a Map of it; there are more than twenty ſafe Harbours, of eaſy Acceſs, capable of receiving large Ships, the moſt remarkable of which are, *Lerwick*, or *Breſſy-ſound*, *Dura Voe*, and *Balta Sound*, on the Eaſt-Side; and *Scalloway*, *Oliſvoe* and *Valley Sound*, on the Weſt-Side of the Country. The Coaſt is all high and bold, and may be ſeen many Leagues from Sea. There are no Sands round the whole Iſland, and but few ſunken Rocks, and thoſe near the Shore, except one dangerous Shoal on the Weſt-Side called *Have de Grind*, and ſome Rocks on the North-Weſt above Water, both which as well as the whole Iſland I have exactly ſurveyed, and I think, without Vanity, I can ſay, that I can produce a very good Map of *Zetland*, which I believe may be of great Service, eſpecially this War Time.---I fear I have tired your Patience, with my long incoherent Epiſtle, I ſhall therefore conclude with my kind Love to all Friends, who am

Dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate

humble Servant,

THOMAS PRESTON.

LETTER

LETTER CLVII.

A Letter from Dr. John Hough, *Lord Bishop of* Worcester, *to Lady* A--- C-----y; *written at the Age of Ninety-Three.*

Madam,

IT revives the Spirits of an insignificant old Man, to see that Lady *A*— *C*——— condescends to think of him; she could not do an Honour where it would be more highly valued, and I am most humbly thankful for that which I received by Mr. *B*-----*y*. His general Character, and your Ladyship's good Opinion of him, have induced me to qualify him for the very desirable Service he is in, and I pray God that he, or another equally acceptable, may long, very long, be employed. You have heard, Madam, that I still live in greater Ease than I durst have hoped; I seldom feel Pain or Sickness, and may your Ladyship's Servants have the Pleasure of hearing you say the same at my Age; but Days now bring greater Weight with them to me, than Years did before, and I thank God I contentedly wait till he shall make it insupportable. I pray that your Ladyship may be Happy in every Circumstance of Life, and most Happy in the Close of it; and am,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

J. WORCESTER.

LETTER

LETTER CLVIII.

Archbishop Tillotson *to* Charles, *Earl of* Shrewsbury.

My Lord,

IT was a great Satisfaction to me, to be any ways instrumental in the gaining your Lordship to our Religion, which I am really persuaded to be the Truth; but I am, and always was, more concerned that your Lordship should continue a virtuous and good Man, than become a Protestant; being assured that the Ignorance and Errors of Mens Understanding will find a much easier Forgiveness with God, than the Faults of the Will: I remember that your Lordship once told me, that you would endeavour to justify the Sincerity of your Change, by a conscientious Regard to all other Parts and Actions of your Life; I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own Act, than by being a worse Man after your Profession to have embraced a better Religion. I will certainly be one of the Last to believe any thing of your Lordship that is not good; but I always feared I should be one of the First that should hear it; the Time I last waited upon your Lordship, I had heard something that affected me very sensibly, but I hop'd it was not true, and was therefore, loth to trouble your Lordship about it; but having heard the same from those who I believe bear no ill Will to your Lordship, I now think it my Duty to acquaint you with it. To speak plainly, I have been told that your Lordship is of late fallen into a Conversation, dangerous both to your Reputation and Virtue; two of the tendereſt and dearest things in the World. I believe your Lordship to have a great Command and Conduct of your-

ſelf, but I am very ſenſible of human Frailty, and of the dangerous Temptations to which Youth is expoſed in this diſſolute Age. Therefore I earneſtly beſeech your Lordſhip, to conſider beſides the high Provocation of Almighty God, and the Hazard of your Soul, whenever you engage in a bad Courſe, what a Blemiſh you will bring upon a fair and unſpotted Reputation, what Uneaſineſs and Trouble you will create to yourſelf, from the ſevere Reflections of a guilty Conſcience, and how great a Violence you will offer to your good Principles, your Nature, and your Education. Do not imagine you can ſtop when you pleaſe: Experience ſhews us the contrary, and that nothing is more vain, than for Men to think they can ſet Bounds to themſelves in any thing that is bad. I hope, in God no Temptation has yet prevailed upon your Lordſhip, ſo far as to be guilty of any looſe Act; if it has, as you love your Soul, let it not proceed to an Habit; the Retreat is yet eaſy and open, but will every Day become more difficult and obſtructed. God is ſo merciful, that upon your Repentance and Reſolution of Amendment, he is not only ready to forgive what is paſt, but to aſſiſt us by his Grace, to do better for the future. But I need not enforce theſe Conſiderations upon a Mind ſo capable of and eaſy to receive good Counſel. I ſhall only deſire your Lordſhip to think again and again, how great a Point of Wiſdom it is, in all our Actions to conſult the Peace of our Minds; and to have no Quarrel with the conſtant and inſeparable Companion of our Lives: If others diſpleaſe us, we may quit their Company, but he that is diſpleaſed with himſelf, is unavoidably unhappy, becauſe he has no Way to get rid of himſelf.

