LETTERS

On the most common, as well as important,

OCCASIONS in LIFE,

BY

CICERO,	TEMPLE,
PLINY,	DRYDEN,
VOITURE,	GARTH,
BALZAC,	POPE,
ST. EVREMONT,	GAY,
LOCKE,	SWIFT,
LD LANSDOWNE,	ROWE,

AND

Other WRITERS of distinguish'd Merit;

With many

Original LETTERS and CARDS,

By the EDITOR.

Who has also prefix'd,

A DISSERTATION on the

EPISTOLARY STILE;

With proper DIRECTIONS for addressing Persons of Rank and Eminence.

For the Use of *young Gentlemen* and *Ladies*.

LONDON: Printed for J. NEWBERY, in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1756.

TO THE

PARENTS, GUARDIANS,

AND

GOVERNESSES

IN

Great Britain and *Ireland*,

THIS

Collection of Letters

Is humbly inſcrib'd

BY

Their moſt obedient Servant,

JOHN NEWBERY.

ON

Epiſtolary Writing.

TO take up the Reader's Time in expatiating on the Neceſſity of teaching Youth to write Letters, would be abſurd and ridiculous; its Uſefulneſs is allowed on all Hands; for *Epiſtolary Writing* enters ſo much into the common Concerns of Life, that there is no doing without it. Our Buſineſs, therefore, is to point out to the Reader the Method by which a Proficiency in this Art may be beſt obtained: And that is, by imitating very frequently, and with due Attention, the Letters of thoſe who have been moſt celebrated and diſtinguiſhed for this Species of Writing. In Conformity to this Opinion, we have ſelected, from our moſt admired Writers, this little Volume, as ſo many Examples for the young Student's Practice and Improvement: Among theſe, he will alſo find original Letters on various Subjects, which

however inferior to the rest in point of Style and Sentiment, will be found useful to the Youth of both Sexes, who may, perhaps, be glad to know how others have handled the Subjects, about which they have occasion to write.

Besides this Book, the young Student would do well to read such Authors as may tend to form his Style, and those especially are to be selected for the Purpose, that are remarkable for their Purity of Language, and elegant Easiness of Expression. We have had several Works of this Kind published lately, which justly deserve the Reader's Consideration, and among the rest, due Regard, I think, should be paid to the Letters that bear the Name of *Fitzosborn*, to those between Mr. *Pope* and his Friends that are written on familiar Subjects, and to the Translations we have lately had of the Epistles of *Cicero and Pliny*. But above all, let me recommend the *Spectators* to his frequent Perusal.

Ease, Elegance, Perspicuity and Correctness are admirably blended in the Essays of Mr. *Addison*; and, after reading this little Book, and those I have mentioned, nothing, perhaps, can be recommended

mended to young Persons, that is so likely to polish their Style, as his Pieces that are scattered through the several Volumes of the *Spectators*, and marked at the Bottom with some one of these Letters---C. L. I. O. There is a Happiness in Mr. *Addison*'s Manner, that is not to be described, but which, perhaps, may be attained, by making him your constant Companion.

Those who keep polite Company acquire, as it were naturally, an Air of Politeness. They speak correctly, and with a becoming Boldness, Ease and Freedom: And so it is in Writing; those who constantly read polite, correct, and elegant Authors, will acquire, not only their Manner of Expression, but, in some Measure their Manner of thinking; and notwithstanding the numerous Tracts that have been written on *Style*, there is in reality no acquiring a good one, by any Rules whatever, nor is it to be obtained in any other Manner, than by conversing with polite Company, who speak correctly, and by frequently reading the best Authors. Read, therefore, Mr. *Addison* again and again; make him your

constant Companion; and never leave him, till you have obtained a due Portion of his Elegance and Ease. And though some of his Essays, those especially on the Pleasures of Imagination, and the Subject of Criticism, are wrote in a more elevated Style, than the Familiarity of an Epistle will admit of, yet there are others in Abundance, which, though replete with Character, and charged with the Manners and Humours of Mankind, are nevertheless as familiar and easy, as if wrote from one Friend to another, about any Matter of the least Concern. The following Account of the Behaviour of Sir *Roger de Coverly* at Church, is, I think, a Proof of what I have asserted, and may serve as an Example of his Manner of Writing.

" I am always very well pleased with a Country *Sunday*, and think, if keeping holy the seventh Day were only a human Institution, it would be the best Method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of Mankind. It is certain, the Country People would soon degenerate into a Kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not such frequent Re-

Returns of a stated Time, in which the whole Village meet together with their best Faces and in their cleanliest Habits, to converse with one another, upon different Subjects, hear their Duties explained to them, and join together in Adoration of the Supreme Being. *Sunday* clears away the Rust of the whole Week, not only as it refreshes in their Minds the Notions of Religion, but as it puts both the Sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable Forms, and exerting all such Qualities as are apt to give them a Figure in the Eye of the Village. A Country Fellow distinguishes himself as much in the *Church-yard*, as a Citizen does upon the *Exchange*, the whole Parish-Politicks being generally discussed in that Place, either after Sermon, or before the Bell rings.

" My Friend Sir Roger, being a good Churchman, has beautified the Inside of his Church, with several Texts of his own chusing. He has likewise given an handsome Pulpit-Cloth, and railed in the Communion-Table at his own Expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his Estate, he found his Parishioners very

irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the Responses, he gave every one of them a Hassock and a Common-prayer-book: And at the same Time employed an itinerant Singing-Master, who goes about the Country for that Purpose, to instruct them rightly in the Tunes of the Psalms: Upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the Country Churches that I have ever heard."

"As Sir ROGER is Landlord to the whole Congregation, he keeps them in very good Order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprized into a short Nap at Sermon, upon recovering out of it, he stands up, and looks about him, and if he sees any Body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his Servants to them. Several other of the old Knight's Particularities break out upon these Occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a Verse in the Singing-Psalms, half a Minute after the rest of the Congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the Matter of his Devotion

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he pronounces *Amen*, three or four Times to the same Prayer; and sometimes stands up, when every Body else is upon their Knees, to count the Congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing. I was yesterday, very much surprized, to hear my old Friend, in the Midst of the Service, calling out to one *John Matthews*, to mind what he was about, and not disturb the Congregation. This *John Matthews*, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle Fellow, and, at that Time, was kicking his Heels for his Diversion. This Authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd Manner which accompanies him in all Circumstances of Life, has a very good Effect upon the Parish, who are not polite enough to see any Thing ridiculous in his Behaviour; besides that, the general good Sense, and Worthiness of his Character, makes his Friends observe these little Singularities, as Foils that rather set off, than blemish his good Qualities.

" As soon as the Sermon is finished, no Body presumes to stir, till Sir ROGER is gone out of the Church. The Knight walks down from his Seat in the Chancel, be-

between a double Row of his Tenants, that stand bowing to him, on each Side; and every now and then, enquires how such a ones Wife, or Mother, or Son, or Father do, whom he does not see at Church; which is understood as a secret Reprimand to the Person that is absent. The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising Day, when Sir ROGER has been pleased with a Boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him, next Day, for his Encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a Flitch of Bacon to his Mother. Sir ROGER has likewise added five Pounds a Year to the Clerk's Place; and that he may encourage the young Fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church-Service, has promised, upon the Death of the present Incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to Merit. The fair Understanding between Sir ROGER and his Chaplain, and their mutual Concurrences in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next Village is famous for the Differences and Contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live

live in a perpetual State of War. The Parson is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire, to be revenged on the Parson, never comes to Church. The 'Squire has made all his Tenants Atheists and Tithe-Stealers: whilst the Parson instructs them every *Sunday*, in the Dignity of his Order, and insinuates to them, in almost every Sermon, that he is a better Man than his Patron. In short, Matters are come to such an Extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his Prayers, either in public or private, this half Year; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his Manners, to pray for him in the Face of the whole Congregation. Feuds of this Nature, though too frequent in the Country, are very fatal to the ordinary People; who are so used to be dazzled with Riches, that they pay as much Deference to the Understanding of a Man of an Estate, as of a Man of Learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any Truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several Men of five hundred a Year, who do not believe it."

Now

Now, though there is Character, Humour, and a Knowledge of Mankind displayed in this Piece, yet every Thing is easy and elegant, gentle and familiar, nor is there a figurative Expression in the whole Essay, except *clearing away the Rust of the Week*, and *giving them a Figure in the Eye of the Village*; and those are so aptly applied, and fall in so naturally with the Subject, that the Sense is as evident, even to an illiterate Person, as if it was conveyed in a downright Country Phrase.

But Figures are not wholly to be excluded from Epistles any more than from *Conversation*. For they are a Sort of Coin, without which, the Commerce of Conversation, either literary or verbal, cannot be carried on. The most ignorant People make use of Figures (though unknowingly) in their Intercourse with each other, and very often, those of the most dignified Kind. Figures are the Language of the Heart. They are a Sort of Wings, with which Nature has furnished the Passions to convey themselves the more forcibly, and are therefore not to be so scrupulously avoided, as the Critics have insinuated: For

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the Language of Nature can never be unnatural.

The Objection they would make seems to lie here. *Epistolary Writing* should be as much as possible, like Conversation; for 'tis supposed you are writing those very Sentiments to an absent Person, cloathed in the same, or nearly the same Language, in which you would deliver them if he was present. Whence it will follow, that the Style of a Letter, if natural, must depend on the Disposition of Mind the Writer is in, and the Subject he is upon.

Was I writing to a Man, in the Height of Passion, who had done me a great Injury, nobody, I suppose, would condemn my Letter as unnatural, because it contained some figurative Expressions, which Nature herself had there imprinted to express the violent Agitation of my Mind. Nor would a Merchant, deeply in Love, be condemned, for not writing to his Mistress in the same easy, unaffecting Strain, as he wrote to his Correspondent for a few Bales of Goods: Since, if the Mistress and Correspondent were both

pre-

sent, they would be addressed in a very different Manner, and with a Style not altogether similar.

But when we are told that *Epistolary Writing* should be like Conversation, we are not to suppose that it is the Conversation of the illiterate and vulgar, but as much as possible, like that of the learned and polite; for it would be inverting the Order of Things, and debasing human Nature, to make the Gentleman and Scholar speak and write like the Ploughman.

Some Critics, while they are intent on leading others, *mislead* themselves. Instead of setting up Nature as a Standard, they pervert her Order, and change her Course. Things with them must have a perpetual Sameness, and Nature is to buckle to the sturdy Precepts of *Aristotle* and his Followers. What a Clamour have we had about what constitutes a perfect Tragedy, and what Invectives have been thrown out against the Tragic-Comedies of *Shakespeare* and others? When, after all, if you consult Nature, she will tell you, that these last are the most perfect Pictures of human Life; for we ve-

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ry often hear the Servants merry, when their Masters are sad, and see the Parlour in Tears, while Gambols are going forward in the Kitchen. And in a State divided by Parties, this will always be the Case; for the Downfal of one, will prove the Exaltation of the other. This, however, by way of Digression---We shall now return to our Subject, give the young Student a few general Rules, and conclude.

We have already observed, that Letter-Writing is but a Sort of literary Conversation, and that you are to write to the Person absent, in the Manner you would speak to him, if present. The best and only Way to do this, and to avoid being unnatural and affected, is, for the Writer, after he has duly considered the Subject he is upon, and formed the Letter in his Mind, to sit down and write it immediately, in the Words that Nature dictates to him, neither hunting after elegant Phrases, nor rejecting them, if they naturally occur. They mistake, who suppose that Perspicuity depends on Expression only; 'tis rather a Character of the Thought; for he who thinks clearly, will generally write so; but if

if there be a Confusion in the Head, Perspicuity will never flow from the Pen. Accustom yourself, therefore, to think justly, and then let your Words follow one another from the Pen, as they would from your Tongue, if you were speaking upon some Subject, with which you were perfectly well acquainted, and to a Person, whose Abilities you thought not superior to your own. This Sort of Confidence prevents the Mind from being disturbed by that Diffidence which generally attends Men of Merit, and which often obscures and envelops the rich Talents they possess: For what is done with Pain, is seldom done with Grace.

Though you ought to write down your Thoughts in the first Words that occur, I would not have you neglect a careful Revisal of them, when the whole Letter is finished. I say, when your Letter is finished; because, was you to attempt this sooner, and offer to substitute one Word for another, or vary the Phrase in the Course of your Writing, you would probably break in upon your Thought, lose the Beauty of your Sentence, and make

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that stiff, affected and obscure, that would be otherwise, natural, easy, and clear. But when you have thus penned down your Thoughts, it would be Injustice to yourself, and an Affront to the Person you address, not to revise the Language, and make what Alterations are necessary. If your Correspondent is a Person of Underderstanding, he will not be displeased with an Erasement, and if there should be too many (which cannot be the Case, if you accustom yourself to this regular Manner of deliberately thinking and writing) you may then transcribe your Letter, and send a fair Copy, which is better than exposing yourself, and affronting your Friend, by offering him a Bundle of Inaccuracies.

But as I have already observed, there is no obtaining a natural, easy Style, and a graceful Manner, either of Writing or Speaking, but by Practice; Custom overcomes many Difficulties---The young Student, therefore, should in this, imitate the Rules laid down by the most eminent Painters, and both read and write something every Day, till he has acquired a

Proficiency in the Art. Nor need he ev
be afraid of writing too well, if wh
he writes is natural, and to the Pu
pose. The Observations of a certain emi
nent Author, *That Letters which pass be
tween familiar Friends, if written as th
should be, can scarce ever be fit to see t
Light*, will, upon Examination, be foun
erroneous; for we daily hear Gentleme
speak correctly and elegantly in Compan
upon almost any Subject, without the Ap
pearance of Affectation; and is it any Mat
ter of Wonder, that Men of great Abilitie
should write in that Manner? In short, bot
Speaking and Writing, if a Man is no
over-diffident, and has the requisite Ta
lents, may be acquired by Practice, founde
upon a few good Rules, to a greater De
gree of Perfection, and with more Ea
than is generally imagined.

With regard to the Manner, Form
and Superscription of Letters, the follow
ing Rules may be observed.

When you write to a Person of Con
sequence, let it be on gilt Paper, and in
close it in a Cover, and not writ
the Superscription on the Letter itself

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unless it be to go by the Post, in which Case, it will be necessary to save Expence.

Begin your Letter at a good Distance from the Top of the Paper, and if you have Compliments to send to any of the Family, or to your Correspondent's Friends, insert them in the Body of the Letter, and not in the Postcript, as is too frequently done; for the placing of them there, betrays an Inattention to your Friends, and intimates that you had almost forgot them.

It is usual with polite People, to sign their Names at a considerable Distance from the Bottom of their Letter, which is a needless and useless Compliment; and as it may expose the Writer to some Difficulties, I would have him avoid it, and sign his Name immediately under, and nearly close to the latter Part of the Letter; for when it is set at so great a Distance, if the Paper should fall into bad Hands, that Part may be taken off, and a promissory Note wrote over the Name, and the Person obliged to pay it: For the Hand-Writing can be proved,

which supposes the Value received; and who in this Case, can prove a Negative? This Caution may likewise serve for Members of Parliament, who frank Letters for their Friends.

The first Letter in any Title, as also the personal Pronoun, if you are writing to any one of Eminence and Distinction, should begin with a Capital.

You should not be too particular in the Superscription of your Letters, to those who are well known, for it is in some Measure, an Affront, as it supposes the Person not to be conspicuous.

Never add an inferior Title after one that is more dignifying---As for Instance, if a Person is honourable by his Office and not a Nobleman, direct thus. *To the honourable Mr.* Johnson; and not *To the honourable* Thomas Johnson, *Esq*; as is often ridiculously done.

These Rules, I thought proper to fix to the Terms of Address, as they have not hitherto been taken notice of in any Book that I have seen. The following are what are generally inserted in

Book

Books of this Kind, which, therefore, are here placed in the usual Form.

How to address Persons of Distinction, either in Writing or Discourse.

To the ROYAL FAMILY.

To the King's most excellent Majesty, *Sir*, or, *may it please your Majesty.*

To his royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, *Sir*, or, *may it please your royal Highness.*

In the same Manner, to the rest of the royal Family; altering the Addresses according to the different Rank and Degrees of Dignity.

To the Nobility.

To his Grace A. Duke of S, *my Lord Duke*, or, *may it please your Grace*, or, *your Grace.*

To the most noble G. Lord Marquis of H. *my Lord Marquis, your Lordship's.*

To the Right Hon. A. Earl of B. *my Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Hon. C. Lord Viscount D. *my Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Hon. E. Lord F. *my Lord, your Lordship.*

The *Ladies* are addressed according to the Rank of their Husbands.

The Sons of Dukes, Marquisses, and the eldest Sons of Earls, have by Courtesy of England, the Title of *Lord*, and *right honourable*; and the Title of *Lady* is given to their Daughters.

The younger Sons of Earls, the Sons of Viscounts and Barons, are stiled *Esquires* and *honourable*, and all their Daughters *honourable*.

The Title of *honourable* is likewise conferred on certain Persons who have the King's Commission, and upon those Gentlemen who enjoy Places of Trust and Honour.

The Title of *right honourable* is given to no Commoners, excepting those who are Members of his Majesty's most honourable Privy-Council, and the three Lord Mayors of *London*, *York*, and *Dublin*, and the Lord Provost of *Edinburgh*, during their Office.

To the Parliament.

To the right honourable the Lords spiritual and temporal, in Parliament assembled, *my Lords*, or, *may it may it please your Lordships*.

To the right honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses in Parliament assembled *Gentlemen*, or, *may it please your Honours*.

To *the right honourable* C. D. Speaker of the House of Commons, who is generally one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, *Sir*.

To the Clergy.

To the most reverend Father in God Thomas, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, *my Lord*, or, *your Grace*.

To the right reverend Father in God W. Lord Bishop of S. *my Lord*.

To

To the right reverend Lord Bishop of G. Lord Almoner to his Majesty, *my Lord.*

To the reverend A. B. D. D. Dean of C. or Archdeacon or Chancellor of D. or Prebendary, &c. *Mr. Dean, &c. reverend Sir,* &c.

All Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Lecturers, and Clergymen of all Denominations, are stiled *reverend.*

To the Officers of his Majesty's Houshold.

They are for the most part addressed according to their Rank and Quality, though sometimes agreeable to the Nature of their Office, as *my Lord Steward, my Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Vice-Chamberlain,* &c. and in all Superscriptions of Letters, which relate to Gentlemens Employments, their Stile of Office should never be omitted.

To the Commissioners and Officers of the civil Lists.

To the right honourable R. Earl of G. Lord Privy-Seal—Lord President of the Council—Lord great Chamberlain—Earl Marshal of England, his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, &c. *my Lord, your Lordship.*

To the right honourable the Lords Commissioners—of the Admiralty—of the Treasury—of Trade and Plantations, &c. *my Lords, your Lordships.*

Thu

The Commissioners of the *Customs, Excise, Stamp-Office, Salt-Duty, Navy,* &c. must be stiled *honourable*; and if any of them are privy Counsellors, 'tis usual to stile them collectively *right honourable, Sir, your Honour.*

To the Soldiers and Navy.

In the Array, all Noblemen are stiled according to their Rank, to which is added their Employ.

To the honourable A. B. Lieutenant General—Major-General—Brigadier-General of his Majesty's Forces, *Sir, your Honour.*

To the right honourable J. Earl of S. Captain of his Majesty's first Troop of Horse-Guards—Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, Band of Yeomen of the Guards, &c. *my Lord, your Lordship.*

All Colonels are stiled *honourable*; all Inferior Officers should have the Names of their Employments set first; as for Example, to Major W. C. to Captain T. H. &c.

In the *Navy*, all Admirals are stiled *honourable*, and Noblemen according to Quality and Office. The other Officers as in the Army.

To the Judges and Lawyers.

All Judges, if privy Counsellors, are stiled *right honourable*; as for Instance.

To the right honourable A B. Lord high Chancellor of Great Britain, *my Lord, your Lordship.*

To the right honourable P. V. Master of the Rolls, *Sir, your Honour.*

To the right honourable Sir G. L. Lord chief Justice of the King's Bench, or of the Common Pleas, *my Lord, your Lordship.*

To the honourable A. B. Lord chief Baron, *Sir*, or, *may it please you, Sir.*

To the honourable A. D. one of the Justices, *Sir*, or, *may it please you, Sir.*

To Sir R. D. his Majesty's Attorney—Solicitor—or Advocate-general, *Sir.*

All others in the Law, according to the Offices and Rank they bear, every Barrister having the Title of *Esquire* given him.

Of the Lieutenancy and Magistracy.

To the right honourable G. Earl of C. Lord Lieutenant and *Custos Rotulorum* of the County of *Durham*; *my Lord, your Lordship.*

To the right honourable D. C. Knight, Lord Mayor of the City of *London, my Lord, your Lordship.*

All Gentlemen in the Commission of the Peace, have the Title of *Esq*; and *worshipful*, as have also all Sheriffs and Recorders.

The Aldermen and Recorder of *London*, are stiled *right worshipful*; as are all Mayors of Corporations, except Lord Mayors.

To

To P. S. Esq; High Sheriff of the County of Y, *Sir, your Worship.*

To the right worshipful E. F. Esq; Alderman of Tower Ward, *London; Sir, your Worship.*

To the right worshipful C. D. Recorder of the City of *London*, &c. *Sir, your Worship.*

The *Governors* of *Hospitals, Colleges*, &c. which consist of *Magistrates*, or have any such among them, are stiled *right worshipful*, or *worshipful*, as their Titles allow.

To the Governors under the Crown.

To the right honourable C. Earl of D. Governor of *Dover Castle*, &c. *my Lord, your Lordship.*

The second Governors of Colonies appointed by the King, are called Lieutenant Governors.

Those appointed by Proprietors, as the East India Company, &c. are stiled deputy Governors.

To Sir C. D. Baronet at E. *Sir.*

To Sir W. H. at G. Surry, *Sir.*

To T. Y. Esq; at *Wickham, Sir.*

N. B. The Wives of *Baronets* and *Knights* are styled *Ladies.*

P. S. *Besides the Books I have already mentioned, the Reader would do well to peruse two other Volumes, lately published; the one entitled,* Letters to and for particular Friends; *and the other,* Familiar Letters on various Subjects.

CONTENTS

CONTENTS.

SErvius Sulpicius *to* Cicero. *On the Death of his Daughter*, p. 1.
Cato *to* Cicero. *On public Affairs.* 8
Cicero's *Answer to* Marcus Cato 10
Pliny *to* Tacitus. *On the Eruption of Mount* Vesuvius. 12
Pliny *to* Titianus, 20
Pliny *to* Maximus. *Recommending a Friend*, ibid
Pliny *to* Hispulla. . *In Praise of his Wife*, 22
Pliny *to* Catilius. *On Temperance*, &c. 24
Pliny *to his Friend* Ferox, 25
Voiture *to Mons.* de Lionne *at* Rome, ibid
Voiture *to the Duke of* Anguien, 27
Balzac *to Madame* de la Chetardie, 30
Balzac *to the Mayor of* Angouleme, 32
St. Evermond *to Madam* *** 34
St. Evremont *to Madam* *** 36
St. Evremont *to the Dutchess of* Mazarin, 38
St Evremont *to the Count* de Lionne, 39
Mr. Locke *to Mr.* Mollyneux, 41
To the same, 44
Mr. Molyneux *to Mr.* Locke, *after his Return to* Dublin, 47
Mr. Locke's *Answer to Mr.* Molyneux, 48
Mr. Locke *to Mr.* Burridge. *On the Death of Mr.* Molyneux, 50
Mr. Locke *to the Lady* Calverly, 51
Mr. Locke *to* Anthony Collins, *Esq*; 56

To

To the same. On the Love of Truth, 57
To the same. On Friendship. 59
To the same. On his Friendship and Company, 61
To the same, directed thus: For Anthony Collins, *Esq; to be delivered to him after my Decease.* 64
Earl of Rochester *to the hon.* Henry Saville, 65
To the same, 67
Earl of Rochester, *to Mrs.——— on Love* 68
To the same. ibid
To the same. 69
Sir William Temple *to Mr. Sidney,* ibid
Sir William Temple *to* Lord Arlington, 72
Sir Wm Temple *to the Bishop of* Rochester. 75
Sir William Temple *to Sir* John Temple. *Giving an Account of his fatiguing Journey, with a Commission to the Bishop of* Munster, 77
Dr. Garth *to* Anthony Henley *Esq;* 94
To Dr. Garth, *from a Patient he had cured,* 95
To Philotes, *On Portrait-painting,* 97
To the same. On Tunbridge-Wells 102
To Cleora, 105
To Orontes. *On relieving the distressed,* 106
Mr. Dryden *to Mr.* Dennis, *on Poetry,* 108
A Character of Mr. Wycherley, 115
Ann Boleyn's *last Letter to* Henry VIII, 119
Sir Walter Raleigh *to Prince* Henry, 122
Charles I. *to the Earl of* Strafford, 126
Earl of Strafford *to his Son,* ibid
Charles II. *to the Duke of* York, *in his Exile,* 130

Queen

CONTENTS.

Queen Anne *to the Duke of* Marlborough, *after the Victory of* Oudenarde, 131
Duke of Marlborough *to Queen* Anne, 132
Mons. de Colletier *to Mad.* de Choux, 134
To a Friend, under the Apprehensions of Death, 135
To Colonel R***'s. *From his Wife on her Death-Bed,* 137
To Miss Pemberton, *on her Sister's Death,* 140
Mrs Rowe, *to the Countess of* Hertford. *Written the Day before her Death,* 143
Laura *to* Aurelia. *On the Diversions of the Town,* 146
To Miss W***, *advising her to take care of her House,* 149
From Mr. Addison, *to*—Montague, *Esq;* 153
Miss *** *to Lady* ***, 155
To Miss Vokes. *A Description of a Ball,* 157
To Miss Paget. *On a fanciful Aunt,* 163
Miss Evelyn. *On Troubles in high Life,* 168
Miss Evelyn *to Lady* Evelyn, 170
Mr. Wycherly *to Mr.* Pope. *On Friendship.* 174
From the same, 176
Mr. Walsh *to Mr.* Pope. *On his Pastorals,* 179
Mr. Pope *to Mr.* Cromwell. *On Country Affairs,* 182
Mr. Pope *to Mr.* Cromwell. *About nothing,* 184
Mr. Pope *to Mr.* Cromwell. *On* Ulysses's *Dog,* 185
Mr. Pope *to a Lady,* 191
Sir William Trumbull *to Mr.* Pope. *On his* Rape of the Lock, 194

Mr.

Mr. Pope *to Lord* Lansdown, 197
Mr. Pope *to Mr.* Steel. *On Sickness and Death,* 198
Dean Berkley *to Mr.* Pope, 201
Earl of Oxford *to Mr.* Pope, 206
Mr. Blount *to Mr.* Pope. *On the Rebellion in* 1715. 207
From the same. On the Death of his Father, 209
Mr. Pope *to* Edw. Blount, *Esq; On his Grotto, &c.* 211
Mr. Pope *to the Bishop of* Rochester, 214
The Bishop of Rochester to *Mr.* Pope. *On the Death of his Daughter,* 217
Mr. Gay *to Mr.* F***. *Account of* John Hewet *and* Sarah Drew *(two Lovers) who were struck dead by Lightening, at Harvest-Work,* 221
Dr. Swift *to the Earl of* Peterborough, 225
Earl of Peterborough *to Mr.* Pope, 227
Lord Bolingbroke *to Dr.* Swift, 229
Dr. Swift *to Lord* Bolingbroke, 234
Mr. Pope *to Dr.* Swift. *On Lord* Bolingbroke's *Farm,* 239
Lord Bolingbroke *to Dr.* Swift, 241
Dr. Swift *to Mr.* Gay, 243
A Postscript to the Dutchess of Queensberry, 246
Dr. Swift *to Mr.* Gay, 243
Postscript to the Dutchess of Queensberry, 250
To the Hon. Mr. Granville, *from his Son,* 253
To the Earl of Bath, *on Treason, Tyranny, &c.* 256
To the same. On Humanity, Generosity, &c. 263

To

To Mr. Granville. *On his taking holy Orders,* 268
From a Mother to her Son at School, 271
The Son's Answer, 272
To Master Burges, *on his undutiful Behaviour to his Mother,* ibid
Master Burges *to Mrs.* Nicholson, 275
Master Burges *to his Mother,* ibid
Mrs. Burges *to Master* Burges, 276
Mr. Arlington *to Miss* Serle, 277
Mr. Stephenson *to Mr.* Arlington, 278
To the Duke——From an humble Petitioner, 279
His Grace's Answer, 280
From an Officer's Wife to a Brother, 281
From a Lady to a Maid-servant. An useful Lesson to all Persons in that State of Life, 283
From Merchants abroad to their Friends in England, 287
From the same, 288
A Merchant to a Tradesman under Misfortunes, 289
An elder to a younger Brother. On his Extravagance, 293
From a Guardian to his Ward, on his irregular Life, 295
An Apprentice to his Master in the Country, 299
A Tradesman to his Correspondent, requesting Payment of a Sum of Money, 300
The Answer. 301
A Father to his Son at the University, 302
From a Lady to her Daughter, 305

From

From the Marquis de Montesque, *on reading History*, 31
From a young Man to the Father of a young Lady, 31
The Answer, 31
A young Gentleman to a Lady of superior Fortune, 31
The Answer, by a Friend of the Lady, 31
From a Gentleman, who had seen a Lady in publick, to her Mother, 31
The Answer. 31
The Gentleman's Reply. 32
A Lady to her Father, on a Proposal of Marriage, 32
The Father's Answer, 32
A Maid Servant to her Father on the Same, 327
The Father's Answer, 328
To a Lady on her Inconstancy, 331
The Lady's Answer 332
To a Daughter, jealous of her Husband, 334
To a Gentleman, jealous of his Wife, 336
His Answer, 338
The Wife to her Husband, on the same, 340
On sudden Intimacies, 341
To a Lady who kept bad Company, 343
Cards of Compliment, &c. 345
To a Wife, who lived unhappily with her Husband, 348
On the Earthquake at Lisbon, 351

LETTERS

On the most common, as well as important,

OCCASIONS in LIFE.

SERVIUS SULPICIUS *to* CICERO.

I Received the News of your Daughter's Death with all the Concern it so justly deserves: and indeed I cannot but consider it as a Misfortune in which I bear an equal Share with yourself. If I had been near you when this fatal Accident happened, I should not only have mingled my Tears with yours, but assisted you with all the Consolation in my Power. I am sensible at the same Time, that Offices of this Kind afford at best but a wretched Relief: For as none are qualified to perform them, but those who stand near to us by the Ties either of Blood or Affection, such Persons are generally too much afflicted themselves, to be capable of admini-

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ſtring Comfort to others. Nevertheleſs I thought proper to ſuggeſt a few Reflections, which occurred to me upon this Occaſion: not as imagining they would be new to you, but believing that in your preſent Diſcompoſure of Mind they might poſſibly have eſcaped your Attention. Tell me then, my Friend, wherefore do you indulge this Exceſs of Sorrow? Reflect, I intreat you, in what Manner Fortune has dealt with every one of us: that ſhe has deprived us of what ought to be no leſs dear than our Children, and overwhelmed in one general Ruin our Honours, our Liberties, and our Country. And after theſe Loſſes, is it poſſible that any other ſhould increaſe our Tears? Is it poſſible that a Mind long exerciſed in Calamities ſo truly ſevere, ſhould not become totally callous, and indifferent to every Event? But you will tell me, perhaps, that your Grief ariſes not ſo much on your own Account, as on that of *Tullia*. Yet ſurely you muſt often, as well as myſelf, have had Occaſion in theſe wretched Times to reflect that their Condition by no means deſerves to be regretted, whom Death has gently removed from this unhappy Scene.

What is there, let me aſk, in the preſent Circumſtances of our Country, that could have rendered Life greatly deſirable to your Daughter? What pleaſing Hopes, what agreeable Views, what rational Satisfaction could ſhe poſſibly have propoſed to herſelf from a more extended Period? Was it in the Proſpect of conjugal Happineſs in the Society of ſome diſtinguiſhed Youth? As if, indeed, you could have found a Son-in-law amongſt our preſent Set of young Men, worthy of being intruſted with the Care of your Daughter! Or was it in the Expectation of being the joyful Mother of a flouriſhing Race, who might poſſeſs their Patrimony with Independence, who might gradually riſe thro' the ſeveral Dignities of the State, and exert the Liberty to which they were born in the Service and Defence of their Friends and Country? But is there one amongſt all theſe deſirable Privileges, of which we were not deprived before ſhe was in a Capacity of tranſmitting them to her Deſcendants? Yet, after all, you may ſtill alledge, perhaps, that the Loſs of our Children is a ſevere Affliction: and unqueſtionably it would be ſo, if it were not a

much greater to see them alive to endure those Indignities which their Parents suffer.

I lately fell into a Reflection, which, as it afforded great Relief to the Disquietude of my own Heart, may possibly contribute likewise to assuage the Anguish of yours. In my Return out of *Asia*, as I was sailing from *Ægina* towards *Megara*, I amused myself with contemplating the circumjacent Countries. Behind me lay *Ægina*, before me *Megara*; on my Right I saw *Piræeus*, and on my Left *Corinth*. These Cities, once so flourishing and magnificent, now represented nothing to my View but a sad Spectacle of Desolation.

" Alas! (I said to myself) shall such a
" short-lived Creature as Man complain,
" when one of his Species falls either by
" the Hand of Violence, or by the common
" Course of Nature, whilst in this narrow
" Compass so many great and glorious Ci-
" ties, formed for a much longer Duration,
" thus lie extended in Ruins? Remember
" then, O my Heart! the general Lot to
" which Man is born: and let that Thought
" suppress thy unreasonable Murmurs."

Believe me, I found my Mind greatly re-

freshed

freshed and comforted by these Reflections. Let me advise you in the same Manner to represent to yourself, what Numbers of our illustrious Countrymen have lately been cut off at once, how much the Strength of the *Roman* Republick is impaired, and what dreadful Devastation has gone forth throughout all its Provinces! And can you, with the Impression of these greater Calamities upon your Mind, be so immoderately afflicted for the Loss of one single Individual, a poor, little, tender Woman? who, if she had not died at this Time, must in a few fleeting Years more have inevitably undergone that common Fate to which she was born. Reasonable however as these Reflections are, I would call you from them awhile, in order to lead your Thoughts to others more peculiarly suitable to your Circumstances and Character. Remember then, that your Daughter lived as long as Life was worth possessing, that is, till Liberty was no more; that she lived to see you in the illustrious Offices of Prætor, Consul, and Augur; to be married to some of the noblest Youths in *Rome*; to be blest with almost every valuable Enjoyment; and

at length to expire with the Republic itself. Tell me now, What is there in this View of her Fate, that could give either her or yourself just Reason to complain? In fine, do not forget that you are *Cicero*; the wise, the philosophical *Cicero*, who were wont to give Advice to others: nor resemble those unskilful Empirics, who at the same Time that they pretend to be furnished with Remedies for other Men's Disorders, are altogether incapable of finding a Cure for their own. On the contrary, apply to your private Use those judicious Precepts you have administred to the Public. Time necessarily weakens the strongest Impressions of Sorrow: but it would be a Reproach to your Character not to anticipate this its certain Effect, by the Force of your own good Sense and Judgment. If the Dead retain any Consciousness of what is here transacted, your Daughter's Affection, I am sure, was such both to you and to all her Relations, that she can by no Means desire you should abandon yourself to this Excess of Grief. Restrain it then, I conjure you, for her Sake, and for the Sake of the rest of your Family and Friends, who lament

to

to see you thus afflicted. Restrain it too, I beseech you, for the Sake of your Country, that whenever the Opportunity shall serve, it may reap the Benefit of your Counsels and Assistance. In short, since such is our Fortune that we must necessarily submit to the present System of public Affairs, suffer it not to be suspected, that it is not so much the Death of your Daughter, as the Fate of the Republic, and the Success of our Victors, that you deplore. But it would be Ill-manners to dwell any longer upon this Subject, as I should seem to question the Efficacy of your own good Sense. I will only add, therefore, that as we have often seen you bear Prosperity in the noblest Manner, and with the highest Applause, shew us likewise that you are not too sensible of Adversity, but know how to support it with the same Advantage to your Character. In a word, let it not be said, that Fortitude is the single Virtue to which my Friend is a Stranger. As for what concerns myself, I will send you an Account of the State of this Province, and of what is transacting in this Part of the World, as soon as I shall hear that you are

sufficiently composed to receive the Information. Farewel.

MARCUS CATO *to* CICERO.

THE Affection I bear both to you and to the Republic, induces me very sincerely to rejoice in finding that you exercise the same Integrity and Vigilance in the Conduct of our Armies abroad, as distinguished your Administration of our most important Affairs at home. I have therefore paid your Actions that Honour which was most consistent with my Judgment: And in speaking to this question before the Senate, as well as afterwards, when I assisted in drawing up the Decree that has pass'd in your Favour, I applauded the Probity and Prudence with which you have protected your Province, preserved the Crown and Person of *Ariobarzanes*, and conciliated the Affections of our Allies in general. If you rather chuse, however, that we should ascribe to the Gods those Advantages which the Republic has gained entirely by your own consummate Wisdom and Generosity; I am glad the

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Senate has passed a Decree for that Purpose. But if you are willing that Fortune should have the Credit of your Actions, as supposing a public Thanksgiving necessarily opens your Way to a Triumph, I must observe, that the latter is not always a Consequence of the former: Yet, granting it were, is it not far more to the Honour of a General, to have it declared by a Vote of the Senate that he preserved his Province by the Mildness and Equity of his Administration, than that he owed it either to the Strength of his Troops, or to the peculiar Interposition of Providence? Such at least were my Sentiments when this question came before the House: And if I have employed more Words than usual in explaining them, it was from a Desire of convincing you, that tho' I proposed to the Senate what I thought would be most for the Advantage of your Reputation, I rejoice that they have determined what is most agreeable to your Wishes. I have only to request the Continuance of your Friendship, and to intreat you steadily to persevere in those Paths of Integrity which

you

you have hitherto purſued, both in reſpect to our Allies and the Republic. Farewel.

CICERO *to* MARCUS CATO.

