
Mr. Brown's Letters

Out of the

Most Celebrated Authors both
Ancient and Modern.

SELECT
EPISTLES
OR.
LETTERS

OUT OF

M. Tullius Cicer^o

AND

The best Roman, Greek, and French Authors both Ancient and Modern.

Adapted to the Humour of the present Age.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

Together with

CERTAMEN EPISTOLARE:
OR,

Letters between an ATTORNEY and
a dead PARSON;

With Several

Original Letters on Entertaining Subjects.

The whole Volume by Mr. Tho. Brown, never
before Published.

Volo Epistolas diligenter scribas —— pressus sermo purusq;
ex Epistolis petitur. Plin. Lib. 7. Ep. 9.

LONDON, Printed for Sam. Briscoe, and sold by
J. Nuss near Stationers-Hall. 1702.

TO THE
Right Honourable
Sir *John Leveson Gower,*
Knight and Baronet,

One of Her Majesty's most Ho-
nourable Privy-Council, and
Chancellor of the Dutchy of
Lancaster.

To entertain your leisure
hours this Vacation, I have
presum'd to lay the follow-
ing Collection of Letters
before you, compil'd out of some of
the most celebrated Authors, who
whatever reason they may have to
complain of the Injustice I have done
them in the Translation, cannot blame

A 3 me

Epistle Dedicatory.

me, I am confident, for the choice of my Patron. As by asserting the Majesty of the Crown, and maintaining at the same time the just Rights of the People, you have shewn your self a Benefactor to the Nation in general, so 'tis but reasonable you should receive our Thanks and Applauses: I know a true Patriot contents himself with the virtuous reflexion of having serv'd his Country, however that is no excuse for our silence; and as incapable as I am of managing a Subject so much superior to my Abilities, yet I have Zeal enough to undertake it, were I not sensible that those Eminent Services you have done the Kingdom, speak more eloquently for you than the most pompous Commendations.

Can any thing be said more to your Advantage than that you were the Chief Promoter of the Self-denying Bill, and that you stood in the foremost rank of those Illustrious Heroes in the late Reign, that so vigorously asserted the Dignity of the House of Commons; and to make us formidable abroad, wou'd first make us a just People at home?

Can

Epistle Dedicatory.

.. Can any Panegyrist pretend to add to your Glory, after the best and wisest of Princesses, the truest Discerner as well as Rewarder of Merit, has so effectually established it, by taking you so early into her Councils, and giving you so many distinguishing Marks of her esteem ?

But these Glories and Services, that scorn to be confined within the narrow limits of a Dedication, will for ever shine in our *English* Annals ; and although the industrious malice of an impotent Faction, whose constant Practice it has been clandestinely to calumniate that Virtue, which it durst not look in the face, endeavour'd to blacken you and the rest of those generous Worthies, to whom we principally owe our present Tranquillity ; yet, Heaven be praised, their Artifices were too gross to be long undiscover'd, the People are made sensible of their mistake, and you with the rest of your Friends already begin to taste the effects of that gratitude, which not only this Age, but Posterity will conspire to pay you, while they have an *English*-Monarchy to live under, and *English* Liberties to boast of.

Epistle Dedicatory.

I cannot tell how far so inspiring an Argument wou'd carry me, should I indulge the noble Transport it gives me, therefore in a due sense of my own Unworthiness I will dismiss it before it grows too unruly for me. All I beg of you at present, is, to vouchsafe a favourable acceptance of the Trifle I now lay at your Feet, which boasts of no other Merit than that it hath furnish'd me with an Opportunity of telling the World with what Respect and Sincerity

I am



Your most Humble and

Most Obedient Servant.

THO. BROWN.

THE

THE

PREFACE.

Having been concerned in two or three Collections of Letters, that found a better reception than I cou'd have expected, I was encouraged to attempt a new one wholly by my self, and that I might the better succeed in this design, I resolved not only to make my choice out of those Authors, that are acknowledged on all Hands to have perform'd the best in the Epistolary way, but also to select the most entertaining Parts out of them, and doe them all the Justice in our Language that I was capable of. How far I have executed this design, I wholly submit my self to the Reader, tho' I think I may, without Vanity, affirm that few Miscellanies of this Nature, have been compil'd either out of better Authors, or can shew a greater Variety. For the Reader's farther ease and convenience I have likewise taken care all along to prefix the Argument before every Letter, that if he dislikes one Subject he may turn to another that will give him more Satisfaction; and now because it may not be improper to inform him what Authors I have been beholding to, I will briefly run them over, and give a short account of them as they fall in my way.

I

P R E F A C E.

I shall begin with Tully's familiar Letters, under which Name we are not only to comprehend such as were written by that excellent Patriot and Orator himself, but likewise those of his Friends that maintained a Correspondence with him. The ingenious Monsieur de St. Evremont in a Discourse addressed to the Mareschal de Crequi, which begins the Second Volume of his Works, has very well observed that the Roman Noblemen, whose Letters are to be found among Cicero's, are rather superior to his than come short of them, as well in point of Language, as the delicacy and justness of their Thoughts : And I believe the famous Brutus's Letter, which ushers in this Collection, will clearly show that Monsieur de St. Evremont has advanc'd nothing here but what is agreeable to Truth. Nothing certainly was ever written with more Impetuosity and Spirit ; the true Character of an austere inflexible Republican shines in every Line, particularly the Quid si nolit has an Air of haughtiness and fierceness in it, which 'tis impossible to equal. Upon showing my Translation of this Letter to a Learned Friend, who to his incomparable Mastership of the English, has join'd no less a Skill in the Greek and Latin Languages, he was pleased to tell me that several judicious Critics looked upon this Letter to be spurious, and written by some Sophist, on purpose to try how he could personate that great Man, and their reason was, adds he, because it by no means agrees with Brutus's Character, who, as Plutarch observes in his Life,

P R E F A C E.

Life, affected the Laconic way, of which he gives us two or three Instances, whereas this is a prolix long Letter, and written in the Declamatory manner. But I begged leave to dissent from these Gentlemen, for in the first Place I think 'tis a plain case that this Epistle is infinitely above the narrow Talent of those sordid imposers upon the World, the Sophists; and secondly, tho' Brutus when he writ in the Character of a General, deliver'd himself as commendably as he could (and the Letters Plutarch takes notice of are only of that kind) yet what should binder him, when he writ like a private Person to Tully his intimate Friend, and upon so important an occasion too, as that of Augustus's seizing the Government into his Hands, to give full Liberty to his Resentments, and display that Eloquence, of which he is confess'd to have been so great a Master?

I have often wondred why some late Writers should censure Tully's Letters for being too naked and jejune, when that to his Friend Lucceius, which the Reader will find in this Collection, is a plain Demonstration to the contrary? I own indeed that the generality of his familiar Letters, which he addresses to his Friends, are written in all the Simplicity imaginable, without that Pomp and Magnificence of Figures, which reigns in most of his other Writings, and so they ought to be, otherwise he had made an unseasonable Ostentation of his Rhetoric. Not but that whenever his Subject required it, we find he cou'd deliver himself in a more elevated and figurative Stile:

Tho'

P R E F A C E.

Tho' after all, I wou'd much rather read the Letters of his, that have the least Art bestow'd upon them, than the most laborious Compositions of Balzac, whose Thoughts, especially his younger Works, are seldom just or natural.

As for Pliny, indeed, I confess his manner is too affected to please, and having formerly translated some of his Letters, without Success for that Reason I wou'd venture but upon one of them now, which only containing general Advice how a young Gentleman ought to regulate his Studies, and coming from so great a Master as we must own him to be, I thought might very well deserve a Place in such a Miscellany as this.

And now 'tis time I should say something of Aristænetus, some of whose Letters I published about two Years ago in the first Volume of Volture, and unless my Friends flatter'd me, were some of the most diverting in that Collection. This encouraged me to bestow a second reading upon him, to see whether I cou'd not find a few more in him that deserved to be put into an English Dress, and I hope I have made a judicious Choice. As for the Author himself no ancient Writer that I know of makes the least mention of him, however, it plainly appears by a Passage in his Epist. 26. l. i. that he liv'd after the Translation of the Empire to Constantinople; for he not only talks of Caranallus, the famous Pantomime, whom we find mentioned by Sidonius Apollinaris, who flourishi'd a little after him, but he speaks of old and new Rome, which latter was the

Nam

P R E F A C E.

Name of Byzantium under the Greek Emperors. To speak impartially of him, he is little better than a purloynier of the Authors before him, particularly of Plato and Lucian, whose Phrases as well as Thoughts he often borrows, and inserts among his own. In short, he gives good hints, and that is all; for most of the pleasantry that the Reader will find in his Letters, is entirely my own.

After him come Balzac and Voiture, of whom I will say the less, because their Characters are so well known. Both of them were undoubtedly Men of Wit and Eloquence, but their greatest defect, in my opinion, is the little or no Variety that any observing Reader must needs discover in them: for Balzac is an everlasting dealer in Hyperboles; and as for Voiture, if we except some few of his Letters, that are truly elevated and sublime; to rob him of his dearly beloved Irony, is to take away from him at once all that is either beautiful or agreeable in him. As it was my design to pick out their best Compositions of this nature, I wou'd not rely upon my own Judgment, but suffer'd my self to be govern'd by Monsieur Perrault, who having made it his Business in his *Parallele des Anciens & des Modernes*, to bring some of his own Countrymen into the List with the Ancients, we may be sure wou'd take care to single out their most shining Performances; tho' for my part I think he had done more wisely to have let this Controversy alone, and not engaged his French Authors in a Competition, which has turn'd so much to their Disadvantage. The

P R E F A C E.

The Chevalier de Her *** commonly suppos'd to be the famous Monsieur Fontenelle under that feign'd Name, and Monsieur de Pays come after them. 'Tis certain they have more Variety and Humour than Voiture, tho' they fall infinitely short of him in the Elegance and Purity of their diction, in the elevation of their Thoughts, and fineness of their Raillery. However, the Subjects they write upon are generally well chosen and diverting, and their management of them pleasant enough, so that one may justly say of them; that they are no ill Copiers of Voiture in the Comic way.

To acquaint the Reader now with the Method I have observ'd in my translating of these Authors, I am to inform him that in the Latin Letters, as likewise in those of Balzac and Voiture, I have allowed my self no greater a Freedom than what any Man may be supposed to take, that wou'd make it his business to please. I have neither added to them nor retrench'd from them, but only endeavour'd to do them Justice in English. As for Aristænetus, Fontenelle, and Monsieur de Pays, I have not so religiously kept up to their Originals, but frequently left out what I thought improper, and inserted a great deal of my own as I saw occasion.

I intended at first that one half at least of this Volume should have consisted of Original Letters of my own, but having swell'd it unawares to a much greater Bulk than I imagin'd, I was forced to drop that design, and content my self

only

P R E F A C E.

only with two or three, which the Reader will find at the Conclusion. Not but that the translating of most of the French Letters gave me as much trouble as if I had written them out of my own Fund. However, if this Collection has the good Fortune to please, (and I may safely say that no care has been wanting on my side to make it succeed) I may take an occasion to publish a Set of my own Letters next Winter, addressed to several Gentlemen of my Acquaintance in Town, wherein I hope to make it appear that we come not much short of our Neighbours, even in this way of writing, as 'tis plain we have out-done them in most of the rest.

I have nothing more to add, but only to say a word or two about the *Certamen Epistolare* between the Attorney and the dead Parson. I had the first hint of it a few years ago at one of our Universities, where a Frolick of that nature was actually play'd, and pleas'd me so well, that I was resolved to attempt something of the kind whenever I had a proper Opportunity. By an unlucky Mistake these two Sheets were delivered to the Press, before I had given them the last finishing Strokes, and printed off while I was in Suffolk, for which reason more Faults have escaped in them, than in the whole Book besides, which the Reader is desir'd to correct out of the Table of the Errata.

Ef-

ERRATA.

Page 5. l. 14. for our read his. p. 22. l. 19. after that, add it.
p. 37. l. 5. after time make a Comma and not a Point.
p. 173. instead of what follows after Husband to Estate, read
who should only propose to himself the fingering of her Money.

In the Certamen Epistolare, p. 184. l. 14. after Plantin's, read
Grand-mother. p. 193. l. 20. for now read mecr. p. 194. l. 3.
for de robustâ naturâ, read de Elasticitate materia prima. Ibid. l. 18.
for her read the. Ibid. l. 23. dele Comma after Mandevil's.
p. 197. l. 20. after that, add one of my Function. Ibid. l. 22. af-
ter that a, add Person in Holy Orders. p. 199. l. 11. after de usis,
read de usis Microscopism in Controversiis Ecclesiasticis. Ibid. l. 13.
for Glandula Pinealis read and the Aspera Arteria.



S E.

THE CONTENTS.

Select Epistles out of Tully.

BRUTUS to Cicero, wherein he is angry with him for submitting to young Octavius (afterwards Augustus Cæsar) who had usurped the Government of the Republic. P. I

Sulpitius to Cicero, wherein he condoles him upon the Death of his Daughter. 14

Cicero to Titius, a Consolatory Letter upon the Calamity of the times. 21

Cicero to Lucceius, wherein he desires him to write the History of his Actions. 27

The Contents.

C. Pliny to his Friend Fuscus, wherein he advises a young Gentleman what Method to follow in his Studies. 39

Select Letters out of Ari-

stænetus.

A Ristomenes to Myronides, about a Lady that consented to grant her Lover every thing but the last Favour. 46

Euxitheus to Pythias. A Relation of a Gentleman that fell in Love with a pretty Lady at Church, and sends her this merry Love-Letter. 50

Alciphron to Lucian. How a Woman put a trick upon her Husband, who had surprized her at a publick Entertainment, and made him glad to buy his Peace with her at any rate. 54

Her-

The Contents.

Hermocrates to Euphorion, shewing the great danger a Man runs of finding himself disappointed when he marries, confirm'd by a Story of a young Girl, that began to trade for her self very soon.

58

Eubulides to Sostratus, wherein he shews the folly for a Man to marry beneath himself, out of hopes that she will make a dutiful Wife; which is confirmed by an Instance to that purpose.

63

Epimenides to Arginota. A Letter of Gallantry to a married Woman.

68

Ælianuſ to Calyca. A young Gentleman had fallen out with his Mistress; and a Friend of his endeavours in this Letter to re-establish him in her good Graces: and the better to bring it about, tells her that he ſhall bring his Pockets

b 2

well

The Contents.

well lined with Gold ; which Arguments, they say, never failed with any Woman of any Age, Religion, or Country whatsoever. 71

Apollogenes to Sofias , describes the uneasy Condition of a young Gentleman, who had at the same time a violent Passion for his Wife and his Mistress. 77

Monsieur Balzac to Monsieur de la Motte Aigron, Wherain he gives him an eligent Description of his Country Seat. 80

Monsieur Balzac to Cardinal Richlieu, Wherain he thanks his Eminence for condescending to write a Letter to him, wherein he was pleased to express himself in favour of his Works. 90

A Panegyric upon Cardinal Richlieu, in a Letter of Monsieur de Voiture. 95

Se-

The Contents.

Select Letters written by Monsieur Fontenelle.

To Monsieur de T — About
across young Devil of a Wife
that would not let her Husband
have any thing to do with her on
the first Night of her Marriage.

103

To the same ; shewing by what means
the aforesaid young Lady was at
last brought to be complaisant to
her Husband. 113

To Madam — How a young Gen-
tleman that had try'd all other Me-
thods unsuccessfully, frightened his
Mistress to comply with him, by
threatning to starve himself in her
Closet. 117

b 3

To

The Contents.

To Madam de P—— Upon her refusing to marry her Daughter to a Cousen German.	123
To Madam J—— Upon her talking of him in her Sleep.	127
To the same.	130
To Monsieur de O—— Upon asking his Advice, Whether he should marry a young Gentlewoman that was very beautiful, but had no Fortune.	133
To Monsieur de B—— How he had brought a Quarrel upon his hands for standing up for lean Women against the fat.	138
To Monsieur B—— About a nice fantastical Widow, that was very difficult in her choice of a Husband.	143
To Monsieur de F—— Desires his Advice, whether he should marry a certain Lady that was recommended to him.	147

To

The Contents.

- To the same, wherein he gives him a joyful Account that the Match is broken of. 150
- To Monsieur de S—— Upon his being in love with a Lady whom he was to marry after her Husband's Decease. 156
- To Monsieur B—— Giving an Account of an old Gentlewoman that was caned by her Lover, and how vain she grew upon't. 161
- To Madam V—— Upon having prevented her being mark'd with the Small-Pox. 165
- To Madam de V—— Upon her shedding Tears at an Opera. 169
- To Monsieur de C—— Upon a Friend's resolving to marry an old Woman. 172

The Contents.

Certamen Epistolare.

O R,

Several Letters between an Attorney of Clements-Inn and a dead Parson, from Page 178. to Page 214.

Select Letters out of Monsieur de Pay's.

A Billet from a Lady to the Author, wherein she desires him to carry her to see the Lion and Tyger. 215

His Answer to her on that Subject. 216

A

The Contents.

- A Billet from the same Lady, wherein she desires him to write her a few Lines in Answer to a Copy of Verses she had received from a Lover. 218
- The Answer. 219
- A Billet from the same, wherein she rallies him for playing the whining Lover, and sends him his Heart again. 220
- The Answer. 221
- To Calista, To acquaint her that he's troubled with an Ague. 223
- To the same, wherein he tells her after what manner he will receive her when she comes to visit him. 226
- To Madam the Abbess of —— He gives her an Account of his Indisposition, and how uneasily he passes his Nights. 230
- To Monsieur de P—— Wherin he demonstrates to him that Women have

The Contents.

have sold their Favours in all Ages of the World, confirm'd by the famous Story of Lais and De- mostenes.	235
To Madam de H—— Occasion'd by sending down a Bed to the Country.	242
A Letter to four Ladies with whom the Author was in Love at the same time.	245
To the Fair—— A Letter of Gal- lantry.	249
To Madam de B—— The Author excuses himself for not writing a Love Letter for her, as she desired him.	251
To Madam de L——— A Billet written one Morning when the Au- thor had taken Physic.	255
To Calista, upon seeing her bath her self in a River.	256
A Billet from Calista to the Author. She is angry with him for not know- ing	

The Contents.

ing her at a Masquerade.	259
The Author's Answer.	260
To Monsieur de A —— Our Au. thor gives a short account of the most remarkable things he observ'd in England.	261
To Monsieur de B —— In the beginning of this Letter he rallies his Friend for not writing to him, and afterwards gives him an ac- count of a merry intrigue he had with a Hugonot Parson's Wife.	269
To Monsieur de S —— Our Au. thor endeavours to comfort his Friend that had lost his Mistress.	273
A Letter to Monsieur H —— Giving an Account how he surprized a famous Miss of the Town dining at her Lodgings in undress, with two of her female Companions.	280
To	

The Contents.