My Lord, for God's Sake and your own, think of being Happy, and reſolve by all Means, to ſave yourſelf

yourself from this untoward Generation. Determine rather upon a speedy Change of your Condition, than to gratify the Inclinations of your Youth, in any thing but what is lawful and honourable; and let me have the Satisfaction to be assured from your Lordship, either that there has been no Ground for this Report, or that there shall be none for the future; which will be the welcomest News to me in the World. I have only to beg of your Lordship, to believe, that I have not done this to satisfy the Formality of my Profession, but that it proceeds from the truest Affection and Goodwill, that one Man can possibly bear to another. I pray to God every Day, for your Lordship, with the same Constancy and Fervour as for myself, and do now earnestly beg that this Counsel may be acceptable and effectual.

I am, &c.

LETTER CLIX.

I Beg Pardon, Dear Madam, for not answering yours 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 Devil will have it, I am in a Night's Time 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 Creature he is. Why then I'll tell you; He is really handsome, and not very ungenteel; his Occupation, I own, I have some small 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

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 on 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 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*——, 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 snatch'd away, in our grand 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

Dear Madam,

your very humble Servant,

S. W.

LETTER

LETTER CLX.

Mrs. Behn *to Mrs.* Price.

My Dear,

IN your laſt, you admired how I could paſs my time ſo long in the Country: I am ſorry your Taſte is ſo depraved, as not to reliſh a Country Life. Now, I think, there's no Satisfaction to be found amidſt an Urban Throng (as Mr. *Boyer* calls it).

The peaceful Place where gladly I reſort,
Is free from noiſy Factions of the Court:
There, joy'd with viewing o're the rural Scene,
Pleas'd with the Meadows ever green:
The Woods and Groves with tuneful Anger move,
And nought is heard, but gentle Sighs of Love:
The Nymphs and Swains for rural Sports prepare,
And each kind Youth, diverts his ſmiling Fair.
But if by Chance is found a flinty Maid,
Whoſe cruel Eyes have Shepherds Hearts betray'd,
In other Climes a Refuge ſhe muſt find;
Baniſh'd from hence, Society of kind.
There gentle *Iſis* with a Bridegroom's Haſte,
Glides to o'ertake the *Thame*, as fair as chaſte,
Then mixt embracing, they together fly,
And live together, and together die.
Here ev'ry Object adds to our Delight,
Calm is our Day, and peaceful is our Night.
Then kind *Emilia* fly that hated Town,
Where's not a Moment thou canſt call thy own:
Haſte for to meet a Happineſs divine,
And ſhare the Pleaſures, I count only mine.

P. S. A SONG.

I.

'Tis not your saying that you love,
Can ease me of my Smart:
Your Actions must your Words approve,
Or else you break my Heart.

II.

In vain you bid my Passions cease,
And ease my troubled Breast,
Your Love alone must give me Peace,
Restore my wanted Rest.

III.

But if I fail your Heart to move,
And 'tis not yours to give,
I cannot, will not cease to love,
But I will cease to live.

Yours,

A. BEHN.

LETTER CLXI.

To the Same.

My Dear,

IN your last, you informed me that the World treated me as a *Plagiary*, and I must confess not with Injustice. But that Mr. *Otway* should say, my Sex would not prevent my being pull'd to Pieces by the Critics, is somewhat odd; since whatever Mr. *Otway* now declares, he may very well remember when last I saw him, I received more than ordinary Encomiums on my ABDELAZER. But every one knows Mr. *Otway*'s good Nature, which will

will not permit him to ſhock any one of our Sex to their Faces.

But let that paſs: For being impeached of murdering my MOOR, I am thankful. When I ſhall let the World know, whenever I take the Pains next to appear in print, of the mighty Theft I have been guilty of. But however, for your own Satisfaction I have ſent you the Garden from whence I gather'd, and I hope you will not think me vain, if I ſay I have weeded and improved it. I hope to prevail on the Printer to reprint *The Luſts Dominion*, &c. that my Theft may be the more public. But I detain you. I believe I ſhall not have the Happineſs of ſeeing my dear *Emilia* till the middle of *September*. But be aſſured I ſhall always remain, as I am,

My Dear,

Yours,

A. BEHN.

LETTER CLXII.

To * Philander.

OH 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 burniſhed with Rags divine adds but new Sorrows to my troubled Breaſt! All Day in ſighing Silence I re-

* Unleſs I am deceived in my Conjectures, this Letter under this fictitious Superſcription, was wrote to Mr. *Creech*, Tranſlator of *Lucretius*'s Six Books *de Natura Rerum*, which is confirmed by a Poem of Mrs. *Behn*'s prefixed to that Work.

main; 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 entring beneath a ſhady Grove, with Sighs and Tears I there renew my Grief. The ruſtling Winds amidſt the leafy Screens, the warbling Birds that chaunt 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 CLXIII.

Monſieur de St. Evremont, *to the Duke of* Buckingham.

SIR,

AS you are a great Admirer of theatrical Performances, give me leave to ſend you my Sentiments of the *Engliſh Comedy*.