PRAISE from thy Lips 'tis mine with Joy to boaſt:
He beſt can give it that deſerves it moſt;

as *Hector*, I think, ſays to the venerable *Priam* in one of *Nævius*'s Plays. Honourable indeed is that Applauſe, which is beſtowed by thoſe who have themſelves been the conſtant Object of univerſal Approbation. Accordingly, I eſteem the Encomiums you confer'd upon me in the Senate, together with your congratulatory Letter, as a Diſtinction of the higheſt and moſt illuſtrious Kind. Nothing could be more agreeable to my Wiſhes, as nothing could be more glorious for my Reputation, than your having thus freely given to Friendſhip whatever you could ſtrictly give to Truth. Were *Rome* entirely compoſed of *Cato's*, or could it produce many (as it is ſurpriſing it can furniſh even one) of that venerable Character, my Deſires would be amply ſatisfied; and I ſhould prefer

your

your ſingle Approbation to all the Laurels and all the triumphal Cars in the Univerſe. In my own Judgment, indeed, and according to the refined Eſtimate of true Philoſophy, the Compliments you paid me in the Senate, and which have been tranſmitted to me by my Friends, are undoubtedly the moſt ſignificant Diſtinction I can poſſibly receive. I acquainted you in my former Letter, with the particular Motives which induced me to be deſirous (for I will not call it ambitious) of a Triumph: And if the Reaſons I there aſſigned will not, in your Opinion, juſtify a warm Purſuit of that Honour, they muſt prove at leaſt that I ought not to refuſe it, if the Senate ſhould make me the Offer: And I hope that Aſſembly, in Conſideration of my Services in this Province, will not think me undeſerving of a Reward ſo uſually conferred. If I ſhould not be diſappointed in this Hope, my only Requeſt is (what indeed you kindly promiſe) that as you have paid me the Honours you thought moſt to my Glory, you would rejoice in my obtaining thoſe which are moſt to my Inclination; and this Diſpoſition you have already very ſincerely

ſhewn,

ſhewn, not only by your Letter, but by having ſigned the Decree that has paſſed in my Favour. For Decrees of this Kind, I know, are uſually ſubſcribed by thoſe who are moſt in the Intereſt of the Perſon to whoſe Honour they are voted. I will only add, that I hope to ſee you very ſhortly; and may I find the Republic in a happier Situation than I have Reaſon to fear. Farewel.

PLINY *to* TACITUS.

YOUR Requeſt that I would ſend you an Account of my Uncle's Death, in order to tranſmit a more exact Relation of it to Poſterity, deſerves my Acknowledgments; for if this Accident ſhall be celebrated by your Pen, the Glory of it, I am well aſſured, will be rendered for ever illuſtrious. And notwithſtanding he periſhed by a Misfortune, which, as it involved at the ſame Time a moſt beautiful Country in Ruins, and deſtroyed ſo many populous Cities, ſeems to promiſe him an everlaſting Remembrance, and although he has himſelf compoſed many and laſting

Works;

Works; yet, I am perſuaded, the mentioning him in your immortal Writings will greatly contribute to eternize his Name. Happy I eſteem thoſe to be, whom Providence has diſtinguiſhed with the Abilities either of doing ſuch Actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a Manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are thoſe who are bleſſed with both these uncommon Talents: In the Number of which my Uncle, as his own Writings and your Hiſtory will evidently prove, may juſtly be ranked. It is with extreme Willingneſs, therefore, I execute your Commands; and ſhould indeed have claimed the Taſk, if you had not enjoined it. He was at that Time with the Fleet under his Command at *Miſenum*. On the 23d of *Auguſt*, about One in the Afternoon, my Mother deſired him to obſerve a Cloud, which appeared of a very unuſual Size and Shape: He had juſt returned from taking the Benefit of the Sun, and after bathing himſelf in cold Water, and taking a ſlight Repaſt, was retired to his Study: He immediately aroſe and went out upon an Eminence, from whence he might more diſtinctly

distinctly view this very uncommon Appearance. It was not at that Distance discernible from what Mountain this Cloud issued; but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount *Vesuvius*. I cannot give you a more exact Description of its Figure, than by resembling it to that of a Pine-Tree, for it shot up a great Height in the Form of a Trunk, which extended itself at the Top into a sort of Branches occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden Gust of Air that impelled it, the Force of which decreased as it advanced upwards; or the Cloud itself, being pressed back again by its own Weight, expanded in this Manner. It appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with Earth and Cinders. This extraordinary Phænomenon excited my Uncle's philosophical Curiosity to take a nearer View of it. He ordered a light Vessel to be got ready, and gave me the Liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my Studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an Employment of that Kind. As he was coming out of the House he re-

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ceived a Note from *Rectina*, the Wife of *Basius*, who was in the utmost Alarm at the imminent Danger which threatened her; for her Villa being situated at the Foot of Mount *Vesuvius*, there was no Way to escape but by Sea; she earnestly intreated him therefore to come to her Assistance. He accordingly changed his first Design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroical Turn of Mind: He ordered the Gallies to put to Sea, and went himself on board with an Intention of assisting, not only *Rectina*, but several others; (for the Villa's stand extremely thick upon that beautiful Coast) when hastening to the Place from whence others fled with the utmost Terror, he steered his direct Course to the Point of Danger, and with so much Calmness and Presence of Mind, as to be able to make and dictate his Observations upon the Motion and Figure of that dreadful Scene. He was now so near the Mountain, that the Cinders, which grew thicker and hotter, the nearer he approached, fell into the Ships, together with Pumice-Stones and black Pieces of burning Rock: They were likewise in

Danger,

Danger, not only of being aground by the ſudden Retreat of the Sea, but alſo from the vaſt Fragments which roll'd down from the Mountain, and obſtructed all the Shore. Here he ſtopped to conſider whether he ſhould return back again, to which the Pilot adviſed him: Fortune, ſaid he, be friends the Brave, carry me to *Pomponianus*. *Pomponianus* was then at *Stabiæ*, ſeparated by a Gulph, which the Sea, after ſeveral inſenſible Windings, forms upon that Shore: He had already ſent his Baggage on Board; for though he was not at that Time in actual Danger, yet being within the View of it, and indeed extremely near if it ſhould in the leaſt increaſe, he was determined to put to Sea as ſoon as the Wind ſhould change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my Uncle to *Pomponianus*, whom he found in the greateſt Conſternation. He embraced him with Tenderneſs, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his Spirits: And the more to diſſipate his Fears, he ordered, with an Air of Unconcern, the Baths to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he ſat down to Supper with great Chearfulneſs, or at least

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(what is equally heroic) with all the Appearance of it. In the mean while the Eruption from Mount *Vesuvius* flamed out from several Places with much Violence, which the Darkness of the Night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my Uncle, in order to sooth the Apprehensions of his Friend, assured him it was only the burning of the Villages which the Country People had abandoned to the Flames. After this he retired to Rest; and, it is most certain, he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep Sleep; for, being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The Court which led to his Apartment being now almost filled with Stones and Ashes, if he had continued there any Time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his Way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and went to *Pomponianus* and the rest of his Company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to Bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the Houses, which

now shook from Side to Side with frequent and violent Concussions, or fly to the open Fields, where the calcined Stones and Cinders, tho' light indeed, yet fell in large Showers and threatened Destruction. In this Distress they resolved for the Fields, as the less dangerous Situation of the two; A Resolution, which while the rest of the Company were hurried into by their Fears, my Uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate Considerations. They went out then, having Pillows tied upon their Heads with Napkins: And this was their whole Defence against the Storm of Stones that fell round them. Tho' it was now Day everywhere else, with them it was darker than the most obscure Night, excepting only what Light proceeded from the Fire and Flames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the Shore, to observe if they might safely put out to Sea, but they found the Waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my Uncle, having drank a Draught of cold Water, threw himself down upon a Cloth which was spread for him; when immediately the Flames, and a strong Smell of Sulphur, which was the

Fore-

Forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the Company, and obliged him to arise. He raised himself up, with the Assistance of two of his Servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious Vapours, having always had weak Lungs, and frequently subject to a Difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third Day after this melancholy Accident, his Body was found intire, and without any Marks of Violence upon it, exactly in the same Posture that he fell, and looking more like a Man asleep than dead. During all this Time my Mother and I were at *Misenum*. But as this has no Connection with your History, so your Enquiry went no farther than concerning my Uncle's Death; with that therefore I will put an End to my Letter; suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an Eye-witness of myself, or received immediately after the Accident happened, and before there was Time to vary from the Truth. You will chuse out of this Narrative such Circumstances as shall be most suitable to your Purpose; for there

is a great Difference between what is proper for a Letter and an History, between writing to a Friend, and writing to the Public. Farewel.

PLINY *to* TITIANUS.

WHAT are you doing? And what do you propose to do? As for myself, I pass my Life in the most agreeable, that is, in the most disengaged Manner imaginable. I do not find myself, therefore, in the Humour to write a long Letter, tho' I am to read one. I am too much a Man of Pleasure for the former, and just idle enough for the latter; for none are more indolent, you know, than the Voluptuous, or have more Curiosity than those who have nothing to do. Farewel.

PLINY *to* MAXIMUS.

WHAT I should gladly do for any Friend of yours, I think I may now with Confidence request for a Friend of mine. *Arrianus Maturius* is the most considerable Man of this Country; when

I call him ſo, I do not ſpeak with Relation to his Fortune, tho' that is very plentiful, but to his Integrity, Juſtice, Gravity, and Prudence; his Advice is uſeful to me in Buſineſs, and his Judgment in Matters of Learning; his Fidelity, Truth, and good Underſtanding, are very great; beſides this, he loves me as you do, than which I cannot ſay any thing that ſignifies a warmer Affection. He has nothing that's aſpiring, and though he might riſe to the higheſt Order of Nobility, he keeps himſelf in an inferior Rank; yet I think myſelf bound to uſe my Endeavours to ſerve and promote him; and would therefore find the Means of adding ſomething to his Honours, while he neither expects nor knows it, nay, though he ſhould refuſe it. Something, in ſhort, I would have for him that may be honourable, but not troubleſome; and I intreat that you will procure him the firſt Thing of this Kind that offers, by which you will not only oblige me, but him alſo; for though he does not covet it, I know he will be as grateful in acknowledging your Favour as if he had aſked it. Farewel.

PLINY *to* HISPULLA.

AS I remember the great Affection which was between you and your excellent Brother, and know you love his Daughter as your own, so as not only to express the Tenderness of the best of Aunts, but even to supply that of the best of Fathers; I am sure it will be a Pleasure to you to hear that she proves worthy of her Father, worthy of you, and of your and her Ancestors. Her Ingenuity is admirable; her Frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the surest Pledge of her Virtue; and adds to this a wonderful Disposition to Learning, which she has acquired from her Affection to me. She reads my Writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You'd smile to see the Concern she is in when I have a Cause to plead, and the Joy she shews when it is over; she finds Means to have the first News brought her of the Success I meet with in Court, how I am heard, and what Decree is made. If I recite any Thing in publick, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some

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Corner to hear, where with the utmost Delight she feasts upon my Applauses. Sometimes she sings my Verses, and accompanies them with the Lute, without any Master, except Love, the best of Instructors. From these Instances I take the most certain Omens of our perpetual and increasing Happiness; since her Affection is not founded on my Youth and Person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal Part of me, my Glory and Reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who had the Happiness to receive her Education from you, who in your House was accustomed to every Thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your Recommendation. For, as you had always the greatest Respect for my Mother, you were pleased, from my Infancy, to form me, to commend me, and kindly to presage I should be one Day what my Wife fancies I am. Accept, therefore, our united Thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her on me; and hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual Grant of Joy and Felicity.

PLINY *to* CATILIUS.

I Accept of your Invitation to Supper, but I must make this Agreement beforehand, that you dismiss me soon, and treat me frugally. Let our Entertainment abound only in philosophical Conversation, and even that too with Moderation. There are certain Midnight Parties, which *Cato* himself could not safely fall in with; tho' I must confess at the same Time, that *Julius Cæsar*, when he reproaches him upon that Head, exalts the Character he endeavours to expose; for he describes those Persons who met this reeling Patriot, as blushing when they discovered who he was; and adds, You would have thought that *Cato* had detected them, and not they *Cato*. Could he place the Dignity of *Cato* in a stronger Light, than by representing him thus venerable even in his Cups? As for ourselves nevertheless, let Temperance not only bespeak our Table, but regulate our Hours; for we are not arrived at so high a Reputation, that our Enemies cannot censure us but to our Honour. Farewel.

From

From PLINY *to his Friend* FEROX.

YOUR last Letter is a convincing Argument that you study, and that you don't. You'll tell me I talk Riddles to you, and so I do, till I explain to you more distinctly what my Meaning is. In short, the Letter you sent me, shows you did not study for it, so easy and negligent it appears to be; and yet at the same time 'tis so polite, that 'tis impossible that any one should write it, who did not weigh every Word; or else you are certainly the happiest Man in the World, if you can write Letters so just and exact, without Care and Premeditation.

VOITURE *to Mons.* DE LIONNE *at* Rome.

Sir,

THO' no Man treated me so ill at *Rome* as yourself, and I must place to your Account, some of the most disagreeable Hours I passed in all my Travels; yet be assured I never saw any Person in my Life that I had so strong an Inclination to revisit,

revisit, or to whom I would more willingly do the best Services in my Power. It is not very usual to gain a Man's Friendship, at the same time that one ruins his Fortune. This Success, however, you have had, and your Advantage was so much more considerable than mine in all Respects, that I had not the Power to defend myself against you in either of those Instances, but you won both my Money and my Heart at the same Time. If I am so happy as to find a Place in yours, I shall esteem that Acquisition as an Over-balance to all my Losses, and shall look upon myself as greatly a Gainer in the Commerce that passed between us. Tho' your Acquaintance indeed has cost me pretty dear, I do not by any means think I have paid its full Value, and I would willingly part with the same Sum to meet with a Man in *Paris* of as much Merit as yourself. This being the literal Truth, you may be well assured, Sir, that I shall omit nothing in my Power to preserve an Honour I so highly esteem; and that I shall not very easily give up a Friend whom I purchased at so dear a Price. I have accordingly performed every Thing

you

you desired in the Affair about which you wrote to me; as I shall obey you with the same Punctuality in every other Instance that you shall command me. For I am with all the Affection that I ought, Sir,

Yours, *&c.*

VOITURE.

VOITURE *to his Highness the Duke of* Anguien, *on his taking* Dunkirk.

My Lord,

I AM so far from wondering at your taking *Dunkirk*, that I am of Opinion that you could take the Moon by the Teeth, if you once went about it. Nothing can be impossible to you. I am only uneasy as to what I shall say to your Highness on this Occasion, and am thinking by what extraordinary Terms I may bring you to reach my Conceptions of you. Indeed, my Lord, in that Height of Glory to which you have now attained, the Honour of your Favour is a singular Happiness; but it is a troublesome Task to us Writers, who are obliged to congratulate you upon every good Success, to be perpetually on the Hunt for Words, whose Force may answer

your

your Actions, and to be daily inventing fresh Panegyrics. If you would but have the Goodness to suffer yourself to be beat sometimes, or to rise from before some Town, the Variety of the Matter might help to support us, and we should find out some fine Thing or other to say to you upon the Inconstancy of Fortune, and the Glory which is gained by bearing her Malice courageously. But she having, from the very first of your Actions, ranked you equal with *Alexander*, and finding you rising upon us continually, upon my Word, my Lord, we are at a Loss what to do, either with you or ourselves. Nothing we are able to utter can come up to that which you do; and the very Flights of our Fancy flag below you. Eloquence, which magnifies the minutest Things, cannot reach the Height of those which you do; no, not by its boldest Figures. And that which is termed Hyperbole on other Occasions, is but a cold Way of speaking when it comes to be applied to you. Indeed it is difficult to comprehend how your Highness has, each Summer, still found out Means to augment that Glory which,

which, every Winter, ſeemed at its full Perfection; and that, having begun ſo grandly, and gone on more grandly, ſtill your laſt Actions ſhould crown the reſt, and be found the moſt amazing. For my own Part, my Lord, I congratulate your Succeſs, as I am in Duty obliged; but I plainly foreſee the very Thing which augments your Reputation with us, may prejudice that which you expect from Ages; and that ſo many great and important Actions, done in ſo ſhort a Space, may render your Life incredible to future Times, and make Poſterity think your Hiſtory a Romance. Be pleaſed then, my Lord, to ſet ſome Bounds to your Victories, if it be only to accommodate yourſelf to the Capacity of human Reaſon, and not to go farther than common Belief can follow you. Be contented to be quiet and ſecure, at leaſt for a while; and ſuffer *France*, which is eternally alarmed for your Safety, to enjoy ſerenely for a few Months the Glory which you have acquired for her. In the mean Time, I beſeech you to believe that, among ſo many Millions of Men who admire you, and

who

who continually pray for you, there is not one who does it with so much Joy, with so much Zeal and Veneration, as does,

My Lord,

Your Highness's, *&c.*

BALZAC *to Madame* DE LA CHETARDIE.

Madam,

I Cannot taste of your Bounty without expessing at the same Time my Gratitude. You have feasted me indeed these four Days in the most delicious Manner; and either there is no Pleasure in the Palate, or your Cheeses afford a Relish of the most exquisite Kind. They are not merely an artful Preparation of Cream; they are the Effect of a certain quintessence hitherto unknown; they are I know not what Kind of wonderful Production, which with a most delicious Sweetness, preserve at the same time a most pleasing Poignancy. Undoubtedly, Madam, you must be the Favourite of Heaven, since you are thus blessed with a Land that flows with Milk and Honey. It was in this Manner, you know, that Providence formerly regaled its chosen People; and such were once the

Riches

Riches of the Golden Age. But methinks you ought to limit the Luxury of your Table to Rarities of this Kind, and not look out for any other Abundance, in a Place which affords ſuch charming Repaſts. You ought long ſince to have purified your Kitchen, and broke every Inſtrument of ſavage Deſtruction; for would it not be a Shame to live by Cruelty and Murder, in the Midſt of ſuch innocent Proviſions? I am ſure, at leaſt, I can never eſteem them too much, nor ſufficiently thank you for your Preſent. It is in vain you would perſuade me, that it was the Work of one of your Dairy-Maids; ſuch coarſe Hands could never be concerned in ſo curious a Production. Moſt certainly the Nymphs of *Vienne* were engaged in the Operation; and it is an Original of their making, which you have ſent me as a Rarity. If this Thought appears to you poetical, you muſt remember that the Subject is ſo too; and might with great Propriety make Part of an Eclogue, or enter into ſome Corner of a Paſtoral. But I am by no means an Adept in the Art of Rhyming; beſides, it is neceſſary I ſhould quit the

Lan-

Language of Fable, to assure you in very true and very serious Prose, I so highly honour your Virtue, that I should always think I owed you much, though I had never received any Favour at your Hands; and if you were not my Benefactress, I should nevertheless be always, Madam,

Your, &c.

BALZAC.

BALZAC *to the Mayor of* Angouleme.

Sir,

I Persuade myself that the Request which the Bearer of this will make to you on my Behalf, will not be disagreeable. It concerns indeed the public Interest as well as mine; and I know you are so punctual in the Functions of your Office, that to point out to you a Grievance, is almost the same as to redress it. At the Entrance of the *Fauxbourg Lomeau*, there is a Way of which one cannot complain in common Terms. It would draw Imprecations from a Man that never used a stronger Affirmative in all his Life than Yea verily; and raise the Indignation even of the mildest Father of the Oratory. It

was but the Day before Yesterday, that I had like to have been lost in it, and was in imminent Danger of being cast away in a terrible Slough. Had it indeed been in the open Sea, and in a shattered Vessel, exposed to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, the Accident would have been nothing extraordinary; but to suffer such a Misfortune upon Land, in a Coach, and during the very Time of your Mayoralty, would have been beyond all Credit and Consolation. Two or three Words of an Order from you would put this Affair into a better Situation, and at the same Time oblige a whole County. Let me hope then that you will give Occasion to those without your District to join in Applauses with your own Citizens, and not suffer your Province, which you have embellished in so many other Parts; to be disfigured in this by so vile a Blemish. But after the Interest of the Publick has had its due Weight with you, will you not allow me to have some Share in your Consideration, and be inclined to favour a Person who is thought not to be ungrateful for the good Offices he receives?

There are who will say even more, as
assure you that you have an Opportuni
of extending your Reputation beyond th
Bounds of your Province, and of makin
the Remembrance of your Mayoralty la
longer than its annual Period. I th
learn by the Return of the Bearer,
you think my Friends speak the Trut
and whether you have so high an Opinio
of the Acknowledgment I shall make
you, as to comply with the Request
have already tendered; to which I ha
only to add the Assurance of my bein
with great Sincerity, Sir, *Yours, &c.*

BALZAC

ST. EVREMONT *to Madam* * * *.

I Remember, Madam, that when I w
to the Army, I begged that the Che
lier *de Grammont* might succeed
in your Favour, in case I should be so
fortunate as to meet my Death there
which Particular you have so well obey
that you love him whilst I am alive
learn to do it better after my Death.
are very punctual in obeying my Ord

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 Banter; and being ſo well acquainted with my Paſſion, you cannot eaſily perſuade yourſelf, that I can 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 I muſt of Neceſſity be angry, tell me whom I am to be moſt angry with; either with him 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 indulge my Reſentment in the leaſt; and my Tenderneſs will always make me forget the Injuries I have received from you. I love you, though perfidious; I love him, tho' treacherous; and only fear that a ſincere Friend is no Favourite of either of you. Farewel. Let us enter, I beſeech you, into a new

unknown Sort of Confederacy; and by ſtrange Myſtery, let his, let your and m Friendſhip be only one and the ſam Thing.

ST. EVREMOND *to Madam* * * *.

YOU are upon the Point of makin a very ſorry Gallant of a very goo Friend; and I perceive that what I calle Satisfaction, when I was with you, now become inſenſibly ſome Sort of a Charm I talk no more of *turning into Ridicule* and the very ſame Perſon who ſet ſuc a Value upon your malicious Fancies now diſcovers in you more affecting Qua lities, which give him a Diſguſt for you firſt Endearments. You always appeare very engaging to me; but now I beg to feel with Emotion, what I was uſ to ſee only with Pleaſure. To ſpeak plai ly to you, I am afraid I may be Love with you, if you will ſuffer m to love you; for at this preſent Wr ting I am in ſuch a Condition, that can let it alone, if you don't like it. Yo muſt not expect from me any fine Thought

r noble Raptures: I am wholly incapa-
le of them, and freely leave them to the
dmirers of Madam *C****. Let the
rawing-rooms make the moſt on't. Per-
it Madam *De* *** to define Love by
er own Fancy; and don't envy the vain
nagINations of thoſe miſerable Creatures,
ho, when their Beauty is decayed, value
emſelves upon the Wit that ſtill continues
ith them, at the Expence of the Face
ey have loſt. Finding me ſo clowniſh
the Contempt of refined Sentiments,
u'll imagine, perhaps, that I am a He-
as to the Exerciſes of the Body; pray
arken how the Caſe ſtands with me.
am indifferent in every Thing; and
ither Nature nor Fortune has done any
hing for me but what is common. As
annot ſee, without Envy, thoſe People
at are ſumptuous and magnificent in
ir Expences; ſo I cannot, without ſome
ſpleaſure, behold thoſe that are too much
ven to their Pleaſures: And if I dare
ak my Thoughts, I hate, in ſome Mea-
e, the *Vivonnes* and the *Saucours*, be-
uſe I cannot reſemble them. My Affairs go
ays at the ſame Rate: I never allow

myſelf any Extravagance; and I ſtand in need of a little Oeconomy to make Things even at the Year's End, and paſs a Winter's Night. Not that I am reduced either to Want or Infirmity: But to explain myſelf frankly, my Experience is ſmall, and my Efforts indifferent. Tell me now whether with theſe Qualities I may preſume to ſet up for your Lover, or whether I am ſtill to continue your Friend. As for myſelf, I am reſolved to take what Part you aſſign me; and if I paſs from Friendſhip to Love without Difficulty, I am able to return from Love to Friendſhip, with as little Violence.

ST. EVREMONT *to the Dutcheſs of* MAZARIN.

I BEG of you, Madam, to tell the Dutcheſs of *Bouillon*, that no Perſon can be more ſenſible than I am of the Honour that ſhe does me by remembring me. I don't much pity *la Fontaine*'s Condition, fearing leſt my own may ſtand in need of Pity. At his, and my Age nobody ought to wonder that we loſe our Reaſon, but that we keep it. The Preſervatio

ſervation of it is no great Advantage; 'tis an Obſtacle to the Quiet of old People, and a Bar to the Pleaſures of the young. *La Fontaine* feels not that Diſorder which it gives, and perhaps he is the happier on that Score.

ST. EVREMONT *to the Count* DE LIONNE.

Sir,

PErhaps you are not at *Paris*; perhaps you are; and in this laſt Caſe, your Silence may be rather the Effect of your Forgetfulneſs, than of your Abſence. But, ſuppoſe it were, I am too much beholden to you for your paſt Services, to complain of your preſent Indifference. I don't enquire after you, to fatigue you for an Anſwer, or renew a Correſpondence that would rob you of ſome Hours, which you know how to beſtow to better Purpoſe. But, Sir, you ſtill owe ſomething to our Friendſhip, and you will diſcharge the Obligation, if you can find ſome Way, either by yourſelf, or any body elſe, to let me know that you are in Health. This Piece of News will give me a Joy, in which you are more concerned than any

other; and if you were of my Temper, you would be of my Opinion, that to be well is better than to command the whole World. No Treasures are worth one Year's Health. Pardon, Sir, the Chat of an infirm Man, who enjoying a Quarter of an Hour's Health, thinks no other Subject so proper to be talked on. You were, perhaps, of my Humour, when you enjoyed some Ease of the Pains occasioned by your broken Arm, and your other Wounds. Now you are perfectly cured, relish the Pleasure of it, and let me make melancholy Reflections on the Song you have taught me:

But oh! when Age benumbs our Veins,
No longer sprightly Joy remains.

If there be any Airs as agreeable as this in the Musick of the *Feast of Versailles*, I desire you to send them me, and you will oblige one who is more than ever, *&c.*

Mr.

Mr. LOCKE *to Mr.* MOLYNEUX.

Sir, *Oates, Sept.* 3, 1694.

I HAVE so much the Advantage in the Bargain, if Friendship may be called one, that whatsoever Satisfaction you find in yourself on that Account, you must allow in me with a large Overplus. The only Riches I have valued, or laboured to acquire, has been the Friendship of ingenious and worthy Men; and therefore you cannot blame me if I so forwardly laid hold of the first Occasion that opened me a Way to yours. That I have so well succeeded in it, I count one of my greatest Happinesses, and a sufficient Reward for writing my Book, had I no other Benefit by it. The Opinion you have of it gives me farther Hopes; for it is no small Reward to one who loves Truth, to be persuaded that he has made some Discoveries of it, and any ways helped to propagate it to others. I depend so much upon your Judgment and Candor, that I think myself secure in you from Sevish Criticism or Flattery; only give me leave to suspect, that Kindness and

Friend-

Friendſhip do ſometimes carry your Expreſſions a little too far on the favourable Side. This, however, makes me not apprehend you will ſilently paſs by any Thing you are not thoroughly ſatisfied of in it. The Uſe I have made of the Advertiſements I have received from you of this Kind will ſatisfy you that I deſire this Office of Friendſhip from you, not out of Compliment, but for the Uſe of Truth, and that your Animadverſions will not be loſt upon me. Any Faults you ſhall meet with in Reaſoning, in Perſpicuity, in Expreſſion, or of the Preſs, I deſire you to take notice of, and ſend me Word of; eſpecially if you have anywhere any Doubt; for I am perſuaded that, upon Debate, you and I cannot be of two Opinions; nor, I think, any two Men uſed to think with Freedom, who really prefer Truth to Opiniatrety, and a little fooliſh Vain-glory of not having made a Miſtake. I ſhall not need to juſtify what I have ſaid of you in my Book: The learned World will be Vouchers for me; and that in an Age not very free from Envy and Cenſure. But you are very

kind

kind to me, ſince, for my Sake, you allow yourſelf to own that Part which I am more particularly concerned in, and permit me to call you my Friend, whilſt your Modeſty checks at the other Part of your Character. But aſſure yourſelf, I am as well perſuaded of the Truth of it, as of any Thing elſe in my Book; it had not elſe been put down in it: It only wants a great deal more I had to ſay, had that been a Place to draw your Picture at large. Herein I pretend not to any peculiar Obligation above others that know you. For though perhaps I may love you better than many others; yet, I conclude, I cannot think better of you than others do. I am very glad you were provided of a Tutor nearer home; and it had this particular good Luck in it, that otherwiſe you had been diſappointed, if you had depended on Mr. *Gibbs*; as a Letter I writ to you from *London* about it, I hope, acquainted you. I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate
and moſt humble Servant,
JOHN LOCKE.

Mr.

Mr. LOCKE *to Mr.* MOLYNEUX.

Sir, *London, Sept.* 12, 1696.

COULD the Painter have made a Picture of me capable of your Converſation, I ſhould have ſat to him with more Delight than ever I did any thing in my Life. The Honour you do me, in giving me thus a Place in your Houſe, I look upon as the Effect of having a Place already in your Eſteem and Affection; and that made me more eaſily ſubmit to what me-thought looked too much like Vanity in me. Painting was deſigned to repreſent the Gods, or the great Men that ſtood next to them. But Friendſhip, I ſee, takes no Meaſure of any Thing, but by itſelf; and, where it is great and high, will make its Object ſo, and raiſe it above its Level. This is that which has deceived you into my Picture, and made you put ſo great a Compliment upon me: And I do not know what you will find to juſtify yourſelf to thoſe who ſhall ſee it in your Poſſeſſion. You may indeed tell them, the Original is as much yours as the Picture; but this will be no great Boaſt, when the Man is not more

con-

considerable than his Shadow. When I looked upon it after it was done, methought it had not that Countenance I ought to accost you with. I know not whether the secret Displeasure I felt, whilst I was sitting, from the Consideration that the going of my Picture brought us no nearer together, made me look grave: But this I must own, that it was not without Regret, that I remembered, that this Counterfeit would be before me with the Man that I so much desired to be with, and could not tell him, how much I longed to put myself into his Hands, and to have him in my Arms. One Thing pray let it mind you of, and when you look on it at any Time, pray believe, that the Colours of that Face on the Cloth are more fading and changeable than those Thoughts which will always represent you to my Mind, as the most valuable Person in the World, whose Face I do not know, and one whose Company is so desirable to me, that I shall not be happy till I do. Though I know how little Service I am able to do, yet my Conscience will never reproach me for not wishing well to my Country: By which I

mean

mean *Englishmen*, and their Interest every where. There has been, of late Years, a Manufacture of Linen carried on in *Ireland*, if I mistake not: I would be glad to learn from you the Condition it is in; and, if it thrives not, what are the Rubs and Hindrances that stop it. I suppose you have Land very proper to produce Flax and Hemp; why could not there be enough, especially of the latter, produced there to supply his Majesty's Navy? I should be obliged by your Thoughts about it, and how it might be brought about. I have heard there is a Law requiring a certain Quantity of Hemp to be sown every Year: If it be so, how comes it to be neglected? I know you have the same public Aims for the Good of your Country that I have, and therefore, without any Apology, I take this Liberty with you. I received an Account of your Health, and your Remembrance of me, not long since, by Mr. *Howard*, for which I return you my Thanks. I troubled you with a long Letter about the Beginning of the last Month, and am, Sir,

Your most affectionate
and most humble Servant,
JOHN LOCKE.

Mr. MOLYNEUX *to Mr.* LOCKE.

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1698.

Honoured dear Sir,

I Arrived here ſafely the 15th Inſtant: And now that the Ruffling and Fatigue of my Journey is a little over, I ſit down to a Taſk, which I muſt confeſs is the hardeſt I was ever under in my Life; I mean, expreſſing my Thanks to you ſuitable to the Favours I received from you, and ſuitable to the inward Senſe I have of them in my Mind. Were it poſſible for me to do either, I ſhould in ſome Meaſure be ſatisfied; but my Inability of paying my Debts makes me aſhamed to appear before my Creditor. However, thus much with the ſtricteſt Sincerity I will venture to aſſert to you, that I cannot recollect, through the whole Courſe of my Life, ſuch ſignal Inſtances of real Friendſhip, as when I had the Happineſs of your Company for five Weeks together in *London*. 'Tis with the greateſt Satisfaction imaginable, that I recollect what then paſſed between us, and I reckon it the happieſt Scene of my whole Life. That Part thereof eſpecially, which

I passed at *Oates*, has made such an agreeable Impression on my Mind, that nothing can be more pleasing. To all in that excellent Family, I beseech you, give my most humble Respects. 'Tis my Duty to make my Acknowledgments there in a particular Letter; but I beg of you to make my Excuse for omitting it at this Time, because I am a little press'd by some Business that is thrown upon me since my Arrival: To which also you are obliged for not being troubled at present with a more tedious Letter from, Sir,

Your most obliged
and entirely affectionate
Friend and Servant,
WILLIAM MOLYNEUX.

Mr. LOCKE *to Mr.* MOLYNEUX.

Dear Sir, *London, Sept.* 29, 1698.

YOURS of the 20th has now discharged me from my daily Employment of looking upon the Weather-Cock, and hearkening how loud the Wind blowed. Though I do not like this Distance, and such a Ditch betwixt us, yet I am glad to hear that you are safe and found on t'other

Side the Water. But pray you ſpeak not in ſo magnificent and courtly a Style of what you received from me here. I lived with you and treated you as my Friend, and therefore uſed no Ceremony, nor can receive any Thanks but what I owe you doubly, both for your Company, and the Pains you were at to beſtow that Happineſs on me. If you keep your Word, and do me the ſame Kindneſs again next Year, I ſhall have Reaſon to think you value me more than you ſay, though you ſay more than I can with Modeſty read. I find you were beſet with Buſineſs when you writ your Letter to me, and do not wonder at it; but yet, for all that, I cannot forgive your Silence concerning your Health, and your Son. My Service to him, your Brother, and Mr. *Burridge*: And do me the Juſtice to believe that I am with a perfect Affection, Dear Sir,

Your moſt humble

and moſt faithful Servant,

JOHN LOCKE.

Mr. LOCKE *to Mr.* BURRIDGE.

Sir, *Oates, Oct.* 27, 169

YOU guessed not amiss, when yo said in the Beginning of yours of th 13th Instant, that you gave me the *Troub* of a Letter: For I have received few Le ters in my Life, the Contents whereof hav so much troubled and afflicted me, as th of yours. I parted with my excelle Friend, when he went from *England*, wit all the Hopes and Promises to myself seeing him again, and enjoying him long in the next Spring. This was a Satisfa tion that helped me to bear our Separatio and the short Taste I had of him here, this our first Interview, I hoped would made up in a longer Conversation, whic he promised me the next Time: But it h served only to give me a greater Sense of n Loss, in an eternal Farewel in this Worl Your earlier Acquaintance may have giv you a longer Knowledge of his Virtue a excellent Endowments: A fuller Sight, greater Esteem of them, you could not ha than I. His Worth and his Friendship me made him an inestimable Treasu

W hi

Which I muſt regret the Loſs of, the little Remainder of my Life, without any Hopes of repairing it any Way. I ſhould be glad, if what I owed the Father, could enable me to do any Service to his Son. He deſerves it for his own Sake, as well as for his Father's. I deſire you therefore to aſſure thoſe who have the Care of him, that if there be any Thing, wherein I at this Diſtance may be any way ſerviceable to young Mr. *Molyneux*, they cannot do me a greater Pleaſure than to give me the Opportunity to ſhew that my Friendſhip died not with his Father. Pray give my moſt humble Service to Dr. *Molyneux*, and to his Nephew. I am, Sir,

Your moſt faithful
and humble Servant,
JOHN LOCKE.

Mr. LOCKE *to the Lady* CALVERLEY.

Madam,

WHATEVER Reaſon you have to look on me as one of the ſlow Men of *London*, you have this Time given me an Excuſe for being ſo: For you cannot expect a quick Anſwer to a Letter,

which took me up a good deal of Time to get to the Beginning of it. I turned, and turned it, on every Side; looked it again, and again, at the Top of every Page: But could not get into the Sense and Secret of it, till I apply'd myself to the Middle. You, Madam, who are acquainted with all the Skill and Methods of the Ancients, have not, I suppose, taken up with this hieroglyphical Way of Writing, for nothing: And since you were going to put into your Letter Things that might be the Reward of the highest Merit, you would, by this mystical Intimation, put me into the Way of Virtue, to deserve them. But whatever your Ladyship intended, this is certain, that in the best Words in the World, you gave me the greatest Humiliation imaginable. Had I as much Vanity as a pert Citizen, that sets up for a Wit in his Parish, you have said enough in your Letter to content me: And if I could be swoln that Way, you have taken a great deal of Pains to blow me up, and make me the finest gaudy Bubble in the World, as I am painted by your Colours. I know the Emperors of the East suffer not Strangers to ap-

appear before them, till they are dressed up out of their own Wardrobes: Is it so too in the Empire of Wit? And must you cover me with your own Embroidery, that I may be a fit Object for your Thoughts and Conversation? This, Madam, may suit your Greatness, but doth not at all satisfy my Ambition. He, who has once flattered himself with the Hopes of your Friendship, knows not the true Value of Things, if he can content himself with these splendid Ornaments. As soon as I had read your Letter, I looked in my Glass, felt my Pulse, and sighed; for I found in neither of those the Promises of thirty Years to come. For at the Rate I have hitherto advanced, and at the Distance I see by this complimental way of Treatment I still am, I shall not have Time enough in this World to get to you. I do not mean to the Place, where you now see the Pole elevated, as you say, 64 Degrees. A Post-Horse, or a Coach, would quickly carry me thither. But when shall we be acquainted at this Rate? Is that Happiness reserved to be compleated by the gossiping Bowl, at your Grand-daughter's Lying-in? If I were sure, that

when you leave this dirty Place, I ſhould meet you in the ſame Star where you are to ſhine next, and that you would then admit me to your Converſation, I might perhaps have a little more Patience. But methinks, it is much better to be ſure of ſomething, than to be put off to Expectations of ſo much Uncertainty. If there be different Elevations of the Pole here, that keep you at ſo great a Diſtance from thoſe who languiſh in your Abſence; who knows but in the other World, there are different Elevations of Perſons? And you, perhaps, will be out of Sight, among the Seraphims; while we are left behind, in ſome dull Planet. This, the high Flights of your elevated Genius give us juſt Augury of, whilſt you are here. But yet, pray take not your Place there before your Time; nor keep us poor Mortals at a greater Diſtance than you need. When you have granted me all the Nearneſs that Acquaintance and Friendſhip can give, you have other Advantages enough ſtill, to make me ſee how much I am beneath you. This will be only an Enlargement of your Goodneſs, without leſſen-

leſſening the Adoration due to your other Excellencies. You ſeem to have ſome Thoughts of the Town again. If the Parliament, or the Term, which draw ſome by the Name and Appearance of Buſineſs; or if Company, and Muſic-meetings, and other ſuch Entertainments, which have the Attractions of Pleaſure and Delight, were of any Conſideration with you; you would not have much to ſay for *Yorkſhire*, at this Time of the Year. But theſe are no Arguments to you, who carry your own Satisfaction, and I know not how many Worlds, always about you. I would be glad you would think of putting all theſe up in a Coach, and bringing them this Way. For though you ſhould be never the better, yet there be a great many here that would, and amongſt them

The humbleſt of

your Ladyſhip's Servants,

JOHN LOCKE.

Mr. LOCKE *to* ANTHONY COLLINS, *Esq.*

Sir, *Oates, Sept* 20, 1703.