- To Monsieur de A—— From An-
twerp. Giving a description of
what our Author observ'd in Flan-
ders. 284
- To the same, containing an Account
of what he observ'd in Holland.
From Amsterdam. 291
- To Madam de B—— Upon her
being angry with him for telling
her that his Soul had left him to
go and inhabit with her. 302
- To Madam —— To acquaint her
that he had the good Fortune to
escape a double scowring, viz.
Death and Marriage. 304
- To Calista—— To tell her what
cruel designs his Despair had
thrown him upon. 310
- To Monsieur de C—— Captain in the
Regiment of — Upon the Conclusion
of the War between France and
Spain. 314
- A Billet from a Lady, wherein she de-
sires

The Contents.

fires him to help her to a Song she had forgotten.	322
The Answer, with a new Song, call'd Cupid turn'd Tinker.	323
To a Lady who desired him to draw the Character of his Rival.	329
To Mrs. Elizabeth Handy my La- dy——'s Gentlewoman.	339
To a Harlot in Great Queen Street that bang'd her self for an Irish Captain, and was unluckily cut down by her Maid.	348
To Melanissa, Upon seeing his Ri- val go into her Lodgings.	355
To Melanissa. He desires her to steal a kind Glance out of her Window.	357
To the same, upon calling her a Hy- pocrite.	358
To Madam *** Upon sending her Sir Richard Blackmore's Job and Habbakkuk.	361

To

The Contents.

To Monsieur de la—— His Correspondent in Paris, written in the Person of a French Man, and giving a comical Account of all the merry Passages he observed in London. 363



The End.

A

*A Catalogue of Books newly Printed for
S. B. and sold by J. Baker, in Mer-
cers-Chapel in Cheap-side.*

THE Miscellaneous Works of Sir *Charles Sedley*,
Bar. in one Volume, 8vo. Price 4 s.

The Generous Conqueror : Or, Timely Discove-
ry. A Tragedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal,
by her Majesty's Servants. Written by *Bevil Higgons*,
Esq; Price 1 s. 6 d.

3. The first Volume of Familiar and Courtly
Letters, written to several Persons of Honour and
Quality. By Mons. *Voiture*, a member of the Roy-
al Academy of *Paris*; made English by Mr. *Dryden*,
Tho. Cheek, Esq; Mr. *Dennis*, Hen. *Cromwel*, Esq; Mr.
Ralphson, Fellow of the Royal Society, Dr. ——
&c. with select Epistles out of *Aristænetus*, transla-
ted from the Greek: Some Select Letters out of
Pliny Junior, and M. *Fontenelle*; and a Collection of
Original Letters lately written on several Subjects,
and now much improv'd, by Mr. *T. Brown*. To
which is added, a Collection of Letters of Friend-
ship, and other occasional Letters, written by Mr.
Dryden, Mr. *Wycherly*, Mr. —— Mr. *Congreve* and
Mr. *Dennis*. The 3d Edition, with large Additions.
Price 4 s.

4. The second and last Volume of Familiar and
Courtly Letters, written to several Persons of Ho-
nour and Quality; by M. *Voiture*, a Member of the
Royal Academy at *Paris*: Made English by Mr.
Savil, Mr. *Dennis*, Mr. B——, *Tho. Seymour*, Esq; Mr.
Atkins and Mr. *T. Brown*. To which is added, a Pac-
quet from *Will's*; or, a new collection of Original
Letters on several Subjects, containing pleasant Me-
moirs

A Catalogue.

moirs, Intrigues and Adventures that lately hapned amongst the Quality at *London*, *Hampton-Court*, *Tunbridge*, *Epsom*, *North-Hall* and the *Bath*; with several Characters and Lampoons in Prose and Verse; with Original Letters by K. *Charles II.* and *Christina late Q. of Sweden*, collected and written by several Hands. Pr. 4 s.

5. An Essay on Ways and Means to maintain the Honour and Safety of *England*, to encrease Trade, Merchandize, Navigation, Shipping, Mariners and Sea-men, in War and Peace: Written by Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Kt. With useful Remarks and Observations towards the Improvement of our Harbours, Ports, and Havens: By Sir *Henry Sheers*, Kt. Price 6 d.

6. The Happy Pair: Or, a Poem on Matrimony: By Sir *Charles Sidney*, Bar. Price 6 d.

7. A General and Comical View of the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*: Or, Mr. *Sylvester Partridge's* Infallible Predictions. In two Parts: Giving an impartial Account of several merry Humours, Occurrences and Intrigues, that will be transacted amongst all Degrees of People, and in all manner of places, down from the *Beaux* to the *Bellows-mender*, and the nice *East-India Lady* to the *Covent-garden Crack*; and from *Westminster-Hall* to the *Bear-garden*, for these 6 Months, *October*, *November*, *December*, *January*, *February*, and *March*. Price 1 s.

8. Advice to the Kentish Long-tails: A Poem.

9. A Law against Cuckoldom: Or, a Tryal of an Adulterer: A Poem. Price 6 d.

10. Commendatory Verses, on King *Arthur*, Prince *Arthur*, and the Satyr against *VVit*, and *Job* and *Habbakkuk*: An Hercick Poem: Or, a Step towards a Poetical War, betwixt *Covent-garden* and *Cheap-side*. By several Hands. Together with an Epitome of that immortal Poem, truly call'd, *A Satyr against Wit*. The Second Edition. To which is added, a Lent-Entertainment: Or, a Merry Interview by Moon-light, between the Ghost of *Mævius* of ancient Renown, and the City-Bard: Humbly dedicated to all the honourable Citizens within the Bills of Mortality. Price 1 s.

SELECT LETTERS
OUT OF
TULLY.

 Brutus to Cicero. 

The Argument.

After Cæsar had been assassinated in the Senate-house, Octavius, who was then about 18 years old, was sent for out of Epirus, and desired to take the Government into his Hands. Among the rest, Cicero made his Court to young Octavius, and recommended his Friend Brutus, and those of his Party, to his Protection; for which Brutus, who was zealous for the Republick, quarrels with him in this Letter. 'Tis written with a great deal of Fire and Vehemence; and fully answers the Character that Antiquity gives us of that great disinterested Man.

I Received by our Friend Atticus the Parcel of Letters which you sent to Octavius. Your Affection and A Con-

SELECT LETTERS

Concern for my *Safety*, gives me no new Pleasure, because I *daily* receive *fresh* Instances from all Hands of your Friendship, and hear how *zealously* you speak in behalf of your *absent* Friend; but 'tis impossible for me to tell you how much I was *grieved* at that part of your Letter directed to *Oetavius*, wherein you take occasion to mention *me* to *him*. What shall I say? I am *ashamed* both of my Condition and Fortune: However, I must write on. You recommend me to his *Protection*: Gods! what Death is not preferable to such a *Servitude*? And you thank him for his great *Care* of the Republick in so *abject* and so *submissive* a Strain, that one would conclude from what you write, that the *Tyranny* was not *extinguished*, but only the *Tyrant* chang'd. Reflect a little upon your *Words*; and deny if you can, that this is the *Language* of a crouching *Slave* to a haughty *King*. You tell him there is one thing *required* and expected from him; that is, that he would be pleased to take into his *protection* those Citizens, of whom the People of *Rome* have a *good* Opinion: But what if he *won't*? must

we



we therefore be treated like *Out-laws*? For my part, I think it much *better* not to *be* at all, than to *owe* my Being to him. I can never believe that *Heaven* has so far abandoned the *Roman* People, and the *Preservation* of our Empire, that such a one as *Octavius* ought to be *petition'd* for the Life of any one single *Citizen*, much less for that of the *Deliverers* of all *Mankind*. I am proud to use this *magnificent* Language: and certainly a Man is *allow'd* to do it, when he talks to *those* that neither know what they are to *fear* or *ask* for others. But this you'll tell me, is it *Octavius's* Power, and are his Friend: but if you have any *Kindness* for me, can you wish to see me in *Rome*, since you have begg'd leave of a *Boy* to suffer me to live there? What occasion is thiere for you to *throw* away so many *Compliments* upon him, if he must be intreated and humbly *petitioned* to grant us our *Lives*, which we never *forfeited*? Or do you think that he looks up-on it as an *Obligation*, that for the obtaining such a Favour, you address your self to him rather than to *Anthony*? What Man in his *right* Senses

SELECT LETTERS

ever asked the *Successor*, much more the *Asserter* of another Man's *Tyranny*, that he would be *pleased* forsooth not to cut the Throats of those that have best *deserved* of the Common-wealth. Now this *scandalous* Weakness and Despair, for which you are no less to be *blamed* than the rest of your Complexion, see what blessed Effects it has produced: It first of all taught *Cæsar* to *aspire* to the Empire, and after his Death incited *Anthony* to pursue the same *Designs*; and now at last has so far *incouraged* the Ambition of a young beardless *Stripling*, that you must bumbly beg him to spare the *Lives* of the *Defenders* of the common Liberty, and we must depend upon the *Mercy* of one, who cannot as yet stile himself *Man*. But if we would remember that we have the *Blood* of the ancient *Romans* in our *Veins*, these arrogant *Usurpers* should not be so forward to establish their Greatness at the *Expence* of the *Publick*, as we to *pluck* them down; neither would *Anthony* be so much *encouraged* by *Cæsar*'s invading the *Sovereignty*, to attempt the like after him, as *deterred* and *bumbled* by reflecting upon his *Fall*. You

You that have born the *Consular* Dignity in your time, and stickled *earnestly* for those generous *Patriots*, who if they are once *brought under*, I am afraid your *destruction* will not be far off, how can you look back upon your *past Actions*, and either *approve* the *present Villanies*, or behave your self so *sneakingly* and *submissively*, as at least to seem to *approve* them? Tell me what private *Quarrel* you have to *Antony*? why because he wou'd have our *lives* in his *Power*, because he would have us *petition* him for our *Protection* who had received his *Liberty* from us; in short, because he would *trample* upon our *Liberties*, and *govern* the Common-wealth in an *arbitrary* manner. Then you thought it *necessary* for us, to take up Arms to *prevent* his *Tyranny*; and now we have *prevented* him, must we be such *Slaves* to *desire* another to *take* his place, or else *manfully assert* the *Rights* of the *Republick*; unless after all it can be said, that we had no *aversion* to *Slavery*, but only to the manner of it. If this had been our *Cafe*, we could not only have preserved our *Fortunes*, under that *righteous* Master *Antony*, but shared the chief *Employments* and *Dignities* of the

State ; and this treatment we might well expect to find from him , since our *passive abject* behaviour would have been the greatest *security* to his *Usurpation* ; but no *Bribe* was great enough to make us *prostitute* either our fidelity or liberty. This very *Boy*, whom Cæsar's Name seems to stir up against Cæsar's Murderers, what would he not give, if we were capable of being *bribed*, that he might set up an absolute *Authority* by our *means* and *assistance*, as it is probable he will soon do, because we are *content* barely to *live*, to keep our *Estates*, and retain the empty *name* of *Senators*. Why did we *dispatch* Cæsar, or to what purpose did we so much *rejoice* at his *death* ; if after we have removed him out of the way, we can resolve to carry Fetters, and take no care to prevent our *Slavery*. But may Heaven take every thing from me, even what the World reckons the *dearest*, rather than that *greatness* of mind, which not only forbids me to suffer that in the *Heir* of him whom I kill'd, which I could not bear in the Usurper himself, but not even in my own *Father*, were he now alive ; I mean, to assume to himself a despotic *Power* over the

Laws

Laws and the Senate, and I to stand tamely by and see it. Can you be so vain, as to imagine that others will have better quarter from him, if we cannot be allowed to live at *Rome* without his *permission*: Besides, how can you think to *obtain* that which you *desire* of him: You ask him that he would be pleased to let us *live in safety*; do you think we receive our *safety* from him, if we receive our Lives, and how can we be said to *receive* the latter, if we are forced to throw up our *Dignity* and our *Liberty*. Perhaps you fancy that to live at *Rome* is to live in *safety*; Alas! 'tis not the *place* I value, if the *thing* be wanting; I never look'd upon my self to be *safe* while *Cæsar* was *alive*, till I had *fairly rid* the *World* of him; neither will I be a *banished* man if I can *help it*, while I hate *Servitude*, and the tame bearing of *Affronts*, above all the *Plagues* in the *Univerfe*. In the *Græcian* *Republics*, when they *knocked* any *Tyrant* on the *head*, they used to serve his *Children* the same *sawce*; and are not we the most abandon'd *Sots* that ever crawl'd upon all *four*, if we can stoop to flatter the Man that has taken a *Ty-
rant's Name* upon himself, we, I say,

A 4 that

SELECT LETTERS

that were the *Destroyers* and *Punishers* of *Tyranny*? Do you think that I have any regard for that City, or indeed believe it deserves the *Name* of one, that would not *accept* of *Liberty* when it was so *fairly put* into its hands, nay is rather inclined to *truckle* to a *Boy*, whose *Father* was *served* according to his *merits*, because he has assum'd the Name of *Cæsar*, than to *assert* its own Freedom, especially since it has so *fresh* and *recent* an Example before its Eyes, of an *Usurper*, who wanted no *Power* to support him in his *Pretensions*, that was taken off by the *bravery* of a few persons. Therefore let me desire you for the future to *recommend* me no more to your *new Lord and Master*, nor indeed your self, if you'll be rul'd by me. You set too *high* a value upon the *few years* you have to live, if you can *condescend* to *supplicate* a *Boy*, that he would be *graciously inclin'd* to let the *Candle* burn out to the *Snuff*. You behaved your self very *bravely* against *Antony*, and still continue to do so, for which reason I would not have you *forfeit* your old *Reputation*, or give the World any occasion to suspect your want of *Constancy*; for if you can so *vilely sneak* to *Octavius*, whom you have

have, I find, *desired* to be *merciful* to us, People will be apt to conclude, that you are not out of *love* with a *Tyrant*, but are only for having his *Nails pared*. As for your *commending* him for what he has already done, I own indeed the Actions are *praise-worthy*, cou'd I be satisfied that the *end* of 'em was to *repress* another's *Usurpation*, and not to *establish* his own. But when you carry matters so *far*, as to tell me, that it is not only *convenient*, but *necessary* to *petition* him in our behalf, take my word for it, you pass a *Compliment* upon the *young Gentleman*, which he never *deserved*: You bestow that very *Power* upon him which I thought the *Republick* had obtained by his means; besides you don't consider, that if *Oetavius* deserves our *esteem*, because he makes *War* upon *Antony*; the *Roman People*, tho' they bestowed all they have, yet they can never sufficiently *recompence* those who *cut off* that *Monster's Head*, of which that *Fellow* and his *Party* are only the *Tail*. This may let you see how much farther our *fear* carries us than our *gratitude*, because *Antony* is still alive and in Arms. As for *Cæsar*, all that cou'd or ought to be done

to

to him is *past*, and cannot be *recalled*: But is *Octavius* one of that *bulk*, that the *whole Roman People* must stay to see how he will be *pleased* to use us; or are we such contemptible Wretches, that *one Man* must humbly be *implored* to grant us our *lives*? As for me, to return to my self, I am of that *temper*, that I not only *scorn* to *supplicate* him, but will do all that lies in my power to hinder others from doing the like: However I will take care to get out of the Neighbourhood of *supple Slaves*. In whatever *place* I am, that *place* I shall fancy to be *Rome*, and shall heartily *pity* such as you, who can neither be taught by your *Age*, nor by your *Quality*, nor yet by the *Examples* of brave gallant Men, to despise a *vile*, *nasty*, *precarious* life. To be plain with you, I shall think my self so *happy*, if I can keep up to this *virtuous* Resolution, that I shall think my duty and services to my Country overpaid: For what greater *pleasure* can we enjoy, than the *remembrance* of honourable Actions, and under the happy contemplation of our *Liberty*, to despise the *vain* greatness of the World? I

am

am fully resolv'd not to run with the *Populace*, or be carried down the *Stream* with a Herd of tame *passive* Fools, or overcome by such as are willing to be made *Slaves*. I will still oppose our *Usurpers*, I will try all Expedients, and leave nothing unattempted to free my Country from *Servitude*. If my Desires are crowned with success, as they deserve, we shall all rejoice : But if it happens otherwise, I shall not *repent* of my labour ; for how can any Man better employ his time or thoughts, than in setting his Country at *liberty*? Therefore I conjure you, my dear *Cicero*, not to be *cast down* or *discouraged*, and while you endeavour to avert the *present* Evils, cast your Eye upon the *future* too, unless you have already *provided* against them, least they should surprize you *unawares*. Take this for granted, that without *constancy* and *resolution*, all your bravery and freedom of mind, with which both when a *Consul*, and now when a *Senator*, you *asserted* the *Rights* of the Republick, will be reckon'd as nothing. The Case of an experienced Virtue is much *barder*

er than that of one that is not known. We consider their Services as so many *Debts* or *Earnests* of future *Payments*; and if they don't answer our *Expectations*, we proclaim them *Bankrupts*, and look upon them as *Cheats*. For this reason, when we find *Cicero* to oppose *Anthony*, although it deserves our highest *Commendations*, yet because the *former* is in all respects superior to the *latter*, no one wonders at it. If the same *Cicero* who chased *Anthony* with so much Resolution and Gallantry, should be found *warping* in his Conduct towards others, he will not only *rob* himself of all his past *Glory*, but utterly *efface* the *Memory* of it; for what can be called *perfect* where *Constancy* is wanting? And to be plain with you, no one is more obliged than you, to stand up for the *Common-wealth*, and to maintain its *Liberty*; not only in regard of your own great *Qualities* and past *Actions*, but the *Wishes* and *Expectations* of all that know you. In a word, you need not trouble your self about petitioning *Octavius* to protect us: Rather rouze up
your

your self, and doubt not but that City where you have performed so many *great* things, will recover its *ancient* Splendour and Liberty, if its *Noblemen* will but head the *People*, and *unite* to hinder the *wicked* Designs of our *Enemies*.

Farewell.

Sul-

Sulpitius to Cicero.

The Argument.