There is no *Comedy* more conformable to that of the *Ancients* than the *Engliſh*, as for what relates to the Manners; it is not a pure Piece of Gallantry, full of Adventures and amorous Diſcourſes, as in *Spain* and *France*; it is a Repreſentation of the ordinary Way of living, according to the various Humours and different Characters of Men. It is

an

an *Alchemist*, who by the Illusions of his Art, feeds the deceitful Hopes of a vain *Curioso*: It is *a silly credulous Coxcomb*, whose foolish Facility is continually abused: It is, sometimes, *a ridiculous Politician*, grave and composed, starched in every thing, *mysteriously jealous-headed*, that thinks to find out hidden Designs in the most common Intentions, and to discover Artifice in the most innocent Actions of Life. It is a whimsical *Lover*, a swaggering *Bully*, a pedantic *Scholar*; the one with natural Extravagancies, the other with ridiculous Affectations. The Truth is, these *Cheats* and *Cullies*, these *Politicians* and other *Characters* so ingeniously devised, are carried on too far, in our Opinion; as those which are to be seen upon our Stage, are a little too faint to the Relish of the *English*; and the Reason of that, perhaps, is because the *English* think too much, and we commonly think not enough.

Indeed we are satisfy'd with the Images of Things, and by striking to the bare Outside, we generally take Appearances for Reality, and the easy and free, for what is natural. Upon this Head I shall observe, *en passant*, that these two last Qualities are sometimes most improperly confounded; the *easy* and the *natural*, agree well enough in their Opposition to what is stiff or forced: But when we are to dive into the nature of things, or the natural Humour of Persons, it will be granted me, that the *easy* will scarce carry us far enough. There is something within us, something hidden that would discover itself if we founded the Subject a little more.

It is as difficult for us to enter in, as for the *English* to get out: They become Masters of the thing they think on, tho' they are not of their own Thoughts: Their Mind is not at rest, when they possess their Subjects, they still dig where there is no more *Ore* to be got, and go beyond the just and natural *Idea* which ought always to be maintain'd, by carrying their *Ideas* so far. The

The Truth is, and I never in my Life saw Men of better Understanding than the *French*, who apply themselves to consider, and the *English* that can release themselves from their too deep Meditations. But to return to that Faculty of Discourse and Freedom of Wit, which, if possible, ought always to be had, the finest Gentlemen in the World, are the *French* that think, and the *English* that speak. I shall insensibly run into two general Considerations, and therefore must reassume my Subject of Comedy, and observe a considerable Difference that is to be found betwixt theirs and ours. It consists in this, that being Zealous to copy the Regularity of the Ancients, we still drive to the principal Action, without any other Variety than that of the Means that bring us to it.

It is not to be denied but that the Representation of one principal Event, ought to be the sole Scope and End propos'd in *Tragedy*; for we cannot without some Violence and Pain, find ourselves taken off from what employ'd our first Thoughts.

The Misfortune of *an unhappy King*, the sad and tragical Death of *a great Hero*, wholly confine the Mind to these Objects, and all the Variety it cares for is to know the different Means that contributed to bring about the principal Action. But *Comedy* being made to divert, and not to busy us, provided Probability be observed, and Extravagance avoided, Variety in the Opinion of the *English*, is an agreeable Surprize, and Change that pleases; whereas the continual Expectation of the one and the same thing, wherein there seems to be no great Matter of Importance, must of Necessity make our Attention flag.

So then instead of representing a signal Cheat carried on by Means all relating to the same End, they bring upon the Stage a horrible *Rogue* with several Cheats, each of which produces its proper Effect. As they scarce ever stick to the Unity of Action that they may represent a principal Person, who diverts them by

different Actions; so they often quit their principal Person to shew what various things happen to several Persons in public Places. *Ben Johnson* takes this Course in his *Bartholomew Fair*. We find the same thing in *Epsom Wells*, and in both of these Comedies, the ridiculous Adventures of those public Places are comically represented.

There are some other Plays which have in a manner two Plots, that are interwoven so ingeniously the one into the other, that the Minds of the Spectators (which might be offended by too sensible a Change) find nothing but Satisfaction in the agreeable Variety they produce. It is to be confess'd that Regularity is wanting here; but the *English* are of Opinion that the Liberties which are taken for better pleasing, ought to be prefer'd before exact Rules which dull Authors make such a Pother about, but tire the Audience.

Rules are to be observed, for avoiding Confusion; good Sense is to be follow'd, for moderating the Flight of a luxuriant Fancy: But Rules must not so constrain the Mind, as to fetter it; and a scrupulous Reason ought to be banish'd, which, adhering too strictly to Exactness, leave nothing free and natural.

They who cannot attain a Genius, when Nature hath denied them one, ascribe all to Art which they may acquire; and, to set a Value upon the only Merit they have, which is that of being regular, they employ all their Interest to damn any Piece that is not altogether so. For those that love the *Ridicule*, that are pleas'd to see the Follies of Mankind, that are affected with true Characters; they will find some of the *English* Comedies as much, or perhaps more, to their Relish, than any they have ever seen.

Our *Moliere*, whom the Ancients have inspir'd with the true Spirit of Comedy, equals their *Ben Johnson*, in truly representing the various Humours, and different Ways, of Men; both observing, in their

their Descriptions, the peculiar Taste and Genius of their own Nation: I believe they have carry'd that Point as far as the Ancients ever did; but it is not to be denied, but that they had a greater Regard to their Characters, than to the Plots; which might have been better laid together, and more naturally unravelled.