YOURS of the 7th, which I just now received, is the only Letter I have a long Time wished for, and the welcomest that could come; for I long'd to hear that you were well, that you were returned, and that I might have the Opportunity to return you my Thanks for the Books you sent me, which came safe, and to acknowledge my great Obligations to you, for one of the most villainous Books, that I think ever was printed.* It is a Present that I highly value. I had heard something of it, when a young Man in the University; but possibly should never have seen this Quintessence of Railing, but for your Kindness. It ought to be kept as the Pattern and Standard of that Sort of Writing, as the Man he spends it upon ought for that of good Temper, and clear and strong Arguing. *I am, &c.*

* *Chillingworthi novissima*; or the Sickness, Heresy, Death, and Burial of WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

To

To the same.

Sir, *Oates, Nov.* 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 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

to confess the Truth to you, I am almost loth 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 any 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.

To the same.

Sir, *Oates, Jan.* 24, 1703-4.

TILL your Confidence in my Friendship, and Freedom with me, can preserve you from thinking you have need to make Apologies for your Silence, whenever you omit a Post or two, when in your kind Way of reckoning you judge a Letter to be due; you know me not so well, as I could wish: Nor am I so little burthensome to you as I desire. I could be pleased to hear from you every Day; because the very Thoughts of you every Day afford me Pleasure and Satisfaction. But I beseech you to believe, that I measure not your Kindness by your Opportunities of Writing; nor do suspect that your Friendship faulters, whenever your Pen lies a little still. The Sincerity you profess, and I am convinced of, has Charms in it, against all the little Phantoms of Ceremony. If it be not so, that true Friendship sets one free from a scrupulous Observance of all those little Circumstances, I shall be able to give but a very ill Account of myself to my Friends; to whom when I have given Possession

ſeſſion of my Heart, I am leſs punctual in making of Legs, and kiſſing my Hand than to other People, to whom that outſide Civility is all that belongs. I receive the three Books you ſent me. That which the Author ſent me * deſerves my Acknowledgment more Ways than one: And I muſt beg you to return it. His Demonſtrations are ſo plain, that if this were an Age that followed Reaſon, I ſhould no doubt but his would prevail. But to be rational is ſo glorious a Thing, that two-legged Creatures generally content themſelves with the Title; but will not debaſe ſo excellent a Faculty, about the Conduct of ſo trivial a Thing, as they make themſelves. There never was a Man better ſuited to your Wiſhes, than I am. You take a Pleaſure in being troubled with my Commiſſions; and I have no other Way of Commerce with you, but by ſuch Importunities. I can only ſay, that, were the Tables changed, I ſhould, being in your Place, have the ſame Satisfaction; and

* Reaſons againſt reſtraining the Preſs, *London* 1704, in *Quarto*.

there-

erefore confidently make Use of your nd Offer. I therefore beg the Favour of ou to get me Mr. *Le Clerc*'s *Harmony of t Evangelists*, in *English*, bound very finely Calf, gilt and lettered on the Back, nd gilt on the Leaves; so also I would ave *Moliere*'s Works (of the best Edition ou can get them) bound. These Books re for the Ladies; and therefore I would ave them fine, and the Leaves gilt as well the Back. *Moliere* of the *Paris* Edition, think, is the best, if it can be got in *London* in Quires. You see the Liberty I ake. I should be glad you could find out mething for me to do for you here.

I am perfectly, &c.

To the same.

Dear Sir, *Oates, May* 19, 1704.

NOTHING works so steadily and effectually as Friendship. Had I hired a Man to have gone to Town in my Business, and paid him well, my Commissions would not have been so soon, nor so well dispatched, as I find by yours of the 16th, they have been by you. You speak of my Affairs, and act in them with such an Air

of

of Interest and Satisfaction, that I c
hardly avoid thinking, that I oblige y
with employing you in them. 'Tis
small Advantage to me, to have found su
a Friend, at the last Scene of my Lif
when I am good for nothing, and a
grown so useless, that I cannot but be su
that in every good Office you do me, y
can propose to yourself no other Advantag
but the Pleasure of doing it. Every on
here finds himself obliged, by your la
good Company. As for myself, if you ha
not convinced me by a sensible Experimen
I could not have believed, I could hav
had so many happy Days together. I sha
always pray, that yours may be multiplie
Could I in the least contribute any Thin
thereto, I should think myself happy i
this poor decaying State of my Health
which, though it affords me little in th
World to enjoy, yet I find the Charms o
your Company make me not feel the Wa
of Strength, or Breath, or any Thing el

The Bishop of *Gloucester* came hith
the Day you went from hence, and in
very good State of Health. I find tw
groaning People make but an uncom

for tab

[illegible] Concert. He returned Yesterday, and went away in somewhat a better State. I hope he got well to Town.

Enjoy your Health and Youth whilst you have it, to all the Advantages and Improvements of an innocent and pleasant Life; remembering that mercileſs Old-Age is in purſuit of you, and when it overtakes you, will not fail, ſome Way or other, to impair the Enjoyments both of Body and Mind. You know how apt I am to preach. I believe it is one of the Diſeaſes of Old-Age. But my Friends will forgive me, when I have nothing to perſuade them to, but that they ſhould endeavour to be as happy, as it is poſſible for them to be: And to you I have no more to ſay, but that you go on in the Courſe you are in. I reflect often upon it, with a ſecret Joy, that you promiſed I ſhould in a ſhort Time ſee you again. You are very good, and I dare not preſs you. But I cannot but remember how well I paſſed my Time, when you were here.

I am, &c.

To

To the same, directed thus:
For ANTHONY COLLINS, *Esq; to be delivered to him after my Decease.*

Dear Sir,

BY my Will you will see that I had some Kindness for ***. And I knew no better Way to take Care of him, than to put him, and what I designed for him, into your Hands and Management: The Knowledge I have of your Virtue 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 it 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 intitles you to. I know you loved me living; and will preserve my Memory, now I am dead. All the Use to be made of it is, that this

Life

Life is a Scene of Vanity, that ſoon paſſes away; and affords no ſolid Satisfaction, but in the Conſciouſneſs of doing well, and in the 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.

Earl of ROCHESTER *to the Honourable* HENRY SAVILLE.

Harry,

YOU cannot ſhake off the Stateſman entirely; for I perceive, you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almoſt a *Gazette*: Now, to me, who think the World as giddy as myſelf, I care not which Way it runs, and am fond of no News, but the Proſperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindneſs to me, which is the only Error I wiſh to continue in 'em: For my own Part, I am not at all ſtung with my Lord *M*---'s mean Ambition, but I aſpire to my Lord *L*----'s generous Philoſophy: They who would be great in our little Government, ſeem as ridiculous to me

as School-Boys, who, with much Endeavour, and some Danger, climb a Crab-Tree, and venture their Necks for Fruit, which solid Pigs would disdain, if they were not starving. These Reflections, how idle soever they seem to the busy, if taken into Consideration, would save you many a weary Step in the Day, and help *G----y* to many an Hour's Sleep, which he wants in the Night: But *G----y* would be rich; and, by my Troth, there is some Sense in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many Millions, that his Soul may find Rest. You write me Word, that I'm out of Favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admired, for the Disproportion of him and his Attributes: He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a singing Owl. If he falls upon me at the Hunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the Repartee to *Black Will*, with a Cudgel. And now, my dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs to shew yourself in the Country this Summer, contrive such a Crew together, as may not be ashamed of passing

b

by *Woodstock*; and, if you can debauch Alderman *C*----*y*, we will make a shift to delight his Gravity. I am sorry for the declining D----s, and would have you be generous to her at this Time: For that is true Pride, and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

Earl of ROCHESTER *to the Honourable* HENRY SAVILLE.

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 Lodgings, it was no small Joy to me that those 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 spite. 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.

Earl of ROCHESTER *to Mrs.----*

Madam,

THIS is the first Service my Hand has done me, since my being a Cripple, and I would not employ it in a Lie so soon: therefore pray believe me sincere, when I assure you, that you are very dear to me; and as long as I live, I will be kind to you.

P. S. This is all my Hand would write, but my Heart thinks a great deal more.

To the same.

Madam,

NOTHING can ever be so dear to me as you are; and I am so convinced of this, that I dare undertake to love you whilst I live: Believe all I say, for that is the kindest Thing imaginable, and when

when you can devise any Way that may make me appear so to you, instruct me in it, for I need a better Understanding than my own, to shew my Love, without Wrong to it.

To the same.

Madam,

YOU shall not fail of----on *Saturday*: And for your Wretches, as you call 'em, 'tis usually my Custom when I wrong such as they, to make them amends: Tho' your Maid has aggravated that Matter more to my Prejudice than I expected from one who belonged to you; and for your own Share, if I thought you a Woman of Forms, you should receive all the Reparations imaginable; but it is so unquestionable that I am thoroughly your humble Servant, that all the World must know I cannot offend you, without being sorry for it.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE *to Mr.* SIDNEY.

Sir, *Hague, Dec.* 13, N. S. 1675.

THOUGH I did not like the Date of your last Letter, yet I did all the rest very well. I thought *Lyons* a little too

far off for one I with always in my Reach: But when I remembered it was a Place of so great Trade, and where you told me yours had been very good in former Times, I was contented, to think you spent your Time to your own Advantage and Satisfaction, though not to your Friends, by keeping at such a Distance. I was very well pleased t'other Day with a Visit made me by Captain *Freyberin*, who was much in your Praises; but I did not like that he should make you kinder to him than to me: Yet I think he deserves it of you, if all be true that he tells; for he pretends to think you *le plus bel homme*, & *le plus honnête homme*, and I know not what more, that never came into my Head, as you know very well. However, I was mighty glad to hear him say, you had the best Health that could be, and that you looked as if you would keep it so, if you did not grow too kind to the Place and Company you lived in, or they to you. Yet, after what you tell me of the *French* Air and *Bourbon* Waters, I am much apter to wish myself there, than you in these Parts of the World; and though I hear News every

Day

Day from all Sides, yet I have not heard any to good, since I came upon this Scene, as what you send me, of the Effects I am like to feel by the Change, whenever I come upon that where you are. They will be greater and better than any I can expect by being the busy Man, though *je pourrois bien faire merveilles*, with the Company I am joined to; and nobody knows to what Sir *Ellis* may raise another Ambassador, that has already raised one from the Dead. They begin to talk now of our going to *Nimeguen*, as if it were nearer than I thought it a Month ago: When we are there, it will be Time enough to tell you what I think of our coming away. Hitherto, I can only say, there are so many Splinters in the broken Bone, that the Patient must be very good, as well as the Surgeon, if it be a sudden Cure. And though I believe, both where you and I are, the Dispositions towards it are very well, yet I doubt of those who are farther off on both Sides of us. For aught any body knows, this great Dance may end as others use to do, every Man coming to the Place where they begun, or near it: Only, against all

Reason and Custom, I doubt the poor *Swede*, that never led the Dance, is likelieſt to pay the Fiddlers. I hope you know what paſſes at home; at leaſt, 'tis pity you ſhould not: But if you don't, you ſhall not for me at this Diſtance; and ſince you talk of returning, the Matter is not great. In the mean Time, pray let me know your Motions and your Health, ſince the Want of your Cypher keeps me from other Things you ſaid you had a mind to tell me. I hear nothing of the Letter you ſay you have ſent me by ſo good a Hand; ſo that all I can ſay to that is, that by whatſoever it comes, any will be welcome that comes from yours; becauſe nobody loves you better than I, nor can be more than I am

Yours, &c.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE *to Lord* ARLINGTON.

My Lord,

I AM ſorry his Majeſty ſhould meet with any Thing he did not look for at the Opening of this Seſſion of Parliament; but confeſs, I do not ſee why his Ma-

Majesty should not only consent to, but encourage any Inquiries or Disquisitions they desire to make into the Miscarriages of the late War, as well as he has done already in the Matter of Accounts: For, if it be not necessary, it is a King's Ease and Happiness to content his People. I doubt, as Men will never part willingly with their Monies, unless they be well persuaded it will be employ'd directly to those Ends for which they gave it; so they will never be satisfied with a Government, unless they see Men are chosen into Offices and Employments by being fit for them; continued, for discharging them well; rewarded, for extraordinary Merit; and punished, for remarkable Faults. Besides, in these Cases, his Majesty discharges the Hardships and Severity of all Punishments upon the Parliament, and commits no Force upon the Gentleness of his own Nature, while his Subjects see, that no Tenderness of their Prince, nor Corruption of Ministers, can preserve them long from paying what they owe to any Forfeits of their Duty. Nor indeed can any Prince do Justice to those

that

that serve him well, without punishing those that serve him ill; since that is to make their Conditions equal, whose Defects are different. I should not say this to any Person but your Lordship, to whom I know Part of that Justice is due. But to say Truth, the Records and End of the last War went so much to my Heart, and I have heard so much lately from Monsieur *de Witt*, concerning the Carriage of it on our Side, especially what fell under his Eye while he was abroad in the Fleet, that I cannot but think the Parliament may be excused for their Warmth in this Pursuit. But your Lordship can best discern by the Course of Debates, whether this proceeds from a steady Intention upon a general Good, or from some accidental Distempers, from which the greatest and best Assemblies of Men are not always free, especially when they have continued long together. I beg your Lordship's Pardon for my Liberty in these Discourses, to which you were pleased to encourage me, by hearing me so obligingly those few Minutes I was allowed for such Talk or Thoughts at my last being with you, and

from

from the Sense you then expressed of the absolute Necessity there was for his Majesty to fall into a perfect Intelligence with his Parliament, especially being engaged into an Appearance of Action abroad by the Force of this present Conjuncture.

I am ever, &c.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE *to the Bishop of* ROCHESTER.

My Lord,

I AM unacquainted with Thanks or Praises, having so little deserved any, that I must judge of them rather by the Report of others, than by any Experience of my own. But if, by either, I understand any thing of them, all the Charm or Value they have arises from the Esteem a Man has of the Person that gives them, or the Belief in some Measure of his own deserving them. The first of these Circumstances gave so great an Advantage to those I had lately the Honour of receiving from your Lordship in a Letter delivered me by Mr. *Dolben*, that the Want of the other was but necessary to allay the Vanity they might otherwise have given me. But where a Man can find no

Ground

Ground to flatter himself upon the Thanks he receives, he begins to consider whether they are Praise or Reproach: And so I am sure I have Reason to do in the Acknowledgments your Lordship is pleased to make me of any Favours to your Son, who has never yet been so kind to me, as to give me the least Occasion of obliging him. I confess, I should have been glad to meet with any, though I do not remember so much as ever to have told him so; but if he has guessed it from my Countenance or Conversation, it is a Testimony of his observing much, and judging well; which are Qualities I have thought him guilty of, among those others that allow me to do him no Favour but Justice only in esteeming him. 'Tis his Fortune to have been beforehand with me, by giving your Lordship an Occasion to take Notice of me, and thereby furnishing me with a Pretence of entering into your Service; which gives him a new Title to any I can do him, and your Lordship a very just one to employ me upon all Occasions. Notwithstanding your Lordship's favourable Opinion, I will assure you, 'tis well for me, that our Work here

requires

requires little Skill, and that we have no more but Forms to deal with in this Congreſs, while the Treaty is truly in the Field, where the Conditions of it are yet to be determined. *Fata viam invenient:* Which is all I can ſay of it: Nor ſhall I increaſe your Lordſhip's preſent Trouble, beyond the Profeſſions of my being,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient humble Servant.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE *to Sir* JOHN TEMPLE.

Sir,

AFTER ſo hard and ſo long a Journey, I thought you would be glad to know I was well again in my former Station, and what was the Occaſion of my leaving it ſo ſuddenly and ſo privately, that I could not acquaint any of my Friends with it before I went, which now I am at Liberty to entertain you with. This Winter has paſſed with much Noiſe, made by the Biſhop of *Munſter* in his Enterprize againſt *Holland*, with ſome Attempts, but little Succeſs. The Fault he has laid in ſome

degree upon the Marquis here, for refusing to suffer the Duke of *Bornezille* to go and command his Troops, which he durst not consent to, for fear of giving too much Offence to the *French* and the *Dutch*, at a Time when the *Spaniards* here are in ill Condition for a Quarrel: But the Bishop's chief Complaints have been, Want of those Sums of Money stipulated by his Majesty to be furnished him both before and after his taking the Field. Our Excuses upon the Loss of the Ships with Tin before *Ostend*, though they may serve to keep us in Countenance, yet they will not pay Forces in the Field, which he has often threatened these three Months past, must break up without speedy Supplies. In the mean Time his neighbouring Princes of the Empire, especially the Electors of *Mentz* and *Brandenburg*, with the Duke of *Neuburg*, seeing a Flame broke out, which must draw foreign Armies into the Empire, both *French* and *Dutch*, have used first all Offices they could, to prevail with the Bishop to make his Peace with *Holland*, engaged the Emperor himself in the same Endeavours, and finding

him

him steady to his Treaty with the King, at last the Duke of *Brandenburg* drew his Forces into the Field, resolved to compel him by joining with the *Dutch*, if he could not persuade him to make the Peace; and the Duke of *Neuburg* prepared to second him in this Design. The *French* were not wanting in their Offices to the same Ends; so that a private Agreement was made about the Beginning of this Month, for the *French*, *Dutch*, and *Munster* Envoys to meet at *Cleve*, and there treat the Peace under the Mediation of the Elector of *Brandenburg*. As soon as the King received this Alarm, he sent an Express immediately to command me away the Instant I received it, with a Commission to the Bishop of *Munster*, and with Instructions to do all I could possibly to hinder the Peace, and with Bills of Exchange to revive his Payments which had been long intermitted, and Promise of more to be remitted every Post, which I was to order into his Agent's Hands here in my Absence. I went accordingly, acquainted none with my going but the Marquis here, who gave me twenty of his own Guards, with Command

to

to follow absolutely all Orders I should give them. I was to pass through a great deal of the *Spanish* Country, much infested with *Dutch* Parties, more of the Duke of *Nieuburg*'s, and more yet of the *Brandenburghers*, who I knew were all Enemies to the Affair I went upon, and therefore thought it best to pass for a *Spanish* Envoy sent from the Marquis *Castel-Rodrigo* to the Emperor, and charged my small Guard and Cornet that commanded them to keep true to this Note. And some of my Servants, as most of the Guards, speaking *Spanish*, I spoke nothing else unless in private, or when I was forced out of it by some Incident. In this Guise I came to *Dusseldorp*, where the Duke of *Nieuburg* happened to be, (contrary to what I had been informed.) As soon as I was in my Inn, one of his Officers came to know who I was, and whither I was going, and would not be satisfied by the common Answer from my Servants and Guards, but would receive it from me. When he came up, though with much Civility, yet he press'd me so far, that I found there was no feigning with him, and so bid him tell the

Duke

Duke, that within an Hour I would come and give him an Account both of myself and my Journey. I remembered the great Kindness that had ever interceded between his Majesty and this Prince; and though I went upon an Errand that I knew was disagreeable to him, yet I thought he would be less likely to cross me, if I acquainted him frankly with it, than if I disguised slurvily, as I was likely to do, being the only Thing in the World I could do the most uneasily. I had a Letter of Credence, which I brought out of *England* at my first coming over, for this Prince; but passing another Way to *Munster*, I had not used it, and so resolved to do it now. I did so, gave it him, told him my Errand, how much his Majesty reckoned upon his Friendship, and desired his good Offices to the Bishop of *Munster* in the Design I went upon, of keeping him firm to his Treaties with the King my Master.

This Duke is, in my Opinion, the finest Gentleman of any *German* I have seen, and deserves much better Fortune than he is in; being small, very much broken, and charged with a very numerous Issue: He

seems about fifty Years old, tall, lean, very good Mien, but more like an *Italian* than a *German*; all he says is civil, well-bred, *honneste*, plain, easy, and has an Air of Truth and Honour. He made great Professions of Kindness and Respect to the King, was sorry he could not serve him in this Affair; his Engagements were already taken with the Emperor and his neighbour Princes for making the *Munster* Peace, and by that Means keeping War out of the Empire. He doubted I could not serve his Majesty upon this Errand neither; for, he first believed I could not get safe to *Munster*, the Ways being all full of *Dutch* and *Brandenburg* Parties, who had Notice of the King's Intention to send away to the Bishop upon this Occasion: And if I should arrive, he believed, however, I should find the Peace signed before I came. My Answer was short, for I was very weary; that go I would, however I succeeded; that for the Danger of the Journey I knew no providing against it, but a very good Guide, who might lead me through Ways the most unfrequented; that I would desire his Highness to give me one of his own Guards to

conduct

conduct me, because none would expect a Person going upon my Design, would have one in his Livery for a Guide; and I desired he would let me pass, as I had done hitherto in the Journey, for a *Spanish* Envoy. The Duke, after some Difficulties at first (which we turned into Pleasantries) complied with me in all. I took my Leave, and went away early next Morning. I never travelled a more savage Country, over cruel Hills, through many great and thick Woods, stony and rapid Streams, never hardly in any High-way, and very few Villages, till I came near *Dortmund*, a City of the Empire, and within a Day's Journey, or something more, of *Munster*. The Night I came to *Dortmund* was so advanced when I arrived, that the Gates were shut; and with all the Eloquence, which was as moving as we could, we were not able to prevail to have them opened. They advised us to go to a Village about a League distant, where, they said, we might have Lodging. When we came there, we found it all taken up with a Troop of *Brandenburg* Horse, so as the poor *Spanish* Envoy was fain to eat what he could get in a Barn,

and to sleep upon a Heap of Straw, and lay my Head upon my Page instead of a Pillow. The best of it was, that he, understanding *Dutch*, heard one of the *Brandenburg* Soldiers coming into the Barn examine some of my Guards about me and my Journey; which when he was satisfied of, he asked if he had heard nothing upon the Way of an *English* Envoy that was expected; the Fellow said, he was upon the Way, and might be at *Dortmund* within a Day or two; with which he was satisfied, and I slept as well as I could. The next Morning I went into *Dortmund*, and hearing there, that for five or six Leagues round all was full of *Brandenburgh* Troops, I dispatched away a *German* Gentleman I had in my Train with a Letter to the Bishop of *Munster*, to let him know the Place and Condition I was in, and desired he would send me Guards immediately, and strong enough to convoy me. The Night following my Messenger returned, and brought me Word, that by Eight o'Clock the Morning after, a Commander of the Bishop's would come in Sight of the Town, at the Head of 1200 Horse, and desired I would

would come and join them ſo ſoon as they appeared. I did ſo; and after an eaſy March till Four o'Clock, I came to a Caſtle of the Biſhop's, where I was received by Lieutenant-General *Gorgas*, a *Scotchman*, in that Service, who omitted nothing of Honour or Entertainment that could be given me. There was nothing here remarkable, but the moſt epiſcopal Way of Drinking that could be invented. As ſoon as we came into the great Hall, where ſtood many Flaggons ready charged, the General called for Wine to drink the King's Health; they brought him a formal Bell of Silver gilt, that might hold about two Quarts or more: He took it empty, pulled out the Clapper, and gave it me, whom he intended to drink to; then had the Bell filled, drank it off to his Majeſty's Health; then aſked me for the Clapper, put it in, turned down the Bell, and rung it out to ſhew he had played fair, and left nothing in it; took out the Clapper, and deſired me to give it to whom I pleaſed; then gave his Bell to be filled again, and brought it to me. I, that never uſed to drink, and ſeldom would try, had commonly ſome Gentleman with me

that ſerved for that Purpoſe when 'twas neceſſary; and ſo I had the Entertainment of ſeeing this Health go current through about a dozen Hands, with no more Share in it than juſt what I pleaſed. The next Day, after Noon, about a League from *Munſter*, the Biſhop met me at the Head of 4000 Horſe, and, in Appearance, brave Troops. Before his Coach, that drove very faſt, came a Guard of 100 *Heydukes*, that he had brought from the laſt Campaign in *Hungary*; they were in ſhort Coats and Caps, all of a brown Colour, every Man carrying a Sabre by his Side, a ſhort Pole-Ax before him, and a ſcrewed Gun hanging at his Back by a Leather Belt that went croſs his Shoulders. In this Poſture they ran almoſt full Speed, and in excellent Order, and were ſaid to ſhoot 200 Yards with their ſcrewed Guns, and a Bullet of the Bigneſs of a large Pea, into the Breadth of a Dollar, or Crown-piece. When the Coach came within forty Yards of me, it ſtopp'd; I ſaw the Biſhop, and his General, the Prince *d'Homberg*, come out; upon which I alighted, ſo as to meet him between my Horſes and his Coach. After

Compli-

Compliments, he would have me go into his Coach, and ſit alone at the back End, reſerving the other to himſelf and his General: I excuſed it, ſaying, I came without Character; but he replied, his Agent had writ him Word I brought a Commiſſion, which ſtiled me *Oratorem noſtrum* (as was true) and that he knew what was due to that Stile from a great King. I never was nice in taking any Honour that was offered to the King's Character, and ſo eaſily took this; but from it, and a Reception ſo extraordinary, began immediately to make an ill Preſage of my Buſineſs, and to think of the *Spaniſh* Proverb:

Quien te baſe mas corte que no ſuele hazer
Ote ha d'engaman, ote ha meneſter.

And with theſe Thoughts, and in this Poſture, I entered *Munſter*, and was conducted by the Biſhop to a Lodging prepared for me in one of the Canon's Houſes. The Biſhop would have left me immediately after he brought me to my Chamber; but I told him, I could not let him go without aſking an Hour of Audience that very Evening. He would have excuſed it upon Reſpect,

and Wearinesſs, and much Compliment; but I perſiſted in it, unleſs he would chuſe to ſit down where we were, and enter upon Affairs without Ceremony. He was at laſt contented, and I ſaid all I could towards my End of keeping him to the Faith of his Treaty with the King, to the Purſuit of the War till both conſented to the Peace, and to the Expectations of the Money that was due. He anſwered me, with the Neceſſities that had forced him to treat, from the failing of his Payments; the Violences of his neighbour Princes, and the laſt Inſtances of the Emperor: But that he would, upon my coming, diſpatch one immediately to *Cleve*; to command his Miniſters to make a Stop in their Treaty, till they received further Orders, which I ſhould be Maſter of. I went to Supper after he left me, but was told enough privately to ſpoil it before I ſat down, which was, that the Treaty was ſigned at *Cleve*; though I took no Notice of it, becauſe I knew, if it were ſo, being angry would hurt no body but my Maſter or myſelf. Next Day the Biſhop made me a mighty Feaſt among all his chief Officers, where we ſat for four

Hours,

Hours, and in Bravery I drank fair like all the reſt; and obſerved, that my *Spaniſh* Cornet, and I that never uſed it, came off in better Order than any of the Company. I was very ſick after I came to my Lodgings; but he got on Horſeback on purpoſe to ſhew himſelf about the Town, while the reſt of the Company were out of Sight all the Afternoon. The Day after was agreed to give me an Account of the Affair of *Cleve*, upon the Return of the Biſhop's Expreſs after my Arrival; and at an Audience in the Evening, with great Pretence of Trouble and Grief, he confeſs'd the Treaty was ſigned, and ſo paſt Remedy; and that it had been ſo before his Expreſs arrived, tho' much againſt his Expectation, as he profeſſed. I am ſure it was not againſt mine, for I left *Bruſſels* in the Belief that I ſhould certainly find all concluded, which made my Journey much harder than it could have been with any Hopes of ſucceeding. I told him, when I found all ended, and no Hopes of retrieving it, that I would be gone within a Day or two, and would take my Leave of him that Night, being not well, and needing ſome

Reſt

Rest before I began my Journey. He said and did all that could be to persuade my Stay till I had represented his Reasons to the King, and received an Answer; and I found his Design was to keep me as long as he could, while his Agent at *Brussels* received Bills of Exchange from *England* that were ordered him in my Absence: So that I knew not how much every Day's Stay would cost the King, and that no other Service was to be done his Majesty in this Affair, besides saving as much of his Money as I could. The Bishop finding me immoveable, advised me, however, in pretended Kindness, to go by *Collen*, which, though four or five Days about, would be the only Way that was left for me with any Safety, the *Dutch* and *Brandenburghers* having posted themselves on purpose to attend my Return upon the other Roads; and he offered me Colonel *Ossory*, an *Irish* Gentleman, in his Service, to conduct me. I seemed to accept all, and to be obliged by his Care, but I wished myself well out of it, and took my Leave, tho' he pretended to see me again next Day. I went home, and instead of going to Bed,

as

as I gave out, I laid my Journey so as to be on Horseback next Morning between Three and Four o'Clock, upon *Good-Friday*, which I thought might help to make my Journey less suspected. I fee'd the Officer that opened the Gates for me, to keep them shut two Hours longer than usual that Morning, (which I hear was performed) and so committed myself to the Conduct of the Duke of *Nieuburg*'s Guide, to lead me the shortest Way he could into some Place belonging to his Master. I rode hard, and without any Stop, to a Village eight Leagues from *Munster*, and just upon the Borders of the *Brandenburg* Country: There I baited, and pretended to go to Bed and stay all Night; but in an Hour's Time, having got fresh Horses ready for four Men that I pretended to send before me, I put on a Cassock of one of the Marquis's Guards, and with my Page, the Duke of *Nieuburg*'s Guard, and Colonel *Masjatte*, a *Flemish* Officer in the *Munster* Service, I took Horse at the Back-door of the Inn, while the rest of my Company thought me in Bed, and resolved to ride as far as I could the rest of that Day, leaving my

my Steward to follow me the next, with the rest of my Train and Guards. I rode till Eight at Night, through the wildest Country, and most unfrequented Ways, that ever I saw; but being then quite spent, and ready to fall from my Horse, I was forced to stop and lay me down upon the Ground, till my Guard went to a Peasant's House in Sight, to find if there were any Lodgings for me; he brought me Word there were none, nor any Provisions in the House, nor could find any Thing but a little Bottle of Juniper Water, which is the common Cordial in that Country. I drank a good deal, and with it found my Spirits so revived, that I resolved to venture upon the three Leagues that remained of my Journey, so as to get into the Territories of *Nieuburg*, having passed all the Way, since I left my Train, through those of *Brandenburg*, whose Engagements with the *Dutch* left me no Safety while I was there. About Midnight I came to my Lodging, which was so miserable that I lay upon Straw, got on Horseback by Break of Day, and to *Dusseldorp* by Noon; where, being able to ride no farther, I went to

Bed

Bed for an Hour, sent to make my Excuses to the Duke of *Neuburg* upon my Hute and Wearinesse, and to borrow his Coach to carry me to *Ruremonde*, which was a long Day's Journey. This Prince sent me his Coach and his Compliments, with all the Civilities in the World. I went away that Afternoon, got to *Ruremonde* the next, and from thence hither, not without great Danger of the *Dutch* Parties, even in the *Spanish* Country; and so have ended the hardest Journey that ever I made in my Life, or ever shall; for such another I do not think I could ever bear with a Body no stronger than mine. At my Return, I had the Fortune to stop several Bills of Exchange, that would otherwise have fallen into the Hands of the Bishop's Agent here, and to forbid the Payment of the rest he received in my Absence, which, though accepted by the Merchants at *Antwerp*, yet were not satisfied, the Time having not expired at which they were payable. And this Service to the King is all the Satisfaction I have by this Adventure, which has ended the whole Affair of *Munster*, that has of late made so much

much Noise, and raised so much Expectation in the World. *I am, Sir,*

Yours, &c.

Dr. GARTH *to* ANTHONY HENLEY, *Esq; inclosing a Poem, called, his* Dispensary.

Sir,

A Man of your Character can no more prevent a Dedication, than he would encourage one; for Merit, like a Virgin's Blushes, is still most discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.

'Tis hard, that to think well of you should be but Justice, and to tell you so should be an Offence: Thus, rather than violate your Modesty, I must be wanting to your other Virtues; and to gratify one good Quality, do Wrong to a thousand.

The World generally measures our Esteem by the Ardour of our Pretences; and will scarce believe that so much Zeal in the Heart can be consistent with so much Faintness in the Expression: But when they reflect on your Readiness to do Good, and your Industry to hide it; on your Passion to oblige, and your Pain to hear it owned; they

they will conclude, that Acknowledgements would be ungrateful to a Person, who even seems to receive the Obligations he confers. But tho' I should persuade myself to be silent upon all Occasions, those more polite Arts, which, till of late, have languished and decayed, would appear under their present Advantages, and own you for one of their generous Restorers; insomuch, that Sculpture now breathes, Painting speaks, Musick ravishes; and as you help to refine our Taste, you distinguish your own. Your Approbation of this Poem is the only Exception to the Opinion the World has of your Judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself: But you are resolved to forget to be a Critic, by remembering you are a Friend. To say more, would be uneasy to you; and to say less, would be unjust in *Your humble Servant.*

To Dr. GARTH.

WHETHER your Letter or your Prescription has made me well, I protest I cannot tell; but thus much I can say,

say, that as the one was the most nauseous Thing I ever knew, so the other was the 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 much altered 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 an 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 accessory to the Mischief done with it; however, I'll forgive you the Ill-convenience you've 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 so welcome,

come, excepting Rain, in this sandy Country where we live. The Widow saith, she resolves to be sick, on purpose to be acquainted with you; but I tell her, she'll relish your Prescription better in full Health: And if at this Distance you can do her no Service, pray prescribe her

Your humble Servant,

T. M.

To PHILOTES.

I Should not have suffered so long an Interval to interrupt our Correspondence, if my Expedition to *Euphronius* had not wholly employed me for these last six Weeks. I had long promised to spend some Time with him before he embarked with his Regiment for *Flanders*; and as he is not one of those Hudibrastic Heroes, who chuse to run away one Day that they may live to fight another, I was unwilling to trust the Opportunity of seeing him, to the very precarious Contingency of his Return. The high Enjoyments he leaves behind him, might indeed be a Pledge to his Friends, that his Caution would at least be equal to his Courage, if his Notions of

Honour were less exquisitely delicate. But he will undoubtedly act as if he had nothing to hazard; though at the same Time, from the generous Sensibility of his Temper, he feels every Thing that his Family can suffer in their Fears for his Danger. I had an Instance, whilst I was in his House, how much *Euphronia*'s Apprehensions for his Safety are ready to take Alarm upon every Occasion. She called me one Day into the Gallery to look upon a Picture, which was just come out of the Painter's Hands; but the Moment she carried me up to it, she burst out into a Flood of Tears. It was drawn at the Request, and after a Design of her Father's, and is a Performance which does great Honour to the ingenious Artist who executed it. *Euphronius* is represented under the Character of *Hector* when he parts from *Andromache*, who is personated in the Piece by *Euphronia*; as her Sister, who holds their little Boy in her Arms, is shadowed out under the Figure of the beautiful Nurse with the young *Astyanax*. I was so pleased with the Design in this uncommon Family-piece, that I thought it deserved particular Men-

tion

tion; as I could wish it were to become a general Fashion, to have all Pictures of the same Kind executed in some such Manner. If, instead of furnishing a Room with separate Portraits, a whole Family were to be thus introduced into a single Piece, and represented under some interesting historical Subject, suitable to their Rank and Character, Portraits, which are now so generally and so deservedly despised, might become of real Value to the Public. By this means History-Painting would be encouraged amongst us, and a ridiculous Vanity turned to the Improvement of one of the most instructive, as well as the most pleasing, of the imitative Arts. Those who never contributed a single Benefit to their own Age, nor will ever be mentioned in any after-one, might by this means employ their Pride and their Expence in a Way which might render them entertaining and useful both to the present and future Times. It would require, indeed, great Judgment and Address in the Painter, to chuse and recommend Subjects proper to the various Characters which would present themselves to his Pencil; and undoubtedly

we ſhould ſee many enormous Abſurdities committed, if this Faſhion were univerſally to be followed. It would certainly, however, afford a glorious Scope to Genius, and, probably, ſupply us, in due Time, with ſome Productions which might be mentioned with thoſe of the moſt celebrated Schools. I am perſuaded at leaſt, that great Talents have been ſometimes loſt to this Art, by being confined to the dull, tho' profitable, Labour of ſenſeleſs Portraits; as I ſhould not doubt, if the Method I am ſpeaking of were to take Effect, to ſee that very promiſing Genius, who, in conſequence of your generous Offices, is now forming his Hand by the nobleſt Models in *Rome*, prove a Rival to thoſe great Maſters whoſe Work he is ſtudying. It cannot, I think, be denied, that the prevailing Fondneſs of having our Perſons copied out for Poſterity, is, in the preſent Application of it, a moſt abſurd and uſeleſs Vanity: As, in general, nothing affords a more ridiculous Scene, than thoſe groteſque Figures which uſually line the Manſions of a Man who is fond of diſplaying his Canvas-Anceſtry.

Co-

Good Heav'n! that Sots and Knaves ſhould
be ſo vain,
To wiſh their vile Reſemblance may remain;
And ſtand recorded, at their own Requeſt,
To future Times a Libel or a Jeſt. DRYD.

You muſt by no means, however, imagine that I abſolutely condemn this lower Application of one of the nobleſt Arts. It has certainly a very juſt Uſe, when employed in perpetuating the Reſemblances of that Part of our Species, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in their reſpective Generations. To be deſirous of an Acquaintance with the Perſons of thoſe who have recommended themſelves by their Writings or their Actions to our Eſteem and Applauſe, is a very natural and reaſonable Curioſity. For myſelf, at leaſt, I have often found much Satisfaction in contemplating a well-choſen Collection of the Portrait Kind, and comparing the Mind of a favourite Character, as it was either expreſſed or concealed in its external Lineaments. There is ſomething likewiſe extremely animating in theſe lively Repreſentations of celebrated Merit; and it was

an Obſervation of one of the *Scipio's*, that he could never view the Figures of his Anceſtors without finding his Boſom glow with the moſt ardent Paſſion of imitating their Deeds. However, as the Days of exemplary Virtue are now no more, and we are not, many of us, diſpoſed to tranſmit the moſt inflaming Models to future Times, it would be but Prudence, methinks, if we are reſolved to make Poſterity acquainted with the Perſons of the preſent Age, that it ſhould be by viewing them in the Actions of the paſt. Adieu.

I am, &c.

To the ſame.

Tunbridge, Auguſt 4, 1748.

I Think I promiſed you a Letter from this Place; yet I have nothing more material to write than that I got ſafe hither. To any other Man I ſhould make an Apology for troubling him with an Information ſo trivial; but among true Friends there is nothing indifferent, and what would ſeem of no Conſequence to others, has, in Intercourſes of this Nature, its Weight and Value. A By-ſtander, unacquainted

acquainted with Play, may fancy, perhaps, that the Counters are of no more Worth than they appear; but those who are engaged in the Game, know they are to be considered at a higher Rate. You see I draw my Allusions from the Scene before me: A Propriety which the Critics, I think, upon some Occasions recommend. I have often wondered what odd Whim could first induce the Healthy to follow the Sick into Places of this Sort, and lay the Scene of their Diversions amidst the most wretched Part of our Species: One should imagine an Hospital the last Spot in the World, to which those who are in pursuit of Pleasure would think of resorting. However, so it is; and by this means the Company here furnish out a Tragi-Comedy of the most singular Kind. While some are literally dying, others are expiring in Metaphor; and in one Scene you are presented with the real, and in another with the fantastical Pains of Mankind. An ignorant Spectator might be apt to suspect, that each Party was endeavouring to qualify itself for acting in the opposite Character: For the Infirm cannot labour more earnestly

to recover the Strength they have loſt, than the Robuſt to diſſipate that which they poſſeſs. Thus the Diſeaſed paſs not more anxious Nights in their Beds, than the Healthy at the Hazard-Tables; and I frequently ſee a Game at Quadrille occaſion as ſevere Diſquietudes as a Fit of the Gout. As for myſelf, I perform a Sort of middle Part in this motley Drama, and am ſometimes diſpoſed to join with the Invalids in envying the Healthy, and ſometimes have Spirits enough to mix with the Gay in pitying the Splenetic.