Sulpitius in this Letter condoles Cicero upon the Loss of his Daughter Tullia. One of the chief Reasons by which he endeavours to alleviate his Grief, is taken from the short duration of all mortal Beings, the instability of humane affairs; and particularly from the Confusion and Disorders which reigned at that time, and at last ended in the utter Subversion of the Common-wealth.

I No sooner received the *unwelcome* News of your Daughter *Tullia's* Death; but I was heartily and earnestly *afflicted* at it, as, I confess, I ought to be, and looked upon it to be a *common* Calamity, wherein I had no *little* share. Had I been upon the *same* Spot with you, I had not been wanting to testifie to you my *Resentment* on this occasion, and administer all the *Help* that I was capable of giving you. I must own indeed that this sort of *Consolation* is melancholy and

troublesome ; for our *Relations* and *Friends*, from whom we expect this *Relief*, are equally *concerned* with our selves ; and therefore rather *want* others to comfort them, than are in a *condition* to do it themselves : however, I resolved to send you by the first Opportunity all that my *Thoughts* suggested to me ; not that I am so vain as to imagine that you *know* them not ; but because your Grief perhaps does so *entirely* possess all the Faculties of your *Mind*, that you are not at *liberty* to *reflect* on them. Now give me leave to ask you why this *domestiek Loss* should afflict you in this *excessive* manner : Do but consider how *Fortune* has already *dealt* with both of us. We have seen all those things *snatch'd* from us, which ought to be no less *dear* to a *sensible* Man than his *Children* : we are robb'd of our *Country*, our *Reputation*, of our *Places*, and in short, of all our *Honours* ; and when we have suffer'd this, what can *farther* happen to *inhance* our Grief ; or what *Soul* that has labour'd under these *Calamities*, ought not to grow *callous* and *insensible* to all other *Accidents*? Can you regret the *Loss* of your Daughter, when ever you think ? (and how can you

you avoid it? for 'tis no more than what I say *daily* to my self) That in this wretched juncture of Affairs 'tis no great *Unhappiness* to shake off a troublesome *Life*, which at best is scarce worth the *dragging* after us. Now what was it that should make her so *fond* of Life in this general *Shipwreck* of the Republick? What *Temptations*, what *Hopes* could she have, or what mighty *Advantages* could she propose her self? I suppose to marry some fine young *Gentleman* of Quality, and live *handsomely* and *comfortably* with him. I don't question but that a Person of your *eminent* Rank in the World, when ever you pleased, might have *chosen* a Son-in-law, with whom you might *safely* trust your Daughter. But let us see what you could have *expected* from such a Match, suppose it had been never so *advantageous*: Why, to have Children by her Husband, who might be a *Comfort* to her when they were *grown* up, who might enjoy the *Fortune* left 'em by their Parents, advance themselves by *degrees* to all the considerable *Posts* of the *Government*, and have it in their Power to serve their Friends. Alas! *all* these things are already *gone* be-

before they are given ; and our Government and Liberties lie buried under the same *Rubbish*. But still you'll tell me, 'tis a *sad* thing to lose ones Children. 'Tis so, I confess ; but 'tis a more *stabbing* Affliction to survive the *Destruction* of ones *Country* : And this puts me in mind of a certain *Passage*, which did not a little contribute to make me *easie* in my Mind, in hopes it may have the same *effect* upon your self. At my Return from *Asia*, as I was sailing from *Ægina* to *Megara*, I had the curiosity to *look* about me, and cast my *Eyes* upon the Coast by which we pass'd. *Ægina* was behind me, *Megara* before me : I had *Piræus* on my right, and *Corinth* on my left Hand : All which were formerly Flourishing and Wealthy Towns, but at present nothing but a Heap of Ruines. So then I began to make these *Reflections* with my self ; "Why should we poor Mortals *complain* and *repine*? We, who cannot reasonably expect to live long in this World, if the Fate of *War* or the common Course of *Nature* carries us out of it ; when we see the Skeletons of so many *Illustrious Cities*, that might have promised

B " them-

"themselves a much longer Duration
"on ? Stifle all your *Resentments*,
"and remember that you were born a
"Man, and consequently ordained to
"die. To deal *ingenuously* with you,
this *Reflection* gave me a great deal of
Ease; and I would advise you to *cure*
your self, by setting something of the
like nature before your Eyes. As for
Instance; So many considerable *Men*
have lately been killed in the *Wars*;
Our *Government* is shattered all to
pieces; our *Provinces* are all exhausted
and undone. Can you then be so ex-
ceedingly concerned for the *Loss* of
one *Daughter*, who, if she had not
died now, must certainly have paid
the *Debt* of *Nature* at another time,
since she was born subject to its *Laws*?
But I conjure you to divert your
Thoughts from these melancholy
Considerations, and rather *remember*
those things that *become* a Man of
your *Character*. Consider that she
liv'd as long as it was worth her while
to live; that she saw her *Father* pos-
sess'd of the most eminent *Dignities*
of the *City*; that she liv'd long enough
to see the better part of her *Citizens*
die before her; in short, that she went
off the *Stage* when our *Republic* likewise
was

was destroy'd. I would desire to know what Reason either you or *she* have to complain of Fortune in all this.

Lastly, *Remember* who you are, one that us'd to give Advice and Consolation to others ; and don't *imitate* those fordid *Quacks*, that pretend to cure all the World, and are not able to *help* themselves ; but rather make use of the same *Remedies* you prescribe to others, and expect a *Cure* from 'em. There is no Grief so *obstinate*, which length of time can't diminish and soften. 'Twill be *scandalous* in you to expect your Relief from Time, as the common *Herd* of *Mankind* use to do, and not *overcome* it rather by your Wisdom and Philosophy. If the *Dead* below have any Sense left them, your Daughter in *duty* to you, and *love* to all her Relations in general, is so far from *countenancing* this Affliction, that even she *conjures* you to *grieve* no longer. Pay therefore this Respect to the *Dead* ; pay it to your *Friends* who are *concerned* for your Grief ; pay it to your *Country*, that when ever an Occasion offers it self, you may be able to *serve* it with your Advice and Assistance. In short, since we live in such Calamitous Times, that we must go down the

Stream whether we will or no, don't give those at the Helm any *Umbrage* to think that you rather *regret* the Destruction of the State, and the good Fortune of our new *Conquerours*, than the Loss of your *Daughter*. I am ashamed to say more to you on this Head, lest I should seem to *distrust* your Prudencie; for which Reason I will conclude. Your Friends have seen you behave your self so steadily in the time of *Prosperity*, that you were universally *admired* for it. Let 'em see, that you can bear bad *Fortune* with the same Equality of Mind; and don't afflict your self more than *Decency* and *Prudence* require of you, that you may give no occasion for People to *say*, that this is the *only* Virtue you want. As for me, so soon as you are grown *calm* and *sedate*, I will take care to inform you how *Affairs* go in this *Part* of the World.

Farewel.

Ci.

Cicero to Titius.

The Argument.

This Letter is consolatory, and of the same nature with the former. The Arguments are almost the same, taken from the common Destiny of Mankind, and from the calamitous Disorders of those miserable Times. By this it will appear, that the Letter which Lentulus sent to Cicero was still fresh in his Memory, since he uses most of the same Reasons that are to be found in that; unless it will be said perhaps, that two Great Men, when they come to write upon the same Subject, may easily happen to fall upon the same things, without communicating their Thoughts to one another.

ALthough I am one of the unfitnessest Men in the World to administer Consolation to you, because I am so exceedingly afflicted at your Troubles, that I want a Comforter my self; yet since my

my Grief, as great and as *just* as it is, is not altogether so *violent* as yours, I thought my self obliged in point of *Gratitude* and *Friendship* to hold my Peace no longer under this your present Sorrow, but endeavour to give you some little *Comfort* at least, that may serve to *alleviate* and *asswage* your Grief, if it cannot perfectly *cure* it. The Consolation which is most *commonly* prescribed in these Cases, and which we ought always to have in our *Mouths* and *Thoughts*, is to *remember* that we are born *Men*, and that we were sent into the World on purpose to be *exposed* to the Uncertainties of a fickle capricious *Fortune*; that consequently we ought to *acquiesce* in these Terms that Fate has allotted us; that is the greatest *Folly* imaginable to be overmuch *afflicted* at those *Misfortunes*, which it was not in our power to *prevent*: And lastly, that if we reflect upon those that were born before us, or cast our *Eyes* upon our Neighbours *about* us, we shall soon find that we do not stand singly by our selves, but that others have their Losses and Calamities as well as we. These Reasons indeed are not without their *Weight*, having been used by the *wisest* Men, and may be

be found in the *Writings* of our greatest Philosophers : But in my Opinion, neither *they*, nor any other Reasons of the like nature, ought to make that *Impression* upon us, as the Confusions and Disorders of these *miserable* Times ; when those are the *happiest* Men in my Opinion, [that have *no* Children at all ; and even those that have *lost* 'em in this *calamitous* Juncture are far less *miserable*, than if they had *buried* 'em when the Republic was in a *flourishing* Condition, or when we had at least the *Face* of a Government amongst us. Now if your own private *Losses*, and the *Reflections* you make upon them, are the things that *wholly* take you up at present, I suppose that your *Stock* of Grief, let it be as *great* as it will, may soon be *exhausted* : But if you are griev'd for the *Misfortunes* of those that are *dead*, which seems to be the Effect of your *Compassion* and *Love*, I will not represent to you upon this Head what I have frequently *read* and *heard*, That there is no Evil in *Death* ; for if there remains to us any *Sense* after it, 'tis rather to be called *Immortality* than *Death* ; and if we *lose* all manner of *Sense*, we ought by no means to call that a *Mis-*

ry, which we don't feel ; but this I dare venture to *affirm* to you without pretending to set up for a *Prophet*, that there are those *Rods* preparing for our Backs, and those *Calamities* hang over our Commonwealth, that whoever gets out of the way to *avoid* them, in my judgment takes the wisest Course that can be. Have we not *banish'd* all manner of *Virtue* and good *Learning* from amongst us ? Nay, don't we daily see our Lives and Liberties *ravished* from us by the *Violence* and *Rapine* of unjust *Usurers* ? For my part, I never hear of any of our young Fry carried off by Distempers and other Casualties in this most *lamentable* and *dismal* Year, but I am so far from thinking them unhappy, that I take it to be the highest *Mark* of the *Affection* and *Goodness* of Providence to *remove* them out of these Miseries, and take away a *Life* from them, which would have been a perpetual Series of *Calamities* and *Vexations*. And therefore if you can but so far *prevail* upon your self, as to believe that no *Misfortune* has hapned to those *Friends*, whose loss you so much *regret*, you will find that you have *beaten* your Grief out of one of its *strongest* Holds, and that very little *remains* to per-

perfect your Cure ; for when once all those *Branches* of your *Sorrow*, which had *Communication* with them, are *dried* up, you have none but your self left to mind ; and one would think it no difficult Matter for a Person of your *consummate* Prudence and Discretion ; of which you have given the World so many *Testimonies* even from your *Infancy*, to forget your Grief, especially when it is wholly *confined* to your self, and has nothing to do with the Miseries and Misfortunes of your *Friends*. Upon this occasion give me leave to represent to you, that you have all along managed your self with that universal *Applause* in all your Affairs, both *Public* and *Private*, that you are obliged in *Reputation* to preserve your *old* Character, and shew that you are still *Master* of all your former Constancy. 'Tis not enough for you, that *Time*, which uses to *conquer* the most *obstinate* Grief, will at last *abate* your *immoderate* Sorrow : You ought to *anticipate* so vulgar a *Remedy*, and should make use of no other *Physician* but your *Moderation* and *Prudence*. What *Woman* was ever known to *abandon* her self so excessively, to *grief* upon the Loss of her *Children*, but at last she *ceased* her Lamen-

mentations? A Man of *Conduct* and *Temper* will not tarry till so tedious a Healer as Time *closes* up the Wounds of his *Sorrow*, but will immediately call his Reason and Resolution to his Relief. Now if this Letter of mine is so *happy*, as to give you the least *Ease* under your *Afflictions*, I shall think I have performed a very *meritorious* Work; but if it *fails* of Success, I shall however *satisfie* my self with having discharged the *Duty* of a Cordial and Faithful *Friend*; in which you may *assure* your self I will never be found wanting to the *last* Moment of my Life.

Cicero to Lucceius.

The Argument.

One who has been never so little conver-
sant in Tully's Works, needs not to be
told here, that the Desire of Glory was
his predominant Passion, which perhaps
he carried to an Excess. Accordingly
we find him very urgent in this Let-
ter with his Friend Lucceius, a fa-
mous and Learned Author, but none
of whose Works are now extant, to write
the History of his Actions, and par-
ticularly Catiline's Conspiracy, upon
the defeating of which he valued him-
self so much. Monsieur Perrault, at
the End of his Paralelle des Anci-
ens & Modernes, T. I. where he
pretends to set the Moderns upon
the same Level with the Ancients,
with what Justice I will not say, oppo-
ses to this Letter of Cicero one written
by Monsieur Balzac to Cardinal de
Richelieu, which the Reader will
find below. What an Opinion Tully
had of this Letter, appears by what
he says to his Friend Atticus about
it. *Epistolam Lucceio nunc quam
misit*

misi, quâ res meas ut scribat rogo,
fac ut ab eo sumas; valde bella est.

Ad Att. l. 4. Epist. 7.

A N awkward sort of *Bashfulness* has all this while hindred me from asking a certain Favour of you, altho' I have *frequently* endeavoured to do it; and yet I can make a shift to communicate it to you at this *distance*; because Letters don't use to *blush*. I am extreamly *desirous*, and I hope the World can't *blame* me for it, to see my Name made *immortal* in your Works. 'Tis true, you have often promised to do me that *Honour*; but excuse me if I am *importunate* and *pressing* with you upon this Article; for altho' I had always a very great Opinion of your Writings, you have nevertheless surpassed it; and I am so *transported* when ever I read 'em, that I am impatient to the last degree to have you *celebrate* my Actions with all *Expedition*; For 'tis not only my desire that *Posterity* shquld talk advantagiously of me hereafter, and that my *Name* should live in future *Ages*: I am ambitious while I am alive, to *enjoy* so authentic an *Approbation* as *yours*, to receive so distinguish-

guishing a Mark of your Friendship, and to be praised by a *Hand* so *uni-versally* esteemed. I am sensible that while I am writing this *Letter* to you, you are engaged in several other *De-signs*, which you have undertaken and begun : But since your *History* of the VVars of *Italy*, and *particularly* that of our late *Civil Commotions*, is in a manner *finished*; and since I heard you say, that you were going to begin the *Continuation* of them, I was resolved not to be *unmindful* of my self, and therefore beg you to consider whether it will be most proper to insert my Actions into the *Body* of that *History*, or else to make a *separate Volume* of *Catiline's Conspiracy*, as several of the *Greek Historians* have done : *Callisthenes*, for Instance, has compos'd a Treatise of the VVars of *Troy* by it self ; *Timæus* has done the same in his VVars of King *Pyrrhus*, and *Polybius* in that of *Numantia*. I confess that it does not much concern me in point of Fame, whether 'tis so or no ; but it highly concerns my present *Impatience* not to wait till you come to that part of your *History*, but to engage you, if possible, to *dispatch* me out of hand. Besides, I foresee this Advantage in it,

that

that if you *confine* your self to the Limits of one *Subject* and of one Person, you will have more room to *display* the *Fertility* of your Wit, and the *Riches* of your Eloquence. I am not ignorant what an *impudent* Request this is, considering the *multiplicity* of Business which takes you up at present, and how ill it looks in a Man to *court* Commendation and Applause ; but what will you think of me, if after all I don't deserve to be so much commended as I *desire*? But a Man that has once abandoned *Modesty*, must be *heroically* impudent, and not do things by halves. For this Reason I *earnestly* entreat you to *praise* me, and perhaps more than you think I *deserve*, without tying up your self so *religiously* to the strict Laws of *History* ; and if you find any favourable *Inclinations* for me (tho' I remember it was *pleasantly* said by you in one of your *Introductions*, that you were no more to be *influenced* by them, than *Hercules* in *Xenophon* was by the Goddesses of *Pleasure*) let me request you not to *check* them, but for once make those *Allowances* to *Friendship*, which the *Severity* of Truth will not permit. Could I prevail with you to undertake this Affair,

fair, I dare engage it would not be *un-*
worthy of your Eloquence; for it might
make a pretty *History* by it self, begin-
ning with the *Conspiracy*, and ending
with my *Return* from Banishment; in
which compass of time you might take
notice of all the *Changes* that have
hapned in the Republic; and either
describe the Causes of these *Disorders*,
or lay down those *Remedies* that may
be most proper to prevent 'em for the
future. I shall wholly leave it to your
own Discretion to *condemn* or *justify*
whatever you think deserves your *Cen-*
sure or *Commendation*; and if you have
a mind to express your self *freely* and
openly, as your Custom is, you may
take notice of that *perfidious base* Treat-
ment I have found in the World.
With Submission, I say it, the *Ad-*
ventures of my Life will afford a *Vari-*
ety that must *certainly* please; for no-
thing gives a *greater* Pleasure to the
Reader than the diversity of *Times*,
and the *Vicissitudes* of Fortune. I must
confess that when I *suffered* under 'em,
they were not very *pleasing*; however
the reading of them must needs be *a-*
greeable; for the Remembrance of a
past *Affliction* gives a Man Joy, when
he has no longer any occasion to fear
it;

it ; even those who never *suffered* any, and behold the Misfortunes of other Men at a distance, without taking any *part* in 'em, must surely find a secret Joy in *commiserating* them. Is it possible for any Man to read how gallantly *Epaminondas* died at *Mantinea*, without feeling in himself some *Compassion* for the *Hero*, when he finds he wou'd not suffer the Fatal *Spear* to be plucked out of his Side; till he had asked whether his *Buckler* was in the Hands of the *Enemy*; and when he was told that it was not, *expir'd* with Pleasure and Satisfaction? VVho can read of the *Banishment* and happy *Return* of *Themistocles* without being sensibly affected at the fantastick shifting of the Scene ? I may *positively* affirm, that the reading of our common *Annals* makes no more *Impression* upon us, than the reading of an *Almanac* ; whereas the dangerous and uncertain Revolutions in a Great Man's *Life* inspire us with all sorts of Motions, give us *Admiration* and *Desire*, *Joy* and *Grief*, *Hope* and *Fear* ; and when all this is finished by some remarkable *Catastrophe*, the Mind, if I may so express my self, is *sated* with the Pleasure it finds in the Narration. And this makes me the more

im-

importunate with you to beslow a separate Treatise upon this *Tragi-Comedy* of my *Adventures*; for so I may very well call it, since it comprehends so many different *Acts*, play'd at several *Intervalls*, and carried on by so many various *Motions*; Neither am I afraid that you'll suspect me of Flattery; for desiring to be prais'd by *you* rather than *any* one else; for you cannot be a Stranger to your own worth, and must *certainly* know that those who don't *admire* you, ought with more Justice to be reckoned among the *Envious*, than those who praise you among the *Flatterers*. Besides, I am not such a Fool neither, as to expect *immortal Glory* from a Man who will not obtain the same for himself by the *Beauty* of his Language, and the *Elegance* of his Work, even while he commends me. Thus, when we find that *Alexander* would suffer himself to be *painted* by none but *Apelles*; and none but *Lysippus* to make his *Statues* and *Medals*; 'twas not because he had a mind to gratifie and humour these two *great Masters*, but because he thought that the Excellence of their *Art*, as it would do *credit* to them,