Thus I have given your Grace my Sentiments of the *English* Comedy; and propose, the next time I do myself the Honour of writing to you, to give you my Opinion of *Operas*; till which time give me leave to subscribe myself,

Your GRACE's

Most, &c.

LETTER CLXIV.

To the same.

SIR,

IN my last, I promis'd to send you my Opinion of *Operas*: But, as I am thoroughly persuaded, that you are a better Judge of them, I shall content myself with the Difference between the *Italian* and *French* Way of singing.

The Occasion that I had of speaking of it at the Duchess of *Mazarine*'s, hath rather increas'd than satisfy'd the Desire, therefore I will endeavour to satisfy it in this Discourse I now send your Grace. I shall begin with great Freedom, and tell your Grace, that I am no great Admirer of Comedies in Music, such as now-a-days are in request. I confess I am not displeased with their Magnificence; the Machines have something that is surprising; the Music,

Music, in some Places, is charming, the whole together, seems wonderful, but it must be granted me also, that this Wonderful is very tedious; for where the Mind has little to do, there the Senses must of Necessity languish after the first Pleasure that the Surprize gave them is over. The Eyes are taken up, and at length grow weary of being continually fixed upon the same Object. In the Beginning of the Concerts, we observe the Justness of the Concords, and amidst all the Varieties that unite to make the Sweetness of the Harmony, nothing escapes us; but 'tis not long before the Instruments stun us, and the Music is nothing else to our Ears but a confused Sound, that offers nothing to be distinguished. Now how is it possible to avoid being tired with such an Entertainment, where there is nothing in the Music to charm, nor in the Words to please you? The Soul tir'd out with a long Attention, wherein it finds nothing to affect it, seeks some Relief within itself, and the Mind, which in vain expected to be entertained with the Show, either gives way to idle musing, or is dissatisfied that it has nothing to employ it. In a Word, the Fatigue is so universal, that every one wishes himself out of the House, and the only Comfort that is left to the poor Spectators, is the Hopes of seeing the Show soon over.

The Reason why, commonly, I soon grow weary at *Operas*, is, that I never yet saw any, which appeared not, to me, despicable, both as to the Contrivance of the Subject, and the Poetry. Now it is in vain to charm the Ears, or flatter the Eyes, if the Mind be not satisfied; for my Soul being in better Intelligence with my Mind, than with my Senses, struggles against the Impressions which it may receive, or at least does not give an agreeable Consent to them; without which, even the most delightful Objects can never afford me any great Pleasure: A Representation set off with Music, Dances, Machines, and De-

corations, is a pompous Piece of Folly. Tho' the Embroidery is rich, yet the Ground it is wrought upon, is such wretched Stuff, that it offends the Sight.

There is another thing in *Operas* so contrary to Nature, that I cannot be reconciled to it; and that is the singing of the whole Piece from beginning to the end; as if the Persons represented, had ridiculously agreed to treat in Music, both the most common, and most important Affairs of Life. Is it to be imagined that a Master calls his Servant, or sends him of an Errand singing; that one Friend imparts his Secrets to another singing; that Men deliberate in Council singing; that Orders are given in time of Battle singing; and that Men are melodiously kill'd with Sword, Pike, or Musket? This is the downright Way to lose the Life of Representation, which without Doubt, is preferable to that of Harmony, for Harmony ought to be no more but a bare Attendant, and the great Masters of the Stage have introduced it as pleasing, not as necessary, after they have preformed all that relates to the Subject and Discourse; in the mean time our Thoughts run more upon the Musician than the Hero in the *Opera*: *Louigi*, *Cevallo*, and *Cesti*, are present to our Imagination. The Mind not being able to conceive a Hero that sings, think of the Composer that set the Song; and I do not question but that in the *Operas* at the *Palais Royal*, *Baptist*, is a hundred Times more thought of, than *Thesens* or *Cadmus*.

I pretend not, however, to banish all manner of singing from the Stage, there are some things which ought to be sung without trespassing against Reason or Decency: Vows, Prayers, Praises, Sacrifices, and generally all that relates to the Service of the Gods, are sung in all Nations, and in all times; tender and mournful Passions express themselves naturally, in a sort of a querulous Tone; the Expression of Love in its Birth,

Birth, the Irresolution of a Soul ty'd up by different Motions, are proper Matter for *Stanzas*, as *Stanzas* are for Music. Every one knows that the *Chorus* was introduced upon the *Grecian* Theatre, and it is not to be denied but that with equal Reason, it might be brought upon ours. This ought to be the Distribution in my Opinion, all that belongs to Conversation, all that relates to Intrigues and Affairs, all that belongs to Council and Action, is proper for Actors to repeat, but ridiculous in the Mouth of Musicians to sing. The *Grecians* made admirable Tragedies where they had some singing: The *Italians* and the *French* make vile ones, where they sing all.

Would you know what an *Opera* is? I'll tell you, that it is an odd Medley of Poetry and Music, wherein the Poet and Musician, equally confined one by the other, take a world of Pains to compose a wretched Performance: Not but that you may find agreeable Words, and very fine Airs in our *Operas*, but you will more certainly find at length a Dislike of the Verses, where the Genius of the Poet is so crampt, and cloyd with the singing, where the Musician is spent by too long a Service.