The Truth is, I have found ſome Benefit by the Waters; but I ſhall not be ſo ſanguine as to pronounce with Certainty of their Effects, till I ſee how they enable me to paſs thro' the approaching Winter. That Seaſon, you know, is the Time of Trial with me: And if I get over the next with more Eaſe than the laſt, I ſhall think myſelf obliged to celebrate the Nymph of theſe Springs in grateful Sonnet.

But let Time and Seaſons operate as they may, there is one Part of me over which they will have no Power; and in all the Changes of this uncertain Conſtitution, my

my Heart will ever continue fixed and firmly yours. I am, *&c.*

To CLEORA.

August 11, 1728.

THO' it is but a few Hours since I parted from my *Cleora*, yet I have already, you see, taken up my Pen to write to her: You must not expect, however, in this, or in any of my future Letters, that I say fine Things to you, since I only intend to tell you true ones. My Heart is too full to be regular, and too sincere to be ceremonious. I have changed the Manner, not the Style, of my former Conversations: And I write to you, as I used to talk to you, without Form or Art. Tell me then, with the same undissembled Sincerity, what Effect this Absence has upon your usual Chearfulness? As I will honestly confess, on my own Part, that I am too interested to wish a Circumstance, so little consistent with my own Repose, should be altogether reconcileable to yours. I have attempted, however, to pursue your Advice, and divert myself by the Subject you recommend to my Thoughts: But it

is impossible, I perceive, to turn off the Mind at once from an Object, which it has long dwelt upon with Pleasure. My Heart, like a poor Bird which is hunted from her Nest, is still returning to the Place of its Affections, and, after some vain Efforts to fly off, settles again where all its Cares and all its Tenderness are centered. Adieu.

To ORONTES.

May 6, 1735.

LET others consider you for those ample Possessions you enjoy: Suffer me to say, that it is your Application of them alone which renders either them or you valuable in my Estimation. Your splendid Roofs and elegant Accommodations I can view without the least Emotion of Envy: But when I observe you in the full Power of exerting the noble Purposes of your exalted Generosity,---it is then, I confess, I am apt to reflect, with some Regret, on the humbler Supplies of my own more limited Finances. *Nihil habet* (to speak of you in the same Language that the first of Orators addressed the greatest of Emperors) *fortuna tua majus, quam ut possis*;

nec

nec natura melius, quam ut velis servare quamplurimos. To be able to soften the Calamities of Mankind, and inspire Gladness into a Heart oppressed with Want, is indeed the noblest Privilege of an enlarged Fortune: But to exercise that Privilege in all its generous Refinements, is an Instance of the most uncommon Elegance, both of Temper and Understanding.

In the ordinary Dispensations of Bounty, little Address is required: But when it is to be applied to those of a superior Rank and more elevated Mind, there is as much Charity discovered in the Manner as in the Measure of one's Benevolence. It is something extremely mortifying to a well-formed Spirit, to see itself considered as an Object of Compassion; as it is the Part of improved Humanity to humour this honest Pride in our Nature, and to relieve the Necessities without offending the Delicacy of the Distressed.

I have seen Charity (if Charity it might be called) insult with an Air of Pity, and wound at the same Time that it healed. But I have seen too the highest Munificence dispensed with the most refined Tenderness, and a Bounty conferred with as much

much Addreſs as the moſt artful would employ in ſoliciting one. Suffer me, *Orontes*, upon this ſingle Occaſion, to gratify my own Inclinations in Violence to yours, by pointing out the particular Inſtance I have in my View; and allow me, at the ſame Time, to join my Acknowledgments, with thoſe of the unfortunate Perſon I recommend to your Protection, for the generous Aſſiſtance you lately afforded him. I am, *&c.*

Mr. DRYDEN *to Mr.* DENNIS.

My dear Mr. Dennis,

WHEN I read a Letter ſo full of my 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 flow 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 Reflection of her Brother. Your own Poetry is a more powerful Example, to prove that the modern

dern 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 Critick, can persuade me that there is any Room left for a solid Commendation, at this Time of Day at least, for me. 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 by *Ariosto*. 'Tis using them too dully, if we only make Devils of his Gods: As if, for Example, I would raise a Storm, and make use of *Æolus*, with this only Difference, of calling him Prince of the Air, what Invention of mine would there be in this? or who would not see *Virgil* thorough me, only the same Trick play'd 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

ticularly 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 converſant in the *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 heroick Poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. *Rym*---, that our *Engliſh* Comedy is far beyond any Thing of the Ancients. And, notwithſtanding our Irregularities, ſo is our Tragedy. *Shakeſpear* 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 Critick has found in the World, after his blaſpheming *Shakeſpear*. Almoſt all the Faults which he has dif-

discovered are truly there; yet who will read Mr. *Rym---*, or not read *Shakespear*? 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 *Shakespear* has not. There is another Part of Poetry in which the *English* stand almost upon an equal Footing with the Ancients; and 'tis that which we call *Pindarique*, introduced, but not perfected, by our 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 either 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 unmanur'd; 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 a witty Answer to a bad Poet,

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 Expressions) 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; 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 betwixt 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 inoffen-

sive.

ſive. 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 have indeed 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 *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 *Mopſus* 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 betwixt 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 Batchelor, and a married Man, and is now a Widower. *Virgil* says of *Cenceus*,

---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. Dennis,

Your most affectionate

and most faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

A Cha

A Character of Mr. WYCHERLEY,
By the Honourable Mr. GRANVILLE.

Of all our modern Wits, none seems to me
Once to have touch'd upon true Comedy,
But hasty Shadwel, *and slow* Wycherley.
Shadwel's *unfinish'd*, &c.
But Wycherley *earns hard whate'er he gains,*
He wants no Judgment, and he spares no Pains. Earl of ROCHESTER, &c.

Sir,

THIS is Part of a Character given of Mr. *Wycherley*, by one of the greatest Wits our later Ages have produced. There are some other Lines, which I have forgot, relating to the same Purpose, but their Sense, as I remember, is this; that as Mr. *Wycherley* excels in the Strength and Variety of his Thoughts, so is he guilty of the fewest Errors: He is not only the greatest *Wit*, but the most correct, or somewhat to that Signification.

This Character, however just in other Respects, yet injures Mr. *Wycherley* in one Particular, being represented as a laborious Writer; which every one can contradict, who has the least personal Knowledge of

him. Those indeed who form their Judgment only by his Writings, may be apt to imagine, that so many admirable Reflections, such Diversity of Images and Characters, such strict Enquiries into Nature, so thorough an Inspection, and such close Observations upon the several Humours, Manners, Sentiments, and Affections of Men, and, as it were, so true and so perfect a *Dissection* of Human-kind as appears in his Comedies, could be no other than the Work of extraordinary Labour and Application. Whereas others, who have the Happiness to be acquainted with the Author, as well as his Works, are able to affirm, that all these Perfections are due to his Genius, and natural Penetration. We owe the Pleasure and Advantage of having been so well entertained and instructed by him, to his Facility of doing it; for if I mistake him not extremely, had it been a Trouble to him to write, he would have spared himself that Trouble. What he has performed would, indeed, have been difficult for a Genius of less Force; but the Ease, which a Man of ordinary

nary Size could not lift, was no more than a Walking-Staff for *Hercules*.

Mr. *Wycherley*, in his *Writings*, is *severe*, and *bold* in his *Undertakings*; in his *Conversation*, *gentle*, *modest*, *inoffensive*. In his Writings he seems without *Mercy*; in his Nature he is all *Tenderness*. He makes use of his *Satire*, as a Man truly *brave* of his *Courage*, only upon publick Occasions, and for publick Good: He compassionates the Wound he is under a Necessity to probe; or, like a good-natured Conqueror, grieves at the Occasion that provokes him to make such Havock.

There are some who object against his *Versification*; but a Diamond is not less a Diamond for not being polished. *Versification* is in *Poetry*, what *Colouring* is in *Painting*, a beautiful Ornament: But if the Proportions are just, the Posture true, the Figure bold, and the Resemblance according to Nature, though the Colours happen to be rough, or carelessly laid on, yet the Picture shall lose nothing of its Esteem. Such are many of the inestimable Pieces of *Raphael*; whereas the finest and the nicest Colour that Art can invent, is but Labour

in vain, when the rest is in Disorder; like Paint bestowed on an ill Face, whereby the Deformity is rendered but so much the more conspicuous and remarkable. It would not be unseasonable to make some Observations upon this Subject, by way of Advice to many of our present Writers, who seem to lay the whole Stress of their Endeavours upon the *Harmony* of Words: Like *Eunuchs* they sacrifice their *Manhood* for a *Voice*, and reduce our Poetry to be like *Echo*, nothing but *Sound*. In Mr. *Wycherley* every Thing is *masculine*; his Muse is not led forth as to a *Review*, but as to a *Rattle*: Not adorned for Parade, but for Execution: He would be tried by the *Sharpness* of his Blade, and not by the *Finery*: Like your Heroes of Antiquity, he charges in Iron, and seems to despise all Ornament, but intrinsick Virtue; and, like those Heroes, has therefore added another Name to his own; and, by the unanimous Assent of the World, is called, *The Manly Wycherley*.

I am, &c.

Queen

Queen ANN BOLEYN's *last Letter to King* HENRY VIII.

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 a 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 Boleyn*; 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 I now 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 Object. You have chosen me, from a low Estate, to be your Queen and Companion, far beyond my Desert or 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, 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,

Cenſure, and mine Offences being ſo lawfully proved, your Grace is at Liberty, both before God and Man, 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 not being 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 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 appear, 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

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 Boleyn* hath been pleasing in your Ears, then let me obtain this Request; and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine 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 loyal,
and ever faithful Wife,
ANN BOLEYN.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH *to Prince* HENRY, *Son of* JAMES I.

May it please your Highness,

THE following Lines are addressed 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

joy 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 Vicegerent; which ill Men have turned both to the Diſhonour of God, and the Impeachment of his Majeſty's Goodneſs. They adjoin Vicegerency to the Idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His Majeſty's Wiſdom, it is 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 obſerved 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 conveyed from you. Your Father is called the Vicegerent of Heaven; while he is good, he is the Vicegerent of Heaven. Shall Men have Authority from the Fountain of Good to do Evil? No, my Prince; let mean and degenerate Spirits, which want Benevolence, ſuppoſe your Power impaired

paired by a Disability of doing Injuries. If want of Power to do ill be an Incapacity in a Prince, with Reverence 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

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 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 cannot 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
moſt faithful Servant,
WALTER RALEIGH.

CHARLES I. *to the Earl of* STRAFFORD.

Strafford,

THE Misfortune that is fallen upon you by the strange Mistaking and Conjunctur of thease Tymes being such, that I must lay by the Thought of imploing you hereafter in my Affaires; yet I cannot satisfie myself in Honnor or Conscience, without asseuring you (now in the midest of your Trobles) that, upon the Word of a King, you shall not suffer in Lyfe, Honnor, or Fortune. This is but Justice, and therefore a verie meane Rewarde from a Maister to so faithefull and able a Servant, as you have showed yourselfe to bee; yet it is as much, as I conceave the present Tymes will permitt, though none shall hinder me from being

Your constant faithful Friend,
CHARLES R.

Earl of STRAFFORD *to his Son.*

My dearest WILL,

THESE are the last Lines that you are to receive from a Father that tenderly loves you. I wish there were a greater Lei-

ſure to impart my Mind unto you; but our merciful God will ſupply all Things by his Grace, and guide and protect you in all your Ways; to whoſe infinite Goodneſs I bequeath you; and therefore be not diſcouraged, but ſerve him, and truſt in him, and he will preſerve and proſper you in all Things. Be ſure you give all Reſpects to my Wife, that hath ever had a great Love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your Love and Care to your Siſters, but let them ever be moſt dear unto you: For this will give others Cauſe to eſteem and reſpect you for it, and is a Duty that you owe them in the Memory of your excellent Mother and myſelf: Therefore your Care and Affection to them muſt be the very ſame that you are to have of yourſelf; and the like Regard muſt you have to your youngeſt Siſter; for indeed you owe it her alſo, both for her Father and Mother's Sake. Sweet *Will*, be careful to take the Advice of thoſe Friends, which are by me deſired to adviſe you for your Education. Serve God diligently Morning and Evening, and recommend yourſelf unto him, and have him before

before your Eyes in all your Ways. With Patience hear the Instructions of those Friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their Counsel. For, till you come by Time to have Experience in the World, it will be far more safe to trust to their Judgments than your own. Lose not the Time of your Youth, but gather those Seeds of Virtue and Knowledge which may be of Use to yourself, and Comfort to your Friends, for the rest of your Life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereto with Patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from Anger. Suffer not Sorrow to cast you down, but with Chearfulness and good Courage go on the Race you have to run in all Sobriety and Truth. Be sure with an hallowed Care to have Respect to all the Commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least Things, lest by Degrees you come to forget them in the greatest; for the Heart of Man is deceitful above all Things. And in all your Duties and Devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively; for God loves a chearful Giver. For your Religion, let it be directed

rected according to that which shall be taught by those which are in God's Church, the proper Teachers thereof, rather than that you ever either fancy one to yourself, or be led by Men that are singular in their own Opinion, and delight to go Ways of their own finding out: For you will certainly find Soberness and Truth in the one, and much Unsteadiness and Vanity in the other. The King, I trust, will deal graciously with you; restore you those Honours and that Fortune, which a distempered Time hath deprived you of, together with the Life of your Father; which I rather advise might be by a new Gift and Creation from himself, than by any other Means, to the End you may pay the Thanks to him without having Obligations to any other. Be sure to avoid, as much as you can, to enquire after those that have been sharp in their Judgments towards me, and I charge you never to suffer Thought of Revenge to enter into your Heart; but be careful to be informed who were my Friends in this Prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your Friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow

much of your Converſation amongſt them. And God Almighty, of his infinite Goodneſs, bleſs you and your Children's Children; and his ſame Goodneſs bleſs your Siſters in like Manner, perfect you in every good Work, and give you right Underſtandings in all Things. *Amen.*

Your moſt loving Father,
T. WENTWORTH.

King CHARLES *the Second's Letter to the Duke of* YORK *in his Exile.*

I Have already given you my Reaſons at large, why I think it fit that you ſhould abſent yourſelf for ſome Time beyond Sea. As I am utterly ſorry for the Occaſion, ſo you may be ſure I ſhall never deſire it longer, than it will be abſolutely neceſſary both for your Good and my Service. In the mean Time, I think it proper to give you, under my Hand, that I expect this Compliance from you, and deſire it may be as ſoon as conveniently you can: You may eaſily believe with what Trouble I write this to you, there being nothing I am more ſenſible of than the conſtant Kindneſs you have ever had for me; and I hope you are

ſo

ſo juſt to me, as to be aſſured that no Abſence, or any Thing elſe, can ever change me from ever being truly and kindly yours,

CHARLES REX.

Queen ANNE *to the Duke of* MARLBOROUGH *after the Victory of* Oudenarde.

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.*

Duke of MARLBOROUGH *to Queen* ANNE.

Madam,

BY what I hear from *London*, I find your Majeſty is pleaſed to think, that when I have reflected, I muſt be of Opinion, that you are in the right in giving Mr. *Hill* the Earl of *Eſſex*'s Regiment. I beg your Majeſty will be ſo juſt to me, as not to think I can be ſo unreaſonable as to be mortified to the Degree that I am, if it proceeded only from this one Thing; for I ſhall always be ready and glad to do every Thing that is agreeable to you, after I have repreſented what may be a Prejudice to your Service. But this is only one of a great many Mortifications that I have met with. And as I may not have many Opportunities of writing to you, let me beg of your Majeſty to reflect what your own People and the reſt of the World muſt think, who have been Witneſſes of the Love, Zeal and Duty, with which I have ſerved you, when they ſhall ſee, that after all I have done, it has not been able to protect me

against the Malice of a Bed-Chamber Woman. Your Majesty will allow me on this Occasion to remind you of what I writ to you the last Campaign, of the certain Knowledge I had of Mrs. *Masham*'s having assured Mr. *Harley*, that I should receive such constant Mortifications, as should make it impossible for me to continue in your Service. God Almighty and the whole World are my Witnesses, with what Care and Pains I have served you more than twenty Years; and I was resolved, if possible, to have struggled with Difficulties to the End of this War. But the many Instances I have had of your Majesty's great Change to me, has so broke my Spirits, that I must beg, as the greatest and last Favour, that you will approve of my retiring, so that I may employ the little Time I have to live, in making my just Acknowledgments to God, for the Protection he has been pleased to give me: And your Majesty may be assured that my Zeal for you and my Country is so great, that in my Retirement I shall daily pray for your Prosperity, and that those who shall serve you as faithfully as I

have done, may never feel the hard Return that I have met with.

Monsieur DE COLLETIER *to Mademoiselle* DE CHOUX.

Madam,

DID you ever see an Almanack in your Life? You'll say this is an odd Question. I'll give you the Reason then why I asked it: There's an odd Sort of a Fellow usually pictured in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him? cry you. Why, Madam, he's only a Type of your humble Servant, for that Son of a Whore *Cupid* has pink'd me all over with his confounded Arrows, that, by my Troth, I look like -----let me think like what,----like your Ladyship's Pincushion. But this is not all; your Eyes had like to have proved more fatal to me than *Cupid* and all his Roguery: For, Madam, while I was Star-gazing the other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame (as we Lovers use to be) I dropt plumb into your Fish-pond, by the same Token, that I hissed like a red-hot Horshoe flung into a Smith's Trough. 'Twas a

hundred

hundred Pound to a Penny but I had been drowned, for those that came to my Assistance left me to shift for myself, while they scrambled for boiled Fish, that were as plentiful as *Herrings* at *Roterdam*. Some of my Fellow-Sufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladyship, as well as of, Madam,

Your most devoted Slave,

COLLETIER.

From a Gentleman to his Friend, to comfort him under the Apprehensions of Death.

Sir,

I Heard of your Indisposition with a great deal of Regret. All your Friends are extremely concerned at your desperate Condition, but most of all, to find this last Scene of your Life not only dissonant from, but a little unworthy of the rest. 'Tis a Misery of Nature to be neither exempt from Pain, nor easy under it; but your Distemper has nothing in it but Danger. I grant it is essential to Humanity to dread a Dissolution; and that few are found so miserable, but upon very indifferent Terms would compound to live; but these are Men ab-

ſolute Slaves to the Mechaniſm of their Exiſtence, and who have not Philoſophy enough to raiſe them above the Condition of animated Clay. You, Sir, have taſted all the Blandiſhments that Life affords, and long ago might have been thought tired with the nauſeous Revolution of the ſame Delights. You were never imperious in Authority, nor ſupercilious to your Inferiors; you drank without quarrelling, and play'd without ſwearing; you repay'd what you borrowed, and lent ſometimes more than you could conveniently ſpare; you laughed at no Religion, though you never declared your own: Every one by this Diſcretion thought you of his, becauſe your Morality ſhewed you of the beſt. If you have not improved your Eſtate, you have ſpent it not ill, and have left enough to bury you. Methinks theſe Reflections might make your Mind more eaſy under your approaching Diſunion. That you ſhould chuſe to live (if it were in your Option) I don't wonder at, ſince your Life was a Pleaſure to your Friends, and never a Trouble to yourſelf. But ſince Neceſſity ſeems to have determined your Fate, the

radical

radical Moiſture quite exhauſted, and the Glaſs, in fine, run out; why ſhould you be anxious at the cloſing of a Period, you have ſo glorioufly protracted to a good old Age? Why can't you calmly ſuffer what it is impoſſible to avoid, and not by any Regrets and Reluctances ſeem too deſirous of what muſt not, cannot be? This were by one Action to tarniſh the Glories of fifty odd Years. I can't ſee a Bleſſing on Earth worth your ſtaying for; the eternal Viciſſitude of Things confirms you, that they were made to be changed, and that the Law of Succeſſion would be violated, if you did not in your Turn make Way for a new Part to be acted. Shew the World you believed what you practiſed: Since to die is the Conſequence of being born, let the Scene be quietly ſhifted, and go calmly off the Stage. As you lived honourably, die ſo, and then you may expect to reſt happily, and leave a good Name behind you.

To Colonel R***s *in* Spain.

BEFORE this can reach the beſt of Huſbands and the fondeſt Lover, thoſe tender Names will be of no more Concern

cern 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 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 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

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 the 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 Con-

Consolation. My last Breath will, if I am myself, expire in a Prayer for you. I shall never see thy Face again. Farewel for ever.

*From Miss *** to Miss* PEMBERTON, *giving her the melancholy Account of her Sister's Death.*

Dear Miss PEMBERTON,

JUST as I was setting out for *Worcestershire*, in order to follow my Sister, who, you know, has been some Time there, I received a Letter from my Aunt, acquainting me, that she was taken ill last *Friday*, and died in two Days after.—Yes, that lately so much admired, that splendid Beauty, is now reduced to a cold Lump of Clay;—for ever closed are those once sparkling Eyes;—hushed is that Voice that once gave so much Delight;---those Limbs, which Art was ransacked to adorn, have now no other Covering than a simple Shroud, and in a few Days will be confined within the narrow Compass of a Tomb.---Ah! what is Life!---what all the gaudy Pride of Youth, of Pomp, of Grandeur! what the vain Adoration of a flattering World!---Delusive Pleasures;---fleeting

Nothings,

Nothings, how unworthy are you of the Attention of a reasonable Being!---You know the gay Manner in which we have always lived, and will, no doubt, be surprised to find Expressions of this Kind fall from my Pen;---but, my dear *Pemberton*, hitherto my Life has been a Dream; but I am now, thank Heaven, awake:---My Sister's Fate has roused me from my Lethargy of Mind, made me see the Ends for which I was created, and reflect that there is no Time to be lost for their Accomplishment. Who can assure me, that in an Hour, a Moment, I may not be as she is?---And if so, Oh, how unfit, how unprepared to make my Audit at the great Tribunal!---In what a strange Stupidity have I passed fourteen or fifteen Years! (for those of my Childhood are not to be reckoned) I always knew that Death was the Portion of the human Race, yet never took the least Care to arm against the Terrors of it. Whenever I went a little Journey, I provided myself with all Things necessary, yet have I got nothing ready for that long, last Voyage, I must one Day take into another World:---What an Infatuation to be anxious

xious for the minuteſt Requiſites for Eaſe and Pleaſure, in a Dwelling where I propoſed to ſtay a few Weeks or Months, perhaps, yet wholly regardleſs of what was wanting for making my Felicity in an eternal Situation! Reaſon, juſt kindled, ſhudders at the Recollection of that endleſs Train of Follies I have been guilty of:--- Well might the poor *Berinthia* feel all their Force;---vain, gay, unthinking as myſelf, I tremble at the bare Imagination of thoſe Ideas, which her laſt Moments muſt inſpire; for I now faithfully believe with Mr. *Waller*, that,

Leaving the old, both Worlds at once they view,
Who ſtand upon the Threſhold of the new.

Whether it was the Suddenneſs of her Fate, or a Letter ſhe wrote to me not two Hours before her Death, I know not, that has made this Alteration in me; but of this I am certain, that I can never enough acknowledge the Goodneſs of that Divine Power, without whoſe Aſſiſtance it could not have been brought about. I ſhall make no Apology for this melancholy Epiſtle,

because I am very sensible that whatever Concern you may feel for my Sister, it will be greatly alleviated, by finding I am become at least a reasonable Creature. Heaven has, I hope, accepted her Contrition, and will enable me to be more early in mine. I am, dear Miss,

Your most afflicted humble Servant.

From the celebrated Mrs. ROWE, *to the Right Hon. the Countess of* HERTFORD. Written the Day before her Death.

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 Heights of immortal Love and Extasy. Mine perhaps may be the glad Spirit to congratulate your safe Arrival to 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 the World; and, after your pious Example has been long a Blessing to Mankind, may calmly resign

resign your Breath, and enter the Confines of unmolested Joy.---I am now taking my Farewel of you here, but it is a short Adieu, with full Persuasion that we shall soon meet again.---But oh! in what Elevation of Happiness!-----In what Enlargement of Mind, and what Perfection of every Faculty!---What transporting Reflections shall we make on the Advantages of which we shall be eternally possessed!---To him that loved us in his Blood shall we ascribe immortal Glory, Dominion, and Praise for ever: This is all my Salvation, all my Hope. That Name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom all the Families of the Earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing Confidence. In his Worth alone I expect to stand justified before infinite Purity and Justice.---How poor were my Hopes, if I depended on those Works, which my Vanity, or the Partiality of Men have called good; and which, if 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

Where were my Hopes, but for a Redeemer's Merit and Atonement?---How desperate, how undone my Condition!---With the utmost Advantages I could boast, I should step back and tremble at the Thoughts of appearing before the unblemished Majesty!---Oh JESUS! what Harmony dwells in thy Name? Celestial Joy and immortal Life are 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 all the Objects of mortal Sense! All the Glories of Mortality (my much beloved Friend) will be nothing in your View at the awful Hour of Death, when you must be separated from this lower Creation, and enter on the Borders of the immortal World.

Something persuades me this will be the last Farewel in this World; Heaven forbid it should be an everlasting Parting May that divine Protection, whose Care I implore, keep you steadfast in the Faith of Christianity, and guide your steps in the strictest Paths of Virtue. Adieu, my most dear Friend, until we meet in the Paradise of God.

L E. ROWE.

LAURA *to* AURELIA.

COULD your Importunity have prevailed with my Brother to have left me in *London*, you had been free from the Vexation that I shall certainly give you, by making you the Confidant of all my Country Adventures; and I hope you will relieve my Chagrin, by telling me what the dear, bewitching, busy World is doing, while I am idly sauntering away my Time in rural Shades. How happy are you, my dear *Aurelia!* How I envy you the Enjoyment of Dust, of Crouds and Noise, with all the polite Hurry of the *Beau-monde!*

My Brother brought me hither to see a Country-Seat he has lately purchased; he would fain persuade me it is finely situated, but I should think it more finely situated in the *Mall*, or even in *Cheapside*, than here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful Distance from the Theatre-Royal, from the Opera, from the Masquerade, and every Thing in this World that is worth living for. I can scarce tell you whither to direct your Letters; we are certainly at the Ends of the Earth,

Earth, on the Borders of the Continent, the Limits of the habitable Globe; under the polar Star, among wild People and Savages. I thought we ſhould never have come to the End of our Pilgrimage; nor could I forbear aſking my Brother, if we were to travel by dry Land to the *Antipodes*; not a Mile but ſeemed ten, that carried me from *London*, the Centre of all my Joys. The Country is my Averſion; I have Trees and Hedges, ſteep Hills, and ſilent Vallies: The Satyriſts may laugh, but to me

"*Green Fields, and ſhady Groves, and*
"*cryſtal Springs,*
"*And Larks, and Nightingales, are odious*
Things."

I had rather hear *London* Cries, with the Rattle of Coaches, than ſit liſtening to the melancholy Murmur of purling Brooks, or all the wild Muſick of the Woods; the Smell of Violets give me the Hyſtericks; freſh Air murders me; my Conſtitution is not robuſt enough to bear it; the cooling Zephyrs will fan me into a Catarrh, if I ſtay here much longer. If theſe are the Seats of the Muſes, let them unenvied en-

joy their glittering Whimsies, and converse with the visionary Beings of their own forming. I have no Fancy for Dryades and Fairies, nor the least Prejudice to human Society; a mere earthly Beau, with an embroidered Coat, suits my Taste better than an aerial Lover with his shining Tresses and Rain-bow Wings.

The sober Twilight, which has employed so many soft Descriptions, is with me a very dull Period; nor does the Moon (on which the Poets doat) with all her starry Train, delight me half so much as an Assembly-Room illuminated with Wax-Candles: This is what I should prefer to the glaring Sun in his meridian Splendor: Daylight makes me sick, it has something in it so common and vulgar, that it seems fitter for Peasants to make Hay in, or Country Lasses to spin by, than for the Use of People of Distinction. You pity me, I know, dear *Aurelia*, in this deplorable State; the whole Creation is a Blank to me, 'tis all joyless and desolate. In whatever gay Images the Muses have dressed these rustick Abodes, I have not Penetration enough to discover them: Not the flowery

flowery Field nor ſpangled Sky, the roſy Morn, or balmy Evening, can recreate my Thoughts: I am neither a religious nor poetical Enthuſiaſt; and without either of theſe Qualifications, what ſhould I do in ſilent Retreats and penſive Shades? I find myſelf little at Eaſe in this Abſence of the noiſy Diverſions of the Town; 'tis hard for me to keep up my Spirits in Leiſure and Retirement; it makes me anxiouſly inquiſitive what will become of me when my Breath flies away: Death, that ghaſtly Phantom, perpetually intrudes on my Solitude, and ſome doleful Knell from a neighbouring Steeple often calls upon me to ruminate on Coffins and Funerals, Graves and gloomy Sepulchres. As theſe diſmal Subjects put me in the Vapours, and make me ſtart at my own Shadow, the ſooner I come to Town the better; and I wiſh, my dear *Aurelia*, you would oblige me ſo far as to lay a Scheme for my Eſcape. Adieu.

To Miſs W***, *adviſing her to take Care of her Houſe.*

AS you are Tenant at Will in a very handſome genteel Houſe, and are

now capable of furniſhing it in the politeſt Manner, ruling it by the ſtricteſt Maxims of Oeconomy and Decorum, permit a Friend to give a few curſory Hints in an Affair of ſo much Importance. Your Building is compoſed of ſome of the fineſt Materials I ever ſaw, and is ſo much the more liable to diſcover the Flaw and Spot that may accidentally touch it.---'Tis erected of a proper Height, a juſt Size, reared on a regular Plan, and finiſhed with the moſt accurate Proportion. On the Top ſtands an eminent Turret, furniſhed with a Room of a globular Form, which I obſerve has two Cryſtal Windows in the Front. Theſe are ſo conſtructed as to be exceeding uſeful, as they command an extenſive Proſpect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great Ornament to the Houſe. I adviſe you not to look thro' them at every Object that paſſes by; be ſure to ſhut them ſoon at Night, and you may open them as early as you pleaſe in the Morning. On each Side I diſcover a ſmall Portal to receive Company; take Care they don't always ſtand open, for then you will be crouded with Viſitors, and perhaps with many ſuch

as you will not like; let them never be shut against the instructive Parent, the advising Friend, or the supplicating Orphan. I took Notice of one Gate in the Front, at which all your Company goes out; let that generally be barred close; be cautious what Visitors you let out publickly, lest if any of ill Character be seen coming from it, you draw a Scandal upon your House. It will be necessary therefore to lay a strict Injunction of Vigilance on your two Porters, who stand Centinels in Liveries of the deepest Scarlet, just without the Ivory Pallisadoes. I have seen some People paint the two Pannels just below the Windows, but I would advise you to the contrary, for your own natural Colours far excel all the Decorations of Art. This Part of the Edifice is supported by a Pillar of *Corinthian* Marble, whose Base is ornamented with two Alabaster Semi-globes, over which is generally drawn a fine Lawn Curtain of admirable Needle-work. Beneath is the great Hall, in which you have a small Closet of exquisite Workmanship; this, I suppose, is the Place of your secret Retirement, open to none but yourself, or some faithful

intimate Friend. I advise you to keep this always clean, furnish it well, make it a little Library of the best practical Authors, and visit it frequently, especially when you return home from Church, or leave a Circle of Acquaintance, which you have met at the Tea-table. Let the Outside of the Hall not appear like an Hearse hung round with Escutcheons, nor like a Coach of State bedaubed with Gilt and Colourings, but let it be plain, neat and clean, to convince the World that it is kept more for Use than Ornament. You are sensible, Miss, Time effaces the Beauty, and demolishes the Strength of the noblest Structure, and therefore will not be surprized to find your little Tenement subject to the same Change: Doubtless, it has often wanted Repairs, tho' you have lived in it no longer, which are plain Intimations the House will one Day fall.---You may be soon turned out,---the Landlord may give you Warning, or may not;---this is uncertain;---be always ready to go when called upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the shortest Notice. One Thing I would observe too, is, that when you quit the House,

no other Tenant will inhabit it, but 'twill lie waſte and in Ruins; yet the Proprietor will ſome Time or other rebuild it for your Reception in a more durable Manner, with the ſame Materials, but ſo refined and modified that it will be liable to no Accident nor Decays; and as it is abſolutely neceſſary that your Habitation be new rear'd in ſome other Place, I heartily wiſh it may be in a finer Country, under a milder Climate, and well ſheltered from all Storms; then will your Situation be happy and honourable, and your Leaſe never expire.

Yours, &c.

The following Letter was wrote by Mr. ADDISON, *probably at* Rome, *to* ---- MONTAGUE, *Eſq;*

Dear Sir,

I Hope this will find you ſafe at *Geneva*; and that the Adventure of the Rivulet, which you have ſo well celebrated in your laſt, has been the worſt you have met with in your Journey thither. I can't but envy your being among the *Alps*, where you may ſee Froſt and Snow in the Dog-days. We are here quite burnt up, and are

are at least ten Degrees nearer the Sun than when you left us. I am very well satisfied 'twas in *August*, that *Virgil* wrote his *O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi*, &c. Our Days at present, like those in the first Chapter of *Genesis*, consist only of the Evening and the Morning; for the *Roman* Noons are as silent as the Midnights of other Countries. But among all these Inconveniencies, the greatest I suffer is from your Departure, which is more afflicting to me than the Canicule. I am forc'd, for want of better Company, to converse mostly with Pictures, Statues, and Medals: For, you must know, I deal very much in ancient Coins; and can count out a Sum in Sesterces, with as much Ease as in Pounds Sterling. I am a great Critic in Rust, and can tell you the Age of it at first Sight. I am only in some Danger of losing my Acquaintance with our *English* Money; for at present I am much more used to the *Roman*. If you glean up any of our Country News, be so kind as forward it this Way. Pray give Mr. *Dashwood's* and my very humble Service to Sir *Thomas*

Alston,

Alston, and accept of the same yourself from, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble Servant,

Aug. 7. J. ADDISON.

My Lord *Bernard*, &c. give their humble Service.

*From Miss *** to Lady ***.*

THE first Letter from an absent Friend is surely the most agreeable Thing to muse over in Nature. Yours from *Hatfield* revived in me those pleasing Remembrances which not only enliven, but expand the Heart; that very Heart which, but the Moment before, felt itself mightily shrunk and contracted at the Thoughts of your Departure. Lady *H. Beauclerk* partook of the Pleasure. The Moment she saw your Hand, she craved *half!*---and read it most complacently over my Shoulder. 'Tis to no Purpose to tell you, how much you were missed by every body that stayed in Town; how often I cast my Eyes up at your Dressing-Room Windows, or how many People I've run over in contemplating your Dining-Room Shutters. All I have

to beg of you is, to write to me very often to be mindful of your Health; and to order *John*, when I go to Town again, to tye up the Knocker.---I could tell you many Stories of the ſenſible Things, but of all the inſenſible ones upon this Occaſion, your Lamp provoked me the moſt. To ſee that Creature, when I've gone by in an Evening, burn ſo pertly, and with ſo much Alacrity, has put me out of all Patience. To what Purpoſe ſhould he light us into your Houſe now? Or who'd be obliged to him for his paultry Rays?---I took a contemplative Turn or two in your Dreſſing-Room once or twice; but 'twas ſo like walking over your Grave, that I could not bear to ſtay.---Lady *H.* departed two Days after you; and in ſhort I lived to ſee almoſt every body I lov'd go before me. So laſt *Saturday* I made my own Exit, with equal Decency and Dignity; that is, with a thorough Reſignation of the World I left, and an earneſt Deſire after that I am now enjoying with Lady *Bowyer* and Miſs *Peggy Stonehouſe*. I ſhall begin verging towards my laſt Home, after having juſt touch'd upon the Confines of Lady *H. B*'s

World,

World, there to subside and be at Peace; where I shall have nothing farther to hope for---but to meet with a Letter from you. I have implored St. *Swithin* in your Behalf; but he either not hears me, or, to pay you a greater Compliment, weeps plentifully for your Absence. I fear you've had a terrible Journey, for scarce a Day has passed that he has not shed many Tears.

Miss PAGET to Miss VOKES.

The Description of the dear Ball. A full and true Account of the Birth, Parentage and Education, Life, Character and Behaviour of the Dancers.