C would

wou'd bring much more *Glory* to himself: And yet these famous Artists only gave the Representation of his Body to those that knew him not: And had it never been done, what had he *lost* by it; or indeed what great *Man* makes the *less* Figure in Story, because his *Portraiture* was never taken? *Agestlaus* of *Sparta* is no less esteemed, although he never would suffer his *Picture* to be drawn, or any *Statues* to be erected to him, than those who were so extravagantly fond of these *Vanities*: For that little *Book* wherein *Xenophon* has described his excellent *Qualities*, has done him infinitely more *Honour* than the others received from all their *Pictures* and *Statues*. Therefore if you'll oblige me so far as to allow me a *small* place in your Compositions, I shall be much more pleased, and think my *Memory* much better secured, than if all the Writers of this Age should *conspire* to do me the same Honour: For, not to mention the advantage of a *beautiful Stile*, which I may as certainly expect to find from you as *Timoleon* found from *Timæus*, or *Themistocles* from *Herodotus*, I shall have this farther Satisfaction, to see
my

my self supported by the Authority of a great and deserving Man, who has shown the Wisdom of his *Conduct* in the greatest and most important *Revolutions* of State; so that I shall not only have my Actions described in the *politest* Language, not *inferior* to that which *Alexander* acknowledg'd to have been bestow'd on *Achilles* by *Hommer*; but I shall likewise have the grave and *solid* Approbation of the most *Illustrious* Person of his Age. I love the *Saying* of *Hector* in our Poet *Nevius*, who not only tells us that *it is a Pleasure to him to be praised*, but goes further on, and adds, *to be praised by a Praise-worthy Man*. Now, if you cannot *oblige* me in this Particular; that is to say, if your other Affairs should *binder* you, (for I cannot believe that you'll refuse me any thing by your good will) I must be forced to do that for my self which several Persons have often *condemned*; I mean, to *write* my own *History*; although 'tis certain that I have the *Example* of several Great Men to justify me in so doing. But you know, my dear Friend, that there are *many* Inconveniences in an *Undertaking* of this nature:

A Man is obliged to write of *himself* with more *Indifference* than he would of *another Person*, when he is to relate any Action that deserves *Praise*: On the other hand, when he is to speak of his own *Defects* or *Infirmities*, 'tis natural for him to pass them over in *silence*. Besides these *Disadvantages*, there are many *more* behind; a Man is apt to be less *believed* when he tells his own Tale; he talks with less *Authority*: In short, the World exclaims against him, and *says* that he is more impudent than your Trumpeters at the *Publick Sports*, who after they have crowned the other Conquerours, and *solemnly* named them, when they themselves at the Conclusion of these Sports, come to receive the *Crown* which they have deserved, desire a Brother Trumpeter to *do* the Ceremony for 'em, lest they should be forced to *proclaim* their own *Victory*. Now this is what I would *willingly* avoid; and I shall *effectually* avoid it, if you will undertake this Affair for me, as I *earnestly* desire you; and that you may not be surprized to see me *beg* this of you with so much Eagerness, and in

in so tedious and so long a Letter, as if you had never given me your Promise to oblige the World with an Exact *History* of all the Ocurrences of our time. I must farther declare and confess to you frankly and ingenuously that I am in *pain*, as I have *already* told you, to see this *History* concluded by you in my *Life* time. Whether this proceeds from the natural *Impatience* of my Temper ; or whether 'tis because I am desirous to be known by *your* Books, and to *taste* while I am *alive*, the Pleasure of that *Glory*, which they will *certainly* bestow on me after my *Death*. I conjure you to let me know what you *design* to do, if it will not be too troublesome to you : for if you'll set about it, I will furnish you with sufficient *Memoirs* ; but if you defer it to another time, you and I will talk more of it when we meet next : But I hope you'll *immediately* take it in hand, pollish at *leisure* what you have begun, and continue to *love* me.

Farewell.

*C. Pliny to his Friend Fuscus.**The Argument.*

In this Letter Pliny advises a young Gentleman what Method to follow in his Studies.

Since you have been pleased to ask my Advice how you are to regulate your *Studies*, and improve the present *Retirement* you enjoy to the best advantage, In the first place I am of opinion, that it will be highly beneficial to you (and 'tis what some of our greatest *Masters* have often advis'd) to *translate* out of *Greek* into *Latin*, and back again out of *Latin* into *Greek*; for by this sort of Exercise a Man not only makes himself *compleat Master* of both Languages, acquires the *Propriety* and *Beauty* of Words, *Variety* of Figures, and *Perspicuity* of Stile, but by setting the *best* Authors before him as *Patterns* to imitate, he attains

at last to *copy* their Virtues and Perfections. Besides, there are several things which escape the *Observation* of the nicest *Reader*, which 'tis impossible for the *Translater* not to see. So that by thus *employing* our selves, we cultivate the Understanding, and improve the Judgment: Neither will it be amiss, when you meet with any *Passage* in an Author that is *extremely* fine and beautiful, to enter the Lists in *competition* with him, if I may so express my self, and *try* how you can perform upon the same Subject; then when you have so done, *carefully* and *impartially* to consider in what Places he *excels* you, and where you have the better of him. It will be no little Satisfaction to you to find that you *out-do* him in some things; as on ther hand, it will be a Mortification, if you see he *exceeds* you *every where*: But if you are minded to be upon this *Sport*, I would not have you *practise* upon mean ordinary Authors of little or no *Reputation*; but single out the most *Eminent* Masters, and chuse the most *shining* Places. This is a daring *Enterprize* I must confess; but such as can't be taxed with *Impudence* or *Vanity*, since a Man per-

forms it in private by himself. However 'tis certain that abundance of Men, to their great Commendation, have ventured to *contend* with our most *admired* Writers, by the same token that they were not at their first setting out ashamed to *follow* them at a distance, while they were in hopes one day to *overtake* them. You will likewise find it very *serviceable* to you, when you have committed *any* of your *Thoughts* to writing, to lay 'em aside for some time, and endeavour to *forget* 'em : Then when you are *cool* and *sedate*, and divested of that Fondness that a Man *naturally* has for his own *Compositions*, to call 'em to a severe *Examination*; to strike out some Expressions, and to retain *others*; in short, to make such Improvements and Alterations as you see convenient. Did not the *Advantage* we receive by it, make us sufficient amends for our Pains, 'tis an *ungrateful* piece of *Drudgery*, I confess, to call our Works to a second *Review*, to expunge and amend 'em, and when the whole *Body* of the Building is finished, to *enlarge* the Entrance, to *strengthen* the weak Parts of it, to strike out new *Lights* where they are

are necessary; in short, to make several *Additions*, however so, as not to *destroy* the *Symmetry* or *Proportion* of the whole *Structure*. I know that at present your Intentions run *chiefly* for the *Bar*: However, I would by no means advise you to *confine* your self *wholly* to that wrangling and litigious Stile which is practised by our Pleaders: For, as we find by common Experience, that the *Ground* is soon worn out and exhausted, if it is *only* sowed with *one* sort of *Grain*; whereas it recovers *heat* by exchanging the *Seed*; so the Faculties of our Mind lose all their *Vigour* and *Activity*, when they are *constantly* employed upon one Subject, while a judicious *Variety* gives 'em new force. For this Reason, if you would be governed by me, you should sometimes *try* how well you can perform in the *Historical way*; sometimes I would have you *employ* a few Hours in writing of Letters upon occasional Subjects; and sometimes too I would advise you to sacrifice to the *Muses*, and see how you can perform in *Poetry*. I say, I would sometimes have you *try* your *Poetical Genius*, because even in our publick *Speeches* and *Harangues*, where we are

are oblig'd to make any *Descriptions* a Man is forced not only to indulge himself in the Liberties and Decorations of an *Historical*, but even of a *Poetical Stile*; And then, as for the *Purity of Language*, and a close compendious way of *expressing ones self*, 'tis no where so *happily learnt*, as by frequent writing of *Letters*. When I tell you that you may sometimes divert your self with *Poetry*, I don't mean that you should *attempt* the writing of a *long continu'd Poem*, which cannot be done without a great *expence of time*, and perhaps more than the thing is worth; but *only* that it may not be amiss for you now and then to *checquer* your *serious Hours* and Occupations with a few short *Sallies of Versification*. This the *VWorld generally calls Lusus or Sports*, and indeed so they are; however a Man gets sometimes no less *Reputation* even by these *Sports*, than by the *gravest Performances*. But to *relieve* my *Prose* with a little *Poetry*; for why should I not make use of *Verse*, when I encourage you to write it?

As the sequacious Wax with ease receives

What ever Shape th' informing Artist gives;

Now represents the furious God of War,
Or in Minerva's Likeness does appear.

Now a fair Venus shews with all her Charms,

Or wanton Cupid sporting in her Arms:
As murmur ring Rivers with their Chry-
stal Streams

Not only serve to quench th' aspiring
Flames:

But in belov'd Meanders as they flow.
On Fields and Flow'rs fresh Beauties
do bestow;

So should the Mind with early Care be wrought,

And fashion'd for the diff'rent turns of Thought.

One Art alone too dull a Chase does yield:

Your active Sportsman ranges all the Field.

And thus we find that the most Celebrated Orators, and Persons of the most eminent Rank have condescended to employ and divert, or rather to divert and employ themselves in these agree-

agreeable *Amusements*: And it is almost incredible to tell how *strangely* the Imagination is *affected* by them; for they are not *only* proper to describe Love, Hatred, Anger, Envy, Compassion, and the like, but likewise *comprehend* every thing that has

**Grotius has attem- pted some- thing of this nature in a Paraphrase of one of the Chap- ters in Jus- tinian's In- stitutions, de rerum divisione, & acqui- rendo ea- rum Do- minio, which is to be found a- mong his o- ther Poems; but for all that I would not advise any of our Inns of Court Gen- tlemen to try how Lit- tleton's Tenures, or my Lord Vaughan's Reports would run in Verse.*

a Relation to *Human Life*; nay, what seems directly *opposite* to its Genius, Verse takes in even the **Law* it self, as *Prose*, we seem to have knock'd off our *Fetters*; and what every Man will soon find to be *true*, upon making the Experiment, our *Thoughts* and *Words* flow with more *Facility* and *Freedom*: Perhaps I have *exceeded* my Commission and *interposed* my Advice in some Matters where you never required it: However, I am sensible that I have omitted one thing; and that is to tell you, what Authors I think most proper for you to *read*; altho' in effect I did it, when I advis'd you what to *write*; only remember this by the bye, always to read the *Best* in their kind: for as the Proverb has it, 'Tis not the *Quantity*, but *Quality* that recommends every thing: Now, who these are, is so *com- monly*

monly known, that they need not be pointed out, or named to you. Besides, without engaging to make any such Catalogue, I have already swell'd my Letter to such a Bulk, that I have trespass'd upon your Hours of Study, even when I pretend to regulate them. In short, take your Pen and Ink in hand, and either put in practice some of these Rules that I have sent you, or if you are taken up about any thing else, dispatch and finish it.

S E.

Select Letters OUT OF ARISTÆNETUS.

Aristomenes to Myronides.

Ep. 21. Lib. 1.

About a Lady that consented to grant her Lover every thing but the last Favour.

YOU have heard of several fantastic Effects that *Love* has produc'd in the World: But I am going to tell you of One which will surprize you more than *all* the rest: for my part I never heard of the like before. *Architeles*, to whose Person and Character I suppose you are no Stranger, has for this good while been most *furiouſly* in love with *Telſippe*. It was not without a great deal

deal of *Importunity*, that she was prevailed upon to admit him into her *Company*: at last she suffered it, but has tied the poor *Young Fellow* to such hard Conditions, that 'tis a *Miracle* to me how he could *comply* with them. *Young Man*, says she, I give you leave to *kiss* me as oft as you please; nay, to touch my *Breasts*, to squeeze my *Hands*, to *caress* and *bugg* me, even when my *Stayes* are off; but as for *Marriage*, I would not have you so vain as ever to *think* or *dream* of it, lest you should *forfeit* these Priviledges, and force me to *discard* you my Service. Be it then as my *Queen* would have it, replies *Architeles*; if you are pleas'd, I am resolv'd to be so, and shall think you *reward* my past Sufferings more than they deserve, if you will vouchsafe me a kind *Look* now and then, and sometimes honour me with your Conversation. But Madam, may I make so bold as to ask you why you *forbid* me to think of *Marriage*. For a hundred and twenty *Reasons*, replies the *Lady*; but at present I shall only give you *one*, which you must own to be sufficient. *Matrimony*, like some fort of grotesque *Painting*, looks well enough when

when you view it at a *distance*; but when you come up *close* to it, the *Courseness* of the Daubing is enough to *turn* ones Stomach. *Hymen* puts the flattering End of his *magnifying Glass* into the Hand of all his *Customers*, which makes them see a thousand more *Charms* in their *Mistresses* than they *really* possess; and this is the Reason why most of them repent of their *Bargain*, when they find it so *wretchedly* disappoint their *Expectations*, and throw away the *Romance* after they have once *read* it. *Enjoyment* as *naturally* begets *Disgust*, as *Disgust* concludes in *Hatred*; and a Man that would have *pawn'd* his Soul to obtain one *favourable Glance* from his *Mistress* before he was *married* to her, undervalues her when he has her in his Power. Besides, there's no trusting to you young Fellows: You are as *inconstant* as *Weathercocks*; and 'tis as impossible to *secure* you, as to *fix* *Mercury*: She that passes for a *Goddess* with you to day, ten to one but you make a *Fury* of her before the Week is over. In short, *Expectation* keeps Love *alive*; but *Enjoyment* kills it beyond all *possibility* of a *Resurrection*. Thus you see what a narrow

now Circle this *Imperious Devil* has confin'd the Unfortunate *Architeles*. He lives with his Mistriss in no better a Post than an *Eunuch* would do ; nay, I much question whether she does not grant some Favours to her *Monkey* and *Lap-Dog* which she refuses him. For my part, I wonder he does not *rebell*, and throw off a *Tyrant* that treats him so *rigorously*, and imposes that as a Diversion upon him, which Antiquity made to pass for one of the greatest Punishments in Hell. To *touch* and *see*, and yet be *forbidden* to *taste*, is certainly the greatest of all Curses!

D

Eti.

Euxitheus to Pythias.

Ep. 2. Lib. 2.

A Gentleman falls in love with a pretty Lady at Church, and sends her this merry Love-Letter.

WELL, Madam, for your sake I believe I shall never like a Church so long as I live. People use to go to those Places to *pray off* their Misfortunes ; but for my part I have *pray'd* my self into such a Peck of Troubles, that only *Jove* and *You* ; no, I beg your Pardon, only *You* and *Jove* can tell when I shall get clear of them : For alas ! while with my *Hands* and *Eyes* most devoutly lifted up, I was as *busie* at my *Prayers* as a Lawyer at his *Papers*, I found my self all on a sudden *shot* through the Heart, Liver, Pluck, and all, by that confounded Dog of an Archer *Cupid* : For, Madam, turning my self to the Right, who should I happen to see but your *Ladiship* ; and I no sooner saw your *Ladiship*, but those ever-

everlasting *Murderers*, your *Twinklers*,
pink'd and stabb'd me in a thousand
Parts of my Body. I endeavour'd to
remove my Eyes from an Object
that would not allow me time to
say my *Prayers*: For, Madam, you
must know I am plaguy *Religious* in
my Nature; but the Devil a jot my
Eyes wou'd obey me: So on I gaz'd,
and star'd without *Intermission*, while
the rest of the People went on with
their Devotions: And, Madam, when
you perceiv'd that my Eyes made so fa-
miliar with your Divine Countenance,
like the *rest* of your *Cruel Sex*, that
take a Pleasure in *mortifying* us poor
Men, you threw your *Hood* over
your Face, and not content with
that, *turned* your self another way;
nor was that all, but you clapt your
unrighteous Hand upon your *Seraphi-*
cal Cheek, only leaving a small part
of it not much bigger than a Patch,
as our Ladies now wear them, to be
seen, which however was enough to
do my Business *effectually*. Now, Ma-
dam, let me ask you one civil Que-
stion: Will you be pleased to take in-
to your Service a *Slave* that is ambi-
tious of living and dying for your sake:
and who would rather chuse to carry

SELECT LETTERS

your *Chains*, than *enjoy* a dull lazy *Li-*
berty, or be the greatest *Monarch* in the
Universe. I can't tell whether *Jupiter*
is alter'd of late; but by *Jove* I dare
swear, that even *Jupiter* himself would
leave his *Heavenly Mansion*, and put
himself once more to the Expence of a
Golden Shower; but what makes me
talk of a *Golden Shower*? I dare
swear that he would take any *Form*
or *Shape* upon him, even that
of a Bellows-mender, a Broom-Man,
or a Chimney-sweeper, only to have
the *Priviledge* of making you a small
Visit. But, Madam, to let *Jupiter* a-
lone (*nam quæ supra nos, nihil ad nos*)
and to return to my self; I could wish
you would give me as *just* an Occasion
to speak *well* of your *Good Nature*,
as you have given me to extoll your
Beauty: For, under the Rose, my Dear,
it would be a most *horrid* and *la-*
mentable thing, if your cruel *Treat-*
ment should fright back the Lover,
whom your *Charms* have gain'd you.
Since you have spoil'd my Devo-
tion at *Church*, I'll e'en try how I
can *pray at home*: And O ye Gods!
that any one of you would be so ten-
der-hearted as to *assist* and *promote*
the Amours^s of the most *passionate*
Wretch

Wretch, that ever drunk his Mistress's
Health out of a Slipper; or told his
Pain in the Woods to those *compassionate*
Gentlemen the *Trees*: And as for you,
Charming Damsel, I am ready to *swear*
to you by what *God* or *Goddess* in the
Firmament you please: Or rather, if
you'll take my Word without *swearing*,
I will *pray* to every *Divinity*, that
so long as you *vouchsafe* to be the
Sovereign Lady of my Heart (and may
that be so *long* as both of us *live*; and
may both of us *live* as long as we are
able to *enjoy* and *look* at one another,) I
may take a *Pride* in wearing your
Fetters, and being

Your most obsequious Vassal.