Did I think myself capable of giving Council to Persons of Quality who delight in the Theatre, I would advise them to take up their old Relish for good Comedies; where Dances and Music might be introduced, that would not in the least wound the Representation: The *Prologue* might be sung with an agreeable Concert, in the * *Intermedes*; singing might animate Words, that should be as the Life of what had been represented; after the Play was ended, the *Epilogue* might be sung, or some Reflection upon the finest things in the Play; this would fortify the *Idea*, and rivet the Impressions they had made upon the Spectators. Thus you might find enough

* An Entertainment of Music and Dancing between the Acts, which has no Connection with the Play.

to ſatisfy both the Senſes, and the Mind, wanting neither the Charms of ſinging in a bare Repreſentation, nor the Beauty of acting in a long continued Courſe of Muſic.

It remains that I give my Advice in general for all Comedies, where any ſinging is uſed, and that is to leave to the Poet's Diſcretion, the whole Management of the Piece. The Muſic muſt be made for the Words, rather than the Words for the Muſic. The Muſician is to follow the Poet's Orders; only, in my Opinion, *Baptiſt* is to be exempted, who knows the Paſſions better, and enters further into the Heart of Man, than the Authors themſelves. *Lambert*, without doubt hath an excellent Genius, proper for an hundred different Sorts of Muſic, and all well managed, with a juſt *Symphony* of Voices and Inſtruments: No *Recitativo* is better underſtood, nor better diverſify'd than his, according to the Nature of Paſſions, and the Quality of the Sentiments that are to be expreſſed. He ought to take from the Authors thoſe Directions, which *Baptiſt* can give them, for *Baptiſt* indeed, thro' the Strength of his Genius, may juſtly be allowed to be the Director.

Before I put an end to my Diſcourſe, I will tell your Grace what a ſmall Eſteem the *Italians* have for our *Operas*, and how great a Diſlike thoſe of *Italy* give us. The *Italians* who apply themſelves wholly to Repreſentation, and take a particular Care in expreſſing things, cannot endure that we ſhould give the Name of *Opera*, to a Concatenation of Dances and Muſic, which have not a natural Relation to the Subject. The *French* again, accuſtomed to the Beauties of their Entries, the Delightfulneſs of their Airs, and Charms of their *Symphony*, cannot indure the Ignorance, or ill playing of the Inſtruments in the *Operas* of *Venice*; and are weary of a long *Recitativo*, which becomes tedious for want of Variety. I cannot properly tell you what this *Recitativo* of

theirs

theirs is, but I know very well that it is neither singing nor reciting; it is somewhat unknown to the Ancients, which may be defined an aukward Use of Songs and Words. I confess I have found things inimitable in the *Opera* of *Louigi*, both for the Expression of the Thoughts, and the Charms of the Music; but the common *Recitativo* was very tiresome, insomuch, that the *Italians* impatiently expected those fine Places, which in their Opinion, came too seldom. I shall, in a few Words, set down the greatest Defects of our *Operas*: One thinks he is going to a Representation where nothing will be represented, and expects to see a *Comedy*, but finds nothing of the Life of Comedy. So much I thought I might say, concerning the different Constitutions of *Operas*.

As for the Matter of singing, which we in *France* call *Execution*, I think, without Partiality, that no Nation can justly vye with us. The *Spaniards* have admirable Pipes, but by their Warblings and Shakings, they seem to mind nothing in their singing but to outrival the *Nightingals*. The *Italian* Singing is either feign'd, or at least forced, for want of knowing exactly the Nature or Degree of the Passions; they burst out into Laughter rather than sing, when they should express any Joy; if they sigh you shall hear violent Sobs form'd in the Throat, and not Sighs which unawares escape from the Passion of an amorous Heart, instead of a doleful, they fall into the strongest Extremities; the Tears of Absence are like the Mourning at a Funeral; Sadness becomes so sorrowful in their Mouths, that they roar rather than complain, and sometimes they express a languishing Passion as a natural Fainting. Perhaps there may be at present some Alteration in their way of Singing, and that by conversing with us they are improved, as to Justness of a neat *Execution*, as

we are improved by them, as to the Beauties of a ſtronger and bolder Compoſition.

There are Plays in *England*, wherein there is a great deal of Muſic, but it is impoſſible for me to ſay any more of it. I cannot accuſtom myſelf to the *Engliſh* ſinging, I came too late to find a Reliſh in that which is ſo different from all others. There is no Nation that ſhews greater Courage in the Men, more Beauty in the Women, nor more Wit in both Sexes. 'Tis impoſſible to have every thing, and where ſo many good Qualities are found, 'tis no great Misfortune that a good Taſte is a Rarity there. 'Tis certain it is very rarely to be found, but thoſe Perſons that have it, poſſeſs it in as eminent a Degree of Niceneſs and Perfection, as any in the World, and are diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of their Nation by an exquiſite Air, and moſt happy Conſtitution.