THIS whole Day do I dedicate (for my Eyes are scarcely quite open) to the Pleasure it always gives me to write to my dear *Charlotte*. Your two kind Letters deserve all Acknowledgment.---It's all over now! and I think a Ball, when it's over, only serves to torment one,---and yet, whip it, there is a Satisfaction in reflecting on past Happiness;---for what has been, you know, *Charlotte*, may be again.---So, *Vokes*, you must know, that Mrs. *Lilip*'s Coach (but no Mrs. *Rumsey*, thank Heaven,

ven, in it) called upon Mrs. *Bartlett*, in order to go in Company to *Egerton-Green*. Mrs. *Bartlett* was dressed in a white Lute-string Gown and Petticoat, and looked charmingly;---and *Sukey Paget* had on her Yellow and Silver (never was but once at *Leicester-House*) and my Silver Tissue Shoes, and Diamond Buckles. Mamma, indeed, lent me all her Jewels (the Birth-Night) and has never since offered to take them again, a dear Creature.---But she hoped, she said, I would not be disobliged if she borrowed them of me one Day or other for herself. So, I suppose, she has not altogether reduced Mr. *Ashburnham* to Despair, tho' she tells me again and again, and Time after Time, that she'll never part with her Liberty any more: ---Liberty, my dear *Vokes*, only think of that; for what is Liberty, you know, but an Indulgence of one's Choice? My good Mother, I believe, is more afraid of my Liberty than her own, but that you and I will take another Opportunity to talk of. Violent was the Croud of Coaches at *Egerton*; it was all another *Ranelagh*. The Bride was in a white Lute-string Sack, pinked and full trimmed, and had

had four very neat Diamond Buckles to her Jumps, white Silk Mittens, and a Sattin Shoe braided with Silver Cord; but she neither became the Dress, nor the Dress her: She was the Image of a genteel Doll, and had about the same Degree of Motion, seeming (to use Mamma's Expression) to have lost her Liberty. The Bridegroom had on a frightful Purple laced with Gold, the express Figure of the Pulpit-Cloth which my Mamma gave Dr. *Bargrove*, and opened the Ball with Lady *Susan Lawson*, who is actually a fine Woman, and if she had less Affectation, would be more admired for her Beauty. Her Ladyship declining a second Dance, Mr. *Lawson* twirled the Bride into a Minuet, who moved as if she had absolutely no Joints, and in Imitation of Lady *Susan*, calling no other Partner, Mr. *Lawson* singled out red *Lucy Benson*, with a dark Pair of new Eyebrows, but nothing else remarkable. Her second aukward Partner was a Foreigner, and was as foreign to the Dance as to the Nation, hopping about like a Water-wagtail; I forgot his Name, but it was somewhat like the Sieur *Hugglebatch* or *Gubblebatch*,

batch, or some such uncouth harsh Business as rough as a Nutmeg-grater. Mr. *Gubblebatch* shewed he had some Taste by taking out Mrs. *Bartlett*. The dear Creature began once more to look like herself, danced so easy, so true to the Music, so politely graceful and serene, whilst two Parts in three of the Company were ready to burst with laughing at her inimitable Contrast, the Gentleman with the hard Name. Sweet *Nancy Bartlett* (resolving not to make her Husband jealous of her Choice) picked out a fearful Figure, Mr. *Selkirk*, in Saxon Blue; the Man, *Charlotte*, was really tipsy, tho' indeed every body said he was never otherwise, and that was his Excuse. Out the insensible Creature singled, who but *Jenny Rowland*'s nipped-short Waist like a Honey-pot, or a Halfpenny Milk-maid: If the Gentleman had been really sober, he might have seen other Objects without Spectacles, a little her Superiors I can't but say. I could have told him a little Tale of Pedigree, that might have contributed to his Discernment of who and what. Who do you think the Object chose next to give her Lilly-Hand

to?

to? Mr. *Appleby* of all People upon Earth. Hoop, Owl, hoop, hoop to thy Brother, thought I; for nothing was ever better matched ſince Dancing was created. But *Hob* ſitted me for my Contempt, by ſeizing upon me of all the Birds in the Air, and all the Fiſhes in the Sea, to be his lawful Prey. But I was ſecretly not diſpleaſed at it,---for I was ſenſible that I ſhould appear to no Diſadvantage after his former Maux, and was under ſome very diſagreeable Apprehenſions that Miſs *Edley*'s Tapeſtry Garment would have ſwept the Ground before me.---Indeed, *Charlotte*, I entirely forgive him his Choice, for I had now an Opportunity of commanding the Hand of the invincible proud *Ardelio*; Mr. *Bartlett* had determined not to dance a Minuet, and begged me not to think of him. Indeed I ſhall, ſays I, Mr. *Bartlett*,---but faith I never intended it, for I hate of all Things, *Charlotte*, to dance with a married Man. Go with 'um to a Play, or an Opera, or let 'um wait on one to *Vaux-hall*, or *Ranelagh*, or ſo, but never chuſe 'um for a Partner. One has no Hopes of a married Man, my dear, unleſs 'tis of getting rid of

him.---*Sally Leeson* and Miss *Finch* eyed me most deliciously, for I love dearly to see Folks bursting with Envy.---They were in Hopes of sharing the handsome Fop;---but he is the most incomparable Dancer, and yet, *Charlotte*, he knows it so perfectly well,---but how can any body be so accomplished without perceiving it themselves? ---And yet I hate him too irreconcilably, because he danced Country Dances with *Sally Leeson*. Her Charms tho', *Charlotte*, what Morral could resist, elegantly attired as she was, in a large Pattern-embroidered Gown and Petticoat, the Emblem of a worked Bed, and a frightful Pair of Shoes of the same, which, without Prejudice or Partiality, was unfashionable and bunting!

But the Bell rings, dear *Charlotte*, and I must run down to Dinner.---You and I write like *Clarissa Harlowe* and Miss *Howe*, only not totally in the same Strain,---but in this, I believe, we all four agree, that next to the Conversation of a Friend is her Correspondence.

Mi

Miſs VOKES to *Miſs* PAGET.

A fanciful Aunt.----The Troubles of a dependent Niece.

Hampſtead. (*Tueſday* Morning, Noon and Night, from perpetual Interruptions.)

My dear Miſs Paget,

NO living Creature, but dear you, could have ſo delighted I by myſelf I: really and truly your hiſtorical Deſcription of the *Egerton-Green* Hop, has been a moſt reſtoring Cordial to the Spirits of a deplorable *Charlotte Vokes.*

This very Hour am I wiſhing and wiſhing for ſuch a Companion as your dear ſolitary Mrs. *Bartlett*, whilſt you, *Sukey*, are ſighing for *Ranelagh* and *Faux-hall.* I am a perfect *Enfant perdu* in the Front of the Battle of Deſpair. Ma'am, my Aunt *Wallingford* has had a Return of her Megrims, and no Victim truly but miſerable me can appeaſe the Fury of her evil Genius. So ſhe has begged me of my Mamma, as *Nancy Preſton*'s rich saucebox of an humble Servant did her, without looking upon the Girl's own Conſent as a Thing requiſite to be ſolicited. *Nancy*, Ma'am, was married

yesterday Morning at the *Savoy*. *Preston* gave her but a dirty thousand Pounds (O for Estates of three thousand a Year!) and so she is to look upon herself from her Wedding-day forth for evermore, obliged for her Pin-money to the Generosity of her Husband, which she's greatly to be envied for without all doubt.---But I forget myself wretchedly,---dear Miss *Page!* overlook my Absurdities, I am as stupid as Mrs. *Enfield*. All yesterday Morning my Aunt fancied herself a Pea-Hen. You may think it incredible, but upon my Life and Soul it is veritable Fact: Down she set herself, *Sukey*, in an easy Chair, sighing and complaining with infinite Discompoſure, beating the Devil's Tattoo with her Foot upon the Frame of a Table inceſſantly for two Hours, and asking every Creature about her if her horrid Screaming was not offensive to the Company.---Dr. *Bramston* is afraid it will turn to downright Melancholy: There is but one Symptom, he says, that oppoſes such a Conjecture, and that is, her excessive Inclination to change the Humour of her Fancifulness from one Complaint to another.---This Morning at Four o'Clock

ſhe called one of her Siſters up, and bid her come very gently to the Bed for fear of waking her.---Ma'am, ſays the Nurſe, your Ladyſhip is already awake.---No, Fool, ſays ſhe, I was in a ſound Sleep but two Moments ago, and deſigned to have continued ſo the Winter.---I am a poor, harmleſs, inoffenſive Dormouſe, but your Cruelty will ſoon make an End of me,---and ſhedding a moſt plentiful Shower of Tears, ſhe began to be a little more compoſed, till the Milk-woman arrived, whom ſhe miſtook for poor Puſs, and was terrified into three Quarters of a Fit. Upon my Credit and Honour the poor Gentlewoman is neither more nor leſs than a Couſin *Betty*. She'll take neither Phyſic nor Advice, but has a vaſt Opinion of preventive Remedies, and has walked with a Stick, God knows how long, for fear ſhe ſhould be lame. You that never knew what it is to be low-ſpirited, if you could get a few Friends to talk to you, can have no Idea of ſuch a whimſical Delirium. But ſhe is really the Object which I have repreſented her; and I do aſſure you, Madam *Sukey*, (if you chuſe for your Conviction more Inſtances

than one) Dr. *Bramston* says, that he knew a great Student at the University who fancied he was an Egg, and was perpetually lolling in an easy Chair like a Lady that lies in, till after some Months of Fears and Languishings, and ready-to-die-with Apprehensions, he heard his outside Shell (by a fortunately droll and windy Accident) give a bouncing Crack, which hatched him into himself again.---I wish to the Lord I knew what happy Catastrophe would have that Effect upon my Aunt *Wallingford*, for I verily believe, if I'm to live with her seven successive Days, I shall be as much out of my Wits as she is.

Pity my Pain, ye gentle Swains!

Ma'am, I suffer not only the diurnal teaze, teaze, teaze of my poor fanciful Aunt, but the most imaginably dismal of Imprisonments.---The Room we Dormice are inclosed in (for we are all of a Feather) is entirely in close Mourning, that is to say, *Sukey*, only the middle Stripe of the Window-Shutter is left a-jar, admitting one solitary Stream of Sun-shine. Whirrrr-r-r go the odious Coaches to the Long-room---

cruel

cruel to reflect upon, and not a Creature (I dare believe) in one of them, but to be sure cranes out her gloting Head to tantalize my miserable Half-Face at the Window-Slip. Do, dear Miss *Paget*, contrive a Contrivance for my Relief, and your Petitioner shall ever pray. I might have gone to my Uncle *Trelawney*'s in *Worcestershire*, but that would have been out of the Frying-pan into the Fire,---for he, poor Man, has everlastingly the Gout, and *Bet Trelawney* writes me Word, that he never uses a kinder Expression than d---n you, but generally he says, D---n you all.---Twenty Times have I had it in my Head to contrive how to be exchanged for---Sister *Nora*; but she's an artful Hussey, and I'm afraid of the Consequence of such a Project. ---You must know, my dear *Sukey*, that my Aunt is violently fond of me (whether Pea-Hen or Dormouse) and says frequently that her House, and her Gardens, and her Jewels, and God knows what besides, is to be all her dear, dear *Charlotte*'s; and ten to one but upon a little Provocation she would take it into her whimsical Noddle to call every Inch of it her dear, dear *Nora*'s.

O my presaging, pit-a-patting, foolish Heart! ---What a Calamity it is to have other People's Humours to deal with as tenderly as one's own! Night, night, dear Miss *Paget*, and if Friendship should casually let slip the Opportunity of writing me an immediate Line of Comfort, let Compassion be kindly interested in behalf of your poor *Charlotte Vokes*.

Miss EVELYN *to Lady* EVELYN.

Troubles in high Life.

Tunbridge, June 18.

Dear and honoured Madam,

CEnsorious Remark continues to let you know, that the Pride of Mrs. *Macknamara*'s Happiness has been discomposed by dull *English* Form and Insipidity. The whole Affair is no more than this; Mrs. *Harley*, and Mrs. *Webster*, and Miss *Harriot Montague*, and Mrs. *Ingram*, and Mrs. *Macknamara*, met at Mrs. *Powlet*'s.--- Unfortunately Mrs. *Powlet* (from a Knowledge of the polite World) ordered Tea first to Mrs. *Harley* and then to Miss *Harriot*, and then to Mrs. *Macknamara*, upon which Mrs. *Macknamara* chose no Tea.

The Company looked at one another, and Mrs. *Macknamara*, with ſome Confuſion, upon her Fan: And when Mrs. *Powlet* returned the Viſit the next Day, Mrs. *Macknamara* thought it expedient to ſend a Diſh of Coffee to Miſs *Ruggins* in Preference to Mrs. *Powlet*. Mrs. *Powlet* had too much good Senſe either not to ſee *Sukey*'s Deſign, or to reſent the Affront before the Company: But their Acquaintance is totally diſſolved upon it, and Mrs. *Macknamara* extremely blamed for her Behaviour, both at Mrs. *Powlet*'s Tea-Table and her own.-----Great Troubles ſucceed one another. This was only a previous Step to a more ſenſible Mortification. Lady *Mary Anderſon*, Mrs. *Powlet*'s Niece, gave a grand Entertainment at the *Rocks*; Mrs. *Morton* and I had the Honour of being invited to it, and Mrs. *Macknamara* (ſevere Forgetfulneſs of Lady *Mary!*) was left out of the Liſt. *Sukey* finding herſelf ſlighted, diſguiſed her Senſe of the Affront by feigning herſelf indiſpoſed, till ſhe had the triumphal Satisfaction of reſenting it, by making a ſplendid Ball for all the People of Quality that are here, except Mrs. *Powlet*

let and Lady *Mary*.---These are the momentous Accidents in Life, which make up the Lot of that Complaint, without which the more diſtinguiſhed Part of Mankind would be generally but too fortunate. ---Some Griefs, Mrs. *Morton* ſays, are imaginary, and ſome are real. Other People ſeem to be of her Opinion, and the Propoſition looks eaſy to be believed. But I would fain be informed how to diſtinguiſh rightly the one Sort from the other: For as all Happineſs is confeſſedly the Reſult of Opinion, if Trifles can make you think yourſelf miſerable, you are more effectually and really wretched than the poor Creatures who depend upon your daily Charity for Subſiſtance. My Couſin *Morton* deſires all due Compliments with, dear Madam,

Your dutiful Daughter's,
ELIZABETH EVELYN.

Miſs EVELYN to Lady EVELYN.
(Mrs. Paget's *Reconciliation with her Daughter.)*

MRS. *Paget*, Mamma, is a very Angel. She accepted our Mediation, which was humanely and eloquently enforced

forced by good Dr. *Arlington* and Mrs. *Olson*. She consented to see poor *Sukey*, and ordered her Coach yesterday Morning to *Tunbridge-Wells*, to take her from a Set of Witnesses to her Misfortunes, whose Pity is as cruel as their Contempt. Mrs. *Morton* and I went in our Coach to meet her a few Miles from the Park. *Sukey* did not even suffer her Maid to come with her; in which, I think, she acted with Discretion; for who knows but that she might be a Creature in the Interest of Mr. *Macknamara?* And we have some Reasons for suspecting that she was. The Croud, *Sukey* says, that assembled to see her get into the Coach, was innumerable, and she thought she should never have supported herself under the Weight of so much public Observation and Remark; but she considered that she was going to the Embraces of an affectionate Parent, and that was a Relief to her.---Mrs. *Crisp* had the Humanity to accompany her as far as *Rochester*. *Sukey* had asked that Favour of Mrs. *Lemson* where she lodged;---but Mrs. *Lemson*, in a very formal Manner, begged to be excused, she said, from interfering between

Man

Man and Wife. Only think, Mamma, of being reduced to the Extremity of making such a Request to such a Person, and being denied in such a provoking Manner. ---Poor *Sukey* was overjoyed to see us coming out to meet her,---and getting out of her Mamma's Coach, begged we would give her Leave to accompany us; for that she was terrified with her own Reflections to a very great Degree;---and whilst we were going to *Paget-Bury*, recited to us her Anxieties.---At our Return Mrs. *Paget* was in her Dressing-Room, and the Window-Curtains being let down, corresponded with the melancholy Scene. The dear good Woman had ordered all her People, upon pain of her Displeasure, not to stir out of the Servants Hall, that their inquisitive Presence might not add to her poor Daughter's Confusion. *Sukey* had scarcely Spirits enough to walk up the great Stair-Case, and Mrs. *Morton* and I were almost equally terrified. I was never before so much shock'd since I was born. Mrs. *Morton* opened the Dressing-Room Door, and *Sukey* ran in screaming and crying in a most melancholy Manner, and falling down

on

on her Knees embraced her amiable Mother, whose Tears and Sighs from the very Heart prevented her Capacity of speaking: *Sukey* still intreating her for God's Sake to look upon her with Compassion, and to say that she forgave her, for she was the most miserable Creature upon Earth. My dear Child, says Mrs. *Paget*, as soon as she had Power to express herself, it is impossible not to look upon thee with Compassion. Indeed I do forgive thee, *Sukey!* And clasping her Hands round her Neck, as she kneeled before her, their Kisses mingled with Tears, were accompanied with a thousand mutual Tendernesses and inexpressible Testimonies of Affection and Sorrow. Indeed, my dear Mamma, there was something in this extraordinary Interview more singularly affecting than the finest Tragedy in the World.---From what we have since observed of their Behaviour, Mrs. *Paget* is more devoted to her, if it be possible, than ever. Nay, she said to Mrs. *Morton* (speaking of *Sukey*) that she was lost and is found.---We hope, after a long Absence, and a very severe one, to come to kiss my dear Papa and Mamma's Hands,

at

at fartheſt on *Saturday*, in which Four in the Afternoon will be the lateſt Hour.

Many Tokens of Love are ſent Papa and you: None more ſincere, I have the Happineſs of being perſuaded, than thoſe of, dear Madam, your dutiful Daughter,

ELIZABETH EVELYN.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

I Cannot contend with you: You muſt give me Leave at once to wave all your Compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your Deſign is to encourage me. But I ſeparate from all the reſt that Paragraph or two, in which you make me ſo warm an Offer of your Friendſhip. Were I poſſeſſed of that, it would put an End to all thoſe Speeches with which you now make me bluſh; and change them to wholſome Advices and free Sentiments, which might make me wiſer and happier. I know 'tis the general Opinion, that Friendſhip is beſt contracted betwixt Perſons of equal Age; but I have ſo much Intereſt to be of another Mind, that you muſt pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few Notions of mine, in Oppoſition to that Opinion

nion. In the first Place 'tis observable, that the Love we bear to our Friends is generally caused by our finding the same Dispositions in them, which we feel in ourselves. This is but Self-Love at the Bottom: Whereas the Affection betwixt People of different Ages cannot well be so, the Inclinations of such being commonly various. The Friendship of two young Men is often occasioned by Love of Pleasure or Voluptuousness, each being desirous, for his own Sake, of one to assist or encourage him in the Courses he pursues; as that of two old Men is frequently on the Score of some Profit, Lucre, or Design upon others. Now, as a young Man, who is less acquainted with the Ways of the World, has, in all Probability, less of Interest; and an old Man, who may be weary of himself, has, or should have, less of Self-Love; so the Friendship between them is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much Self-Regard. One may add to this, that such a Friendship is of greater Use and Advantage to both; for the old Man will grow gay and agreeable to please the young one; and the young Man more discreet and prudent

prudent by the Help of the old one; so it may prove a Cure of those epidemical Diseases of Age and Youth, Sourness and Madness. I hope you will not need many Arguments to convince you of the Possibility of this; one alone abundantly satisfies me, and convinces to the Heart; which is, that *, young as I am, and old as you are, I am *Your entirely affectionate*, &c.

From the same.

I Should believe myself happy in your good Opinion, but that you treat me so much in a Stile of Compliment. It hath been observed of Women, that they are more subject in their Youth to be touched with Vanity than Men, on account of their being generally treated this Way; but the weakest Women are not more weak than that Class of Men, who are thought to pique themselves upon their Wit. The World is never wanting, when a Coxcomb is accomplishing himself, to help to give him the finishing Stroke. Every Man is apt to think his Neighbour overstock'd with Vanity,

* Mr. *Wycherley* was at this Time about seventy Years old, and Mr. *Pope* about seventeen.

Vanity, yet I cannot but fancy there are certain Times, when moſt People are in a Diſpoſition of being informed; and 'tis incredible what a vaſt Good a little Truth might do, ſpoken in ſuch Seaſons. A ſmall Alms will do a great Kindneſs to People in extreme Neceſſity: I could name an Acquaintance of yours, who would at this Time think himſelf more obliged to you for the Information of his Faults, than the Confirmation of his Follies. If you would make thoſe the Subject of a Letter, it might be as long as I could with your Letters always were. I do not wonder you have hitherto found ſome Difficulty (as you are pleaſed to ſay) in writing to me, ſince you have always choſen the Talk of commending me: Take but the other Way; and, I dare engage, you will find none at all. As for my Verſes which you praiſe ſo much, I may truly ſay they have never been the Cauſe of any Vanity in me, except what they gave me when they firſt occaſioned my Acquaintance with you. But I have ſeveral Times ſince been in Danger of this Vice; as often, I mean, as I received any Letters from you. 'Tis certain,

the greatest magnifying Glasses in the World are a Man's own Eyes, when they look upon his own Person; yet even in those I cannot fancy myself so extremely like *Alexander the Great*, as you would persuade me. If I must be like him, 'tis you will make me so by complimenting me into a better Opinion of myself than I deserve: They made him think he was the Son of *Jupiter*, and you assure me I am a Man of Parts. But is this all you can say to my Honour? You said ten Times as much before, when you call'd me your Friend. After having made me believe I possessed a Share in your Affections, to treat me with Compliments and sweet Sayings, is like the Proceedings with poor *Sancho Pancha*: They persuaded him that he enjoyed a great Dominion, and then gave him nothing to subsist upon but Wafers and Marmalade. In our Days the greatest Obligation you can lay upon a Wit, is to make a Fool of him. For as when Mad-men are found incurable, Wise-men give them their Way, and please them as well as they can; so when those incorrigible Things, Poets, are once irrecoverably be-mus'd, the best Way both to quiet

quiet them, and ſecure yourſelf from the Effects of their Phrenzy, is to feed their Vanity; which indeed, for the moſt part, is all that is fed in a Poet. You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you ſay were as true applied to me, as it would be to yourſelf, for ſeveral weighty Reaſons; but for none ſo much as that I might be to you what you deſerve; whereas I can now be no more than is conſiſtent with the ſmall, tho' utmoſt Capacity of, &c.

From Mr. WALSH *to Mr.* POPE.

AT my Return from the North I received the Favour of your Letter, which had lain there till then. Having been abſent about ſix Weeks, I read over your Paſtorals again with a great deal of Pleaſure, and, to judge the better, read *Virgil*'s Eclogues, and *Spenſer*'s Calendar, at the ſame Time; and I aſſure you I continue the ſame Opinion I had always of them. By the little Hints you take upon all Occaſions to improve them, 'tis probable you will make them yet better againſt Winter; tho' there is a Mean to be kept even in that too, and a Man may correct

his Verses till he takes away the true Spirit of them; especially if he submits to the Correction of some who pass for great Critics by mechanical Rules, and never enter into the true Design and Genius of an Author. I have seen some of these that would hardly allow any one good Ode in *Horace*, who cry *Virgil* wants Fancy, and that *Homer* is very incorrect. While they talk at this Rate, one would think them above the common Race of Mortals: But generally they are great Admirers of *Ovid* and *Lucan*; and when they write themselves, we find out all the Mystery. They scan their Verses upon their Fingers; run after Conceits and glaring Thoughts; their Poems are all made up of Couplets, of which the first may be last, or last first, without any Prejudice to their Works; in which there is no Design, or Method, or any thing natural or just. For you are certainly in the right, that in all Writings whatsoever (not Poetry only) Nature is to be followed, and we should be jealous of ourselves for being fond of Similies, Conceits, and what they call *saying fine Things*. When we were in the North, my Lord *Wharton* shew'd

ſhew'd me a Letter he had received from a certain General in *Spain*: I told him I would by all means have that General recall'd, and ſet to writing here at home, for it was impoſſible that a Man with ſo much Wit as he ſhew'd, could be fit to command an Army, or do any other Buſineſs *. As for what you ſay of Expreſſion, 'tis indeed the ſame Thing to Wit, as Dreſs is to Beauty: I have ſeen many Women over-dreſs'd, and ſeveral look better in a careleſs Night-gown, with their Hair about their Ears, than Mademoiſelle *Spanheim* dreſs'd for a Ball. I do not deſign to be in *London* till towards the Parliament; then I ſhall certainly be there, and hope by that Time you will have finiſhed your Paſtorals as you would have them appear in the World, and particularly the third, of *Autumn*, which I have not ſeen. Your laſt Eclogue being upon the ſame Subject as that of mine on Mrs. *Tempeſt*'s Death, I

* Mr. *Walſh*'s Remark will be thought very innocent, when the Reader is inform'd that it was made on the Earl of *Peterborough* juſt before the glorious Campaigns of *Barcelona* and *Valentia*.

should take it very kind in you to give it a little Turn, as if it were to the Memory of the same Lady, if it were not written for some particular Woman whom you would make immortal. You may take Occasion to shew the Difference between Poets Mistresses and other Men's. I only hint this, which you may either do, or let alone, just as you think fit. I shall be very much pleased to see you again in Town, and to hear from you in the mean Time. I am, with very much Esteem, yours, *&c.*

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* CROMWELL.

I Believe it was with me when I left the Town, as it is with a great many Men when they leave the World, whose Loss itself they do not so much regret as that of their Friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one Thing for which I can envy *London*, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you will expect me to recant this Expression, when I tell you, *Sappho* (by which heathenish Name you have christened a very orthodox Lady) did not accompany me into the Country. Well, you have your Lady in the Town still,

ſtill, and I have my Heart in the Country ſtill, which being wholly unemploy'd as yet, has the more Room in it for my Friends, and does not want a Corner at your Service. You have extremely obliged me by your Frankneſs and Kindneſs; and if I have abus'd it by too much Freedom on my Part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural Openneſs of my Temper, which knows how to ſhew Reſpect where it feels Affection. I would love my Friend as my Miſtreſs, without Ceremony; and hope a little rough Uſage ſometimes may not be more diſpleaſing to the one, than it is to the other.

If you have any Curioſity to know in what Manner I live, or rather loſe a Life, *Martial* will inform you in one Line.

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cœno, quieſco.

Every Day with me is literally another Yeſterday, for it is exactly the ſame: It has the ſame Buſineſs, which is Poetry; and the ſame Pleaſure, which is Idleneſs. A Man might indeed paſs his Time much better, but I queſtion if any Man could paſs it much eaſier. If you will viſit our

Shades this Spring, which I very much desire, you may perhaps instruct me to manage my Game more wisely: But at present I am satisfied to trifle away my Time any Way, rather than let it stick by me; as Shop-keepers are glad to be rid of those Goods at any Rate, which would otherwise always be lying upon their Hands. Sir, if you will favour me sometimes with your Letters, it will be a great Satisfaction to me on several Accounts; and on this in particular, that it will shew me (to my Comfort) that even a wise Man is sometimes very idle; for so you must needs be when you can find Leisure to write to

Yours, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* CROMWELL.

I Have nothing to say to you in this Letter, but I was resolved to write to tell you so. Why should not I content myself with so many great Examples of deep Divines, profound Casuists, grave Philosophers; who have written, not Letters only, but whole Tomes and voluminous Treatises about Nothing? Why should a Fellow like me, who all his Life does nothing, be ashamed

ashamed to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll say, the whole World has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be employed about; but pray, Sir, cast up the Account, put all these Somethings together, and what is the Sum-total but just Nothing? I have no more to say, but to desire you to give my Service (that is, nothing) to your Friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than your, *&c.*

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* CROMWELL.

I May truly say I am more obliged to you this Summer than to any of my Acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind Letters you sent me, I had been perfectly *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis.* The only Companions I had were those Muses of whom *Tully* says, *Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur:* Which is indeed as much as ever I expected from them: For the Muses, if you

you take them as Companions, are very pleasant and agreeable; but whoever should be forced to live or depend upon them, would find himself in a very bad Condition. That Quiet, which *Cowley* calls the *Companion of Obscurity*, was not wanting to me, unless it was interrupted by those Fears you so justly guess I had for our Friend's Welfare. 'Tis extremely kind in you to tell me the News you heard of him, and you have delivered me from more Anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his Account, as I am convinced by his long Silence. However, the Love of some Things rewards itself, as of Virtue and of Mr. *Wycherley*. I am surprized at the Danger you tell me he has been in, and must agree with you, that our Nation would have lost in him as much Wit and Probity as would have remained (for ought I know) in the rest of it. My Concern for his Friendship will excuse me (since I know you honour him so much, and since you know I love him above all Men) if I vent a Part of my Uneasiness to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one to insinuate malicious Untruths of me to

Mr.

Mr. *Wycherley*, which, I fear, may have had ſome Effect upon him. If ſo, he will have a greater Puniſhment for his Credulity than I could wiſh him in that Fellow's Acquaintance. The Loſs of a faithful Creature is ſomething, tho' of ever ſo contemptible an one: And if I were to change my Dog for ſuch a Man as the aforeſaid, I ſhould think my Dog undervalued, who follows me about as conſtantly here in the Country, as I was uſed to do Mr. *Wycherley* in the Town. Now I talk of my Dog, that I may not treat of a worſe Subject, which my Spleen tempts me to, I will give you ſome Account of him; a Thing not wholly unprecedented, ſince *Montague* (to whom I am but a Dog in Compariſon) has done the ſame Thing of his Cat; *Dic mihi quid melius deſidioſus agam?* You are to know then, that as Likeneſs begets Affection, ſo my favourite Dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the fineſt ſhap'd. He is not much a Spaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any Man's while to imitate him in) a dumb ſurly Sort of Kindneſs, that rather ſhews itſelf when he thinks me ill uſed by others, than when

we

we walk quietly and peaceably by ourselves. If it be the chief Point of Friendship to comply with a Friend's Motions and Inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent Degree; he lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good Friends can pretend to, witness our Walk a Year ago in *St. James's Park*. ---Histories are more full of Examples of the Fidelity of Dogs than of Friends, but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of *Pylades* and *Orestes*, &c. I will only say, for the Honour of Dogs, that the two most ancient and esteemable Books, sacred and prophane, extant, (*viz.* the Scripture and *Homer*) have shewn a particular Regard to these Animals. That of *Toby* is the more remarkable, because there seemed no manner of Reason to take Notice of the Dog, besides the great Humanity of the Author. *Homer*'s Account of *Ulysses*'s Dog, *Argus*, is the most pathetic imaginable, all the Circumstances considered, and an excellent Proof of the old Bard's Good-nature. *Ulysses* had left him at *Ithaca* when he embarked for *Troy*, and found

found him at his Return after twenty Years; which by the Way is not unnatural, as some Critics have said, since I remember the Dam of my Dog was twenty-two Years old when she died: May the Omen of Longevity prove fortunate to her Successors. You shall have it in Verse.

ARGUS.

When wise Ulysses, *from his native Coast*
Long kept by Wars, and long by Tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his Friends and ev'n his Queen unknown;
Chang'd as he was, with Age, and Toils, and Cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend Face, and white his Hairs,
In his own Palace forc'd to ask his Bread,
Scorn'd by those Slaves his former Bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic Crew,
The faithful Dog alone his rightful Master knew:
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the Clay,
Like an old Servant now cashier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with Resentment of ungrateful Man,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.

Him

Him when he saw---he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he could) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his Feet,
Seiz'd with dumb Joy,---then falling by his Side,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd!

Plutarch relating how the *Athenians* were obliged to abandon *Athens* in the Time of *Themistocles*, steps back again out of the Way of his History, purely to describe the lamentable Cries and Howlings of the poor Dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that followed his Master across the Sea to *Salamis*, where he died, and was honoured with a Tomb by the *Athenians*, who gave the Name of the *Dog's Grave* to that Part of the Island where he was buried. This Respect to a Dog, in the most polite People in the World, is very observable. A modern Instance of Gratitude to a Dog (tho' we have but few such) is, that the chief Order of *Denmark* (now injuriously called the Order of the *Elephant*) was instituted in memory of the Fidelity of a Dog, named *Wild-brat*, to one of their Kings

who

who had been deserted by his Subjects: He gave his Order this Motto, or to this Effect (which still remains) *Wild-brat was faithful.* Sir *William Trumbull* has told me a Story which he heard from one that was present: King *Charles* I. being with some of his Court during his Troubles, a Discourse arose what Sort of Dogs deserved Pre-eminence, and it being on all Hands agreed to belong either to the Spaniel or Greyhound, the King gave his Opinion on the Part of the Greyhound, because (said he) it has all the Good-nature of the other without the Fawning. A good Piece of Satire upon his Courtiers, with which I will conclude my Discourse of Dogs. Call me a Cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this Impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I say a bold Word for a Christian, that, of all Dogs, you will find none more faithful than your, *&c.*

From Mr. POPE *to a Lady.*

I Am not at all concern'd to think that this Letter may be less entertaining than some I have sent: I know you are a Friend

that

that will think a kind Letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his Mirth, makes a much less Present than he that gives you his Heart; and true Friends would rather see such Thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they squander about to all the World. They who can set a right Value upon any Thing, will prize one tender, well-meant Word, above all that ever made them laugh in their Lives. If I did not think so of you, I should never have taken much Pains to endeavour to please you by writing, or any thing else. Wit I am sure I want; at least in the Degree that I see others have it, who would at all Seasons alike be entertaining: But I would willingly have some Qualities that may be (at some Seasons) of more Comfort to myself, and of more Service to my Friends: I would cut off my own Head, if it had nothing better than Wit in it; and tear out my own Heart, if it had no better Dispositions than to love only myself, and laugh at all my Neighbours. I know you'll think it an agreeable Thing to hear that I have done a great deal of *Homer*; if it be tolerable, the

World

World may thank you for it: For if I could have seen you every Day, and imagined my Company could have every Day pleased you, I should scarce have thought it worth my while to please the World. How many Verses could I gladly have left unfinished, for People to say what they would of, had I been permitted to pass all those Hours more pleasingly? Whatever some may think, Fame is a Thing I am much less covetous of, than your Friendship; for that, I hope, will last all my Life: The other I cannot answer for. What if they should both grow greater after my Death? alas! they would both be of no Advantage to me! Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can while I live.

Now I talk of Fame, I send you my *Temple of Fame*, which is just come out: But my Sentiments about it you will see better by this Epigram:

What's Fame with Men, by Custom of the
the Nation,
Is call'd in Women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we such a Pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL *to Mr.* POPE.

Sir,

I Return you the Book you were pleased to send me, and with it your obliging Letter, which deserves my particular Acknowledgment; for, next to the Pleasure of enjoying the Company of so good a Friend, the welcomest Thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find, what I have met with, an admirable Genius in those Poems, not only because they were *Milton*'s, or were approved by Sir *Henry Wooton*, but because you had commended them; and give me Leave to tell you, that I know no body so like to equal him, even at the Age he wrote most of them, as yourself. Only do not afford more Cause of Complaint against you, that you suffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this Age, wherein Wit and true Sense is more scarce than Money, is a Piece of such Cruelty as your best Friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend; I could offer many Reasons to this Purpose, and such as you cannot answer with any sincerity; but that I dare not enlarge, for fear

fear of engaging in a Style of Compliment, which has been so abused by Fools and Knaves, that it is become almost scandalous. I conclude therefore with an Assurance, which shall never vary, of my being ever, *&c.*

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL *to Mr.* POPE.

I Think a hasty Scribble shews more what flows from the Heart, than a Letter after *Balzac*'s Manner in studied Phrases; therefore I will tell you, as fast as I can, that I have received your Favour of the 26th past, with your kind Present of *The Rape of the Lock.* You have given me the truest Satisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the just Opinion I have ever had of your Reach of Thought, and my Idea of your comprehensive Genius; but likewise in that Pleasure I take as an *Englishman*, to see the *French*, even *Boileau* himself, in his *Lutrin*, out-done in your Poem: For you descend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer Touches, that your own Observations and Wit furnish, on such a Subject as requires the finest Strokes and the liveliest Imagination. But I must say

no more (tho' I could a great deal) on what pleases me so much: And henceforth, I hope, you will never condemn me of Partiality, since I only swim with the Stream, and approve of what all Men of good Taste (notwithstanding the jarring of Parties) must, and do, universally applaud. I now come to what is of vast Moment, I mean the Preservation of your Health, and I beg of you to get out of all Tavern-Company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a Misery is it for you to be destroyed by the foolish Kindness ('tis all one whether real or pretended) of those who are able to bear the Poison of bad Wine, and to engage you in so unequal a Combat? As to *Homer*, by all I can learn, your Business is done: Therefore come away, and take a little Time to breathe in the Country. I beg now for my own Sake, but much more for yours; methinks Mr. ----- has said to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate Dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am your, &c.

Mr

Mr. POPE *to Lord* LANSDOWN.

Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.

I Thank you for having given my Poem of *Windsor-Forest* its greatest Ornament, that of bearing your Name in the Front of it. 'Tis one Thing, when a Person of true Merit permits us to have the Honour of drawing him as like as we can: And another, when we make a fine Thing at Random, and persuade the next vain Creature we can find that 'tis his own Likeness; which is the Case every Day of my Fellow-Scribblers. Yet, my Lord, this Honour has given me no more Pride than your Honours have given you; but it affords me a great deal of Pleasure, which is much better than a great deal of Pride; and it indeed would give me some Pain, if I was not sure of one Advantage: That whereas others are offended if they have not more than Justice done them, you would be displeased if you had so much: Therefore I may safely do you as much Injury in my Words, as you do yourself in your own Thoughts. I am so vain as to think I have shewn you a Favour in sparing your

Modesty, and you cannot but make me some Return for my prejudicing the Truth to gratify you: This I beg may be the free Correction of these Verses, which will have few Beauties, but what may be made by your Blots. I am in the Circumstance of an ordinary Painter drawing Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, who, by a few Touches of his own, could make the Piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many Years hence the World might read, in Conjunction with your Name, that of your Lordship's, *&c.*

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* STEELE.

YOU formerly observ'd to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous Figure in a Man's Life, than the Disparity we often find in him sick and well: Thus one of an unfortunate Constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable Example of the Weakness of his Mind, and of his Body, in their Turns. I have had frequent Opportunities of late to consider myself in these different Views, and, I hope, have received some Advantage by it, if what *Waller* says be true, that

The

The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made.

Then surely Sickness, contributing no less than old Age to the shaking down this Scaffolding of the Body, may discover the inward Structure more plainly. Sickness is a Sort of early old Age; it teaches us a Diffidence in our earthly State, and inspires us with the Thoughts of a future, better than a thousand Volumes of Philosophers and Divines. It gives so warning a Concussion to those Props of our Vanity, our Strength and Youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little Dependance upon our Out-works. Youth at the very best is but a Betrayer of human Life in a gentler and smoother Manner than Age: 'Tis like a Stream that nourishes a Plant upon a Bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the Sight, but at the same Time is undermining it at the Root in secret. My Youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several Prospects of my Danger, and given me an Advantage not very common to

young Men, that the Attractions of the World have not dazzled me very much: And I begin, where most People end, with a full Conviction of the Emptiness of all Sorts of Ambition, and the unsatisfactory Nature of all human Pleasures. When a smart Fit of Sickness tells me this scurvy Tenement of my Body will fall in a little Time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honest *Hibernian*, who being in Bed in the great Storm some Years ago, and told the House would tumble over his Head, made answer, *What care I for the House? I am only a Lodger.* I fancy 'tis the best Time to die when one is in the best Humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with Conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the Thought, that many Men, whom I never had any Esteem for, are likely to enjoy this World after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little Atom every single Man is, with respect to the whole Creation, methinks, 'tis a Shame to be concerned at the Removal of such a trivial Animal as I am. The Morning after my Exit, the Sun will rise as bright as ever, the Flowers smell as

sweet,

ſweet, the Plants ſpring as green, the World will proceed in its old Courſe, People will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt, as they were us'd to do. *The Memory of Man* (as it is elegantly expreſſed in the Book of *Wiſdom*) *paſſeth away, as the Remembrance of a Gueſt that tarrieth but one Day.* There are Reaſons enough, in the fourth Chapter of the ſame Book, to make any young Man contented with the Proſpect of Death. "For honourable Age "is not that which ſtandeth in Length of "Time, or is meaſured by Number of "Years. But Wiſdom is the grey Hair to "Men, and an unſpotted Life is old Age. "He was taken away ſpeedily, leſt Wic-"kedneſs ſhould alter his Underſtanding, or "Deceit beguile his Soul," *&c.*

I am your, &c.

Rev. Dean BERKLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

Naples, Octob. 22, 1717.