Alciphron to Lucian.

Ep. 5. Lib. I.

How a Woman put a Trick upon her Husband who had surpriz'd ber at a public Entertainment, and made him glad to buy his Peace with her at any rate.

T'Other Day so merry an- Adventure hapned at our End of the Town, that I can't for the Heart of me forbear to send you a *short* Ac- count of it. We had a public Entertainment, you must know, in the Suburbs, to which *Charidemus* invited several of his *Friends*: Amongst the rest, there was a *certain Lady* (you'll ex- cuse me if I don't think it proper to give you her *Name*) whom that *Latitudinarian* of a Lover *Charidemus*, who flies boldly at all *Game*, meeting accidentally in the Street, as he was upon the *bunt*, must needs oblige to sup with him. After all the *Guests* were arriv'd, the *Master* of the *Feast* comes into the Room, spruc'd up as fine

fine as a *Lord*, and brought with him an old venerable Gentleman, who it seems was his Friend. Our *young Female* no sooner saw him come into the Room, but immediately she flew into the next *Apartment*, and sending for *Charidemus* to come to her ; Lord ! says she, what have you done ? You have utterly *ruined* me : That old Fellow you brought along with you is my *Husband*, the most jealous, ill-natured, yellow-pated *Dog*, that ever was known, and as *surly* and *peevish* as he is jealous ; he certainly *knew* me by my *Mantua* : for 'tis not a full Week since he gave it me ; and I perceived he kept his *Eyes* incessantly upon it, so that when he comes home, our House will be *untiled*, that's certain ; and if I escape with the *Loss* of a Leg or an Arm, I come off cheaper than I expect ; but after all, says she, perhaps *Ways* and *Means* may be found to put the *Doctor* upon the Old Prig : Be you therefore so kind as to send me out of hand a Plate-full of *Vituals* to my House, and I warrant you I'll manage my *Tyrant* rarely, and make him as *meek* as a Lamb before I have done with him. 'Twas no sooner propos'd, but agreed upon : so she took the shortest Cut to her

House, that she might get thither before her Ancient *Lord* and *Master*; and taking a Neighbour's Wife along with her, both of 'em laid their Heads together how they might best *dumfound* the jealous Coxcomb. They were hardly got within doors, but in comes Sir *Fumble* the *Cholerick*, roaring and swearing like a *Dragon*, and calling the Wife of his Bosom a thousand *Whores* and *Strumpets*. Well, you insatiable *Cockatrice*, says he, I'll put it out of your Power to abuse me or my Bed any longer: My *Eyes* are not so bad, but I knew you well enough to night by your *Mantua*; but I'm resolv'd to spoil your *Gadding* abroad for the future: With that he ran *furiouſly* towards his *Sword*, when the other Woman, who had retired into the next Chamber, *poppes* very *seasonably* into the Room: Neighbour, cries she, here is your *Mantua* again, and I give you a thousand Thanks for the Use of it. I was invited out to an Entertainment this Afternoon, which made me make so bold with you: And pray Madam, be so kind as to *accept* of something that I have brought you: with that she uncovers the Plate, and sets it before her. When our old *mufy Cuckold* saw thiſ,

the

the Sky clear'd up with him in a trice; his Suspicions vanish'd, his Jealousie was *non-plus'd*; nay, the Scene was so wonderfully chang'd, that from a haughty imperious *Tyrant*, he became the most *obsequious* Slave that might be. Dear Fubfee, cries he, I own I was in the wrong; but what shall I say? the best of us may be sometimes *mistaken*; truly, truly, I was *besides* my self; my Passion had made me as *blind* as a Beetle: But prithee dear Wife, lay a *Fine* upon me, and see it be a good *heavy Fine* too, a Necklace of Pearl, a new Gown and Petticoat, or some such matter; for I am resolved to *purchase* my Peace with thee, let it *cost* me what it will: But what a *Mercy* was it, my pretty *Pigsnyc*, that our Neighbour should come in so *luckily*, and thereby prevent the *Effusion* of my dear Spouse's *Blood*. Thus the old Gentleman *bumbled* himself before his Wife; and to show his *Gratitude* for this strange *Deliverance*, must needs go to *Church* immediately. His *pious* Wife made her best use of this *Opportunity*, sends for her *Gallant*, and *Cuckolds* her Husband, that now he might have Occasion to thank Heaven for somewhat.

Her-

Hermocrates to Euphorion.

Ep. 6. Lib. I.

The great Danger a Man runs of finding himself disappointed when he marries, confirmed by the Story of a young Girl, that began to trade for her self very soon.

To show you how soon the Women of this Age grow ripe, as likewise to deter you from committing Matrimony, till you have made a due Enquiry into all Matters, suffer me to entertain you with the following Story. A Gentleman's Daughter of my Accquaintance surpriz'd her Nurse the other Morning with the following Confession : Nurse, says she, if you will give me your Word, and Promise that you will never talk on't again, I have a Secret to impart to you which highly concerns me. The Nurse swore by all that was good and sacred, by the never-failing Brandy-Bottle, and the comfortable Sack-posset, that

that it should never go out of her Lips. Upon this, the young Girl blushing very prettily, to tell you the truth, Nurse, cries she, I have lost my *Maidenhead*. How, says the old Gentlewoman, have you parted with that precious *Treasure*? Upon that she tore her *Hair*, wrung her *Hands*, stamp'd the Ground with both Feet, and *lay'd on* as if she had been distract-ed. For God's sake, Nurse, says the young Gipsie, don't make such a *Noise*, lest the Folks in the House should over-hear us. You *promised*, did you not, to *keep* my Council? why then do you make all this *Pother*, as if you designed to *betray* me? And, Nurse, to let you see I am not so *guilty* as you take me, tho' I was ready to die for Love, yet I did not *surrender* up my *All* on the sudden; no, I disputed every Inch of *Ground* with my *Gallant*; but alas! I found all this *Strugling* was to little purpose; I was of twenty Minds in an Hour; and thus I *expostulated* with my self: Shall I *obey* the Dictates of *Love*, or bid *defiance* to him? Shall I consult my *Pleasure*, or preserve my *Reputation*? Both are in my *Power*. But alas! I find a VVoman has no Free-will in these Matters,

the

the *Bias* on Nature's side runs so strong; and *Honour* is an unequal Match for *Inclination* at any Hour of the *Day*, but especially of the *Night*. What help'd to *inflame* my *Passion*, was the very Opposition I made to it; so that having held out about a Month, it was not in the power of frail *Flesh* and *Blood* to sustain the Siege any longer. When she had done her Story, this is *lamentable* News, replied the old *Beldame*; You have dishonoured my *Grey Hairs*, and broke through all the wholesome *Admonitions* I have given you: But, Miss, since (as the Proverb has it) *What is once done, is never to be undone*; all the Advice I can give you at present, Miss, is to forbear this Pastime, Miss, for the time to come, till the *Holy Priest* has joyned you to some *Husband*, Miss, and then you may fall on a *God's Name*, and take your *Belly* full; for, mind me, Miss, should you do this *naughty* thing again with your *Spark*, ten to one, Miss, but your Apron-Strings would rise up to your *Chin*, and tell strange Tales of you; This would enrage your Father, break the Heart of your Mother, and expose you, Miss, to the

ma-

malicious Mirth of all the *Neighbour-hood*: But, Miss, I trust in Heaven, that before any thing of this *happens*, Providence will find out for you a good Pains-taking *Husband*; and I hope your Father has got your *Por-tion* ready to strike the first fair *Chapman* that bids for you. So then, Mother, cries the Girl, jumping and frisking about her, I have nothing more to fear, have I? No, cries the Nurse, for this bout, Miss, I hope you have nothing more to *fear*: And when you come to be *married*, Miss, leave *every* thing to my *Conduct*: for, Miss, do you see, I'll manage *Matters* so for you, that, Miss, though your Husband could see as far into a Mill-stone as the best *Philosopher* of them all; nay, though he were a *Man-midwife* and a *Conjurer* into the bargain, yet Miss, he should never sus-pect you: And if he has any Skill in these *Matters*, his very *Skill* shall help to cheat him. This virtuous *Dis-course* past between the old *Woman* and our young *Harlot* in a private *Arbour* in the Garden, and was *acci-dentally* over-heard by one of my Ser-vants. Judge then, my *worthy Friend*, what a cruel Risque we poor Men run, that venture into the *Terra incognita* of *Matri-*

mony; when our *Females* are debauched before they get into their *Teens*, and *know* Man almost as soon as they can tell their Right-hand from their Left: So that if the Age goes on after this wicked rate, as it has *begun*, a Man that is resolved to have a *Maidenhead*, must chuse his *Wife* out of the *Cradle*, or at best, be *content* to take her in a *Bib* and long *Coats*; but a word to the *Wife* is sufficient.

Eubu-

Eubulides to Sostratus.

Ep. 12. Lib. 2.

That 'tis Folly for a Man to marry a Woman beneath himself, out of hopes that she'll make a dutiful VVife, which is confirmed by an Instance to that purpose.

IT seems you are not convinced by what I said to you in our last *Conversation*; therefore I once more *affirm* it; and you may believe your *Friend*, who has found it to be so by woful *Experience*, that a *perverse froward VVoman* is never to be mended: even *Poverty*, that uses to humble the haughtiest *Tyrants*, cannot correct their *Insolence*, or make them tractable to their Husbands; of which sad Truth I am a living *Testimony*: for like a silly Blockhead as I was, I married a VVoman with not a Groat to her Portion, thinking I should live *easier* with one whom I preferr'd as it were from a *Dunghil* to my *Bed*, than with

with one that was more suitable to my *Quality* and *Estate*, who perhaps might presume upon her *Family* and the *Fortune* she brought me. I lov'd her, though a *Serving-maid*, with the truest Passion imaginable ; I was concerned to see so pretty a Creature undergo such vile *Drudgery* ; I pitied the Meanness of her Condition ; and as *Pity* easily improves into *Love*, (which was a piece of Natural *Philosophy* I then was unacquainted with) I pitied and pitied her still, till at last I fell up to the ears in love : Thought I to my self the *Duce* is in't if a VVoman, who has so many *Obligations* to her *Husband*, will not make the most dutiful Spouse in the Universe ; but I was lamentably mistaken in my *Polticks* ; for tho' she had scarce Cloaths to her Back, when I took her for better for worse ; yet now she is more insolent and ill-manner'd than if she had brought her weight in *Gold* with her. In short, the *Devil* can't match her for Envy, Malice and Ingratitude : Her Passion sometimes transports her so, that she threatens to drub my Jacket. 'Tis true, she has not as yet been so good as her word ; for which I may thank her *Fear*, and 'not her want

of Will : However, she pretends to controul and contradict me in *every thing*, and neither fears me as her *Husband*, nor respects me as her *Patron*. This, my dear Friend, is *all* the *Portion* I have had with her, though, now I think on't, I must do her the justice to own, that she brought a Gown with her, but so bepatcht and betattered, I'll warrant you, that it had been two hundred Years out of Fashion ; but now no Clothes are *good* enough for her ; and every other Week forsooth, she must have a *new* Gown and Petticoat, as if she studied all the *ways* in the World to *ruine* me, and bring me to a *Gaol*. Were my Estate ten times *greater* than it is, she would soon bring it to *nothing* by her boundless *Prodigality*. 'Tis to no purpose to tell her what will be the Effects of her *Vanity*. T'other Morning as she was *importuning* me upon the old score for a *New Gown*, my Dear, said I to her, Prithee do but behold this Coat of mine ; it has serv'd me a whole *Twelve-month*, and yet I can make a *shift* with it still ; in good faith you will undo me, if you go on after this rate. *Undo* you ? cries she to me so loud, that you might have

E heard

heard her a Mile off; You are *like* indeed to be undone by my *expensive* living: there's never a Woman in Town but goes *better* drest than my self, though their *Husbands* are nothing near so well able to bear it; And, Mr. *Thrifty*, how long do you think I have worn this *Mantua*? 'Tis about a Fortnight old, replied I: Look you thiere, cries this *Instrument* of Hell, as I hope for Salvation I have had it a full Month; but every thing I find is too good for your *loving* Wife. With that she fell a *roaring* and *crying*, as if she intended to exhaust all the radical Moisture in her *Body*. Now, what would you advise me to do in this Case? For my part, I see no other way left me but to belabour her Sides with a good *Oaken Cudgel* at parting, turn her out of *Doors*, and bid her make the *best* of her way to Hell, rather than she shall squander all I have, and send me to an Hospital. I know by Experience that the *more* a Man bears with an *imperious* Woman, the *more* she will *ride* him; and that a true *Scold* is no more to be cured than a Vicious Constitution, which turns the best *Aliments* into Poison: Therefore I

am

am resolved she shall *troop*, and be a *Thorn* in my Foot no longer. This is fully concluded between me and my self, *nemine contradicente*; and as for my *Dear Spouse*, she may travel with her Band-Box where-ever she pleases; and whether she *hangs* or *drowns* her self in her great Discretion, 'tis all one to

Your humble Servant.

E 2

Epi-

Epimenides to Arginota.

Ep. 17. Lib. 2.

A Letter of Gallantry to a married Woman.

I Protest, Madam, you advise one like any *Oracle* : Your *Exhortations* are the soberest things in the World, by the same token, I never *think* of them, but they wonderfully affect me. The last time I had the Honour of your *Company*, you were pleased to ask me when I intended to raise the *Siege*, and leave off *persecuting* you, adding, that you had an honest Man to your Husband, and would sooner *lose* your *Life*, and all that, than *violate* his Bed. After this, Madam, you *very discreetly* counselled me to fly the *Country*, lest he shiould find me *prowling* in his Territories, and cut my Throat for endeavouring to *fortifie* his Head. Now, Madam, as I hinted above, you have a most excellent Hand at *advising*,

sing, but you must give me leave to tell you that you were never in *love*, nay, that you never saw a *Lover* in your life: for your *Language* shews that you are a perfect *Stranger* to these Matters. You tell me that you have a *Husband*; why, what care I if there were a *thousand* of 'em; for then there would be so many the more to *Cuckold*? A true *Lover* is as great a *Stranger* to *Fear* as he is to *Modesty*. Break your Fan about his *Ears*; set your *Lap-dog*, *Squirrel* and *Monkey* all at once upon him; turn him out of *doors*; call him a hundred *saucy Fellows*, and fling your Chamber-pot at him; yet all this won't hinder him from making a second Attack: Fright him with a *Bully* of a Husband eight foot high; nay, set *Death* before his face, he'll *break* through all Difficulties, and sail against *Wind* and *Tide*, to arrive at his expected *Port*. *Venus* is infinitely more honoured by these noble *Resolutions*, than by all the Incense and Victims that her other Votaries present to her. So, Madam, you may save your self the trouble of giving me any more wholsome *Admonitions*; for, upon my word, they are not like to *edifie* with we. Having made

these Advances, I scorn to *listen* to the Suggestions of so treacherous a Privy-Counsellour as *Fear*; and have resolved either to take the Town by *Storm*, or else to die in the *Trenches*; or do something that's worse: You may *dissuade* me to the contrary, till your *Lungs* are tired; but my *Heart* whispers me to keep my ground; and for your sake I have bound my self by an *Oath*, either to fall in your *Quarrel*, or else to cure my *Love* by *marrying*: For I have been told that *Marriage* is as effectual a Cure for *Love*, as *Beheading* is for the *Tooth-ach*. But, Madam, I hope you'll not put me upon such cruel *Extremites*. In the mean time, Oh, thou most charming of all Women! don't entertain any such *wicked* Sentiments as to think that these are *Compliments* of course, and no better. You must be a rank *Infidel* to distrust me after so frank a *Declaration*: for, as I hope to be happy in your *Embraces*, my *Pen* is *Secretary* to my *Heart*, and writes nothing but what that *dictates* to it.

Farewell.

Ælia-

Aelianus to Calyca.

Ep. 1. Lib. 2.

A young Gentleman had fallen out with his Mistress; and a Friend of his endeavours in this Letter to re-establish him in her good Graces: and the better to bring it about, tells her that he shall bring his Pockets lined with Gold: which Argument they say, never yet failed with any Woman of any Age, Religion or Country whatsoever.