Solus Gallus cantat, None but the *Frenchman* ſings. I will not be ſo injurious to all other Nations, as to maintain what an Author hath publiſhed. *Hiſpanus flet, dolet Italus, Germanus boat, Flander ululat, & ſolus Gallus cantat.* I ſhall leave theſe pretty Diſtinctions with the Author, and only beg leave to back my Opinion with the Authority of *Louigi*, who could not endure that the *Italians* ſhould pretend to ſing Airs, after he had heard *Vyert*, *Hilaire*, and *la petite Varenne* ſing. At his Return to *Italy* he made all the Muſicians of that Nation his Enemies, by ſaying openly at *Rome*, as he had ſaid at *Paris*, that to make fine Muſic, *Italian* Airs muſt come out of a *French* Mouth. He made little Account of our Songs except *Beauſſets*, which he liked exceedingly; he admired the Concert of our Violins, our Lutes, Harpſicords, and Organs. He was raviſhed when he firſt heard the great Bells of St. *Germain de Prez*, and how would he have been charmed with our Flutes, if they had been then in Uſe? It is moſt

certain

certain that he was much disgusted with the Harshness of the greatest Masters in *Italy*, when he had once heard the sweet Touch and agreeable Manner of the *French*.

I should be too partial, if I insisted only upon our Advantages; therefore I must own that no People have a slower Apprehension both of the true Accent of Words, and for humouring the Thought of the Composer, than the *French*; there are but few that less understand the Quantity, and that with greater Difficulty find out the Pronunciation; but when by long Study they have surmounted all these Difficulties, and are Masters of what they sing, nothing takes like them. The same thing happens to us in our Instrumental Music, and particularly in Concerts, where we can pretend to nothing very sure or just, till after an infinite Number of Repetitions; but when once we are perfect in them, nothing can be so just and fine. The *Italians*, for all their profound Skill in Music, bring their Art to our Ears without any Sweetness. The *French*, not satisfied to take away from the Skill the first Harshness that shews the Labour of the Composition, find in the Beauty of their Performance, as it were, a Charm for our Souls. And I know not what that touches, which they carry home to the very Heart.

I forget to speak to your Grace about *Machines*, so easy it is for a Man to forget that which he would have by his good Will thrown aside: *Machines* may satisfy the Curiosity of ingenious Men, that love *Mathematical* Invention, but they'll ne'er please Persons of good Judgment in the Theatre; the more they surprize, the more they divert the Mind from attending to the Discourse, and the more admirable they are, the less room they leave in us to be touch'd and charm'd with the Music.

The *Ancients* made no Use of *Machines*, but when there was a Necessity of bringing in some God; nay the Poets themselves, were generally laugh'd at, for

ſuffering themſelves to be reduc'd to that Neceſſity. If Men love to be at Expences, let them lay out their Money upon fine Decorations, the Uſe whereof is more natural, and more agreeable, than that of *Machines*. Antiquity, which made the Gods no Strangers to the Poets, and expoſed them even in their Chimney-corners, Antiquity I ſay, as vain and credulous as it was, expoſed them nevertheleſs, but very rarely, upon the Stage. Now the Belief of them is gone, the *Italians* in their Operas have brought the *Pagan* Gods again into the World; and have not ſcrupled to amuſe Men with thoſe ridiculous Vanities, only to make their Pieces look great, by the Introduction of that dazzling and ſurprizing wonderful.

Theſe Divinities of the Stage, have long enough abuſed *Italy*, but the People there, being happily undeceived at laſt, are diſguſted with thoſe very Gods they were ſo fond of before, and have returned to Plays; which, in Truth, cannot pretend to the ſame Exactneſs, but are not ſo tireſome, and with a little Indulgence may paſs well enough with Men of Senſe.

It hath happened to us, as to our Gods and Machines, what happens with the *Germans* as to our Modes and Faſhions; we juſt take up what the *Italians* have laid aſide; and, as if we would attone for the Fault of being prevented in the Invention, we run extravagantly into a Cuſtom which they impertinently introduced, but managed with Diſcretion. In truth, we cover the Earth with Deities, and make them dance and deſcend in Troops, whereas they made them deſcend but ſparingly, and on the moſt important Occaſions. As *Arioſto* wrong'd the Wonderful of Poetry, by a vain Profeſſion of Fables, ſo we wrong even Fable itſelf, by a confuſed Aſſembly of Gods, Shepherds, Heroes, Enchanters, Apparitions, Furies, and Devils.

I admire

I admire *Baptist* as well for the Diversion of Dances, as for what concerns the Voices and Instruments; but the Constitution of our *Operas* must appear very extravagant to those who are true Judges of the probable and the wonderful: Nevertheless one runs a Risque of having his Judgment call'd in Question, if he dares to shew it; and I advise others when they hear any Discourse of *Operas*, to keep their Knowledge a Secret to themselves. For my Part, who am past the Age and Time of signalizing myself in the World by any new Modes and Fancies, I am resolved to strike in with good Sense, although it is so much forsaken; and to follow Reason, tho' in Disgrace, with as much Zeal as if it were still in Vogue. That which vexes me most, at this our Fondness for *Operas*, is, that they tend directly to ruin the finest thing we have; I mean the *Drama*, than which, nothing is more proper to elevate the Soul, or more capable to form the Mind. After this long Discourse, let us conclude, for the Constitution of our *Operas* cannot be more faulty than it is. But it is to be acknowledged at the same time, that no Man can perform more than *Lully* upon so ill-conceived a Subject; and that it is not easy to outdoe *Quinaut* in what belongs to this Part. I am afraid I have troubled your Grace with this long Letter, so shall conclude it with begging Leave to subscribe myself

Your Grace's

most obedient Servant, &c.