I Have long had it in my Thoughts to trouble you with a Letter, but was diſcouraged for want of ſomething that I could think worth ſending fifteen hundred Miles. *Italy* is ſuch an exhauſted Subject, that,

that, I dare say, you'd easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the Imagination of a Poet is a Thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy Matter to find out Images capable of giving Pleasure to one of the few, who (in any Age) have come up to that Character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an Island, where I passed three or four Months; which, were it set out in its true Colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a Minute or two. The Island *Inarime* is an Epitome of the whole Earth, containing, within the Compass of eighteen Miles, a wonderful Variety of Hills, Vales, ragged Rocks, fruitful Plains, and barren Mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic Confusion. The Air is, in the hottest Season, constantly refreshed by cool Breezes from the Sea. The Vales produce excellent Wheat and *Indian* Corn, but are mostly covered with Vineyards, intermixed with Fruit-Trees. Besides the common Kinds, as Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, &c. they produce Oranges, Limes, Almonds, Pomegranates, Figs, Water-Melons, and many other Fruits unknown to our Climate, which

which lie every where open to the Passenger. The Hills are the greater Part covered to the Top with Vines, some with Chestnut Groves, and others with Thickets of Myrtle and Lentiscus. The Fields in the northern Side are divided by Hedge-rows of Myrtle. Several Fountains and Rivulets add to the Beauty of this Landscape, which is likewise set off by the Variety of some barren Spots and naked Rocks. But that which crowns the Scene is a large Mountain, rising out of the Middle of the Island (once a terrible Vulcano, by the Antients called *Mons Epopeus*). Its lower Parts are adorned with Vines and other Fruits; the Middle affords Pasture to Flocks of Goats and Sheep: And the Top is a sandy pointed Rock, from which you have the finest Prospect in the World, surveying at one View, besides several pleasant Islands lying at your Feet, a Tract of *Italy* about 300 Miles in Length, from the Promontory of *Antium* to the Cape of *Palinurus*; the greater Part of which hath been sung by *Homer* and *Virgil*, as making a considerable Part of the Travels and Adventures of their two Heroes. The Islands *Capreæ*,

Prochyta,

Prochyta, and *Parthenope*, together with *Cajeta*, *Cuma*, *Monte Miſeno*, the Inhabitants of *Circe*, the *Syrens*, and the *Laſtrigones*, the Bay of *Naples*, the Promontory of *Minerva*, and the whole *Campania Felice*, make but a Part of this noble Landſcape; which would demand an Imagination as warm, and Numbers as flowing as your own, to deſcribe it. The Inhabitants of this delicious Iſle, as they are without Riches and Honours, ſo are they without the Vices and Follies that attend them; and were they but as much Strangers to Revenge, as they are to Avarice and Ambition, they might in fact anſwer the poetical Notions of the golden Age. But they have got, as an Alloy to their Happineſs, an ill Habit of murdering one another on ſlight Offences. We had an Inſtance of this the ſecond Night after our Arrival, a Youth of Eighteen being ſhot dead by our Door: And yet, by the ſole Secret of minding our own Buſineſs, we found a Means of living ſecurely among theſe dangerous People. Would you know how we paſs the Time at *Naples*? Our chief Entertainment is the Devotion of our

Neigh-

Neighbours: Besides the Gaiety of their Churches (where Folks go to see what they call *una bella Devotione*, i. e. a sort of religious Opera) they make Fire-works almost every Week out of Devotion: The Streets are often hung with Arras out of Devotion; and (what is still more strange) the Ladies invite Gentlemen to their Houses, and treat them with Music and Sweetmeats, out of Devotion; in a Word, were it not for this Devotion of its Inhabitants, *Naples* would have little else to recommend it, besides the Air and Situation. Learning is in no very thriving State here, as indeed no where else in *Italy*; however, among many Pretenders, some Men of Taste are to be met with. A Friend of mine told me, not long since, that being to visit *Salvini* at *Florence*, he found him reading your *Homer*; he liked the Notes extremely, and could find no other Fault with the Version, but that he thought it approached too near a Paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our Language. I wish you Health to go on with that noble Work, and when you have that, I need not wish you Success.

cess. You will do me the Justice to believe, that whatever relates to your Welfare is sincerely wished by your, *&c.*

The Earl of OXFORD *to Mr.* POPE.

Sir, Brampton-Castle, Nov. 6, 1721.

I Received your Packet, which could not but give me great Pleasure, to see you preserve an old Friend in your Memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then how much Shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine Verses inclos'd? My Mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great Friendship and delicate Pen would partially describe me. You ask my Consent to publish it: To what Straights doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to those Evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent with Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Parnelle*, Dean *Swift*, the Doctor, *&c.* I should be glad the World knew you admitted me to your Friendship; and since your Affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the World know how well Mr. *Pope* can write upon a barren Subject. I return you an exact Copy

of

of the Verses, that I may keep the Original as a Testimony of the only Error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in *London*, and to assure you of the particular Esteem and Friendship wherewith I am your, *&c.*

From Mr. BLOUNT *to Mr.* POPE.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an Agreement of long Date between you and me, that you should do with my Letters just as you pleased, and answer them at your Leisure; and that is as soon as I shall think you ought. I have so true a Taste of the substantial Part of your Friendship, that I wave all Ceremonials; and am sure to make you as many Visits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you please, assuring you they shall at all Times be heartily welcome to me. The many Alarms we have from your Parts have no Effect upon the Genius that reigns in our Country, which is happily turned to preserve Peace and Quiet among us. What a dismal Scene has there been opened in the North? what Ruin have those unfortunate rash Gentlemen drawn

upon

upon themſelves and their miſerable Followers? and perchance upon many others too, who upon no Account would be their Followers. However, it may look ungenerous to reproach People in Diſtreſs. I don't remember you and I ever uſed to trouble ourſelves about Politics, but when any Matter happened to fall into our Diſcourſe, we uſed to condemn all Undertakings that tended towards the diſturbing the Peace and Quiet of our Country, as contrary to the Notions we had of Morality and Religion, which oblige us on no Pretence whatſoever to violate the Laws of Charity. How many Lives have there been loſt in hot Blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold! If the Broils of the Nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are Farmers, you know *Eumæus* made his Friends welcome. You ſhall here worſhip the Echo at your Eaſe; indeed we are forced to do ſo, becauſe we can't hear the firſt Report, and therefore are obliged to liſten to the ſecond; which for Security ſake I do not always believe neither.

'Tis a great many Years ſince I fell in

love

love with the Character of *Pomponius Atticus*: I long'd to imitate him a little, and have contriv'd hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no Party, but to be a faithful Friend to some in both: I find myself very well in this Way hitherto, and live in a certain Peace of Mind by it, which, I am persuaded, brings a Man more Content than all the Perquisites of wild Ambition. I with Pleasure join with you in wishing, nay, I am not ashamed to say, in praying for the Welfare, temporal and eternal, of all Mankind. How much more affectionately then shall I do so for you, since I am in a most particular Manner, and with all Sincerity, your, *&c.*

From the same.

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE Question you proposed to me is what, at present, I am the most unfit Man in the World to answer, by my Loss of one of the best of Fathers. He had lived in such a Course of Temperance as was enough to make the longest Life agreeable to him, and in such a Course of Piety as sufficed to make the most sudden

Death so also. Sudden indeed it was: However, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a Life. I leave him to the Mercy of God, and to the Piety of a Religion that extends beyond the Grave; *Si qua est ea cura, &c.* He has left me to the ticklish Management of so narrow a Fortune, that any one false Step would be fatal. My Mother is in that dispirited State of Resignation, which is the Effect of long Life, and the Loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a Friend, of such an humane Turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desireable to us. I feel your Absence more than ever, at the same Time I can less express my Regards to you than ever; and I shall make this, which is the most sincere Letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you ever received. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any Person when one's Mind is taken up with a sensible Sorrow, is a great Degree of Friendship. I can say no more but that I love you, and all that are yours: and that I wish it may be very long before

an

any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my Father. Adieu.

Mr. POPE *to* ED. BLOUNT, *Esq;*

June 2, 1724.

YOU shew yourself a just Man and a Friend in those Guesses and Suppositions you make at the possible Reasons of my Silence; every one of which is a true one. As to Forgetfulness of you, or yours, I assure you, the promiscuous Conversations of the Town serve only to put me in mind of better and more Quiet to be had in a Corner of the World (undisturb'd, innocent, serene, and sensible) with such as you. Let no Access of any Distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy Day from what you do in the most Sunshiny Weather. Let the young Ladies be assured I make nothing new in my Gardens, without wishing to see the Print of their fairy Steps in every Part of them. I have put the last Hand to my Works of this Kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous Way and Grotto: I there found a Spring of the clearest Water, which falls in a perpetual Rill, that echoes thro' the Cavern

Day and Night. From the River *Thames* you see thro' my Arch up a Walk of the Wilderness, to a kind of open Temple, wholly compos'd of Shells in the rustic Manner; and from that Distance under the Temple you look down thro' a sloping Arcade of Trees, and see the Sails on the River passing suddenly and vanishing, as thro' a perspective Glass. When you shut the Doors of this Grotto, it becomes on the Instant, from a luminous Room, a *Camera Obscura*; on the Walls of which all Objects of the River, Hills, Woods, and Boats, are forming a moving Picture in their visible Radiations: And when you have a Mind to light it up, it affords you a very different Scene; it is finished with Shells interspersed with Pieces of Looking-glass in angular Forms; and in the Cieling is a Star of the same Material, at which, when a Lamp (of an orbicular Figure of thin Alabaster) is hung in the Middle, a thousand pointed Rays glitter, and are reflected over the Place. There are connected to this Grotto, by a narrow Passage, two Porches, one towards the River, of smooth Stones, full of Light, and open; the other

towards

towards the Garden, shadowed with Trees, rough with Shells, Flints, and Iron Ore. The Bottom is paved with simple Pebble, as is also the adjoining Walk up the Wilderness to the Temple, in the natural Taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping Murmur, and the aquatic Idea of the whole Place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good Statue with an Inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of:

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere; sive bibas, sive lavere, tace.

Nymph of the Grot, this sacred Spring I keep,
And to the Murmur of these Waters sleep:
Oh spare my Slumbers, gently tread the Cave!
And drink in Silence, or in Silence lave!

You'll think I have been very poetical in this Description, but it is pretty near the Truth. I wish you were here to bear Te-

ſtimony how little it owes to Art, either the Place itſelf, or the Image I give of it. I am, *&c.*

Mr. POPE *to the Biſhop of* ROCHESTER.

May 1723.

ONCE more I write to you, as I promiſed, and this once, I fear, will be the laſt! The Curtain will ſoon be drawn between my Friend and me, and nothing left but to wiſh you a long good Night. May you enjoy a State of Repoſe in this Life, not unlike that Sleep of the Soul which ſome have believed is to ſucceed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that World from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any Memory of the paſt, let it only image to you what has pleaſed you beſt; ſometimes preſent a Dream of an abſent Friend, or bring you back an agreeable Converſation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think leſs of the Time paſt than of the future; as the former has been leſs kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the World your Studies; they will tend to the Benefit of Men againſt whom you can have

have no Complaint, I mean of all Posterity; and perhaps, at your Time of Life, nothing else is worth your Care. What is every Year of a wise Man's Life, but a Censure or Critic on the past? Those, whose Date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one Half of it: The Boy despises the Infant, the Man the Boy, the Philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your Manhood was too much a Puerility, and you'll never suffer your Age to be but a second Infancy. The Toys and Baubles of your Childhood are hardly now more below you, than those Toys of our riper and of our declining Years, the Drums and Rattles of Ambition, and the Dirt and Bubbles of Avarice. At this Time, when you are cut off from a little Society, and made a Citizen of the World at large, you should bend your Talents not to serve a Party, or a few, but all Mankind. Your Genius should mount above that Mist in which its Participation and Neighbourhood with Earth long involved it; to shine abroad and to Heaven, ought to be the Business and the Glory of your present Situation. Remember it was

at such a Time, that the greatest Lights of Antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their Retreat, in their Exile, or in their Death: But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did Good, that they gave Light, and that they became Guides to Mankind. These Aims alone are worthy of Spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest Minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: Higher Principles than those of the first, and better Principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence Men, whose Thoughts and whose Hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any Part of Mankind, especially to so small a Part as one's single Self. Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a Spirit entered into another Life, as one just upon the Edge of Immortality; where the Passions and Affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little Views and all mean Retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the World

World look after you: But take Care that it be not with Pity, but with Esteem and Admiration.

I am with the greatest Sincerity and Passion for your Fame, as well as Happiness, your, *&c.*

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER *to Mr.* POPE, *on the Death of his Daughter.*

Montpelier, Nov. 20, 1729.

I Am not yet Master enough of myself, after the late Wound I have received, to open my very Heart to you, and am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you. My Thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly employed, on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that Reason, to call them off to other Subjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the Rein a little, and suffering them to spend their Force, I hope in some Time to check and subdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus perculsus, huic uni me imparem sensi, & pene succubui.* This is Weakness, not Wisdom, I own; and on that Account fitter to be trusted to the Bosom of a Friend,

where

where I may safely lodge all my Infirmities. As soon as my Mind is in some measure corrected and calm'd, I will endeavour to follow your Advice, and turn it to something of Use and Moment; if I have still Life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preserving. In the mean Time I shall be pleased to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any such melancholy Interruption as I have met with. Your Mind is as yet unbroken by Age and ill Accidents, your Knowledge and Judgment are at the Height: Use them in writing somewhat that may teach the present and future Times, and if not gain equally the Applause of both, may yet raise the Envy of the one, and secure the Admiration of the other. Employ not your precious Moments and great Talents on little Men and little Things; but chuse a Subject every Way worthy of you, and handle it, as you can, in a Manner which no body else can equal or imitate. As for me, my Abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were, and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

Gelid

——— *Gelidus tardante senectâ*
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœto in corpore vires.

However, I ſhould be ingrateful to this Place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the Gout in the South of *France* much more than I did at *Paris*; tho' even there I ſenſibly improved. I believe my Cure had been perfected, but the earneſt Deſire of meeting one I dearly loved, called me abruptly to *Montpelier*, where, after continuing two Months, under the cruel Torture of a ſad and fruitleſs Expectation, I was forced at laſt to take a long Journey to *Toulouſe*: And even there I had miſs'd the Perſon I ſought, had ſhe not, with great Spirit and Courage, ventured all Night up the *Garonne* to ſee me, which ſhe above all Things deſired to do before ſhe died. By that Means ſhe was brought where I was, between Seven and Eight in the Morning, and lived twenty Hours afterwards. Which Time was not loſt on either Side, but paſſed in ſuch a Manner as gave great Satisfaction to both, and ſuch as, on her Part, every Way became her Circumſtances

and

and Character: For she had her Senses to the very last Gasp, and exerted them to give me, in those few Hours, greater Marks of Duty and Love than she had done in all her Life-time, though she had never been wanting in either. The last Words she said to me were the kindest of all; a Reflection on the Goodness of God, which had allowed us in this Manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many Minutes after that, she laid herself on her Pillow in a sleeping Posture,

Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel on this Occasion, and spare me the Trouble of describing it. At my Age, under my Infirmities, among utter Strangers, how shall I find out proper Reliefs and Supports? I can have none, but those with which Reason and Religion furnish me, and those I lay hold on, and grasp as fast as I can. I hope that he, who laid the Burthen upon me (for wise and good Purposes no doubt) will enable me to bear it, in the Manner as I have borne others, with some Degree of Fortitude and Firmness.

You

You see how ready I am to relapse into an Argument which I had quitted once before in this Letter; I shall probably again commit the same Fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here, and with all Sincerity, Affection, and Esteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this World, if God pleases, or else in another. I am, *&c.*

From Mr. GAY *to Mr.* F***.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only News that you can expect to have from me here, is News from Heaven, for I am quite out of the World; and there is scarce any thing that can reach me except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old Authors of high Towers levelled by it to the Ground, while the humble Vallies have escaped: The only Thing that is Proof against it is the Laurel, which, however, I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant Heap of

Towers

Towers in the Universe, which is in this Neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been consumed to Ashes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perished! For unhappily beneath this little Shelter sate two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the Shade of a Beech-tree. *John Hewet* was a well-set Man of about Five and twenty; *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age. They had passed thro' the various Labours of the Year together with the greatest Satisfaction. If she milk'd, 'twas his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand. It was but last Fair that he bought her a Present of green Silk for her Straw-Hat, and the Posy on her Silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirmed, that he had any other Views than the lawful Possession of her in Marriage. It was that very Morning that he had obtained the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were

to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of the Wedding-Cloaths, and *John* was suiting several Sorts of Poppies and Field-Flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for her Wedding-Day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of *July* between Two and Three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightning and Thunder ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded.

Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley. *John*, who never separated from her, sat down by her Side, having raked together two or three Heaps, the better to secure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour, and called to one another throughout the Field: No Answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they stept to the Place where they lay; they perceived the Barley all in a smoak, and they spied this faithful Pair, *John* with

one

one Arm about *Sarah*'s Neck, and the other held over, as to ſkreen her from the Lightning. They were ſtruck dead, and ſtiffened in this tender Poſture. *Sarah*'s left Eye-brow was ſinged, and there appeared a black Spot on her Breaſt: Her Lover was all over black, but not the leaſt Signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions they were conveyed to the Town, and the next Day were inter'd in *Stanton-Harcourt* Church-yard. My Lord *Harcourt*, at Mr. *Pope*'s and my Requeſt, has cauſed a Stone to be placed over them, upon Condition that we furniſhed the Epitaph, which is as follows:

When Eaſtern Lovers feed the fun'ral Fire,
On the ſame Pile the faithful Pair expire:
Here pitying Heaven that Virtue mutual found,
And bluſhed both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts ſo ſincere th' Almighty ſaw well pleas'd,
Sent his own Lightning, and the Victim ſeiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehenſive the Country Peop-

People will not understand this, and Mr. *Pope* says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of Poetry as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* *. Your, &c.

* The Epitaph was;

Near this Place lie the Bodies of
John Hewet and *Mary Drew*,
an industrious young Man
and virtuous Maiden of this Parish,
who being at Harvest-work
(with several others)
were in one instant killed by Lightning
the last of *July* 1718.

Dr. SWIFT *to the Earl of* PETERBOROUGH.

My Lord,

I Never knew or heard of any Person so volatile, and so fixed as your Lordship: You, while your Imagination is carrying you through every Corner of the World, where you have or have not been, can at the same Time remember to do Offices of Favour and Kindness to the meanest of your Friends; and in all the Scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one Quality peculiar to a great Man,

of forgetting every Thing but Injuries. Of this I am a living Witness against you; for being the most insignificant of all your humble Servants, you were so cruel as never to give me Time to ask a Favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my Credit or Advantage.

I have often admired at the Capriciousness of Fortune in regard to your Lordship. She hath forced Courts to act against their oldest and most constant Maxims; to make you a General, because you had Courage and Conduct; an Ambassador, because you had Wisdom and Knowledge in the Interests of *Europe*; and an Admiral on account of your Skill in maritime Affairs: Whereas, according to the usual Method of Court Proceedings, I should have been at the Head of the Army, and you of the Church, or rather a Curate under the Dean of St. *Patrick*'s. The Archbishop of *Dublin* laments that he did not see your Lordship till he was just upon the Point of leaving the *Bath*: I pray God you may have found Success in that Journey; else I shall continue to think there is a Fa-

talit

tality in all your Lordſhip's Undertakings, which only terminate in your own Honour, and the Good of the Public, without the leaſt Advantage to your Health or Fortune. I remember, Lord *Oxford*'s Miniſtry uſed to tell me, that not knowing where to write *to* you, they were forced to write *at* you. It is ſo with me, for you are in one Thing an evangelical Man, that you know not where to lay your Head, and, I think, you have no Houſe. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the Pleaſure in this Country of going about, and ſhewing my depending Parſons a Letter from the Earl of *Peterborough*. I am, *&c.*

From the Earl of PETERBOROUGH *to Mr.* POPE.

WHenever you apply as a good Papiſt to your Female Mediatrix, you are ſure of Succeſs; but there is not a full Aſſurance of your intire Submiſſion to Mother-Church, and that abates a little of your Authority. However, if you will accept of Country Letters, ſhe will correſpond from the Hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the Side of my Wheel-

borrow: Surely such Letters might escape Examination.

Your Idea of the golden Age is, that every Shepherd might pipe where he pleased. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my Wishes, and would be content with the Liberty of not piping where I am not pleased.

Oh how I wish, to myself and my Friends, a Freedom which Fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves! Why is our shepherdess in voluntary Slavery? Why must our Dean submit to the Colour of his Coat, and live absent from us? And why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I seldom venture to give Accounts of my Journies beforehand, because I take Resolutions of going to *London*, and keep them no better than quarrelling Lovers do theirs. But the Devil will drive me thither about the Middle of next Month, and I will call upon you, to be sprinkled with holy Water, before I enter the Place of Corruption.

Yours, &c.

Lord

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

I Am not so lazy as *Pope*, and therefore you must not expect from me the same Indulgence to Laziness; in defending his own Cause he pleads yours, and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge: You will do the same on your Part; and I, and the rest of your common Friends, shall have great Justice to expect from two such righteous Tribunals: You resemble perfectly the two Alehouse-Keepers in *Holland*, who were at the same Time Burgomasters of the Town, and taxed one another's Bills alternately. I declare before-hand I will not stand to the Award; my Title to your Friendship is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it; but annual Acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: And I begin to suspect, by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in Time to dispute it, and to urge Prescription against me. I would not say one Word to you about myself (since it is a Subject on which you appear to have no Curiosity) was it not to try how far the

traſt between *Pope*'s Fortune and Manner of Life, and mine, may be carried. I have been then infinitely more uniform and leſs diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. That Love which I uſed to ſcatter with ſome Profuſion among the Female Kind, has been theſe many Years devoted to one Object. A great many Misfortunes (for ſo they are called, tho' ſometimes very improperly) and a Retirement from the World, have made that juſt and nice Diſcrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have ſeldom Sagacity enough to make for ourſelves; thoſe Inſects of various Hues which uſed to hum and buz about me while I ſtood in the Sunſhine, have diſappeared ſince I lived in the Shade. No Man comes to a Hermitage but for the Sake of the Hermit; a few philoſophical Friends come often to mine, and they are ſuch as you would be glad to live with, if a dull Climate, and duller Company, have not altered you extremely from what you was nine Years ago. The hoarſe Voice of Party was never heard in this quiet Place; Gazettes and Pamphlets are baniſhed from it,

it, and if the Lucubrations of *Isaac Bickerstaff* be admitted, this Distinction is owing to some Strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious Philosopher had (like the *Indian Fohu*, the *Grecian Pythagoras*, the *Persian Zoroaster*, and others his Precursors among the *Zabians*, *Magians*, and the *Egyptian* Seers) both his outward and his inward Doctrine, and that he was of no Side at the Bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any Party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted Reason of Things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such Monster as Party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing Dream by the *Greek* and *Roman* Historians, by *Guicciardine*, by *Machiavel*, and *Thuanus*: For I have vowed to read no History of our own Country, till that Body of it, which you promise to finish, appears. I am under no Apprehension that a Glut of Study and Retirement should cast me back into the Hurry of the World; on the contrary, the single Regret which I ever feel is, that I fell so late into this Course of Life; my Philosophy grows confirmed by Habit,

and if you and I meet again, I will extort this Approbation from you: *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little Incivilities I have met with from opposite Sets of People, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all; some have cured me of my Fears, by shewing me how impotent the Malice of the World is; others have cured me of my Hopes, by shewing how precarious popular Friendships are; all have cured me of Surprize: In driving me out of Party, they have driven me out of cursed Company; and in stripping me of Titles and Rank, and Estate, and such Trinkets, which every Man that will may spare, they have given me that which no Man can be happy without. Reflection and Habit have rendered the World so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any farther than personal Friendships interest me in the Affairs of it, and this Principle extends my Cares but a little Way. Perfect Tranquillity is the general

Tenour

Tenour of my Life; good Digeſtion, ſerene Weather, and ſome other mechanic Springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am ſometimes gay, but never ſad. I have gained new Friends, and have loſt ſome old ones; my Acquiſitions of this Kind give me a good deal of Pleaſure, becauſe they have not been made lightly: I know no Vows ſo ſolemn as thoſe of Friendſhip, and therefore a pretty long Noviciate of Acquaintance ſhould, methinks, precede them: My Loſſes of this Kind give me but little Trouble, I contribute nothing to them, and a Friend who breaks with me unjuſtly, is not worth preſerving. As ſoon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few Days) I ſhall fall back into that Courſe of Life, which keeps Knaves and Fools at a great Diſtance from me: I have an Averſion to them both, but in the ordinary Courſe of Life I think I can bear the ſenſible Knave better than the Fool. One muſt indeed with the former be in ſome or other of the Attitudes of thoſe wooden Men whom I have ſeen before a Sword-Cutler's Shop in *Germany*; but even in theſe conſtrained Poſtures the

witty

witty Rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of Good, and lays me under an Obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay in another Coin: The Fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my Guard as the Knave: and he makes me no Amends; he numbs me like the Torpor, or he teazes me like a Fly. This is the Picture of an old Friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you if you continue still to desire it.---Adieu, dear *Swift*, with all thy Faults I love thee intirely; make an Effort, and love me on with all mine.

Dr. SWIFT *to Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I Do not think it could be possible for me to hear better News than that of your getting over your scurvy Suit, which always hung as a dead Weight on my Heart; I hated it in all its Circumstances, as it affected your Fortune and Quiet, and in a Situation of Life that must make it every Way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the Justice you do

do me in ſuppoſing your Affairs do at leaſt concern me as much as my own, ſo I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read laſt Summer in a News-Paper, that you were writing the Hiſtory of your own Times. I ſuppoſe ſuch a Report might ariſe from what was not a Secret among your Friends, of your Intention to write another Kind of Hiſtory, which you often promiſed Mr. *Pope* and me to do; I know he deſires it very much, and I am ſure I deſire nothing more, for the Honour and Love I bear you, and the perfect Knowledge I have of your public Virtue. My Lord, I have no other Notion of Oeconomy than that it is the Parent of Liberty and Eaſe, and I am not the only Friend you have who hath chid you in his Heart for the Neglect of it, tho' not with his Mouth as I have done. For there is a ſilly Error in the World, even among Friends otherwiſe very good, not to intermeddle with Mens Affairs in ſuch nice Matters. And, my Lord, I have made a Maxim, that ſhould be writ in Letters of Diamonds, that a wiſe Man ought to have

Money

Money in his Head, but not in his Heart Pray, my Lord, enquire whether your Prototype, my Lord *Digby*, after the Restoration, when he was at *Bristol*, did not take some Care of his Fortune, notwithstanding that Quotation I once sent you out of his Speech to the H. of Commons? In my Conscience, I believe Fortune, like other Drabs, values a Man gradually less for every Year he lives. I have Demonstration for it; because if I play at Piquet for Sixpence with a Man or a Woman two Years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young Girl of Twenty, who never fails of winning my Money at Backgammon, tho' she is a Bungler, and the Game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my Itch of meddling with it but these frequent Returns of Deafness, which have hindred me from passing last Winter in *London*; yet I cannot but consider the Perfidiousness of some People, who, I thought when I was last there, upon a Change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their Professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your Pen, and blot

me

me out that political Maxim from whatever Book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male administrari*; the Commonneſs makes me not know who is the Author, but ſure he muſt be ſome Modern.

I am ſorry for Lady *Bolingbroke*'s ill Health; but I proteſt I never knew a very deſerving Perſon of that Sex, who had not too much Reaſon to complain of ill Health. I never wake without finding Life a more inſignificant Thing than it was the Day before: Which is one great Advantage I get by living in this Country, where there is nothing I ſhall be ſorry to loſe. But my greateſt Miſery is recollecting the Scene of twenty Years paſt, and then all on a ſudden dropping into the preſent. I remember, when I was a little Boy, I felt a great Fiſh at the End of my Line, which I drew up almoſt on the Ground, but it dropt in, and the Diſappointment vexes me to this very Day, and, I believe, it was the Type of all my future Diſappointments. I ſhould be aſhamed to ſay this to you, if you had not a Spirit fitter to bear your own Misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there Patience left to reflect by what Qua-

lities Wealth and Greatness are got, and by what Qualities they are lost? I have read my Friend *Congreve*'s Verses to Lord *Cobham*, which end with a vile and false Moral, and I remember is not in *Horace* to *Tibullus*, which he imitates, "that all "Times are equally virtuous and vicious," wherein he differs from all Poets, Philosophers, and Christians that ever writ. It is more probable, that there may be an equal Quantity of Virtues always in the World but sometimes there may be a Peck of it in *Asia*, and hardly a Thimbleful in *Europe*. But if there be no Virtue, there is Abundance of Sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human Creature in Power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a Principle of Corruption. I say this, because I have a Scheme in spite of your Notions, to govern *England* upon the Principles of Virtue, and when the Nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a Hermit, by which I am got backwards about 1500 Years in the Æra of the World, and begin to wonder at the Wickedness of Men

I dis

I dine alone upon half a Dish of Meat, mix Water with my Wine, walk ten Miles a Day, and read *Baronius*.

From Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I Now hold the Pen for my Lord *Bolingbroke*, who is reading your Letter between two Hay-cocks; but his Intention is somewhat diverted by casting his Eyes on the Clouds, not in Admiration of what you say, but for fear of a Shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the Triumvirate between yourself and me; tho' he says that he doubts he shall fare like *Lepidus*, while one of us runs away with all the Power like *Augustus*, and another with all the Pleasures like *Anthony*. It is upon a Foresight of this that he has fitted up his Farm, and you will agree, that this Scheme of Retreat at least is not founded upon weak Appearances. Upon his Return from the Bath, all peccant Humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great Temperance and Oeconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my Constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay

lay up so much Money as to buy a Bishoprick in *England*. As to the Return of his Health and Vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Hay-makers; but as to his Temperance, I can answer that (for one whole Day) we have had nothing for Dinner but Mutton-Broth, Beans and Bacon, and a Barn-door Fowl. Now his Lordship is run after his Cart, I have a Moment left to myself to tell you, that I over-heard him yesterday agree with a Painter for 200*l.* to paint his Country-Hall with Trophies of Rakes, Spades, Prongs, &c. and other Ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this Place a Farm.---Now turn over a new Leaf,---he bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more Schemes of Kindness for his Friends, than of Ambition for himself: There, tho' his Schemes may be weak, the Motives at least are strong; and he says further, if you could bear as great a Fall and Decrease of your Revenues, as he knows by Experience he can, you would not live in *Ireland* an Hour.

The *Dunciad* is going to be printed in all Pomp, with the Inscription, which makes

makes me proudeſt. It will be attended with *Prœeme, Prolegomena, Teſtimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum*, and Notes *variorum*. As to the latter, I deſire you to read over the Text, and make a few in any Way you like beſt, whether dry Raillery, upon the Style and Way of commenting of trivial Critics: or humourous, upon the Authors in the Poem; or hiſtorical, of Perſons, Places, Times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel Paſſages of the Antients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my Mother not ill, Dr. *Arbuthnot* vex'd with his Fever by Intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we ſhall loſe a worthy Man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, *&c.*

From Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

April 14, 1730.

I Did not take the Pen out of *Pope*'s Hands, but ſince he will not fill the Remainder of the Page, I think I may without Offence. I ſeek no epiſtolary Fame, but am a good deal pleaſed to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I

 lived

lived in the moſt friendly Intimacy together.---*Pliny* writ his Letters for the Public, ſo did *Seneca*, ſo did *Balſac*, *Voiture*, &c. *Tully* did not, and therefore theſe give us more Pleaſure than any which have come down to us from Antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a Secret which was intended to have been kept from us. That is a Pleaſure we ſee *Cato*, and *Brutus*, and *Pompey*, and others, ſuch as they really were, and not ſuch as the gaping Multitude of their own Age took them to be, or as Hiſtorians and Poets have repreſented them to us. That is another Pleaſure. I remember to have ſeen a Proceſſion at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, wherein an Image of *Charlemagne* is carried on the Shoulders of a Man who is hid by the long Robe of the imperial Saint. Follow him into the Vestry, you ſee the Bearer ſlip from under the Robe, and the gigantic Figure dwindles into an Image of the ordinary Size, and is ſet by among other Lumber ---I agree much with *Pliny*, that our Life here is rather better than that you live in ---and perhaps your public Spirit would be leſs grievous, or more comfortably here than there. Come to us

therefore

therefore on a Visit at least. It will not be the Fault of several Persons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great Good-will and little Power produce such slow and feeble Effects as can be acceptable to Heaven alone, and heavenly Men.---I know you will be angry with me, if I say nothing to you of a poor Woman, who is still on the other Side the Water in a most languishing State of Health. If she regains strength enough to come over, (and she is better within a few Weeks) I shall nurse her in this Farm with all the Care and Tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last Duty of Friendship wherever she is, tho' I break thro' the whole Plan of Life which I have formed in my Mind. Adieu. I am

most faithfully and affectionately yours.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

EVER since I received your Letter, I have been upon a Balance about going to *England*, and landing at *Bristol* to pass a Month at *Aingsbury*, as the Duchess had given me Leave. But many Difficul-

ties have interfered; first, I thought I had done with my Law-suit, and so did all my Lawyers: But my Adversary, after being in Appearance a Protestant these twenty Years, hath declared he was always a Papist, and consequently by the Law hee cannot buy, nor (I think) sell; so that I am at Sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse Evil; for the Giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, tho' in a more peaceable Manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the Young and Healthy: And the Duchess, in all her Youth, Spirit, and Grandeur, will make a very ill Nurse, and her Woman not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command and scold; I must have Horses to ride, I must go to Bed and rise when I please, and live where all Mortals are subservient to me. I must talk Nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a Week, and walk three or four Miles besides, every Day. I always told you Mr. ------ was good for nothing but to be a rank Courtier.

I can

I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Duchess, and I hate to see you so charitable, and such a Cully: And yet I love you for it, because I am one myself. You are the silliest Lover in Christendom. If you like Mrs. ------, why do you not command her to take you? If she does not, she is not worth pursuing; you do her too much Honour; she hath neither Sense nor Taste, if she dares to refuse you, tho' she had 10,000 *l.* I do not remember to have told you of Thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your Meaning, and I am sure I had never the least Thoughts of myself. If I am your Friend, it is for my own Reputation, and from a Principle of Self-Love; and I do sometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the World know we are Friends.

I see very well how Matters go with the Duchess in regard to me. I heard her say, Mr. *Gay*, fill your Letter to the Dean, that there may be no Room for me, the Frolic is gone far enough, I have writ thrice, I will do no more; if the Man has a Mind to come, let him come; what a

Clarter is here? Positively I will not write a Syllable more. She is an ungrateful Duchess, considering how many Adorers I have procured her here, over and above the Thousands she had before.---I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000*l.* which will bring you 300 *per Annum*, and this will maintain you, with the Perquisites of sponging while you are young; and when you are old will afford you a Pint of Port at Night, two Servants, and an old Maid, a little Garden, and Pen and Ink ---provided you live in the Country.--- Have you no Scheme either in Verse or Prose? The Duchess should keep you on hard Meat, and by that Means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

A Postscript to the Duchess of QUEENSBERRY.

Madam,

Since I begin to grow old, I have found all Ladies become inconstant, without any Reproach from their Conscience. If I was on you, I declare that one of your Women (which ever it is that has Designs upon the Chaplain) must be my Nurse, if I happen

to be sick or peevish at your House, and in that Case you must suspend your Domineering-Claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual Appendix to Mr. *Gay*'s Letters hath done me infinite Mischief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the Ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable Neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them, who had an Inklin of the Matter (your Grace will hardly believe it) refused to beg my Pardon upon her Knees, for once neglecting to make my Rice-milk.---Pray consider this, and do your Duty, or dread the Consequence. I promise you shall have your six Minutes every Hour at *Aimsbury*, and seven in *London*, while I am in Health; but if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a Second. Yet, properly speaking, there is no Man alive with so much Truth and Respect,

Your Grace's most obedient
and devoted Servant.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Dublin, August 12, 1732.

I Know not what to say to the Account of your Stewardship, and it is monstrous to me that the *South-Sea* should pay half their Debts at one Clap. But I will send for the Money when you put me into the Way, for I shall want it here, my Affairs being in a bad Condition by the Miseries of the Kingdom, and my own private Fortune being wholly embroiled, and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the Duchess, as an Object of Charity, to lend me 3 or 4000 *l.* to keep up my Dignity. My 100 *l.* will buy me six Hogsheads of Wine, which will support me a Year; *provisæ frugis in annum copia. Horace* desired no more: For I will construe *frugis* to be Wine. You are young enough to get some lucky Hint, which must come by Chance, and it shall be a Thing of Importance, *quod & hunc in annum vivat & in plures*, and you shall not finish it in Haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the Duchess shall be your Critic; and betwixt you

you and me, I do not find ſhe will grow weary of you till this Time ſeven Years. I had lately an Offer to change for an *Engliſh* Living, which is juſt too ſhort by 300 *l.* a Year; and that muſt be made up out of the Ducheſs's Pin-money before I can conſent. I want to be Miniſter of *Aimſbury*, *Dawley*, *Twickenham*, *Riſkins*, and Prebendary of *Weſtminſter*, elſe I will not ſtir a Step, but content myſelf with making the Ducheſs miſerable three Months next Summer. But I keep ill Company; I mean the Ducheſs and you, who are both out of Favour; and ſo I find am I, by a few Verſes wherein *Pope* and you have your Parts. You hear Dr. *D----y* has got a Wife with 1600 *l.* a Year; I, who am his Governor, cannot take one under 2000; I wiſh you would enquire of ſuch a one in your Neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly Books! I profeſs I envy you above all Men in *England*; you want nothing but 3000 *l.* more, to keep you in Plenty when your Friends grow weary of you. To prevent which laſt, while at *Aimſbury*, you muſt learn to domineer and be peeviſh, to find Fault with their Victuals

and

and Drink, to chide and direct the Se vants, with some other Lessons, which shall teach you, and always practised m self with Success. I believe I formerly d sired to know whether the Vicar of *Ain bury* can play at Backgammon? Pray a him the Question, and give him my Servic

A Postscript to the Duchess of QUEEN BERRY.