I have presumed to write you this Letter in behalf of my Friend Charidemus; and if my Eloquence could come up to the height of his Passion, I should not much doubt of carrying my Point with you. This young Gentleman has been long your Adorer; and unless you propose a speedy Cure to his Pain, I am afraid will not continue long in the Land of the Living. At present he is a walking Skeleton; and I leave it to you to consider what credit it will be for you

to send one, who is a *Ghost* already, to his Brethren below. For my part, I *daily* put it up in my *Prayers*, that Bloodshed may never be laid to your Charge ; and that so beautiful a Face as *yours* may never be indicted at Heaven's *Old-Baily* for Murther. You are *angry* with the Young Spark I know, and perhaps he has merited your Indignation : but if his *Youth* will not plead for his *past* Errours, yet remember he has done *Penance* enough by being *banned* your Company so long. As you are only *inferior* to the Goddess of *Beauty*, perhaps it may not be amiss for you to *try* to imitate her : 'Tis true she has her *Fire*, and carries her *Darts* about her; but her *Fire* is gentle, not devouring, and her *Darts* are reserved for those that despise, not for those that adore her. You are not content to set us on *fire* by your *Sight*, but wound us even with your *Absence*. Now where would the *harm* on't be, to *heal* the Wounded by a *kind* Glance, and to soften that *Flame*, which your *Cruelty* first kindled. So far Madam, I have talked to you in the Language of an *Interceder*; Now give me leave to say a Word or two to you

as

as an *Adviser*. I know indeed that it is no ill *Policy* for a Woman to make her *Lover* now and then smart by her *Disdain*; because it not only puts an *Edge* upon his *Appetite*, but keeps him in his *Duty*; but then there is danger in *carrying* this Point too "far": for as *Satiety* is apt to *cloy*, so too severe a *Treatment* generally disgusts him. Who knows too but it may make him bestow his *Applications* elsewhere, where he has a fairer Prospect of succeeding? *Cupid* comes and goes away in a Minute; where he hopes, there he settles his Quarters; make him *despair*, and he *abandons* 'em in an instant: For this reason a Lady that would *secure* her Lover to her self, ought to manage her Game *cautiously*; and altho' she is not inclined to grant him the last *Favours* as often as he demands them, to afford him at least so *slender* and so *cheap* a Diet as *Hope*. To deal plainly with you, Madam, several of your Sex have been laying out for my *Friend* already; and one that shall be nameless had *certainly* drawn him into her *Toyl*, if he had not *firmlly* resolved to forget all *VVomankind* for you. As for those *fluttering* Coxcombbs that make

love

love to all the *Females* they meet, and adore all Faces alike, you may receive them in what manner you think fit ; but a sincere Lover, like my Friend, ought to be used *sincerely*, and treated upon the square : Therefore, Madam, let me advise you to keep within due Bounds, lest you *crack* the Line by endeavouring to *stretch* it ; and let not your Discretion degenerate into *Pride*. You need not be informed what a Pleasure the VVorld takes to mortifie the *Haughty* : Besides, Delays in these matters are often prejudicial ; and the *Fruit* that tastes well when *newly* gathered from the Tree, loses all its delicious *Flavour* by being kept too long. Time spurs on *continually*, whether we employ it to our Advantage or no : and when old Age knocks at your door, your other Guests will leave you ; and 'tis a *sad*, but an *undeniable* Truth, that Love seldom or never survives the loss of *Beauty*. A VWoman is like a *Garden* ; while the *Verdure* lasts, and the *Flowers* are in perfection, VVhat can be more *agreeable* ? But when the *Spring* is once gone, the *Flowers* decay, and the Garden lies neglected. Thus it hap-

happens with a *Woman*; for when her *Shape* and *Charms* have left her in the *Lurch*, she must either keep at home, and be a *Magdalene* in her own *defence*, or resolve to be *laught* at if she peeps abroad. *Love* waits upon *Beauty*, as *Flatterers* do upon *Wealth*, and both *disappear*, when the attractive *Object* is gone. But, Madam, I forget whom I am a *talking* to all this while: for what need I make a long *Harangue* to one, who knows these Matters so much better than my self? Let me therefore conjure thee, O thou *Phænix* of thy Sex! to forget and forgive all former *Quarrels*; and let thy *Soul* that inhabits so fair a *Mansion*, be, if 'tis possible, more *charming* than thy *Body*. You see how a *Rose* withers upon the *Stalk*, if it is not gathered: I need not make any *Application*. Will you then be reconciled to your *Lover*? I am sure you will: For I know your *Breast* is capable of the most tender Impressions; and 'tis not in your temper to be cruel. Know then that I will wait upon you to morrow Night, and be Master of the Ceremonies to my young Gentleman, who shall bring with him

ftore

store of *Mediators* in his Pocket; I mean of *Broad-Pieces*: for between Friends, Madam, nothing is so *bearly* a Reconciler, or so effectual a *Pleader*, especially in the Affairs of *Love*, as a round Handful of *Gold*: Thus hoping you'll pass an *Act of Indemnity* for what is past, and put the best *Construction* upon the *present*, I remain

Your most obedient Servant.

Apol-

Apollogenes to Sofias.

Ep. II. Lib. 2.

Describes the uneasy Condition of a young Gentleman, who at the same time had a violent Passion for his Wife and his Mistress.

I Believe no young Fellow in the World, was ever in such Cursed Circumstances as I ; and were it possible for a Man to consult every Lover between Pole and Pole, I fancy they'd all own that mine is the hardest Case that ever was. I kept a Woman and lov'd her, but after a Month or two, grew weary of her, as 'tis the way of frail Mankind : Thought I to my self, I'll e'en leave off this foolish expensive course of Life, turn honest, like the rest of my Neighbours, and marry. I did so ; and married a VVoman of Virtue and Fortune ; and, in short, possess'd of all those good Qualities that can recommend one of her Sex. But tho'

I

I enjoy this Charming Bedfellow e-
very Night, my *Passion* for my old
Mistress burns still as *violently* as e-
ver ; and yet I desie any Man brea-
thing to *love* his *VVife* better than
I do. But here's the *mischief* on't ,
when I *possess* one, I cannot forbear
thinking of the *other* ; and thus when
I am in *company* with my *VVife*,
my wicked *Memory* conjures up the
Idea of my *Mistress* : And when I
am *circled* in my *Mistress*'s Arms,
some untoward *Dæmon* or other puts
my *Wife* into my Head. In fine,
my *Cafe* is like that of a *Pilot* at
Sea, who finds himself attack'd by
two *contrary* *VVinds* that struggle
for the *Sovereignty* of the Ocean, and
buffet his poor Vessel by turns most
unmercifully. You'll wonder perhaps
how I should be able at the same
time to harbour two *such* incom-
patible *Interests* in my Breast as a
VVife and a *Mistress* : But you may rest
assured, that what I have told you is
true ; and I could wish with all my
Soul, that as these two *Passions* make
a shift to subsist in my Heart with-
out *justling* out one another ; so my
Spouse and my *Miss* could be induced
to set up their Horses together, and
live

live *peaceably* under the same Roof, without any *Jealousie* or *Heart-burn-ing*. But this is a *Miracle* which I must never expect to see; for tho' a *Miss*, so long as you supply her with *Mo-ney*, cares not a farthing if you are concerned with a thousand other VVomen; yet that untractable craving Animal called a *VVife*, would sooner see you squander her *Fortune*, and plunder her of her Grandmother's *Jewels*, than let you pay the least *Sum* of *Love* into any *Exchequer* but her own.

A Letter of Monsieur de Balzac to Monsieur de la Motte Aigron.

The Argument.

The younger Pliny in one of his Epistles gives us a large Description of his Villa or Country-Seat at Laurentum; to which Monsieur Perrault opposes this of Balzac. Of both these Letters 'tis pleasantly enough said in the Apologie de Balzac, that the latter describes his House like an Orator, but Pliny like a Mason that had a mind to part with it to the next Customer.

WE had Yesterday one of those fine Days without a Sun, which, you say, resembles the pretty blind Lady, with whom Philip the Second was so much in love. To tell you the Truth, I never was so well pleased in my Life with being alone: and although the Place where I walked, was a large spacious Heath, which

which could be put to no fitter use than I know of, than to serve for a Stage for two jolly Armies to engage upon : Nevertheless that agreeable Shade which Heaven gave me on all sides , hindered me from desiring that of Grotto's and Forrests. 'Twas a general Peace from the highest Region of the Air, to the Surface of the Earth ; the VVater of the River seemed to be as standing as that of a Lake ; and if our Vessels that go to Sea, were always to find such a Calm there, as they could not escape, so they could not be destroyed in it. This I say on purpose to make you regret the losing so fine a Day in the City, and to tempt you to make a small Trip into the Country, to come and taste the Pleasures of the ancient Patriarchs, who quenched their Thirst with Fountain-water, and had no other Nourishment but that which fell from the Trees. VVe live here in a small Valley, shut up on every side with Mountains, from whose ancient Sides some Grains of that precious Metal still descend, of which the first Ages were made. VVhen VVar is busie in all the four Corners

of *France*, and within a hundred Paces, of this *enchanted Spot*, the whole Ground is covered with *Troops* of Soldiers; yet our *military* Squadrons by common Consent spare this humble *Sanctuary*; and the *Spring* which uses to *open* with Sieges of Towns, and other warlike Exploits; and which for these *twelve* Years last past has been *less* expected for the Change of the Seasons, than for that of *Affairs*, shews us nothing new but *Violets* and *Primroses*. Our People preserve themselves in their *Innocence*, neither by the *Fear*, of Laws nor by the *Study* of *Wisdom*. To do well, they only follow the simple Dictates of *Nature*, and receive more Advantage from their *Ignorance* of Vice, than we derive from our boasted *Knowledge* of Virtue; so that in this happy Kingdom of half a League in compass, we know not what it is to cheat, except it be the *Birds* and *Beasts*; and the vile Jargon of that *eternal Babler* the Law, is a Language full as *unknown* to us, as that of *America*, or any other new *World*, that has escaped the Avarice of *Ferdinand*, and the Ambition of *Isabella*. Those things that destroy Human Health, or offend

offend their Eyes, never had any Footing in this charming *Paradise*. We are troubled with no *Lizards* or *Snakes*; and we know no other *Reptiles* but our *Melons* and our *Strawberries*. I will not pretend to trouble you with the Description of a *House* which was never built according to the nice Rules of *Architecture*; and whose Materials are not altogether so precious as those of *Marble* or *Porphyry*. I will only tell you, that before our Gate there is a *Wood*, where at full Noon we have just *Day* enough to let us know that it is not *Night*, and to hinder all Colours from being *black*: so that between the *Obscurity* and the *Light*, there results an agreeable *Mixture* that cannot *injure* the *weakest* Eyes, and conceals the *Defects* of the most indifferent *Faces*. Our Trees are *green* to the very Root, as well with their own *Leaves*, as those of the *Ivy* that *embraces* 'em; and if they bear no *Fruit*, their Branches are full of *Turtles* and *Pheasants* all the Year round. From this delightful Place we come to a *Meadow*, where we tread upon *Tulips* and *Anemones*, which I purposely sowed among the

other *Flowers*, to confirm me in the Opinion I learnt abroad in my Travels, that the *French Women* are not so pretty as the *Foreigners*. I sometimes walk down to the *Valley*, which is the most retired part of my *Desert*, and which no Man ever *entred* before me. In this Place, which 'tis impossible almost to describe, I choose to contemplate upon my dearest *Recreations*, and to pass the *sweetest*, and most *innocent* Hours of my Life. The Water and the Trees between 'em always furnish us with something *cool* and *green*: The Swans, which formerly cover'd the whole River, have *retired* to this Place of *Security*, and live in a Canal, which *silences* the greatest *Talkers* as soon as they draw near it; upon the Sides whereof I am always happy, whether I am *cheerful* or *melancholy*: upon the least stay I make in this *delicious* Place, methinks I return to my primitive *Innocence*; my Desires, my Fears and, my Hopes leave me all on the sudden; all the *Motions* of my Soul stop in their full Career; and either I have no Passions at all, or if I have any, they are wholly at my Command. The *Sun*

af-

affords us enough of his heavenly Face, but does not *disturb* us with his *Heat*; the Place lies so low, that it can only receive the last Points of his Rays, which for this reason are so much the finer, and shine with a purer Light. But as it was I that first discovered this new Land, so I possess it without a Co-partner, and would not so much as let my own *Brother* divide the Sovereignty of it with me. As for *every* thing else, I have not a *Servant* who is not *Master* of it; every one takes his *Fill* of what he loves; and thus the time passes *merrily* on all sides; So that where ever I see the Corn *beaten* down to the Ground, or the Grass *levell'd*, I immediately conclude that neither *Wind* nor *Hail* did it, but a *Shepherd* and a *Shepherdess*. Let me go which way I please out of my House, and turn my Eyes towards any part of this agreeable Solitude, I still behold a Christal *Rivulet*, in which the *Beasts*, when they drink, behold the *Heavens* as clear as we do, and *enjoy* that Advantage, which otherwise Men would rob 'em of. But this pretty *Rivulet* is so much in love with this *pretty* Place, that it divides

it self into a thousand *Branches*, and makes an infinite Number of *Islands*, that it may longer *enjoy* the Pleasure of so *bewitching* a Prospect; and when it overflows its *Banks*, 'tis only to make the Year more *fertil*, and furnish us with its *Trouts* and *Pikes*, that much exceed the *Crocodiles* of the *Nile*, and the fabulous *Gold* of all the Rivers of the *Poets*. The great Cardinal of *Richelieu* sometimes comes down hither to taste a new sort of Happiness, and leaves behind him that severe *Vertue*, that *Pomp* which surprizes all the World, to take up *softer* Qualities, and a Majesty more *sedate*. This *mighty* Minister, whom *Heaven* has chosen for its *Instrument*, to perform so many great *Exploits*, and who is never out of my Thoughts, after he had lost a *Brother* so well accomplished, that if he might have chosen one out of all Mankind, he could not have made a *happier* Choice; I say, after he had suffered a *Loss* which *deserved* the Tears of the *Queen*, he came down hither to find *Satisfaction*, and receive from God's own Hands, who loves *Silence* and inhabits *Solitude*, that Relief which is not to be found in

in the Systems of *Philosophy*, and the Tumult of the *World*. I could bring other *Examples* to convince you that my *Desert* has been visited in all times by illustrious *Hermites*, and that the Footsteps of *Princes* and great *Noblemen* are still fresh in my Walks : But for my concluding Invitation, I need only tell you that *Virgil* and I expect you here ; and that if you'll bring down your *Muses* and your *Papers* with you, we need not trouble ourselves with the Intrigues of the *Court*, or the Confusions of *Germany*. Let me die if any thing can be finer than your Writings, and if the least Paragraph of the Book you shewed me does not infinitely exceed all *Frankfort* Fair ; and those unwieldy Volumes we receive from the *North*, to which we are indebted for the above-mention'd bulky *Blessings*, as well as Frost and Snow. I know indeed that the famous *President de Thou*, who was as nice a Judge of the *Roman Eloquence*, as he was of the Characters and Qualities of Men, had a mighty Opinion of the Writers of those Countries : but for my part I cannot imagine what should

make him so much in love with a People, whose *Wit* is cast in so *different* a *Mould* from his own, and who have not the least *relish* of the *Latin Purity*, which you endeavour to copy with so scrupulous a Care, and so exact a Niceness. I don't doubt but that you will shew these *Northern Gentlemen*, as likewise those Pretenders on the other side of the *Mountains*, who fondly think that all but the *Italians* are meer *Laplanders*, after what manner Men talked in *Augustus's Age*, when Learning and Eloquence were at the height, and before the *Roman Palates* came to be debauch'd. Besides that *Propriety* of Words, and *Chastity* of Stile, which gives so much *Perspicuity* to every thing you write; it must farther be owned, that your *Thoughts* are so *bold* and *free*, that one would almost swear, that the ancient Republic of *Rome* spoke the very same, when she commanded the whole Universe; and that the *Senate* used the same Language in the *Injunctions* they laid upon Kings, and the *Answers* they sent to all the Nations of the *Earth*. But we will talk more of this when you

you come to my Habitation, where I long to see you, and where, for the *Flowers*, the *Fruits*, and the delicious Shade I am preparing for you, I expect you will bring me all the Riches of *Art* and *Nature*. To use the Expression of my Lord Cardinal *d'Offat*, I give you a good Night; but must make bold to tell you, that if you look out for any sorry shifting Excuses to hinder your coming down to see me, I am resolved to be no longer

Your most humble Servant,

Balzac.

A

A Letter of Monsieur Balzac to Cardinal de Richelieu.

The Argument.

Balzac here thanks his Eminence for condescending to write a Letter to him, wherein he was pleased to express himself in favour of his Works.

As I have already observed, Perrault opposes this Letter to that of Cicero to Lucceius; but with what Justice the Reader will easily discover.

My Lord,

THE Letter you did me the honour to write to me, has done me as much Credit, as if the Public had erected a thousand Statues to me, and I had been assured from some infallible Authority that my Writings deserved Commendation. To be praised by the *Man*, whom our Age opposes to all *Antiquity*, and whom *Heaven* may safely

safely trust with the *Government* of this Sublunary World, is a Happiness which I could not have *wish'd* without Presumption ; so that I can scarce resolve my self as yet, whether 'tis a *Reality*, or only an *Illusion* of my *Fancy* ; But if it be *true* that my *Eyes* don't deceive me ; and if it be likewise *true*, that you have pass'd your Judgment in my *favour* ; you, who have been chosen by all *France* to carry her *Petitions* and *Prayers* to the King, and by the King to carry his *Dispatches* and *Orders* to his *Armies* and *Cities* : I must own to you, my Lord, that you have overpaid me before-hand for all the Services I shall ever be capable of doing you ; and I should be the most ungrateful *Creature* upon Earth, if after I have received so *distinguishing* a Favour, I should pretend to complain of my Fortune. And indeed, since the Preferments and Honours of *this* World are, generally speaking, either the Inheritance of *Folly*, or the Recompence of *Vice* ; and *Vertue* is forc'd to content it self with bare *Esteem* and airy *Praises*, ought I not to think my self fully rewarded, I who have received from your Goodness, that which our greatest *Generals*, when they come home attended with

Con-

Conquests, can hardly hope for? In short, when I have every thing which your *Eminence* might expect for your great and immortal *Actions*, if there were another *Cardinal de Richelieu* to reward you for them. But, my Lord, this last is a *Happiness* which will always be wanting to your *Glory*; so that after you have appeased the Fury of an enraged *Multitude* by your single Presence; after you have perswaded the *European* World by the force of your Arguments, to carry their Arms to the *Holy-land*, and deliver from Servitude that Country which had the Honour to behold our Saviour's *Cradle*: After you have brought over to the *Church* an entire *Body* of People, as well by the *Authority* of your *Example*, as that of your *Doctrine*; who is it that can pay to your Merits that *Incence* as they deserve; or where can you find any one to relate the *Miracles* of your Life, as I have done, to encourage my *poor* Studies, and small Performances? This gives me a Satisfaction which I cannot conceal; and my *Joy* is too just to be secret. Is it possible that so great a Genius, to which *Heaven* has prescribed no *Bounds*, and which was ordained from its very *Youth*, to perswade Kings,

Kings, to instruct *Ambassadors*, and teach the *Statesmen* of four succeeding Reigns; is it possible, I say, that so great a Genius should have an *Esteem* for me? in whose Esteem his very *Enemies* agree; and who, where he is pleased to bestow his *Approval*, effaces all Diversity of Opinions? If so inconsiderable a Man as I am, pretended to disturb the Kingdom, I should strive to ingratiate my self with the Male-Contents; and if I designed to make a Figure in a *popular State*, I should find my self obliged to *court* the good Opinion of all sorts of *People*. But, my Lord, give me leave to tell you, that I never took any Delight in Confusion and Disorder; and that it has been always my Ambition to please a few Persons, and those too of the most *exquisite Judgment*. Since you have been pleased to declare your self in my favour, and have brought over the better part of the *Court* to your side, I am not at all concerned at what the rest of the *World* think of me, but leave 'em like so many *Turks* and *Infidels*, who make up by far the *greatest* part of Mankind, to go on in their *Errors*. But, my Lord, I have the

Vanity to believe, that there is not in all *France* one Man so well *conceited* of himself, or so fondly addicted to his own Opinion, but will be convinced that I am not altogether without *Merit*, since your *Eminence* has vouchsafed to write me so obliging a *Letter*; and will readily acquiesce in so *Authentic* a Testimony. If it is certain that even the *Truth* it self would not be able to keep the Field against you, I make no question, but where these two *concur*, the Judgment they pass will be owned and approved by all the World. Thus, my Lord, I repose my self safely on this *Foundation*: And whatever Enemies the Reputation you have *bestowed* upon me, has created me, yet when I consider who you are, and what an *Influence* you have upon all that know you, I am not in the least apprehensive of carrying my *Cause*, since you been pleased to espouse it. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble

and most obedient Servant,

BALZAC.