LETTER

LETTER CLXV.

To Mr. Congreve.

I HAVE now read over the *Fox*, in which, tho' I admire the Strength of *Ben Johnson*'s Judgment, yet I did not find it so accurate as I expected: For *first*, the very thing upon which the whole Plot turns, and that is the Discovery which *Mosca* makes to *Bonario*, seems to me to be very unreasonable. For I can see no Reason why he should make that Discovery which introduces *Bonario* into his Master's House; for the Reason which the Poet makes *Mosca* give in the ninth Scene of the third Act appears to be a very absurd one. *Secondly*, *Corbaccio*, the Father of *Bonario*, is exposed for his Deafness, a personal Defect, which is contrary to the End of Comedy, Instruction; for personal Defects cannot be amended, and the exposing such, can never divert any but half-witted Men. It cannot fail to bring a thinking Man to reflect upon the Misery of human Nature, and into what he may fall himself, without any Fault of his own. *Thirdly*, The Play has two Characters which have nothing to do with the Design of it, which are to be looked upon as Excrescences. *Lastly*, The Character of *Volpone* is inconsistent with itself. *Volpone* is like *Cataline*, *Alieni appetens*, *sui profusus*; but that is only a Double in his Nature, and not an Inconsistence. The Inconsistence of the Character appears in this, that *Volpone*, in the fifth Act, behaves himself like a giddy Coxcomb, in the Conduct of that very Affair, which he managed so craftily in the first four; in which the Poet offends, *first*, against that famed Rule which *Horace* gives for the Characters,

Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ad incepto processerit, & sibi constet.

And

And *secondly*, against Nature, upon which all the Rules are grounded; for so strong an Alteration in so little time, is not in Nature, unless it happens by the Accident of some violent Passion, which is not the Case here. *Volpone*, on the sudden, behaves himself without common Discretion in the Conduct of that very Affair, which he had managed with so much Dexterity for the Space of three Years together. For why does he disguise himself? Or why does he repose the last Confidence in *Mosca?* Why does he cause it to be given out that he is dead? Why only to plague his Bubbles. To plague them for what? Why only for having been his Bubbles. So that here is the greatest Alteration in the World, in the Space of twenty-four Hours, without any apparent Cause. The Design of *Volpone* is to cheat; he has carried on a Cheat for three Years together, with Cunning and with Success; and yet he, on a sudden, in cold Blood, does a thing which he cannot but know must endanger the ruining all, I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

LETTER CLXVI.

To Mr. Congreve.

Dear Sir,

I Will not augment the Trouble which I gave you, by making an Apology for not giving it you sooner. Though I am heartily sorry that I kept such a Trifle as the inclosed, and a Trifle writ extempore, long enough

enough to make you expect a laboured Letter; but because, in the inclosed, I have spoken particularly of *Ben. Johnson's Fox*, I desire to say three or four Words of some of his Plays more generally. The Plots of the *Fox*, the *Silent Woman*, the *Alchymist*, are all of them very artful; but the Intrigues of the *Fox* and the *Alchymist* seem to me to be more dexterously perplexed, than to be happily disentangled. But the *Gordean* Knot, in the *Silent Woman*, is untied with so much Felicity, that that alone may suffice to shew *Ben. Johnson* no ordinary Hero; but then perhaps the *Silent Woman* may want the very Foundation of a good Comedy, which the other two cannot be said to want; for it seems to me to be without a Moral. Upon which Absurdity *Ben Johnson* was driven, by the Singularity of *Morose*'s Character, which is too extravagant for Instruction, and fit, in my Opinion, only for Farce: For this seems to me to constitute the most essential Difference between Farce and Comedy, that the Follies which are exposed in Farce are singular, and those are particular which are exposed in Comedy. These last are those with which some Part of an Audience may be supposed infected, and to which all may be supposed obnoxious; but the first are so very odd, that, by reason of their monstrous Extravagance, they cannot be thought to concern an Audience, and cannot be supposed to instruct them. For the rest of the Characters in these Plays, they are for the most part true, and most of the humorous Characters Masterpieces; For *Ben Johnson*'s Fools seem to shew his Wit a great deal more than his Men of Sense. I admire his Fops, and but barely esteem his Gentlemen. *Ben* seems to draw Deformity more to the Life than Beauty. He is often so eager to pursue Folly, that he forgets to take Wit along with him. For the Dialogue, it seems to want very often that Spirit, that Grace, and that noble Raillery which are to be found in more

modern

modern Plays, and which are Virtues which ought to be inſeparable from a finiſh'd Comedy. But there ſeems to be one thing more wanting than all the reſt, and that is Paſſion; I mean that fine and that delicate Paſſion, by which the Soul ſhews its Politeneſs even in the midſt of its Trouble. Now to touch a Paſſion is the ſureſt way to delight; for nothing agitates like it. Agitation is the Health and Joy of the Soul, of which it is ſo entirely fond, that even then, when we imagine we ſeek Repoſe, we only ſeek Agitation. You know what a famous modern Critic has ſaid of Comedy,

Il faut que ſes Acteurs badinent noblement
Que ſon Noeud bien forme ſe denoue Aiſement
Que l'Action marchant, ou la Raiſon la Guide
Ne ſe perde jamais dans une Scene vuide
Que ſon ſtile humble & doux ſe releve a propos
Que ſes diſcours par tout fertiles en bons Mots
Soient pleins des Paſſions finement manies
Et les Scenes toujours l'une a l'autre lies.