Madam,

I was the most unwary Creature in t World, when, against my old Maxims, writ first to you upon your Return to *Th bridge*. I beg that this Condescension mine may go no farther, and that you w not pretend to make a Precedent of it. never knew any Man cured of any inatte tion, although the pretended Causes we removed. When I was with Mr. *Gay* i in *London*, talking with him on som poetical Subjects, "Well, I am determine "not to accept the Employment of Gentl "man-Usher;" and of the same Dispo tion were all my poetical Friends, and you cannot cure him, I utterly despair.— As to yourself, I will say to you (thoug

Con

Comparisons be odious) what I said to the -----, that your Quality should be never any Motive of Esteem to me: My Compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you. For I know you more by any one of your Letters, than I could by six Months converſing. Your Pen is always more natural, and sincere, and unaffected, than your Tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourself the Trouble of acting a Part, and have indeed acted so indiscreetly that I have you at Mercy: And although you should arrive to such a Height of Immorality as to deny your Hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the World will unite in swearing this must come from you only. I will answer your Question. Mr. *Gay* is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone: And yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's Company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the Subject of Bread and Butter, is the most usual Thing in the World; Parliaments, Courts, Cities, and Kingdoms, quarrel for no other Cause; from hence, and from hence only, arise all the Quarrels between Whig and Tory; between

tween those who are in the Ministry, and those who are out; between all Pretenders to Employment in the Church, the Law, and the Army: Even the common Proverb teaches you this, when we say, "It is none "of my Bread and Butter," meaning, it is no Business of mine. Therefore I despair of any Reconcilement between you till the Affair of Bread and Butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a Mediator. If *Mahomet* should come to the Mountain, how happy would an excellent Lady be, who lives a few Miles from this Town! As I was telling of Mr. *Gay*'s Way of living at *Aimsbury*, she offered fifty Guineas to have you both at her House for one Hour over a Bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your Question I answer, that your Grace should pull me by the Sleeve till you tore it off; and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another Proverb) that you tore my Cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one Word you say of my Lord Duke, unless I see three or four Lines in his own Hand at the Bottom of yours. I

have

have a Concern in the whole Family, and Mr. *Gay* must give me a particular Account of every Branch, for I am not ashamed of you tho' you be Duke and Duchess, tho' I have been of others who are, *&c.* and I do not doubt but even your own Servants love you, even down to the Postilions; and when I come to *Ainsbury*, before I see your Grace I will have an Hour's Conversation with the Vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody *Dobson* and all the Neighbours, as if you were their Equal, and that you were Godmother to her Son *Jackey*. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest Respect,

Your Grace's most obedient, &c.

To the Hon. Mr. BERNARD GRANVILLE.

Mar, *near* Doncaster, *Oct.* 6, 1688.

Sir,

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 my Country.

I cannot bear living under the Reproach of

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 now older by three Years. My Uncle *Bathe* was not so old when he was left among the Slain at the Battle of *Newbury*: Nor you yourself, Sir, when you made your Escape from your Tutors to join your Brother at the Defence of *Sculy*.

The same Cause is now come round again: The King has been misled, let those who have misled him be answerable for it: No body can deny but he is Head in his own Realm, 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

rash

ch an Attempt: But be that as it will, I g Leave to infift upon it, that I may be fented to his Majefty as one whofe utoft Ambition it is to devote his Life to s Service and my Country's, after the xample of all my Anceftors.

The Gentry affembled at *York* to agree pon the Choice of Reprefentatives for the ounty have prepared an Addrefs, to afre his Majefty they are ready to facrifice eir Lives and Fortunes for him upon this d all other Occafions; but at the fame ime they humbly befeech him to give em fuch Magiftrates as may be agreeable the Laws of the Land, for at prefent ere is no Authority to which they can gally fubmit.

They have been beating for Volunteers *Hull*, and the Towns adjacent, to fupthe Regiments at *Hull*, but no body ll lift.

By what I can hear, every body wifhes ll to the King, but they would be glad s Miniters were hang'd.

The Winds continue fo contrary, that Landing can be fo foon as was appreended; therefore I may hope, with your

Leave

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 Testimonies 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.

To WILLIAM HENRY, *Earl of* Bathe, &c. *at the Camp in* Flanders, Sept. 4, 1711.

My dear Lord,

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, unsolicited, in your Absence; You should likewise do the

same

ſame to my Lord *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 World. You are placed at the Head of a Body of Gentry, entirely diſpoſed in Affection to you and your Family: You 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 500 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 remembered together: I obſerved there was

hardly any one but whom he called Cou-
ſin, and I could not but obſerve at the ſam
Time how well they were pleaſed with it
Let this be a Leſſon for you when it come
to your Turn to appear amongſt them. No
thing is more obliging than to ſeem to re
tain the Memory of Kindred and Alliance
tho' never ſo remote; and by Conſequence
nothing more diſobliging than a Forgetfu
neſs of them, which is always imputed t
an affected, diſdainful Superiority an
Pride.

There is another Particular, in my Op
nion, of no ſmall Conſequence to the Su
port of your Intereſt, which I would r
commend to your Imitation; and that i
to make *Stowe* your principal Reſidenc
I have heard your Grandfather ſay, if ev
he lived to be poſſeſſed of *New-Hall*, h
would pull it down, that your Father mig
have no Temptation to withdraw from th
ancient Seat of his Family. From th
Conqueſt to the Reſtauration, your An
ceſtors conſtantly reſided amongſt the
Countrymen, except when the Public-Se
vice called upon them to ſacrifice the
Lives for it,

Stow

Stowe, in your 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 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 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 Quarrel 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 spite 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 no longer be respected as God's Vicegerents, who violate the Laws they were sworn to protect. The Preacher may talk us of passive Obedience; that Tyrants are to be patiently suffered as Scourges in the

Hat

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 Doctrines, were it true, could only serve to mislead ill-judging Princes into a false Security; Men are not to be reason'd 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 seduced by Advice 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 will ever 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 sour, 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 'twas 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 tack'd 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,

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, 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.

Second Letter to the same.

Sept. 22.

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 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, it is 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

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 50 *l.* to his beſt Friend without ſufficient Security; and the next Moment ſet his whole Fortune upon a Card, or a Dye; a Chance for which he can have no Security. My Lord ------ is to be ſeen every Day at a Toy-ſhop, ſquandering

dering away his Money in Trinkets and Baubles; and at the same Time leaves his Brothers and Sisters without common Necessaries.

Generosity does not consist in a Contempt of Money, in throwing it away at Random, without Judgment or Distinction; (tho' 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's that?* The King stood corrected, and was silent.

If

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

as particular as you pleaſe: In Humanity, Charity, and Benevolence, univerſal.

I am for ever, &c.

GEORGE GRANVILLE.

To Mr. BEVIL GRANVILLE *upon his entering into holy Orders.*

WHEN I look upon the Date of your 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 thoroughly purged yourſelf from, which is Flattery: You have beſtowed ſo much of that upon me in your Letter, that I hope you have no more left, and that you meant it only to take your Leave of ſuch Flights of Fancy, which however

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 Severity, that is yet more to be avoided. Advice, like Physic, should be so sweetened and prepared as to be made palatable, or Nature may be apt to revolt against it. Be always sincere, but at the same Time always polite: Be humble, without descending from your Character; reprove and correct without offending good Manners; to be a Cynic is as bad as to be a Sycophant. You are not to lay aside the Gentleman 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

Pulpit

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 accomplished as a Courtier; as reverend and venerable as an Apostle; he was indeed in every Thing apostolical, for he abandoned 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 strengthening your pious Resolutions, pour down

down his beſt and choiceſt Bleſſings upon you! You ſhall ever find me, dear Nephew,

Your moſt affectionate Uncle,
and ſincere Friend, &c.
LANSDOWNE.

From a Mother to her Son at School.
Broughton, Jan. 1, 1753.

Dear Antony,

YOUR Father and I have ſent you a Twelfth-Cake, I ſuppoſe you need not any Inſtructions how to uſe it. We are in Pain about your going upon the Ice. Pray God protect you from deep Waters. I know your ventureſome Spirit, and tremble to think of the Difficulties to which it may expoſe you. Dear *Tony*, be exceeding careful; let your School-fellows partake of the little Preſent, and give our beſt Services to Maſter *Sibthorpe* and Maſter *Henly*.---I ſhall write to Mr. *Williams*, the Head-Maſter, myſelf. Pray let me know if Mrs. *Williams* is kind to you. All our Loves, Child, attend you, and particularly the Bleſſing of your tenderly affectionate Mother, JANE FRANKLAND.

The

The Answer.

Honoured Madam,

I Received the Cake, and we have eat i before *Twelfth Day*, which I am some times sorry for, but then I console myse with the old Maxim, that, *one can't ea one's Cake and have it too.* O, never fe my taking Care of myself, Mamma 'tis a Meadow where we scate that overflowed, and not the River. Mrs. *Wi liams* was very kind to me when the Cal came, and I gave her a Quarter of i Master *Sibthorpe* and I have fell out, bu Master *Henly* sends his Love to you and m Papa, together with my Duty, who am honoured Madam,

Your dutiful and obedient Son,

ANTONY FRANKLAND

Mrs. NICHOLSON *to Master* ISAA BURGES *on his undutiful Behaviour t his Mother.*

Ashby-Park, May 13, 175

Dear Nephew,

DO not imagine that your Undutiful nesS to your Mother has escape either my Notice or my Resentment; ye I have heard, Child, of your Ingratitude

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and fearing that your Dependance upon me possibly may have encouraged you to disobey so good a Parent, I have determined to offer you, my Dear, a little Piece of Advice upon the Occasion, which you may treat with what Regard you think proper. --I take it for granted, *Isaac*, that you are so well at least instructed in Christian Principles, as to understand that it is expressly commanded you in the holy Scriptures to *honour your Father and your Mother*. Your dear Father, *Isaac*, is no more; your poor Mother, a disconsolate Widow. Ought you not rather, my Dear, to assist her (as far as you are capable of so doing) to bear her irretrieveable Loss with Patience, than by an unkind and graceless Behaviour, to add to her Affliction? Consider your Obligations to her maternal Tenderness and Love for you in a helpless Infancy; her Assiduity to improve your Understanding in increasing Years, and that incessant Thought and Solicitude, my Dear, for your Happiness, which is common to all good Parents, but has been in her most remarkably conspicuous. I am sorry for what has happened, and hope that Goodness of

Nature has not so far forsaken you, as to have left you without your Share of Remorse for your ungenerous Deportment. It is better to confess a Fault and forsake it, than to persevere in the Defence of it. Therefore, Child, (if you have any sort of Reverence for the most respectable Character in the World) go this Instant to your offended good Mother and entreat her to forgive you; otherwise, *Isaac*, you can never hope for a Blessing upon your Endeavours from the great Giver of all Things, who is, in a peculiar Sense, the universal *Parent* of the World. And lest (as I said, my Dear, you might flatter yourself with Expectations from me, this I do declare to you from my Soul, that no Consideration upon Earth can prevail upon me to befriend or countenance you in the minutest Article, till I am satisfied of your Submission; for he who can be undutiful to a Mother, can never have any great Regard for his inferior Connections. Reflect upon these Things in Proportion to their Importance, and you will always find me

Your affectionate Aunt,

MARY NICHOLSON.

Mufti

Master BURGES *to Mrs.* NICHOLSON.

Winchester-College, May 18, 1755.

Dear and honoured Madam,

I Received your kind Letter, and am very thankful for it. I have wrote to my Mother, but am ashamed to send the Letter, it being unworthy her Acceptance without your Recommendation, which, if you will be pleased to honour it with, you will greatly oblige, honoured Madam,

Your ever dutiful Nephew,

ISAAC BURGES.

Master BURGES *to his Mother.*

Winchester-College, May 18, 1755.

Honoured Madam,

I Am very unhappy in having disobliged you, and am ashamed to think that I have so little Command of Temper. Permit me to plead that in Excuse, for I think I shall never be so abandoned (and I pray God I never may) as to forget that it is the indispensible Duty of Children to obey their Parents, and that Ingratitude in a favourite Son is but one Degree below Impiety.

I am, Madam, with the utmost Concern for what has past,

Your most dutiful
and affectionate Son,
ISAAC BURGES.

Mrs. BURGES *to Master* BURGES.

Brentford-Abbey, May 23.

My dear Child,

YOUR Letter has overjoyed me; you cannot be more ready to ask Pardon than I to give it. Your Sister and I had almost wept ourselves blind at the Thought of your Unkindness, but you have *turned our Sorrow into Joy*, and we wish for nothing more ardently than to see you. My Blessing attends you, and I beg of you not to expose yourself to violent Diversions in this extreme hot Weather. *Harriot*'s Love to you. Adieu, my dear Boy, and remember your affectionate Mother.

ELIZABETH BURGES.

Mr.

Mr. ARLINGTON *to Miſs* SERLE.

Saville-Row, June 17.

IF it had been poſſible, Madam, when you were preſent, to have fixed my Attention on any other Object, the Multitude of your amiable Sex aſſembled laſt Night at *Ranelagh* was ſufficient to have put me to the Trial. The Beauty of your Perſon, Madam, conſpires with the Delicacy and Modeſty of your Deportment to attract univerſal Admiration. And though I know myſelf to be equal in Fortune to but few of the Numbers which adore you, permit me, fair Excellence, to affirm that in my unalterable Eſteem, and might I preſume to ſay *Affection*, for the dear Miſs *Serle*, I could be ſuperior to them all. It would be the ſole Employment of my Thoughts, as it is the Height of my Ambition, to be, Madam,

Your moſt devoted humble Servant,

CHARLES ARLINGTON.

Mrs. STEVENSON *to Mr.* ARLINGTON.

Sir,

YOUR Regard for my Niece *Arabella* may (for any Thing I know) do Honour to the Child, and to our Family; but I muſt beg of you (in the Name of my Siſter *Serle*, who is at preſent very much indiſpoſed) to deſiſt from your Importunities. My Niece, Sir, I am perſuaded, has no Kind of Intention to encourage any Gentleman's Addreſſes without our Approbation and Conſent: And I muſt beg Leave to aſſure you, that my Siſter and I have determined to ſtay till ſhe is quite of Age before we give any Sort of Attention to the Addreſſes of her Admirers. *Arabella*, Sir, is not yet entered into her 16th Year, notwithſtanding her womanly Appearance; and although her Charms, which may *attract* Admiration, are in her own Power, her Fortune, which muſt *ſecure* it, is in her Guardian's.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

ANN STEVENSON.

Bloomſbury-Square,
June 18.

To his Grace the Duke of ------.

Little Windmill-Street, Feb. 22.

My Lord,

THE Necessity which obliges me to solicit your Grace's Patronage and Protection, will plead a slight Apology in Favour of the Liberty which I take; and that Intimacy which your Grace was pleased to promote between my Father and Uncle, and the Marquis your Son, sets me in some measure above the Want of an Excuse. That Seat in Parliament, my Lord, to which their Zeal for their Country (by your Grace's Countenance and Favour) animated them to aspire, has compleated the Ruin of our Family. I have a Brother, my Lord, and five Sisters, who now unite to solicit your Grace's Interest to procure for our Subsistence, if it be possible, such Relief from the Ministry as it shall seem expedient to your Grace's Wisdom to confer upon us. I humbly beg Pardon, my Lord, for the Trouble of this importunate Petition; but not having been able to gain Admittance to your Grace's Person since the Death of my Father, am reduced to

the Necessity of presenting your Grace this Address, with all Humility, and am, my Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient, obliged, and devoted humble Servant,
HENRY ALDERSON.

His Grace's Answer.

Mr. ALDERSON,

I Am heartily sorry to hear of the Necessity to which your Family is reduced by the Zeal of your Father and Uncle to serve their Country in Parliament. It is true, in their Endeavours to gain a Seat in the House, they had my Countenance and Encouragement; but I never supposed they would have carried Things to such a Length, as to spend their Estates and impoverish their Relations. However, when Zeal for a good Cause is attended with Indiscretion, I think it deserves to be pitied; at least, they must be allowed to be Objects of Compassion, who suffer for the Folly and Misconduct of others. On this Consideration I shall use what Interest I have with the Ministry, to make such Provision

to

for you as they may ſee moſt convenient, and conſiſtent with their Duty to his Majeſty and to the Public, whoſe Stewards they are, and whoſe Treaſure they ought not wantonly to ſquander away. You know I am a Courtier, and as ſuch I ſuppoſe you apply to me; but I hope I ſhall convince you that one Part of that Character does not belong to me, for I really feel your Misfortunes, and aſſure you that I am, with Sincerity,

Your real Friend, &c.

* * * *

From an Officer's Wife to a Brother whom ſhe had not ſeen for many Years.

My dear Brother,

I MOST thankfully accept of your kind Invitation, and would gladly bring my little Boy with me, but that I think myſelf capable of giving your Family Trouble enough without him, and his Father tells me he has a hundred Reaſons againſt it, ninety nine of which he condeſcends to keep to himſelf, and the other I find is this, that he apprehends the Affection you have for the Child will induce you

to

to come and spend some Time with us this Summer in the Country.

And now, my dear Brother, as it is many Years since you saw me, and as Women do sometimes alter for the worse when turned of thirty, to which Alteration, it is probable, *Half Pay* may be no Hindrance, I desire you will avoid those natural Exclamations of *Dear Heart, how you are altered! Why Sister you are not the same Person! I protest I should not have known you! Why, the Wrinkles have devoured your Forehead!* &c. &c. for as it is a Rule with me never to tell other People impertinent unpleasing Truths, so I would gladly avoid hearing any Thing of that Sort to my own Disadvantage. Pray inform our mutual Friends of this, and tell them I am a near Relation to the Spectator, and that I don't love to be stared at.

Dear Brother adieu!---Next Thursday I hope to be happy, for then I hope to meet you at *Bath*. I shall set out in the Machine to-morrow. The Captain refuses to inclose his Compliments in this Letter. He says, 'tis more respectful to send a Person on Purpose; and I am the *Courier* he has

made

made choice of, whom he intends to dispatch, as I obſerved to you, in a Machine. I am, my dear Brother, and ever ſhall be,

Your truly affectionate Siſter, &c.

A Letter from a Lady to a Maid-Servant, who had left her. In which is contained an uſeful Leſſon for all Perſons in that State of Life.

Dear SALLY,

I Had your Letter very ſafe, and tho' I have failed to anſwer it before, yet my daily Prayers, and beſt Wiſhes, have conſtantly attended you. I truſt you have the good Fortune to pleaſe where you are, as I hear nothing to the contrary: I go by the old Saying, *No News is good News*. If you are ſo happy as to be in Favour with the good Family that you have the Honour to ſerve, I make no Queſtion of your continuing in it by a conſtant Endeavour to deſerve it. I told you above, and I told you Truth, that I daily remember you in my Prayers; and at the ſame Time I will not ſuppoſe that you forget to remember yourſelf. I fancy you lie with the other Maid, and know not that you have a Cloſet or retiring Place to yourſelf; but whether

ther you have or not, I intreat you let no Pretence whatever prevail on you to omit an indispensible Duty: Let no false Notion of Modesty suffer you to neglect an Action that is your utmost Glory to perform; I hope your Fellow-Servant thinks as she ought on this Occasion, but if she be so unhappy as not to do it, endeavour to gain her over by your Example, but beware of being perverted by hers: To wake in a Morning, and without addressing the Throne of Grace, to commit ourselves to the Hazards of the Day, is such a Degree of Impiety and Fool-hardiness as shocks one but to think on; and surely it is equally the blackest Ingratitude to close our Eyes at Night, without returning our unfeigned Thanks for the Dangers we have escaped; those Eyes, for ought we know, may never be again unclosed in this World.---I was going to offer some Advice of another Kind, but I recollect that, perform but your Duty to your Creator, and all the rest is included. Be sure in whatever you are about to do, think always on what is due to the Dignity of your Nature. Consider, that although you are placed by Providence

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in the Degree of a Servant, yet your immortal Soul is of an equal Rank with that of an Empreſs. This Counſel at the firſt Glance may appear to encourage Pride, but if duly attended to, it will be far otherwiſe, and prove the moſt effectual Means to extinguiſh it; for a proper Conſideration on the ſeveral Degrees of Men in the Order the Wiſdom of God has placed them with Relation to this Life, will teach you to condeſcend to your Superiors without Meanneſs, and learn you to diſtinguiſh yourſelf from thoſe below you without Arrogance; it will hinder Adverſity from oppreſſing you; and if Proſperity be your Lot (as I heartily wiſh it may) it will find you worthy of it; in a Word, it will make you equal to good Fortune, and ſuperior to ill. Mr. *H*----- joins me in beſt Reſpects to your Maſter and Lady, and Mr. ***. I deſire you, whenever you are inclined to write to me, that you would chuſe out half an Hour when you can beſt be ſpared, and ask Leave; this will ſave you the Confuſion of equivocating, if you are demanded what has been your Employment, and prevent your turning an indifferent Action

into

into a guilty one: For be sure never to forget, your Time is not your own, but is intirely due to those you serve, and that you can never justly employ any of it on your own Occasions without Leave. Pray good *Salley*, think of that. I was concerned to find you had laid out so much Money in Play-things for the Children, however, I acknowledge myself obliged to your Good-nature; I shall take the Hint from you of sending this free to *London*, and save half the Postage; observe my Method and be not above being taught by any one any Thing that is worthy the Trouble of learning; no Matter who it is teaches, provided the Instructions are good. Adieu dear *Sally*, do me the Justice to believe this Letter dictated from a Heart full of the warmest Wishes for your Welfare, from one who will always regard every Piece of Happiness that befals you as an additional one to herself, for I am

Your very sincere Friend,

M---

Mar-

Merchants, and People in Trade, enter all their Letters of Consequence in a Book, that they may be the better able to prove their Contracts; and when they write to a Correspondent abroad they generally inclose him a Copy of their last Letter that he may know how to conduct himself, in Case the Original should miscarry.

Mr. WILLIAM WILSON *and Mr.* JOHN THOMPSON.

Porto the 23d *of Feb.* 1748.

Gentlemen,

SINCE our last of the 19th Instant, we have your esteemed Favour of the 5th and 16th of *January*, inclosing us *James Lovell*'s Bill on *Lostean, Bond* and *Dumerais* for 450rs. which meets with due Acceptance and we doubt not will be punctually paid; when your Account shall be credited accordingly. We think proper to caution you against taking any more of *R. Grove*'s Bills we having one remitted to us which we were obliged to protest for Non-acceptance. But this to ourselves. We shall observe to ship your Wines in the Manner you direct, and are very easy as to your Remit-

Remittance. *Hallum* does not appear as yet. We salute you and the good Family with great Respect and are, *&c.*

Porto the 27th *Ditto*

Sirs

SINCE the above Copy of our last of the 23d Instant, we have received your Favour of the 30th of *January per* Post covering a Remittance of £ 649 Sterling on *Richlieu* and *Co.* and ourselves, which meet with due Compliance. You need not make yourselves uneasy for Remittances for us seeing Bills are so scarce; for two or three Posts, more or less, does not signify. The *Clifford* Captain *Hallum* is safe arrived and we shall To-morrow acquaint Mr. *Bourdieu* and the Captain with the Contents of your Letter. We intend to send you 40 Pipes of Wine *per* the *Gallant Enterprize* Captain *Jones*, and 30 more by Captain *Hallum* which is all that offers at present. We wish you much Felicity, and remain

Sirs

Your very humble Servants,

J. DISON, LONG *and* PAGE

P. S.

P. S. We are apprehensive that your Affairs at *Barcelona* will not succeed to your Expectation, having just received Advice that no Ships from the North are to be admitted there without bringing Certificates that they are free from any Plague or Pestilence. 'Tis occasioned by the Sickness now raging in the *Morea* and *Levant*, from which God protect us all.

From a Merchant *to a* Tradesman *under Misfortunes.*

SIR,

YOUR Letter is before me. I compassionate your Case, and notwithstanding the Money I have lost by you, I should willingly join with your other Friends, and give you fresh Credit, could I be assured you would alter your Course of Life, and become an Oeconomist for the future. But when a Man has imprudently spent, or (which is nearly the same Thing) suffered other People to spend his own Fortune, there is, I think, little Hopes of his taking care of mine. You say that you have been industrious, and done a great Deal of Bu-

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ſineſs with your own Hands: It may be true, but the Buſineſs you have done was better undone. You always went on without any *Method*, was in a perpetual Hurry, and in Purſuit of forty Things at a Time, which muſt naturally create Confuſion, and prevent your doing any Thing to the Purpoſe. There is a Story told of the great *De Wit*, which is not an improper Leſſon for you. When that great Man, who did an amazing Deal of Buſineſs with his own Hands, was aſked how he could poſſibly accompliſh ſo much, and with ſuch Coolneſs and Regularity, he anſwered, that, it was *by doing one Thing at a Time*. Had you purſued this Maxim and withal, let me add, had you got up at ſix in the Morning, inſtead of laying in Bed till nine or ten, your Affairs had been in a different Situation. You would then before your Cuſtomers came to your Shop have had Time to have examined your Accounts, to have regulated your Expences and might have prevented a profuſe Family from driving you to this extreme Diſtreſs. Not that I intend hereby to cast any Reflection on your Wife; for I know

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lieve ſhe, poor Woman, was miſled by Appearances, and from the Buſtle of Buſineſs you was in, taught to believe, that a great Deal of Money was making for her Uſe, Part of which ſhe had a Right to employ, ſo that her Family might cut a Figure in the Neighbourhood. This, and many of your bad Debts, occaſioned by your not demanding the Money in Time, ariſes from a Neglect of your Books, and verifies the old Maxim, *he who keeps his Accounts may keep his Family, but he that keeps no Account may be kept by the Pariſh.* There is a Reputation you ſee even in breaking. For you, though your Eſtate has been ſo conſiderable as to produce a large Dividend for your Creditors, are not half ſo much eſteemed as your Neighbour, who paid only five Shillings in the Pound, and for this evident Reaſon; his Books were regular; through his whole Affairs there were great Marks of Care and Circumſpection, and it appear'd that his Miſcarriage was owing to an unavoidable Train of Miſfortunes; whereas yours can only be aſcribed to your Folly and Indiſcretion.

But I beg Pardon, Sir; I have done. What I have said is true, but Truths of this Sort are displeasing, and perhaps at this Time may favour of Inhumanity, tho' intended for your Good.

Your Father was an honest, worthy Man, and my old and much esteemed Friend, and to let you see that my Friendship died not with him, I will lend you five hundred Pounds, which will probably do you more Service than trusting you with the sixty Pounds worth of Goods you have mentioned; for with the Money you may go to Market, buy your Goods to the best Advantage, pay for them, and receive a Discount, which perhaps may be the best Means to establish your Credit; and you will then have an Opportunity of going to my Warehouse, or any other that may best suit with your Interest or Inclination, the former of which should, I think, be preferred in the Case before us; and I do sincerely desire of you never to buy any Goods of me, that you can get better or cheaper any where else. 'Tis not the Way to be wealthy. My best Wishes will al-

way

ways attend you and your Spouſe, to whom pray make my Compliments.

I am, moſt ſincerely, Yours,

London, Oct. 28 1755. JOHN STEPHENSON.

From an elder *to a* younger Brother, *repreſenting to him the fatal Conſequences that muſt inevitably attend his perſiſting in his Extravagance.*

Dear HARRY,

YOU muſt imagine, if you give yourſelf Time to reflect, that your Miſfortunes, as being an only Brother, affect me almoſt as much as my own; which, you are ſenſible, are not a few: But then you know very well, that mine are owing to unforeſeen Accidents, and not to wilful Profuſion. This Conſideration ſupports me under them; but as to what I have ſuffered on your Account, that indeed has been occaſioned by my own Indiſcretion. Whilſt my Father and Mother were living, they not only ſupplied you with every Thing neceſſary and convenient, but even indulged you in your Extravagance. What they left behind them is now devolved up-

on me; and both Nature and Prudence direct me to make the best Use of it I am able. I acknowledge I am inclined to serve you to the utmost of my Power; but, my dear Brother, which Way can I do it effectually? The many Supplies you received from our indulgent Parents were actually thrown away, because, through your own Misapplication of them, they gave you no real Assistance: And, pray, what Measures can I take to relieve you? Had you made a proper Use of your Friends Readiness to serve you, you had been happy long ago; but, to speak freely, your present Distress is entirely owing to your own Folly. The Fortune you had, with prudent Management, would have afforded you a comfortable Subsistance all your Life: whereas you have squandered it away in less than two Years Time. Were I able and willing to give you as much more, what Reason is there to suppose you would be a better Oeconomist for the future? All I am worth in the World, at your Rate of living, would support you but a few Years; and as I think it my Duty to take care of my own Family,

I must

I must not injure *them* by relieving *you*. Were I to send you the Money you require, what other Purpose would it serve, than to lengthen your Credit, and involve you farther in Debt? This has always been the Case, whenever I have assisted you; and therefore it is now Time to withdraw my Favours. Nevertheless, when I am sufficiently convinced of your Reformation, you may depend upon all reasonable Assistance from

Your affectionate Brother,
R. WILSON.

From a Guardian *to his* Ward, *on his irregular Course of Life during his Apprenticeship.*

Dear WILLIAM,

YOU are sensible that a true Friendship always subsisted between your Father and myself, and that he was pleased to constitute me the sole Executor of his last Will and Testament, wherein he committed you to my Care during your Minority. I have accordingly had a watchful Eye over your Deportment, and am

ſorry to hear that you keep bad Company and bad Hours, are frequently overtaken with Liquor, and tranſgreſs the Rules of your Maſter's Houſe, ſo as to give great Uneaſineſs to the whole Family. I am likewiſe informed, that you treat your Maſter's coolest Expoſtulations in a Manner that no ways becomes you, giving him pert Anſwers, and putting on ſaucy Airs. Nay, inſtead of Amendment, you repeat the Offence for which he reproves you, and turn his Admonitions to ridicule amongſt your profligate Aſſociates. Give me Leave, therefore, to ſet before you, in a true Light, the fatal Conſequences that muſt attend you without a ſpeedy Reformation.

In the firſt Place, how can you in Conſcience break through that ſolemn Contract which you have bound yourſelf faithfully to obſerve? Or what Excuſe can I make to your Maſter, to whom I ſtand engaged for your good Behaviour? You are not but ſeventeen, an Age too young to be your own Maſter, and act without Reſtraint. Stay, then, till you are one or two and twenty at leaſt, before you take

the Liberty of keeping what Hours and what Company you pleafe; and even then it will be neceffary to controul yourfelf, for fear of contracting vicious Habits, which are not eafily forfaken.

Confider, I beg of you, before it is too late, into what Inconveniencies and Diftrefs fuch a Courfe of Life may lead you; and what Trouble you will give your moreft Friends, by perfevering in your evil Ways. And then again, have an Eye to the golden Rule, of doing as you would be done by. Afk yourfelf, whether your prefent Behaviour is fuch as you would approve of in an Apprentice of your own? Are you fo capable of purfuing your Mafter's Bufinefs the next Morning, as if you had gone to bed fober, and in proper Time? If not, your imprudent Evenings are a double Difadvantage to your Mafter. And will not thefe fmall Liberties (as you call them) lead you on, in Time, to others of a more dangerous and deftructive Nature? Believe me, it is not in every one's Power to ftop when he pleafes; and by Ill-habits long perfifted in, you may arrive to

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ſuch a Pitch of Obduracy, as to bid Defiance to all Laws, both human and divine.

For my Part, I ſerved ſeven Years, not only with Pleaſure, but (I hope) with Reputation; and though I was not my own Maſter till I was two and twenty, I thought it was full ſoon enough. I don't know what your Sentiments may be on the like Occaſion; but I wiſh you may conſult your own Intereſt and Credit as much as I have done, and not take ſuch Liberties as I cannot think either reputable or honeſt.

You are now at an Age, wherein you ſhould ſtudy to cultivate your Mind, not to indulge yourſelf in Pleaſures. By reading proper Books, and keeping good Company, you will acquire a large Stock of Wiſdom and Experience; you will uſefully employ your leiſure Hours; avoid many Temptations; enlarge your Ideas of Men and Things; contract your Expences; and, in a Word, you will learn to look down with an Eye of Contempt on thoſe frothy Companions, who now give you ſo much Satisfaction and Delight.

Nothing but my ſincere Regard for

you

your future Welfare could have induced me thus to repreſent to you the dangerous Tendency of your preſent Conduct; and I hope my friendly Admonitions will have the deſired Effect, ſo that I may not have Cauſe to repent of taking upon me the important Truſt which your Father repoſed in me. If I ſhould hear of the Succeſs of theſe Remonſtrances, you ſhall want for no Encouragement from

Your affectionate Guardian,

JAMES WALKER.

From an Apprentice *to his* Maſter *in the Country.*

SIR,

SINCE you left Home nothing material has happened in the Family, nor any Buſineſs offered, but what we have been able to accompliſh to the Satisfaction of the Cuſtomers. This I thought it my Duty to inform you of (as I find your Affairs will detain you longer in the Country than you expected) and to aſſure you that Buſineſs here, during your Abſence, shall be carried on with as much Care and Fidelity, as if your Eye was over us.

Sir

Sir *Richard Rowland* has discharged his Account, and bought eight Pieces of the same Holland, with which he is perfectly well pleased. Captain *Jordan* arrived yesterday. I saw him last Night, and he tells me he has executed your Commission much to his own Satisfaction, and hopes it will be to yours. The good Family are all well. Every Body longs for your Return, and my good Mistress begins to be impatient; however, nobody expects you till the Business you went about is compleated, and if in the mean Time any Thing of Consequence should happen, you may depend on hearing immediately from, Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant.

From a Tradesman *to his* Correspondent *requesting the Payment of a Sum of Money.*

SIR,

A Very unexpected Demand that has been made on me for Money, which I was in hopes of keeping longer in my Trade, obliges me to apply for your Assistance of the Balance of the Account between us, or as much of it as you can spar

ſpare. When I have an Opportunity to inform you of the Nature of this Demand, and the Neceſſity of my diſcharging it, you will readily excuſe the Freedom I now take with you; and as 'tis an Affair of ſuch Conſequence to my Family, I know the Friendſhip you bear me will induce you to ſerve me effectually.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

TIMOTHY JONES.

The Anſwer.

SIR,

IT gives me ſingular Satisfaction, that I have it in my Power to anſwer your Demand, and am able to ſerve a Man I ſo much eſteem. The Balance of the Account is two hundred Pounds, for which I have procured a Bank Note, and for Security divided it, and ſent one half by the Carrier, and encloſed the other. I wiſh you may ſurmount this and every other Difficulty that lays in your Road to Happineſs, and am,

Sir, Yours ſincerely,

RICHARD TOMKINS.

From

From a Father *to his Son, on his Admission into the University.*

My dear Son,

YOU are now going into the wide World. Every Step you take is attended with *Danger*, and requires *Caution*. My Eye is upon you no longer, and the Vigilance of Governors, and the *Care* of *Tutors*, cannot follow you every where. Few will have *Concern* or *Affection* enough to advise you *faithfully*. Your *Conduct* must be a good deal regulated by your own *Reflections*. The only secure *Paths* are those of *Religion* and *Virtue*, in which it will not be difficult for you to walk, if you live agreeably to that *Simplicity* of Life, which the Rules of *academical Societies* prescribe. Mix not Intemperance with your *growing* Years, nor treasure up Infirmities against an Age the *fittest* for Employment. You have *received* Health from your Parents, and you owe it to your Children. Be careful in the Choice of your Company; pay Civility to all; have Friendships with few; not too quickly with any: An idle Companion will corrupt and disgrace you

while

while you associate with him, and aspersie and expose you when you shall shake him off. In this, be advised by those, whom I intrust to do all good Offices for you. Whenever you find yourself with Persons of superior *Age* or *Quality*, or *Station* or *Endowments*, pay a Deference to them: So much is due to their *Experience* and *Character*. *Modesty* is the most amiable Virtue, especially in a young Man who professes himself a *Learner*. Possibly, in a large Society, you may meet with some bold young Men who will think to arrogate to themselves a *Value* amongst their ill-bred Companions, by daring to say and do *abusive* Things to their Governors: But don't you imitate such Examples; for *Impudence* is not *Magnanimity*. A brave Mind is seen in persevering through the Difficulties of a virtuous Course; in the Conquest of irregular Appetites and Passions, and in scorning to do any Thing that is mean or base. Have nothing to do with *Politicks*, which, when you shall have studied all your Life, you will not have found out what will hereafter be the *Humours* or *Resent-*

ments

ments, or *Private Interests* or *public Views* of Men in Power: A Study which, as it is generally directed, rather leads from Virtue, is foreign to your *present Purpose*, and in which, if you could really have any *Skill*, at your Age it would seem to be *affected*. Take the proper *Advantages* of living in a Society. Observe the different *Tempers* and *Dispositions* of Men; shun their *Vices*, imitate their *Virtues*; make use of their *Learning*, and let the many Eyes that are upon you, the Conscience of your Duty, and an Indignation to be insignificant, raise a *Emulation* in you to excel in some Kind of Art or Knowledge that may hereafter be useful to the Public. From the Moment of your Entrance take care of your *Reputation*. Let not one Exercise go out of your Hands that hath not employed your utmost Diligence. Notwithstanding the Affection I have for you, I shall not be able to do you the Service I desire, unless you assist me with your *Character*. And in all doubtful Cases, let not your *Father*, who loves you best, and your *Governors*, who are well able to direct

you, be the *only Friends* you will *not* consult.

I am, &c.

*From Lady **** to her Daughter, a Girl of twelve Years old, then under the Care of her Grandmother in the Country.*

My dear Child,

THough I know you want no Precepts under my Mother's Care, to instruct you in all moral and religious Duties; yet there are some Things she may possibly forget to remind you of, which are highly necessary for the forming your Mind, so as to make that Figure in the World, I could wish you to do. I am certain you will be kept up to your Musick, Singing and Dancing, by the best Masters the Country affords; and need not doubt, but you will very often be told, that good Housewifery is a most commendable Quality. I would have you indeed neglect none of these Branches of Education; but, my dear, I should be grieved to hear you were so much attached to them, as not to be able to devote two Hours, at least, every Day to Reading. My Father left a Collection of very excel-

lent Books in all Languages behind him, which are yet in being, and as you are tolerably acquainted with the *French* and *Italian*, I would have you not be altogether a Stranger to their Authors. Poetry, if it be good, (as in that Library you will find none that is not so) very much elevates the Ideas, and harmonizes the Soul; and well-wrote Novels are an Amusement, in which sometimes you may indulge yourself; but History is what I would chiefly recommend;--without some Knowledge of this, you will be accounted at best but an agreeable Trifler.---I would have you gay, lively and entertaining, but then I would have you able to improve, as well as divert the Company you may happen to fall into.

But, my dear Child, I must warn you to beware with what Disposition you sit down to read Books of this Nature; for if you lightly skim them over, and merely to gratify your Curiosity with the amazing Events delivered in them, the Reader will afford you little Advantage:----You must, therefore, consider what you read; mark well the Chain of Accidents which bring on any great Catastrophe, and this

will ſhew you that nothing happens by Chance, but all is entirely governed by the Directions of an over-ruling Power;--- in diſtinguiſhing the true Cauſes of the Riſe and Fall of Empires, and thoſe ſtrange Revolutions that have happened in moſt Kingdoms of the World, you will admire divine Juſtice, and be far from accuſing Providence of Partiality, when you find, as frequently you will, the good dethroned, all Rites both human and divine ſacrilegiouſly trampled upon, a mock Authority eſtabliſhed in the Place of a real one, and lawleſs Uſurpation proſper; becauſe at the ſame Time you will ſee that this does not happen, till a People, grown bold in Iniquity, and ripe for Deſtruction, have drawn down upon themſelves the ſevereſt Vengeance of offended Heaven, which is Tyranny and Oppreſſion; and though innocent Individuals may ſuffer in the general Calamity; yet it is for the Good of the Whole, in order to bring them to a juſt Senſe of their Tranſgreſſions, and turn them from their evil Ways.---This, the hiſtorical Part of the Bible muſt be manifeſt in numberleſs Instances; and this,

the Calamities which at different Times have befel every Kingdom and Commonwealth, evidently confirm.