A

A Panegyric upon Cardinal de Richelieu, in a Letter of Monsieur de Voitrep

The Argument.

Monsieur Perrault in his above-mention'd Paralelle opposes this Letter to Pliny's famous Panegyric upon Trajan. I must confess 'tis very handsomely written ; but I believe that none but so great a Bigot for his Country as Perrault, would have ventured to make the Comparison.

I am not one of those, as you would seem to *insinuate*, that love to improve all my Lord Cardinal's Actions into Miracles, and carry his Praises beyond their due *bounds*; and while they would make the World believe well of him, sacrifice all regard to Credibility. On the other hand, I am not of that base detracting temper, as to hate a Man meerly because he

he is above the rest of the World ; neither will I suffer my self to be carried away by popular Pre-possessions, which, I know, generally speaking, to be unjust. I consider him with an unprejudiced Judgment, where Passion has nothing to do on *one* side or the other ; and I behold him with the same Eyes, with which *Posterity* will behold him. And certainly two hundred years hence, when those who look upon him after us, shall read in our History, that the Great *Cardinal de Richelieu* demolish'd *Rochel*, confounded the *Heretics*, and by one single Blow took thirty or forty of their Cities all at once ; when they shall come to find that in the time of his *Ministry* the *English* were beaten and repuls'd, *Pignerol* conquer'd, *Casall* relieved, *Lorraine* joined to our Crown, the greatest part of *Alsatia* reduced under our Subjection, the *Spaniards* defeated at *Veillane* and *Avein* ; I say, when they shall find that while he presided over our Affairs, *France* had not one Neighbour, over whom she did not gain some important Victory or Town : If they have the least Drop of *French* Blood in their Veins, and any love for the Honour of their Country, can they read

read these things without having a great *Affection* for him? Do you think they will *love* or *esteem* him the less, because in his time the *Payments* of the Town-Hall came in somewhat of the *slowest*; or because some new *Offices* were erected? *Great* things cannot be done without a great *Expence*; and to *cramp* 'em for want of *Money*, is to maim their Execution: But if we are to look upon a Kingdom as immortal, and to consider the *Advantages* it will reap in *future Ages*, as if they were actually *present*; let us compute how many *Millions* this Man, whom they pretend to have ruin'd *France*, has saved her by the bare taking of *Rochel*; which Town two thousand years hence, in all the *Minorities* of our Kings, upon every Discontent of the Nobility, and upon all Occasions of revolting, would most certainly have *rebelled*, and oblig'd us to a perpetual *Expence*. Our Kingdom had only *two* Enemies to fear, the *Hugonots* and the *Spaniards*. My Lord *Cardinal* no sooner entred upon Affairs, but he immediately resolved to ruine both. Was it possible for him to form more *glorious* or more *advantageous* Designs? He

G has

has happily effected the one, but has not compleated the other. However, if he had fail'd in his first Design, those that now *cry out* that it was a rash unreasonable *Resolution* to pretend to attack and humble the *Power of Spain*; and that *Experience* had sufficiently shewn it; yet would they not have been as forward to *condemn* his Design of ruining the *Hugonots*? would they not have told us, that he ought not to have *embarked* in an Enterprize, where Francis II. in * three of our Kings had successively Henry III. [†] *miscarried*; and which the † late King did not so much as think of? And would they not have concluded as *falsly* as they do in this other Affair, that the thing was not *feasable*, meerly because it was not already done? But let us consider, I beseech you, whether 'twas his or *Fortune's* fault, that he has not as yet *accomplished* this Design: Let us see what *Method* he took to effect it, and what *Engines* he set on work: Let us examine whether he has *fail'd* much of felling that mighty *Tree*, the House of *Austria*; and has not shaken the very *Root* of that *Trunk*, whose two Branches covered the *North* and the *West*, and over

vershadow'd the rest of the Earth. He went as far as the Northern Pole to find out that * *Hero*, who seemed predesti- *He means* nated to lay the Axe to it, and bring ^{Gustavus} it to the *Ground*. It was his *Address*, ^{Adolphus,} joyn'd with this *Thunder*, which fill'd all *Germany* with Fire and Desolation, whose Noise was heard by all the *World*; but when this *Tempest* was dispersed, and Fortune had turned away the impending *Blow*; did he stop short in his Course, or cease his *De-signs* for this? and did not he bring the *Empire* lower than it had been by the Losses of the Battle of *Leipsic*, and that of *Lutzen*? His *Dexterity* and good *Conduct* raised us all on a sudden, an Army of forty thousand Men in the Heart of *Germany*, with a *General* at the Head of 'em, who was Master of all the great *Qualities* that are necessary to bring about a Revolution in any State. If the King of *Sweden* threw himself farther into danger than became a *Person* of his Design and Rank; and if the Duke of *Fridlandt*, by over-delaying his *Enterprize*, suffered it to take Air and be discovered, was it possible for the *Cardinal* either to charm the Bullet, which

kill'd the former in the midst of his Victory; or render the latter *impene-trable* to the Blows of a *Partisan*? And if after this *dismal* Blow, to compleat the Ruine of our *Affairs*, the *Generals*, who commanded the Armies of our *Allies* before *Norlingen*, gave Battle at an ^{an}unseasonable time; was it possible for the *Cardinal*, who was above *two thousand* Leagues from the Spot, to change this Resolution, and stop the unadvised *Rashness* of those, who for an *Empire* that would have been the certain Price of a Victory, would not stay *three* days longer? Thus, you see, it was impossible to save the House of *Austria*, and hinder the Execution of the *Cardinal's* Designs, which some People pretend were so *rash*, had not *Fortune* wrought three surprizing Miracles; that is to say, three great *Events*, which, in all Probability, would never happen; I mean, the Death of the King of *Sweden*, that of the Duke of *Fridlandt*, and the Loss of the Battle of *Norlingen*. You will tell me he has no reason to complain of Fortune, for crossing him in this, since she had served him so faithfully in all his other *Designs*; since she put Places into

into his *Hands*, without so much as laying Siege to 'em ; since, by her favour he commanded Armies successfully without the least *Experience* to direct him ; since she *conducted* him always as it were by the hand, brought him safe out of the greatest Precipices, upon which he had thrown himself, and made him frequently appear *bold*, *wise*, and *foreseeing*, without any Merit on his side : Let us therefore behold him in his evil *Fortune*, and examine if even then he shewed less *Boldness*, *Wisdom* and *Foresight*. Our Affairs were in no very good Posture in *Italy* ; and, as it is the Destiny of *France* to gain Battles and lose their Armies, ours was exceedingly *diminished* ever since the last Victory we had gained over the *Spaniards*. We had not much *better* luck before *Dole*, where the length of the Siege made us apprehend its ill Success, when we received advice that the Enemy had entred *Picardy*, that they had at the first Onset taken *Cappelle*, *Castelet*, and *Corbie* ; and that these three Places, which ought to have stopt 'em so many Months, scarce held 'em eight Days. All was in Fire and Ashes, to the Banks of the

River Oise : We might behold from our Suburbs the Smoak of the Villages, which the Enemy had burnt : All the World was *alarm'd* at this sudden Progress ; and the Capital City of our Kingdom was in the highest Consternation. In the midst of these Calamities Advice came from *Burgundy*, that the Siege of *Dole* was raised ; and from *Xaintoigne*, that fifty thousand Peasants were up in Arms ; and that 'twas fear'd the *Infection* would soon spread it self in *Poitou* and *Guierne* : Ill News came pouring upon us from all Parts ; The whole Face of Heaven was overcast : The *Tempest* invaded us on every side ; and we had not the least Prospect of good fortune to support us in these *Extremities* : We could not see Day through the least Hole. But in all this Darkness did the *Cardinal* see less clear than at other times ? Did he lose either his *Judgment* or *Resolution* ? and, during this Tempest, did he not always keep his *Rudder* in one hand, and his *Compass* in the other ? Did he call out for the *Long-boat* to save himself ? and, if the great Vessel which he steer'd, was destin'd to be cast away, did he not show that he was

was the *first* Man that resolv'd to perish ? Was it Fortune that deliver'd him out of this *Labyrinth*, or his own *Prudence* and *Magnanimity* ? Our Enemies were within fifteen Leagues of *Paris*, and his were in the Town ; He receiv'd daily Advice, that *Cabals* were held and *Designs* form'd to ruin him : *France* and *Spain* were, if I may so express my self, join'd in a *Conspiracy* against him alone. Now, amidst all these threatening *Concurrences*, in so dreadful and black a *Conjunction*, how did this Man look, who, they pretended would be cast down upon the least ill Success ? and who, as they gave out, had fortified *Havre-de-Graee*, on purpose to make it a Place of *Retreat* in case of any *Disaster* ? He does not go one Step backward for all this : He is taken up with the Dangers of the State and not his own : And all the Alteration we could observe in him at this time, was, that whereas he never us'd to go abroad without two hundred Guards before, he now walk'd out every Day, only attended by *five* or *six* Gentlemen. All the World must own, that an *Adversity* supported by so good a *Grace*, and with so much *Bravery*, is much to

104 SELECT LETTERS

be preferr'd even to *Victory* and *Prosperity* it self. He did not appear to me so great and victorious, even when he made his Entry into *Rochel*, as then ; and the daily Visits he made to the *Arsenal*, were, in my Opinion, more glorious to him, than his famous *Expedition* on the other side the Mountains, when he took *Pignerol* and *Susa* : Therefore let me conjure you to open your Eyes, and to prepare you for beholding so bright an Object , lay aside your *Aversion* to the Man, who is so happy in revenging himself on his *Enemies* ; and cease to wish ill to him, who knows to turn it to his Glory, by behaving himself so undauntedly under it. Leave your Party, before they leave you, as a *great* part of his *Enemies* have done, that were converted by the last *Miracle* they saw him perform. If the *War* comes to be concluded, as there is reason to hope it will, he'll soon find a Way to gain the rest over to his Side. Being so wise as he is, he must certainly know after so much Experience what is best for us, and will turn all his Designs to make us the most Flourishing People.

ple in the World, after he has made us the most *formidable*. He will content himself with an Ambition which is to be preferred before all others, and is practised but by few; I mean to make himself the best and most beloved Man in the Kingdom, and not the greatest and most feared: He knows that the most Noble and most Lasting Conquests are those of *Hearts* and *Affections*; that *Laurrels* are barren *Plants* that afford us nothing more than *Shade*, and are not to be compar'd with the *Harvest* and *Fruits* with which *Peace* is crown'd. He *considers*, that it is nothing near so *Meritorious* to enlarge the Limits of a Kingdom a *Hundred* Leagues, and better; as to *lessen* our Taxes Twelve-pence in the Pound; and that there is less *Grandeur* and real *Glory* in defeating an Hundred Thousand Men, than leaving Twenty Millions in their Ease and Security.

Thus this *mighty* Genius, which has hitherto been solely *employ'd* in contriving and raising Funds for the Support of the War, in raising Recruits, taking Cities and gaining Battles

• 06 SELECT LETTERS

tles, will for the future wholly busie himself in establishing *Peace, Wealth* and *Plenty*. The same Head which was deliver'd of a *Pallas* in Armour, will shew us the Goddess with her *Olive-Tree*, peaceable, gentle, and learned, accompanied with all those Arts which *generally* march along with her. He will publish no more new *Edicts*, but such as may serve to restrain *Luxury*, and promote *Trade*. Those great *Vessels* that were built to carry our *Arms* beyond the *Straits*, shall for the future only *conduct* our Merchant-men, and keep the Sea open : And we shall have no more War, but with the *Algerines*. Then the Enemies of my Lord *Cardinal* shail not be able to speak, as hitherto they have not been able to *act* against him : Then the Citizens of *Paris* shall be his Guards, and he will be convinc'd how much more *pleasing* and *satisfactory* it is to hear his *Praises* in the Mouth of the People, than in that of the Poets. But I beseech you not to keep out till this happens ; and stay not to be his Friend, till you are forc'd to be so ; but if You are resolv'd to per-

persist in your Opinion, I shall not pretend to use any *Violence* to make you leave it. However, be not so *Unjust*, as to take it ill that I have defended my own, and I *freely* promise you to read over whatever You think fit to write to me by way of Answer, when the *Spaniards* have re-taken Corbie.

I am

Your most obedient Servant,

Voiture.

Select

Select Letters

UPON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Written by the Famous *Monsieur de Fontenelle*, under the feign'd Name of the Chevalier *d'Her* ***

LETTER I.

To *Monsieur de T—*

About a cross young Devil of a Wife that would not let her Husband have any thing to do with her on the first Night of their Marriage.

YOU are desirous to know what hapned at my Neice's Marriage; and having an intire Confidence in your Friendship, I shall make no Scruple to acquaint you with the Seerets of our Family. You must know

know then that we are in the strangest Confusion imaginable ; and when the *Storm* will be over, a greater Conjurer than my self must resolve you. That Young *Fury* my Neice has a mortal Aversion to her *Husband*, and wou'd not suffer him upon the Wedding *Night* to perform the usual Duties of Matrimony. We that knew nothing of what had pass'd between them, accosted the *Bridegroom* next Morning with the common Questions ; asking him how many *Fingers* he cou'd shew, and how often he had trespass'd upon Madam's *Patience*. He on his side receiv'd us very coldly ; whereas the young Slut never look'd so *gay* and *pleasant* in her Life. I could not imagine what should be the meaning of it, unless it were that the *Bridegroom*'s Conscience privately *reproach'd* him for having given very slender Proofs of his *Manhood* the Night before, and his Wife *insulted* him for it ; tho' at the same time I consider'd, that if the *Cafe* were so, his Spouse, in all Probability, would not be so *merry* : For what Woman, that has all her Fortune lodg'd in a *Goldsmith*'s Hands, would rejoice

joice to hear he was a *Bankrupt*? But in Truth, I was far from divining the true Reason of her *Gayety*, which proceeded from the Pleasure she took in having punish'd her Husband the Night before. Since her *Friends* wou'd force her to marry against her *Inclinations*, she's resolv'd, by what I can find, to make her self some amends for it, by playing the *Tyrant* to her *Spouse*; and the Success of her *Revenge*, which is Meat, Drink, and Cloth to a true *Woman*, has given her that Air and Vivacity, that she looks ten times *prettier* than ever. My Sister, who, you must know, is a very devout *Woman* in her Temper, is almost at her Wits end, to see her *Daughter* in so a fair way to damn her self. And what is worse, to *damn* her self for a *Sin*, which perhaps not one *married Woman* since the Creation was ever *guilty* of. For this Reason she sent for some of the most *Learned* and *Able Divines* in *Paris*, to come and try what they could do with her; who very *piously* advis'd her to discharge the *Duties* of a Wife, as she was in Conscience bound, and quoted a thousand *Passages* out of *Fathers* and

Coun-

out of Monsieur Fontenelle.

Councils, out of the Civil and Canon Law, to prove that she must obey her *Husband in omnibus iustis & honestis*, and not refuse him the *Use* of his own : But this silly Baggage answer'd 'em very pertly, that for her part, she would neither be govern'd by *Fathers* nor *Councils*; for what Authority had they to controul her? and endeavour'd to justifie her *Rebellion* with such foolish idle *Arguments*, that our worthy *Clergymen* could hardly keep their solemn Countenances. When their Learn'd *Remonstrances* were over, in came her *Husband*, who by his obliging Behaviour and tender *Embraces*, try'd to put her in a better Humour; but she was equally Proof against all these different *Attacks*, and minded him no more than she did the Gentlemen in Black. I *expected* indeed that the *Parsons* would soon conquer her *Obstinacy*; because a Woman is easily persuaded to be complaisant to her *Body* when she is told that 'tis for the Health of her *Soul*; but as for her *Husband*, I never thought he wou'd advance a Step by any thing he could say, or do to her. In truth, he is so woful a Figure,

gure, that although our *Spiritual Guides* had stagger'd her in this Foolish Resolution, yet the very sight of him was enough to confirm her in her *Contumacy*. However, I must do him the Justice as to own, that he *omits* nothing that may help to *reconcile* him to his Wife, and make him appear *lovely* in her *Eyes*. The Perfumer and the Taylor, the Embroiderer and the Semstress, have taken a World of Pains to set off his Person; but as I told you before, his *Person* is so incorrigible that no Art can amend it. So that, to deal plainly with you, nothing gives me any Hopes in this Affair, but the Bridegroom's *Resolution*; who is not a jot discourag'd; But, upon second Thoughts, I very much question whether the *Constancy* of a *Married Man* will hold out so long as that of a *Lover*. For that very thing, wherein he seems to have the Advantage of the *Latter*, I mean, the *Right* he has to obtain what he desires, produces the quite contrary Effect: and is so far from helping him forward, that it proves a Rub in his way. As the World goes at present, a Man

sooner

sooner comes at what is *forbidden* him, than what he may *challenge* as his due: And after all, I'll appeal to you, whether it would not be better for this poor Husband to be ingag'd in a short Skirmish of an *Intrigue* which is soon over, than to be only Titular Master of a *Citadel*, which tho' it owns his *Sovereignty*, refuses to open its Gates to him.

LETTER II.

To the same.

By what means the aforesaid young Lady was at last brought to be complaisant to her Husband.