Its Actors muſt trifle nobly, and the
Well-form'd Knot be eaſily unloos'd;
Its Action moving, and Reaſon ſtill its Guide.
Be never loſt within an empty Scene;
Its Stile humble, ſoft, and riſing to the Purpoſe,
Each Diſcourſe in well-choſe Words abounding,
And full of Paſſions, managed with Art,
And every Scene ſtill finely link'd together.

I leave you to make the Application to *Johnſon*------ Whatever I have ſaid myſelf of his Comedies, I ſubmit to your better Judgment; for you who, after Mr. *Wycherley*, are incomparably the beſt Writer of it living, ought to be the beſt Judge too. I am

Yours, &c.

LETTER CLXVII.

To Madam ---------.

Dear Madam,

NOT 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 yours, that they have Charms; by mine, that I have a Heart that 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! it Sweetneſs and its melting Softneſs expreſſed him more. With Trembling in my Limbs, and Fevers in my Soul, I raviſh'd it. Convulſions, Pantings, Murmurings, ſhewed the mighty Diſorder within me; the mighty Diſorder encreaſed by it; for thoſe dear Lips ſhot through my Heart and through my bleeding Vitals delicious Poiſon, and an avoidleſs, but yet a charming, Ruin. What cannot a Day produce? The Night before I thought myſelf a happy Man, in want of nothing, and in faireſt Expectation of Fortune, approved of by Men of Wit, and applauded by others; pleas'd, nay, charm'd with my Friends, my then deareſt Friends, ſenſible of every delicate Pleaſure 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 Crouds I remained in Solitude. Nothing but you can lay hold of my Mind, and that can lay hold of nothing but you. I appear tranſported to ſome foreign Deſart with you, (O, that I were really thus tranſported!) where, abundantly ſupplied with every thing in thee, I might live out an Age of un-

interupted

interrupted Extacy. 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.

I am,

Dear Madam, &c.

LETTER CLXVIII.

To the Same.

THIS I send by the Permission of a severe Father, I will not say a cruel one, since he is yours. What is that he has taken so mortally ill of me? ..t I die for his Daughter is my only Offence; and yet he has refused to let me take even my farewel of you. Thrice happy be the Omen! May I never take my farewel of thee, 'till my Soul takes Leave of my Body: At least he cannot restrain me from loving: No, I will love thee in Spight of all Opposition. Tho' your Friends and mine prove equally averse, yet I will love thee 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 shall

ſupply the Place of them all to me, thou ſhalt be my boſom, my beſt loved, Friend, and at the ſame time, my only Miſtreſs, and my deareſt Wife. Have the Goodneſs to pardon this Familiarity; 'tis the tendereſt Leave, of the faithfulleſt 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 unquiet Days, and every reſtleſs Night; and that terrible Agitation of Mind and Body, which proceed 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 Sons of Reaſon would be but too happy, upon the Loſs of thee; ſince all the Advantage that I could draw from its Preſence, would be, to know myſelf miſerable. But the Time calls upon me, and 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 and 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.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Your &c.

LETTER

LETTER CLXIX.

To the Same.

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, and of which nothing could have made me guilty, but the Fury of a Passion, which none but your lovely self could inspire me with. 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 dear parting Look; let me see you once, before I must never see you more; Christ! I want Patience to support that accursed 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 spight of myself I must always see you; your Form is fixed by Fate in 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 gaz'd on still with Desire, and still have touch'd with Transport; and at which I have so often flown, with all the Fury of the most violent Love. *Jesus*, 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 most 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

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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 is 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 eternal Leave of you; when I have done that, how easy will it be to bid all the rest of the World adieu?

LETTER CLXX.

To the Same.

THIS is the fourth Letter that I have sent you since I came hither, those which went before it, 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 so much as giving me the least Notice of it. *Christ!* Could you resolve to leave me to Despair and 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

LETTER CLXXI.

To the Same.

Dear Madam,

CAN you be angry ſtill with your poor 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 betwixt your Anger and mine; mine was cauſed by the Cruelty of your ſuppoſed Infidelity, and yours 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 thee. Yet even when I was moſt ſo, I could ſooner have pluck'd out an Eye than have reſolved to have parted with you; nay, I could ſooner have torn out both Eyes, if the Loſs of both would not have for ever deprived me of the dear, the raviſhing Sight of you. 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 Tormentor, is to 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 I can never humble myſelf enough, and never ſuffer enough to deſerve Forgiveneſs. Thus Madam, you have your Revenge in your Power; its a falſe Modeſty that reſtrains you from taking it; in order to it, you have nothing to do, but to prove yourſelf tender, and to ſhew yourſelf ungrateful. If you muſt be aſhamed, bluſh at your Cruelty, bluſh at your Inhumanity: But Gratitude is Reaſon, and Love is Nature; never be

aſhamed

ashamed of those. Do but consider, there was a Time when I was happy in your Esteem; yes, there has been a Time, in which, 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 tyranizes over me.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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