I am the more particular in giving you these Cautions, because, without observing them, you may be liable to imbibe Prejudices which will pervert your Judgment, and render you guilty of Injustice, without knowing you are so. As you regard therefore my Commands, which will always be for your Improvement and Emolument, never be remiss in this Point.

Next to History, I shall be glad to see you have some Smattering in natural Philosophy.---You have already read several little Treatises in that agreeable Science, and you may be furnished with more and better where you are;---the same Person that brings you those Necessaries you desired me to send, will also deliver to you Glasses of various Kinds, by the Help of which, you may discover plainly the Form of many Insects, which to the naked Eye appear but so many moving Moats!---Believe me, Child, the wide Creation presents nothing that affords not infinite Matter for a delightful Speculation, and the more

more you examine the Works of Nature, the more you will learn to love and adore the great God of Nature, the Fountain of all Pleasure. I expect your next will be filled with no Enquiries on new Fashions, nor any Directions to your Milliner; nor shall I be better satisfied with an Account of your having begun, or finished, such or such a Piece of fine Work: This may inform you that it is other Kinds of Learning I would have you versed in;--I flatter myself with seeing my Commands obeyed, and that no Part of what I have said will be lost upon you, which a little more Time and Knowledge of the World will shew you the Value of, and prove to you, more than any Indulgence I could treat you with, how very much I am,

Your affectionate Mother,

****.

A Letter from the Marquis DE MONTESQUE, *to a young Gentleman, on reading History.*

SIR,

I HAVE learnt with much Pleasure, that you have resolved to exercise a regular Course of Study in the Country, and to continue it even at *Paris*, and with the Army, in Proportion as you shall have Time. But you do me too much Honour to consult me about the Reading you should make choice of, being so capable of making that Choice yourself. Nevertheless, since you absolutely require that I should explain myself thereupon, I shall not hesitate to tell you, that I should prefer the Reading of History to all other. It is an Opinion of which I have given a public Testimony, and that I shall never change. Instead of quoting the Passage where I speak advantageously of History, I had rather write it in this Letter for your Ease and my own. You will not have the Trouble to look for the Book, and I shall not have that of recollecting the Arguments I then advanced. That History instructs us in an engaging

and

and agreeable Manner; that the greater Part of the other Sciences give Precepts which our Mind usually slights, because it loves Freedom, and because it takes Pleasure in opposing every Thing that favours of Command. I added, that instead of those imperious Maxims, History gives us only Reflections to make upon the Events that she displays before our Eyes, and that those Events are so many Examples which we have to follow or avoid. She makes us attend the Councils of Sovereigns, and enables us to distinguish Flattery from good Advice. She describes Sieges and Battles to us, and makes us take notice of the Faults or good Conduct of the Generals. In a Word, she gives us in a few Years, an Experience that many Years cannot give without her Assistance. Will you permit me, Sir, to improve upon what I have said, and to take from a better Fund than my own? A most eloquent Prelate will supply me with two or three Periods which you will be very glad to know. He speaks of a great and ingenious Princess which we have just lost, and says that the Resolution of pro-

ſecuting the Study of Wiſdom, kept her engaged to the Reading of which we ſpeak. That Hiſtory is rightly called the wiſe Counſellor of Princes. It is there, continued he, that the greateſt Kings have no more Rank than by their Virtues, and that degraded for ever, by the Hands of Death, they undergo without Court and without Retinue, the Judgment of all People and of all Ages. It is there we diſcover that the Gloſs of Flattery is ſuperficial, and that falſe Colours will not laſt, how ingeniouſly ſoever they be laid on. There our admirable Princes ſtudied the Duties of thoſe whoſe Lives compoſe Hiſtory, *&c.* You ſee, Sir, that I have kept my Word, what I have borrowed is better than what is my own, and that I have thought of nothing but ſatisfying you, without conſidering that I was going to deſtroy the good Opinion you might have of my Writings. I will even tell you what Hiſtorian I ſhould prefer for Pleaſure and for Inſtruction. It is *Plutarch* whom the too ſevere Critics will hardly acknowledge to be an Hiſtorian. I muſt allow indeed that he has not made

any

any Body of History, and that he has left none but particular and unconnected Lives. But what Histories can be found which please and instruct like these Lives? At least, what Person can read them without relishing a thousand Beauties, and remarking every Moment Maxims of Morality and Politics? *Plutarch* introduces them naturally, he gathers none but Flowers that grow under his Feet, and does not go out of his Way to gather others. He paints the Man whose Life he relates; he makes him know such as he was at the Head of the Armies, in the Government of the People, in his own Family, and in his Pleasures. In fine, Sir, I should be of the Opinion of an Author, who said, that if he was constrained to fling all the Books of the Antients into the Sea, *Plutarch* should be the last drowned. We will say more of this when we go to **** with the *M.* of *M****. If you would entertain your Friends with less Ceremony, we should already have made you this Visit, but you treat at your House as sumptuously as if the

the Superintendancy was still in your Family. I am most absolutely, Sir,

Your most humble
and most obedient Servant.

From a young Man nearly out of his Apprenticeship to the Father of a young Lady as visited in the Family.

SIR,

IF I was not conscious that my Behaviour during my Apprenticeship to Mr. *Tread* would plead in my Favour with one whose Intimacy in the Family has made him as entirely unacquainted with it, I should not dare to write to you on this Occasion.

But, before I presume to mention the Subject of this Letter, permit me to observe that my Apprenticeship will expire at *Lady-Day* next, when, besides my Expectations from a maiden Aunt, and some other of my Relations, I shall have two thousand Pounds at my own Disposal, which together with my natural Industry, Love of Business, and the Knowledge I have acquired under so good a Master, will enable me to enter into Business with some Degree of Reputation, and with

a Pro

Prospect of Success. Having laid before you, Sir, a faithful Account of the present State of my Affairs, I must beg your Permission to add, that I have for a long Time secretly admired your eldest Daughter. I say secretly, because I have not ventured to mention it before, and never shall to the young Lady, unless this meets with your Approbation. In what Light this Address will appear to you, I am wholly ignorant, and am as little acquainted whether my Fortune bears any Proportion to that you propose to give your Daughter; but of this I am certain, that tho' the Lady may, in Point of outward Circumstances, meet with a more advantageous Offer, yet in true and sincere Affection for Miss *Symonds*, none can exceed him who is, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

WHAT Thoughts my Daughter may have of your Proposal I know not, and must observe to you, that I am determined never to influence her in an

At-

Affair of this Sort, where I think she ough
to have her own free Choice. What
have heard Mr. *Towers* frequently say
your Behaviour, makes any farther E
quiry into your Character unnecessar
And if your Affairs are as you represe
them, I shall have no Objection; but he
you must allow me to make proper E
quiries.

As I have a Son, I do not propose
give each of my Daughters above a tho
sand Pounds at their Marriage, though
my Death, their Fortunes will be at le
equal to yours. I must confess that I a
pleased, Sir, with your writing to me
this Subject before you mentioned it
my Daughter, and I give you my fr
Consent to acquaint her with your Sen
ments; however I would not advise y
to do this by Letter; for, as she is oft
at Mr. *Towers*'s, you may open your Mi
to her by Degrees, which will be mu
better than an abrupt Declaration, and
she is disposed to favour your Passion, f
will meet with no Opposition from me.
shall be ready, whenever you think prop

talk with you farther on this Subject,
dam, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

J. SYMONDS.

rom a young Gentleman to a Lady of superior Fortune.

MADAM,

NONE surely can labour under greater Disadvantages than he who presumes write to a Lady to whom he is entirely nknown: But a Man who has been so ng condemned to Silence as I have, has me Plea for taking a Liberty to write at would be otherwise unpardonable: This adam, I beg you would see as my Apogy for giving you this Trouble, and for suming to ask whether the Person who ad the Happiness of sitting by you at the pera last Night, and who has in vain long aited for an Opportunity of speaking to u, might, if all Things were favourable his Wishes, be admitted to the Honour your Acquaintance. Another Favour, adam, I humbly request: It is that you ill find a Way, (for I protest I know of none)

none) by which I may be honoured wi your Determinations.

I am ſenſible, Madam, that I have go too far in preſuming to take this Libert but I beg to be forgiven. No Words c deſcribe what I feel, while I write this you, and which I ſhall continue to ſuff at leaſt till I have the Happineſs of ceiving your Anſwer.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt obedient,

And moſt humble Serva

The Anſwer by a Friend of the Lady.

SIR,

I AM now perhaps taking as ſtrange Liberty as you took yeſterday, but if y hope for Pardon from one Woman, y muſt be ready to grant it another. I h ſeen your Letter to Miſs *Trenchard*, and I think it impoſſible for that Lady to a ſwer it, my Regard for her makes me t the Taſk upon myſelf. I am ſurpri Sir, and doubtleſs ſhe is more ſo, that abſolute Stranger ſhould take th Lib to write to her, eſpecially as Miſs *Tr chard* has ſo univerſal an Acquaintan

t I cannot think it very difficult for a an of Fashion to get himself introduced her, without his taking this extraordina- Method; however, you must permit me fay, that there are few People to whom ffs *Trenchard* would wish to be known n Acquaintance, beyond the Number who have at present that Honour. e are not more ignorant of you than e are of your Meaning; but if you have y farther Thoughts, I do assure you there ill require a great Deal to support such Application. I am sincerely the Lady's riend, and in this Instance, I am persuaded at I am acting the Part of a Friend to ou. I have only observed what I think ou ought to have done, and in what anner, and I leave the rest to your Dis- cion. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

ELIZ. MODELY.

en a Gentleman of Fortune, who had seen a Lady in public, to her Mother.

MADAM,

I will be happy for me, if you are not unacquainted with the Name at the Bot-

tom

tom of this Letter, ſince that will prev the Neceſſity of my ſaying what will ap pear with a better Grace from others. ſhall flatter myſelf that this is really th Caſe, and will only ſay that I am of a Fa mily of ſome Conſideration, and am n entirely deſtitute of Fortune.

I was a few Days ago, Madam, at t Oratorio, and have juſt learnt that a La who commanded all my Attention there, h the Happineſs to be your Daughter. is on that Lady's Account, I now preſum to write to you; and as it is my ſettled Op nion that nothing can juſtly deſerve Ce ſure, that is honourable and undiſguiſed, take the Freedom to own, that tho' I do n doubt of your Daughter's being worthy a much better Offer, yet I am perſuad that my Happineſs or Miſery will depe upon her accepting or refuſing this; therefore, beg the Favour, Madam, of yo letting me know whether the young La be engaged, and if ſhe be not, I intre that after you have informed yourſelf wh it is that requeſts the Honour of being i troduced to her, you will favour me wi an Anſwer. I am as great an Enemy

p

possible, Madam, to the Nonsense used on these Occasions, but it would be doing myself Injustice to conclude without saying, that my Mind will be very little at ease, until I know how this Address is received. I have the Honour to be, Madam,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

J. TOWNSHEND.

The Answer.

SIR,

THE Letter I have had the Honour to receive from you, bespeaks you a Gentleman and a Man of Sense. After such a Prepossession in your Favour, I am sorry to inform you that I am induced, from several Reasons, to decline the Offer you are pleased to make of an Alliance to my Family. My Daughter, who is very dear to me, is, I think, already engaged; I wish it may be as worthily: besides, I cannot approve of this unaccountable Manner of placing your Affections, and then pleading in favour of a Passion built on so poor a Foundation as that of seeing a Person once at an Oratorio. I wish, Sir, that you had known my Daughter before you

had ſaid ſo much, and by having met with me among our Acquaintance, had found an Opportunity to mention it. 'Tis very probable, Sir, that you are more than an equal Match to her, for tho' ſhe (if you will ſuffer a Mother to ſay it) has Merit, her Fortune, tho' not quite inconſiderable, is not great. You ſee, Sir, that I waive in my Opinion on this Subject, but you muſt attribute it to the true Cauſe, and believe that every Thing that has, be it ever ſo remote, a Tendency to my Daughter's Welfare, will make me very cautious of determining. To give you my final Senſe, (at leaſt what is final to me at preſent) I have not a Thought of aſking who it is that has thus favoured us, nor would advise my Daughter to remember it. However, I thank you, Sir, in her Name, as well as my own, for the Honour you intended us, and am,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient Servant.

From the Gentleman, in reply to the former.

MADAM,

AS before you receive this Letter, *Philip Woodville* will have waited on

you in my Behalf, you cannot be offended at seeing it subscribed by the Name of a Person whose Addresses you had in some Measure declined. You, now, Madam, know who it is that is ambitious of the Honour of being related to you; and I sincerely assure you, that I think myself happy that the Lady's Fortune is less than might be expected by a Person with mine, who proceeded on the ordinary Scheme of Marriage. I would fain flatter myself, that what you said of the Lady's being already engaged, was rather an Excuse against me, than a Determination in Favour of another; and I beg I may have Permission to wait on you this Afternoon, to assure that Lady of my inviolable Affection, and to declare to you, Madam, with how much Sincerity, I am,

Your most obedient Servant.

From a young Lady to her Father, to inform him of her having received a Proposal of Marriage.

Dear and honoured Sir,

MY Duty and Affection both oblige me to inform you, that since I have

been here, I have received several Visits from one Mr. *Brown* an Ironmonger of this Place, who professes to have entertained a sincere Affection for me. His Person is not disagreeable, and my Aunt gives him an extraordinary Character: She tells me, that he has been set up for himself three or four Years, and has a considerable Trade: That he began with a Capital of a thousand Pounds; and bids fair for being a wealthy Tradesman: She also says, that she has known him from his Infancy, and that he was always remarkable for the Excellence of his Temper. But, notwithstanding this favourable Description, I hope, Sir, you will think me sincere, when I assure you, that he has not yet made the least Impression on my Heart. It was contrary to my Inclinations that he was ever brought into my Company, or allowed to profess a Passion that wanted your Approbation; but as my Aunt has considerable Dealings with him, she was unwilling to disoblige him by refusing to let him see and speak to me. I have, however, ventured to tell him, that as he has neglected writing to you, I have resolved to do it myself, and

that I insist upon his not paying me another Visit, till I have received your Answer. The Remembrance of your Indulgence and Affection would have made me reproach myself for ever, had I not now taken the first Opportunity to inform you and my Mamma of this Affair, and to beg your Advice, while I am in a Condition to take it. I am, with my humble Duty to you and my dear Mamma, honoured Sir,

Your most dutiful and obedient Daughter.

The Father's Answer, on a Supposition that he does not entirely disapprove of the young Man's Addresses.

Dear LUCY,

YOUR Mother and I are equally pleased with the Instance you have given us of your Duty and Discretion. Our tender Affection will induce us to take the first Opportunity, to enquire into Mr. *Brown's* Character, and if it be answerable to our Hopes, we shall gladly consent to an Union that affords you an agreeable Prospect of Happiness. However, it is necessary that you should still keep yourself on your Guard. His Professions may be

nothing more than the idle unmeaning Flattery of a Person who has no other View, but that of trifling away a leisure Hour; his Designs may be even most dishonourable; he may seek your Ruin, only for the Gratification of his own loose Desires: And even supposing all you have heard of him be true, he may have private Vices that may tarnish all his good Qualities. Do not think, my dear, that these Suppositions are a Proof of an uncharitable Spirit: his not acquainting me with his Intentions gives but too much Ground for such injurious Suspicions, and the Importance of an Event, on which your Happiness or Misery must depend, calls for the utmost Caution. Keep him, therefore, at a Distance. Desire your Aunt to intimate to him; (if she or you have not done it already) that you are not at your own Disposal. But if you find you have an Aversion to his Person, or if any Part of his Behaviour is so disagreeable, as to make it impossible for him to gain your Affection, I would not have your Aunt give him any Hopes that my Approbation will be of any Advantage to him; for let him be ever so worthy of your

Esteem,

Esteem, I will never desire you to marry the Man you cannot love. I shall endeavour to obtain as perfect a Knowledge of him as possible; and if your Mother and I have Reason to think him worthy of our Child, and you are disposed to favour his Passion, we shall rejoice in contributing all in our Power to your Felicity. Your Mother sends you her Blessing with mine. I am, my *Dear* Lucy,

Your ever affectionate Father.

From a Maid-Servant to her Father in the Country, to ask his Advice whether she should marry her Master's Apprentice.

Honoured FATHER,

LOndon is certainly the best Place in the World for those who are to maintain themselves by their own Labour, provided they have good Sense enough to withstand the Temptations and Snares they are daily subject to. I have got a very good Place, and am well respected by my Master and Mistress. I therefore, return you my Thanks in the most dutiful Manner, for persuading me, tho' contrary to my Inclinations, to come to Town.

But the particular Reason of my writing at this Time is to inform you, that a young Man who is an Apprentice to my Master, presses me to marry him; he has good Friends, and has served five Years; but as my Master or Mistress might be displeased with him, were they to know it, I have concealed it from them, tho' I thought it my Duty to write to you to know whether you approve of it, I am,

Honoured Sir,

Your dutiful Daughter.

The Father's Answer.

Dear Child,

I AM very glad to hear you are in a good Place, and that you are so happy as to please your Mistress. I am sure you have Reason to believe, that I always gave you the best Advice in my Power, and you have in more than one Instance, when it has crossed your Inclinations, found it of great Advantage; I therefore desire you to pay a strict Regard to what I am going to say. I do not doubt but you are pleased with the Thoughts of being Mistress of a Shop, and keeping Servants of your own; but

but let me tell you, that by marrying an Apprentice, you would take a moſt unlikely Method of obtaining that Happineſs. You tell me, the young Man has ſerved five Years, he has then two to ſerve; but with what Difficulties would he labour under, and, how uncomfortable would thoſe two Years be to you? I almoſt tremble at the very Thoughts of what you would ſuffer. In this Time, you probably would have one Child and be far gone with another; while your Huſband had no honeſt Means of ſupporting his increaſing Expences. The Difficulties he would labour under, and the Knowledge of this imprudent Step, would deſtroy his Credit; and if his Friends ſhould at laſt forgive him, and furniſh him with Money to open a Shop of his own, you would both begin the World under the greateſt Diſadvantages, under great Expences, and a ſhattered Credit; but if they ſhould never forgive him, he would be obliged to become a Journeyman, and, at the ſame Time, be burthened not only with a Family, but with a Load of Debt, which he would never be able to pay. In either of theſe Caſes,

can

can you imagine, that the continual Uneasiness of his Mind, and the Slights he received from all his Friends, and even from those whom he now looks upon as his Inferiors, would not sour his Temper, and make you still more wretched by his ill Humour? He will reflect with Anguish of Heart, on what he might have been, had he never known you; and what Quarrels, what Distress, what Misery would then be your Portion?

Let me, therefore, my dear Child, advise you by all Means, and as you have a Regard for your own Happiness, not to marry him till he is out of his Time; and not even then, till he has obtained the Consent of his Friends. Mean while, be careful of allowing him even innocent Liberties; and, if possible, never give him an Opportunity of being with you alone: If you cannot do this where you are, let no Considerations of present Advantages prevent your leaving your Place. God grant that you may follow this Advice; and with my earnest Prayers that you may, I remain,

Your affectionate Father.

From

From a Gentleman to a Lady, whom he accuses of Inconstancy.

MADAM,

YOU may be surprized, but cannnot surely be displeased with a Letter, instead of a Visit, from a Person, to whom *that* will probably be as welcome as his Company.

Why should you suppose, that if Lovers have lost their Sight, they must also be deprived of their other Senses? I have, indeed, refused to believe my Eyes, when they told me you were inconstant, but cannot refuse to hear of it, when I am told it by others. 'Tis Time, Madam, that we should come to a better Understanding. Am I, then, the Object of your Esteem; is my Fortune worthy your Acceptance, and do you really encourage my Pretensions? Or do I vainly fansy this, while you make me the Subject of your Ridicule? If this is not the Case, pray what means that Coquetry in Public? Why are you pleased with the Flattery of every Fool; and why am I told, that last Night, you was for two Hours together, in close Conversation with Mr.

Smith,

Smith, and are so wherever you meet him, if I am not in Company? You cannot think of us both, and while I have given you my Heart so entirely, I am distracted at the Thoughts of only sharing yours with another.

Answer, Madam, these Questions, and, I think, I have a Right to expect that you should do it generously and fairly. But do not mistake, what is produced by the Distraction of my Heart, for want of Tenderness and Respect. While I thus write, that Heart is filled with a Love which lays claim to an equal Return; and I cannot bear to be deceived, where all my Hopes are centered. I shall only add, that you have made me most unhappy, and that I am still,

Madam, Yours, &c.

The Lady's Answer, in Vindication of her Conduct.

SIR,

IF I did not make you all the Allowances you seem to require at the Conclusion of your Letter, I should return you no Answer. But tho' I am now unhappy at

at finding that you are so, and the more as I myself am the Cause, I can hardly tell how to impute the Severity and Unkindness of your Expressions to what you would persuade me was the Occasion of them. However, as I would not be thought guilty of a Conduct that might justify this undeserved Treatment; I think it necessary to inform you, that there is no more Foundation for what you have heard, than for what you have seen; and that the Sight of others may be as much sharpened by unprovoked Malice, as yours by undeserved Suspicion. I will also add, that whatever may be the End of this Dispute (for I do not think so lightly of Lover's Quarrels as many do) I have never entertained an affectionate Thought of any one, except yourself: and if the Faults of your Temper should make me afraid to enter into the strictest Alliance with you, I have Reason to believe from the present Disposition of my Mind, you will never see me married to any other.

I have never had the least Thought that the Gaiety of my Temper gave you Uneasiness; if I had, I should have taken some

Pains

Pains to correct it, and you ought to have told me of it with less Severity. I am sensible, that you would have no Reason to complain, was I to resent your Treatment more than I do: I might refuse to see you; and I certainly should do so, had you not an Advocate that pleads for you much better than you do for yourself. I am,

Yours, &c.

A Mother to a Daughter jealous of her Husband.

My dear Polly,

I AM very much concerned at your thinking you have any Reason to suspect the Fidelity of your Husband: Let me intreat you, as you love your own Happiness, to suppress these early Risings of a Passion, that can procure you nothing but the keenest Anguish of Heart, and to give no Ear to the idle Tales of those officious and wicked People, who, perhaps, may find an Interest in setting you at Variance. O my Child, take care of a Suspicion which will not only give you present Uneasiness, but by spoiling your Temper wean from you the Affections of your Hus-

band. If he is innocent, your Suſpicions are one of the greateſt Injuries; one of the higheſt Marks of Injuſtice that can be offered him; and you are in Danger if you give a Looſe to your Reſentment, of precipitating him on the Courſe you dread, and rendering thoſe Evils real, which are now only imaginary. I ſay imaginary,- - For I cannot think a Man of his Senſe can be guilty of any Thing ſo baſe, and ſo fooliſh.

But ſuppoſing that what you have heard is but too true, your Reproaches would only make him fly from Home, and from you, to one who will ſide with him, and harden his Heart againſt you. Thus would you yourſelf contribute to her Triumph; while he, ſeeing that he can no longer have Occaſion for Reſerve, will grow hardened in Vice, and purſue that Courſe openly, which he would otherwiſe, for fear of its coming to your Knowledge, have followed privately and by Stealth. Let me, therefore, beg of you to ſummon all your Prudence; inſtead of loading him with Reproaches, and by your Ill-humour, driving him to her, you would have him ſhun, ſtrive

to

to make Home agreeable to him, and let him see, that it is not in the Power of a Strumpet to surpass you in Sweetness of Temper, and an obliging Behaviour; and tho' he is so abandoned as to forget his Duty, *you* will keep steadily to yours. By this Means, you will, in Time, over-power him by your Goodness: You will force Conviction into his Soul, and obtain the noblest of all Conquests; you will recover his Heart, and, perhaps, save him you love from eternal Ruin. This Conduct, your own Conscience will approve, and your Children will have the greatest Reason to rejoice in the Prudence of such a Mother. I am,

My dear Daughter,
Your affectionate Mother.

From a Lady to a Gentleman, who was jealous of his Wife.

SIR,

NOthing but the most inviolable Friendship and Esteem for you and your Family could induce me to take this Liberty; a Liberty, which perhaps you will never forgive, tho' it proceeds from the most gene

generous Motive, and is only intended to secure to you and yours that Happiness, which I think your Virtues deserve.

I was at the Play last Night with your Lady, and the rest of the good Company that dined at Mr. *Simpson*'s: you was to have been of the Party, but excused yourself on account of Business, and pretended you had a prior Engagement that you could not possibly break through. But how amazed and confounded was I, when I saw you disguised in a Horseman's Coat, mixt with a Crowd in the Pit, and observing every Look, every Gesture and Action of your Wife! 'Tis true, she is of a gay and chearful Disposition; but what of that, chearful People, though the most liable to Misrepresentation, are generally the most innocent; for those in Truth and Reason, can only be merry, who have no Evil in the Mind, no Canker in the Heart. But Jealousy always sees with jaundiced Eyes; every Thing is misrepresented or discoloured; and I am sorry to find that you are seeking your own Unhappiness; for all that you feel is founded upon Fear, and the Mischief is entirely of your own making. Good

God! What do you make of us? Do you think Women of Sense have no Sense of Honour?

Your Lady has never deserved this Behaviour from you; I have never seen any Thing in her Conduct, but what was perfectly innocent and inoffensive. Her Affection for you, I know is great and unalterable, and I don't believe there is a worthier Woman in the World. How then, can you debase yourself, and scandalize her Virtue, by behaving in this Manner? I hope nobody perceived it but myself, and I beg, for your Sake, for your Lady's, and for the Sake of your Family, that this may go no farther, and that you will excuse this well intended Freedom, from,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

The Gentleman's Answer to the Lady.

MADAM,

THIS true, I am unhappy, and I can't help it. There is something in that Lady's Conduct that displeases me, nay, that distracts me, and I shall never recover myself, till I am able to clear away some

ſome Doubts that dwell upon my Mind; and which I have been attempting to do for ſome Time; but am ſtill ſo embarraſſed, that I don't know whether her Behaviour ariſes from a Gaiety of Diſpoſition, and a Deſire to pleaſe the Company, or from Levity of Mind and Diſregard to me. If I did not love her, I ſhould not be thus unhappy, but ſhe has ever had my whole Heart, and 'tis natural for a Man to centre all his Cares, where he has placed all his Treaſure. I am obliged to you for your Letter, and beg it may be a Secret; but I ſhall never be able ſo fully to purſue your Advice as I would do, till ſome Circumſtances reſpecting her Conduct, are cleared up, and which Time and due Attention, may perhaps effect. I do not intend to lead a Life of Jealouſy, Madam, but I want to be ſatisfied. I am with the moſt perfect Reſpect and Eſteem,

Madam,

Your obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant.

From a Lady to her Husband, who was jealous of her.

My dear Husband,

MRS. *W* * * has done me the Friendship and Justice to send me your Letter, and directed me to make an Apology to you in her Behalf for the Step she has taken; but I am so terrified, so amazed at the Contents that I know not what I do.----Speak to you, I cannot, but I can tell the Truth in Writing, and the Truth, my Dear, is this; I never swerved from my Duty to you, in any Respect; I never had a Thought to your Disadvantage, nor ever did any Thing with Design to make you uneasy. If my gay Deportment displeased you, or any Part of my Conduct gave you Pain, you should have told me so----indeed you should----and have prevented me from going on in a daily Course of disobliging you. Had you given me the least Hint of your Uneasiness (and sure it would have come better from you, and with less Pain to me, than from any other) I should immediately have changed my Conduct; for a more restrained Behaviour will be as easy to me as this. I can judge, what you

feel, from the Pain any Apprehenſion of the Kind would have given me; and I am truly unhappy in having been the Cauſe of making you ſo. I don't blame you, my dear, for this groundleſs Suſpicion, (tho' it reflects on my Character) becauſe, I believe, it proceeds from the Affection you bear me; but leſt any mutual Friends, who are often mutual Enemies, ſhould have done me this Kindneſs, I beg, for your Sake, as well as my own, that my Conduct may be brought to the moſt ſtrict and ſevere Scrutiny; and that you will do me the Juſtice and Kindneſs, to write down every Thing that you have heard, or ſeen amiſs in me, that I may have an Opportunity of clearing up every Doubt that may be fixed in your Mind; for till that is done, it will be impoſſible for us to be perfectly happy. I am, and ever ſhall be,

Your faithful, and truly affectionate Wife.

From an Uncle *to his* Nephew, *againſt ſudden Intimacies.*

Dear Nephew,

AS nothing in the Conduct of human Life is of greater Importance than the

Choice of your Friends; you will permit me, I hope, to advise you in all cases where your Happiness is concerned. I am sorry to hear, that you have lately contracted a close Intimacy with Mr. *Trigg*, who, notwithstanding all that Vivacity and Humour, which makes him generally thought an agreeable Companion, is of an abandoned Character, of very loose Principles, and by his Vices, has rendered his Circumstances not the most happy. I am, therefore, the more concerned at hearing, that you are hardly ever asunder: I dread, lest he should lead you into his Debaucheries; lest you should learn of him, to treat every serious Subject with Contempt; and lest he should involve you in that Ruin, which by his vicious Conduct, he is bringing upon himself. Let me, my dear Nephew, prevail on you, to break off an Acquaintance that can be attended with no Advantage on your Side, though it may on his. You must not think that every Man, whose Conversation is agreeable, is fit to be treated as a Friend. You ought to put some Restraint upon that natural Openness of Heart, and

Frank-

Frankness of Disposition, which is, in other Respects, so commendable; and always remember, that Friendships too hastily contracted, generally end in Repentance, and if you proceed with him, I am afraid he will teach you that Wisdom at your own Expence, or Ruin, which you may have, by only following the Advice of

Your affectionate Uncle.

To a young Lady, on keeping Company with a Gentleman of a bad Character.

Dear Sister,

MY Affection for you, and the natural Concern I have in whatever respects your Reputation, obliges me to inform you, that People begin to talk very freely of you and Mr. *Smith*, who has been seen with you at both Theatres, and other publick Places. It gives me Pain to tell you, that this must, at least, reflect upon your Prudence, as he is known to be a professed Rake, and makes a common Boast of the Favours he has received from your Sex, whose criminal Fondness is the constant Subject of his Mirth and Ridicule. There is but too much Reason to fear that his idle Boasts of this Kind, are not entirely

without Foundation; and to conclude, that the Designs of such a Man are far from being honourable. How many Arts may so great a Profligate make use of to undermine your Virtue? But though all his Endeavours of this Kind should prove ineffectual, yet you cannot be known publickly to converse with him, and to give him your Company, without receiving a terrible Wound in your Reputation; for though I know you publickly make a Game of him, as I think every Woman of Sense must of so arrogant and stupid a Coxcomb, yet, as it is a universal Maxim, that People are known by their Company, you'll find the most innocent Actions will be misrepresented, and turned to your Disadvantage. Therefore, my dear Sister, if you love your Friends, if you value your own Peace of Mind, or that Jewel, your Reputation, avoid him, and all such Company. I am, my dear,

Most affectionately yours.

CARDS *of Compliment*, &c.

To invite a young Lady to an Assembly.

Mr. and Mrs. *Singleton*'s Compliments to Miss

Miſs *Williams*, they hope to have the Pleaſure of her Company to the Aſſembly. A Corner of their Coach is at her Service, and they beg leave to wait on her at ſix.

Tueſday Morning.

An ANSWER.

Miſs *Williams* begs her Compliments to the obliging Mr. and Mrs. *Singleton*. She is truly ſenſible of the Honour they intend her, and will do herſelf the Pleaſure to wait on them at the Time propoſed.

Tueſday Noon.

From a Lady to her intimate Acquaintance, inviting her to Dinner.

The Bride and Bridegroom dine with Mrs. *Jones* To-morrow, and they join with her in ſolliciting the Favour of Mrs. *Thompſon*'s good Company, as the only Thing that can add to their Happineſs. None of your ſecond-hand Apologies, pray now; for indeed, my Dear, you muſt come. We are to be very merry. *Wedneſday* Morning.

An Excuſe to a Lady of Quality for diſappointing her.

Mrs. *Richardſon* ſends her moſt reſpectful Compliments to Lady *Loverwell*, and hopes her Ladyſhip will do her the Juſtice to believe

lieve that she is inexpressibly concerned that she could not have the Honour of waiting on her Yesterday; had she received the Card her Ladyship sent, in any tolerable Time, she should not have failed in her Duty; but she was on a Party of Pleasure with Miss *Bloom*, and did not see the Message she was honoured with till this Morning. *Saturday* Noon.

From a Lady inviting a Gentleman to be of a Party at Cards the next Day.

Mrs. *Jones*'s Compliments to Mr. *Langham*; she is to have a few Friends at Cards To-morrow, and cannot think of such an Evening without him. Hopes he is not engaged. *Monday* 3 o'Clock.

The ANSWER.

Mr. *Langham* had the Honour to receive Mrs. *Jones*'s Card, which he considers as the greatest Compliment, and will do himself the Pleasure to wait on her in the Evening. *Tuesday* Morning.

From a Lady, inviting a Gentleman to a Party at Cards the same Day.

Mrs. *Thompson* presents her most sincere Respects to Mr. *Jones*. She has some Friends engaged for this Evening, about four Tables, which she thought herself obliged to inform

inform him of. Begs he will make no Apology, for she absolutely depends on his Company. *Tuesday* Morning.

An ANSWER.

Jones returns his Compliments with the same Sincerity, to the most obliging Mrs. *Thompson*. He should have thought his Company agreeable to her and the rest of the Party, had he been honoured with her Card the Day before; but as it is, he must confess that he has a Sort of an Engagement upon his Hands, and cannot possibly do himself the Honour of waiting on Mrs. *Thompson*. *Tuesday* Noon.

From a Lady who thought herself slighted by an Acquaintance.

Miss *Bloom* is sorry that any Accident should oblige her to give Miss *Pollard* the Trouble of another Card, after having left so many at her Door already; but she has occasion to send something to her Friend Miss *Wilson*, and has forgot the Direction. She begs Pardon for this Freedom, and if Miss *Pollard* will oblige her in this Particular, she promises to be no farther impertinent. *Friday* Noon.

The

The ANSWER.

Miſs *Pollard* does herſelf the Honour to ſend her Compliments to Miſs *Bloom*. She is moſt extremely concerned at receiving a Card from her ſo full of Reſentment, and does not pretend to ſay that her Diſpleaſure is without Foundation, but ſhe begs Leave to aſſure Miſs *Bloom* that there muſt be ſome Miſtake in the Affair; ſince it is impoſſible for her to be guilty of ſo much Rudeneſs to a Lady for whom ſhe has the moſt perfect Affection. Miſs *Pollard* will do herſelf the Pleaſure to wait on Miſs *Bloom* with the Direction, and endeavour to clear up this Miſunderſtanding; for ſhe cannot bear the Loſs of a Friend that has ever been ſo dear to her. *Friday* 4 o'Clock.

From an Aunt to her Neice, *who lived unhappily with her Husband.*

Dear SALLY,

YOUR Father called on me yeſterday, and, with Tears, gave me an Account of the Miſunderſtanding that ſtill ſubſiſts between your Huſband and you; which, indeed, I had heard before, from ſeveral of your Neighbours, who wiſh well to you both, and would be glad to promote your

Hap-

Happinesſ. You, I find, to excuſe yourſelf, rail againſt your Huſband, which, inſtead of healing the Difference, only makes the Breach wider, and is a Sort of Behaviour that I did not expect from your Prudence. For Prudence, I think, will induce a good Wife to bear a little with her Huſband's Faults without railing, eſpecially if ſhe conſiders that both her Duty and Intereſt require it. You ſay he is obſtinate, peeviſh, and petulant. I am afraid he is, and your poor Father tells me you are ſo too. If that be the Caſe, and you are both determined in the Purſuit, there is an End of all Happineſs, and 'tis to no Purpoſe to lend you either Advice or Aſſiſtance. The beſt Tempers indeed are ſometimes diſcompoſed, and the moſt affectionate People may have Words; but how eaſily are thoſe Things ſet to rights, by means of a little Prudence?---I'll tell you a Story, my dear, and I beg you would tell it to your Huſband, for I think it may be of Service to you both.

Archbiſhop *Cranmer* had a Niece, whom he married to a Gentleman every Way her Equal in Point of Family. The Wedding-

day

Day was solemnized with great Pomp and Splendor, after which, according to Custom, the new-married Couple were left alone. Next Morning the good Archbishop went into their Chamber, and enquiring after their Health, told them he had a Present to make them. They were impatient to know what it was; but he persisted in concealing it till they both promised him never to wear it at the same Time; and having extorted from them that solemn Promise, he presented them with a *Fool's Cap*.

Now, my dear, when you see your Husband is inclined to wear the Cap, I would have you be patient, meek and mild; give him only good Words, and he'll throw it off again presently, when if you please you may put it on, provided he will promise you to behave in that Manner. But the less you wear it the better, and if I was you, I would not learn a bad Thing even of my Husband. If you manage well your Prudence, in Time, will get the better of his Passion, and he'll acknowledge your Superiority of Understanding, and be advised by you in every Thing. I wish you happy, my dear, and am,

Most affectionately yours.

A Letter from a Gentleman at Lisbon *to his Son in* London.

My dear Son,

ERE you receive this from your unhappy Father, you will have heard of the Destruction of this Place, and of the calamitous Situation of its few remaining miserable Inhabitants. God in his infinite Mercy protect us! All that you have heard will fall far short of what I have seen, for no Words have Energy sufficient to convey an Idea of a Scene so amazingly dreadful----Your poor Mother is no more! ---Ask me not for your Sisters!----And as for myself, I am a Vagabond, and condemned to seek my Bread from those who can ill afford to feed me. But *the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away*---I am satisfied---All may be for the best, and our Friends are, I doubt not, removed to a more permanent City, whose Foundations are not to be shaken, and where Sorrow is no more. Let us, my dear Child, prepare to follow them, and that we may do so, let us so live here that we may fear no Dissolution, nor dread what may happen hereafter. Let us always be prepared for the

world,

worſt, and not depend on a Death-bed Repentance; for you ſee we have not a Moment that we can call our own. St. AUSTIN ſays, *we read of one Man who was ſaved at the laſt Hour, that none may deſpair, and of but one, that none may preſume.* How unſafe, how fooliſh therefore is it to put off that 'till To-morrow which is ſo eſſentially neceſſary to be done to day? To-morrow may never come!---Oh think of that!-----You may be ſnatched away in an Inſtant, as Thouſands here have been, for there is no withſtanding the Arm of the Almighty: No; the Attempt would be vain, would be preſumptuous, would be impious; and you will find, my dear Son (I hope not too late) that the only Security againſt Accidents of this Sort, is the leading a religious and good Life. I am,

Your truly affectionate Father.

F N I S.