TIS a Concatenation of *Merry Adventures* this *Marriage* of my Neice: She has been of late strangely indispos'd with the Vapours, which made her see very dreadful Visions, as Deaths - Heads, Winding-Sheets, Church-yards, and the like terrible Apparitions. All the Physicians she consulted, unanimously pre-
H scribed

scribed her Husband to her. At first she could not bear the mention of this *Prescription*, and told the *Doctors* flat and plain, that they must find out some other *Remedy* for her. We then represented to the young Fool, that nothing but her Husband could cure her; that tho' the *Physick* he administered to her, would grieve her a little at first, yet it would go off in a Minute; that it would throw her into a fine *breathing Sweat*, and afterwards into the most delicious *Slumber* that could be. As for me, I offer'd her all the *Duties* and *Services* of a *Lover*, after she had try'd her *Husband*, in order to put the *nauseous Relish* of *Matrimony* out of her Mouth, as it is the Custom, you know, to take a little *Spoonful* of Sugar after *Pills*, to make one lose the *Taste* of 'em. As her *Vapours* still grew upon her, they help'd to fortifie our Arguments: So at last, after two Months holding out, the *Castle* surrender'd, and the Marriage Rites were consummated. It went a little against the *Grain* with our Husband to be taken like a Dose of *Calomel* or *Jalap* by the *Doctors* Direction: But what, I should

should think, he ought to take much nearer to Heart, he has been too *profuse* of his *Remedy*; and his *Wife's* Vapours have *gone off* too soon; so that now he is afraid that he shall be no longer *necessary* to her; and I fancy, enquir'd of a *Physician* t'other day, whether there was not some *Secret* to give the Vapours to Persons that had 'em not. I will take care to inform my self better of this Affair. As for the *Young Gentlewoman*, she is concerned too, but 'tis because her *Distemper* has left her so soon; and, in my Conscience, would not complain if it *visited* her again, to see whether her Husband's *Receit* is infallible. It cannot but afflict her too to find her good Man triumph upon the *Success* of his Medicine; and value himself as an *important Person*: And indeed, of all the *frightful Visions*, she has seen, nothing *haunts* her at present but her Domestick *Lord* and *Sovereign*, who, to her great Misfortune, sticks closer to her than her Vapours; and is harder to be dislodg'd. During the time, that she kept off her Husband at Arms length, and bid *open Defiance* to him, she had the Curiosity to go to an *Italian Astro-*

loger to consult him about her Fortune; and the Oracle, by our Management, answer'd her, that she should be the *Mother* of several Children, but gave her not the *least* Encouragement of ever seeing her self a *Widow*. This Prediction was somewhat *miraculous*, considering how Matters stood with her at that time; for how could she expect any *Harvest*, while she suffer'd her Ground to lie *untill'd*? But as Women are naturally *superstitious* and easie of *Belief*, Sir Sidrophel soon perswaded her that this was her *Destiny*. Thus, partly out of *Obedience* to the Stars, which foretold that she should have store of *Children*, and partly out of Fear of lying alone, when the *Death's Heads* and other *frightful Apparitions* came to visit her; my *Neice* has with great Difficulty been prevail'd upon to comply with that, which she ought to have submitted to out of *Duty*.

Letter III.

To Madam —

How a young Gentleman that had tried all other Methods unsuccessfully, frightened his Mistress to comply with him, by threatening to starve himself in her Closet.

YOU will excuse me, Madam, if I have made bold to send you a short Account of a remarkable Accident which lately hapen'd in these Parts of the World ; and for the Truth of which, I dare pawn my Reputation to you. It will give you a wholesome Testimony of the Power of Love, and serve to instruct you, that when a Lover is once positively resolved to gain his Point, the best thing a Woman can do, is to strike up a Bargain with him, and lose no more time in Capitulating.

118 SELECT LETTERS

Monsieur —— had courted a *Lady* two Years, but was so unfortunate as not to make the least *Progress* in her Affection. All his *Services*, his *Cares*, his *Respects*, his *Complaints*; in short, all his *Tears* and *Protestations*, had prov'd unsuccessful. One Day, happening to be *alone* with her in her *Closet*, he fairly and plainly told her, that since nothing was capable of touching her, he was *fully resolved to die*, and put an *end* to his *Pains*. This Discourse, I must confess, had nothing that was *singular* in it : For a thousand Men have threatned to *dispatch* themselves that never *intended* it ; but what follows, you'll own to be very *particular* : *And to the end, Madam*, says he, *that you may fully enjoy my Death, and have the Satisfaction to see it steal upon me by degrees, I am resolved to die of Hunger here in your Closet.* With that, he flung himself upon the Floor, resolving to put his Design in Execution from that very *Moment*. The young *Lady* only *laughed* at him, and *left* him there, making no question but that he would be gone in less than a quarter of an Hour. In the mean time the *Evening* ap-

approach'd ; yet our Trusty Lover still continu'd in the *Closet*. She came to see him, and ask'd him whether his *Brains* were not grown *addle*, and whether he intended to take up his *Quarters* there. To both which Questions our Gentleman made no manner of *Reply* ; so that the Lady was obliged to leave him. In short , the Night pass'd, and next *Morning* the Lady came very early to *advise* him to lay aside this foolish *Resolution* ; but all she could get from him, was, *Madam, I have already done my self the Honour to acquaint you with my last Intentions.* Having said this, he look'd *languishingly* upon her, fetch'd a deep *Sigh*, and turned his Head the other way. On the *Third Day*, our Lady, more perplex'd than ever, brought him something to eat with her own Hands. 'Tis impossible to tell you with what a *scornful* Look he beheld it : He appear'd in this short time to be considerably *weakned* ; his Eyes look'd *dead* and *heavy*, his Complexion *pale*, and there seem'd to be something *wild* and *distraughted* in his Looks. The fourth Day, no sooner arriv'd, but our Lady began seriously and gravely to consider what

a cruel Scandal this would be to her, if she did not take care to *prevent* it. How ! a Man die in my *Closet*, kill'd by *Despair*, kill'd by *Hunger* ! I am utterly *undone* if I don't hinder it. What *malicious* Stories will the Neighbourhood raise of me, if this should happen ? Perhaps by this time too *Love* had gain'd some Ground upon her Heart ; and I am apt to believe for my part, that *Love* work'd as powerfully with her as the *Fear* of Scandal. However it was, she resolv'd to go and argue the Matter with him ; and after a long *Exhortation*, which he did not seem to *understand*, because he was in a manner *dead* ; she told him, that since all the Arguments she had offer'd to him, could not *get* him out of her *Closet*, she was willing to let him go out upon his own *Conditions* : With this, our poor *Lover* cast an amorous Look at her ; and ask'd her whether what he heard was *true*, or only an *Illusion* of his Senses. She satisfied him that all was *true* ; when immediately Life return'd to him ; and not only *Life*, but a surprizing *Vigour*, which enabl'd him to pay off part of his Debt to Madam before ever he stirr'd

stirr'd out of the *Closet*. Never did *Lover* make a more honorable *Retreat*, that's certain : In all probability, our Lady was mightily pleas'd with her own *Charms*, since they had *Efficacy* enough to perform so *miraculous* a *Cure* ; and I don't doubt but in Reality they had a good Share in the *Miracle* : But then 'tis as true, that they ought not wholly to assume it to themselves ; but to *divide* the Glory of it with a cold *Neat's-Tongue*, a Roll of *Bread*, and a good Bottle of *Wine*, which our Lover had dexterously convey'd under a *Couch* which was in the *Closet* ; for you must know, that foreseeing he was to die, he had taken care, like a good *Christian* as he was, to make some *Preparation* for it before-hand. And now, Madam, methinks I see your Ladyship *striking* your Fann against the *Table*, and crying, Was there ever such a horrid Piece of *Treachery* acted ? What will this wicked Age come to ? And yet, Madam, I must take the *Freedom* to tell you, that I look upon that *Woman* to be happy, *exceeding* happy, who has a *Lover* that can cheat her so ingen-

geniously : For, in the first place, she has the Honour of having done all that can be requir'd from a Lady of the most rigid *Vertue*; and, Secondly and lastly, she has the Pleasure of finding her *Appetite* gratify'd without the least Injury to her *Honour*. I dare engage that our young Lady has not been *backward* to testifie her Love to Monsieur ——, and that, to convince him of it, she has sent him home an hundred times since, with as much Satisfaction as then, and less *Hunger*. The Truth on't is, he deserv'd this kind *Treatment*, if it were only for the Fruitfulness [of his *Invention*. Others take Towns by blocking them up till they starve 'em ; whereas our Lover carried the Place before him, by only pretending to *starve* himself. Well, this was certainly one of the *prettiest* Stratagems in the World. All the Mischief is, that You Ladies for the future will take no notice of us *Lovers*, when we talk of *dying* for You, tho' after all, I am apt to believe, that it will do us no very great *Harm* neither. You may find by this

this short Story that our Cavalier had come off but blewly had the Lady's Rigour continu'd : but to our Comfort be it remembred, her Vertuous Resolutions did not hold out so *long*, as a small *French Roll*, and a single Bottle of Wine.

Letter IV.

To Madam de P—

Upon her refusing to marry her Daughter to a Cousin-German.

With all due Submission be it spoken, methinks your Ladyship over-strains the Point a little in so positively refusing to marry your Daughter to Monsieur *de S—*. You tell us you don't approve of a Marriage betwixt two *Cousin-Germans*; but surely, Madam, you can never believe this to be any lawful *Impediment* in *Hymen's Spiritual Court*. Would you have Monsieur *S——* think Maidm.

dam P——— to be less *agreeable* because he is her Cousin-German? This sort of Reasoning may appear *strong* to you; but has not *Beauty* much *stronger* Arguments? Has a Man his *Genealogy* always before his Eyes, and when he sees a charming Young Woman, is he oblig'd to call to mind, that *He* and *She* came from the same Grandfather? Now, as I take it, we are not very apt to trouble our Heads much with thinking upon our Grandfather, when the *Granddaughter* is in the Room, especially if she is beautiful? But after all, what have you to say against Monsieur *de S*—— For my part, I think he has behaved himself like a very good Relation: For instead of *Friendship*, he has shew'd his *Love* to your Family; and if he finds himself *disappointed*, the Fault will lie at your Door. If it is a *Religious* Scruple that hinders you from giving your Consent, your Ladyship may be pleased to remember that all the good Folks in the *Old Testament* always married in their own *Tribe*; and that one thousand seven hundred Years ago, Monsieur *de S*—— had been oblig'd in Conscience to love your Ladyship's

ship's pretty Daughter, and no one else. I own, that things have been somewhat *changed* since that; but then I beg of you to give your *Consent*, that the young People may send to *Rome*, to see if the old Gentleman will grant 'em a *Dispensation*. I need not inform you, Madam, that such *Marriages* are permitted between Relations, when their *Estates* or *Lands* are so *intangl'd* one with another, that there is no *dividing* 'em without endless *Law Suits*: I confess that our Young People have not *this* Reason to alledge for themselves; but what is every jot as *farcible*, they may say that the Affairs of their *Hearts* are so strangely *embroiled* together, that it is too late now to think of *parting* 'em. If your Daughter were an Heiress, in whom your Name would *expire*, and who would carry all your *Estate* into a *strange Family*, I don't doubt, but that out of a just *Concern* for your Estate and Family, you wou'd employ all your Interest to procure her a *Dispensation* to marry a *Kinsman* of the Name. Now, what ought to go much farther with your Ladyship, your Daughter has *Beauty* and *Charms* that

that are infinitely more *valuable* than all the dirty *Acres* and *Lands* in the Kingdom, which will assuredly *go out* of your Family, and perhaps never *come into* it again, if your Ladyship should force her to marry any one else but Monsieur S—. As for me, that have the *Honour* to be related to you, tho' at a great *distance*, I can't forbear to *concern* my self in the *Beauty* of your Family. For which Reason I conjure you not to impoverish it, by *bestowing* your pretty Daughter *elsewhere*, and by obliging Monsieur S— to make another Choice. You see how the whole *Family* of the *L*—'s are *deformed* and *ugly*; so that it will take up a hundred Years, I warrant you, before they *recover* themselves. Let us take *fair Warning* by this Example; and since we have *Beauty* in our *Possession*, be so wise as to preserve it.

Letter V.

To Madam J—.

Upon her talking of him in her Sleep.

Madam,

I Receiv'd an Account the other day
of the great *Favour* you have
lately done me. 'Tis in vain for you
to disown your Passion : 'Tis certain
you love me in your Heart, and your
Sleep has betray'd your deepest Se-
crets. See, Madam, what a *Folly* it
is to pretend to conceal ones *Affecti-
ons*, and hide 'em from those that
occasion 'em. If you had *frankly*
own'd all to me, I assure you I wou'd
have given you no Reason to *find*
fault with my *Secrecy*, but you were
resolved to trust it with no other
Confident but your self ; where as it has
happen'd, you have not been so *discreet*
as 'twas expected. From hence, Madam,
you may learn this useful *Doctrine*,
not

not to rely altogether upon your self. You will tell me perhaps, that you talk'd in your *Dream* you knew not what ; but had you not done much better to have freely and honestly told me, what you afterwards *owned* in your Sleep, without knowing it ? Had it not been much more *prudent* to acquaint me with your *Passion* in a few Words, than to speak of it thus in the *Night*, like a Person that was beside her self ? *Love* loses no time, and therefore you ought to have communicated this *Secret* to me, which, you see, will escape from you *Women* sooner or later. If your *Reason* enjoyns you Silence, yet your *Reason* will take a *Napp*, and then *Love* will not be idle : If your *Virtue* can answer for your *Days*, yet what can answer for your *Nights* ? That Interval belongs all to *Love* ; and accordingly you see that the *Secret* of so many *Days* has stole from you in one *Night*. But Madam, may I make so bold as to ask you under what *Figure* I appear'd to you, when you declar'd your self in my *Favour* ; for an Opportunity may offer it self when I shall be very glad to re-assume the same Shape. For my part, I am

apt to believe that I was very *haughty* and *insolent*; for hitherto I have been able to obtain nothing of you with all my *Submission* and *Respect*. Don't tell me that I ought to draw no *Consequence* from what you said in the *Night*: It was you that spoke then, and you alone; whereas in the *Day* 'tis *Constraint*, 'tis *Ceremony*, 'tis *Dissimulation*, that speaks. By this you may find that for the future I shall be *insensible* to all the *Rigors* you shew me in the Day time; and let your *Treatment* be then what it will, I shall tell you that you will unsay it again at *Night*. In short, I shall take you for one of those cunning *Hypocrites* who never appear as they are, but in the *dark*: but whereas other *Ladies* leave all their *Ornaments* upon their *Toilette*, when they go to Bed, you leave that troublesome Load, your *Severity*, upon yours. How happy must the Man be, who can see your Ladyship and the rest of your Sex, such as you are in your Primitive State, without any of those *Arts* that conceal you from us at other times.

Letter VI.

To the same.

Since you did me the Honour to talk of me in your Dreams, I have not been able to sleep a Moment; so strangely am I distracted between Joy and *Inquietude*. It is the greatest Satisfaction in the World to me to find my self so near your Heart; but at the same time I tremble as often as I think that our *Secrets* are in such danger of being divulg'd. I am not at all *displeas'd* to see you so reserv'd in the Day time: But this *unaccountable* Affection and Eagerness at *Night* alarms me; for in short, Madam, I am afraid that you'll discover all our Intrigues. What Method then shall we take to manage our Affairs with more *Security*? For my part, I know but one, which I beg you to take into your Consideration. Be not then, if you please, altogether so *severe* in the Day, and I give you

you leave to make it up a-Nights, and dispense with you from thinking of me *then*. 'Tis a plain Case, that *Love* cannot always ride full speed: There is a certain time when the *tenderest* things *disgust*, and 'tis impossible to hold out twenty four Hours in the same *Strain* of Passion, and not find some small *giving back* of the *Spring*. But by talking of me in your Sleep, you have gain'd that *Ascendant* over my Heart, that for the future it will wholly be *devoted* to your Service. A *Favour* so undeferv'd and so unexpected makes me *disregard* all the Ladies I see; it effaces all their Charms, spoils the Lustre of their Eyes, and *ruins* all their Shapes. What is more, I am not at all mov'd with the Conversation of the *Wittiest Women*: For what can the happiest of her whole Sex, with all her Pains and Application too, say that is comparable to what you speak at random in your Dreams, even when you don't think on't? This Kindness of yours, has intirely banish'd my *Flemish* Mistress from my Thoughts, and has done her a Prejudice, which all her other good Qualities will never be able to

retrieve. I am inform'd she sleeps very *profoundly*, and that her *Imagination*, which is not over-active in the Day, enjoys a more profound *Repose* at Night. Now this is a Fault which I can never pardon the finest Woman upon Earth. I cannot apprehend how 'tis possible for a Man to *love a Woman*, who does not *rave* now and then, and talk of him when the Fit seizes her. May I be hated by the whole Sex, if I would not refuse *Venus* if she had not this *Qualification*. Therefore, Madam, take *good Advice* from your humble Servant, and continue these affectionate Fits. *Love it self* is a sort of *Distraction*, but so *pleasing* and *delightful* that the *Wisdom of Philosophers* is not to be mention'd in the same Year with it.

Let.

Letter VII.

To Monsieur de O—

Upon asking his Advice whether he should marry a young Gentlewoman that was very beautiful, but had no Fortune.

Dear Cousin,

YOU little imagine what a severe Task you impos'd upon me when you desir'd me to advise you in the present *Posture* of your Affairs. On one hand you are up to the Ears in *love* with a pretty young *Lady*; and on the other, your Father sends you word, that he will certainly *disinherit* you, if you marry her. To be plain with you, I don't know what Advice to give you. There are but two Ways for you to take, the *Heroick*, which is to prefer your *Passion* to every thing on this side Heaven; and the *Prudent*, which is, not to lose fifteen hundred Pounds a Year for a *Mistress*,

tho' she was as beautiful as an *Angel*: Now you need only *consult* your self to be able to determine this Point. I make no question but your *Inclination* leads you to act the *Hero*; but the *Difficulty* is not, what you are at *present*, but what you may be *hereafter*. I would advise you to follow your *Greatness* of Soul, if you could be certain that it wou'd never leave you: But the Mischief on't is, there is no *relying* upon it; for perhaps it may take its Farewel of you, even before the *Honey-Moon* is over. In short, a Man soon grows weary of playing the *Hero*; but the Devil is in him that grows weary of a *good Estate*. You never yet saw fifteen hundred Pounds a Year make People forget their Vows, tho' *Beauty*, to its Mortification, has often seen it. I know full well, that these Arguments will appear very *gross* to you; and that they are decry'd in all the *Metaphysick Systems of Love*: Yet it vexes me, that the *Experience* I have of this wicked World, will not permit me to recommend these Ideas to you, which I own to be much more *Noble* and *Delicate*, than those that are built upon sordid *Interest*. 'Tis not

not my Fault, if I don't believe that *Love* is sufficient to make a Man *happy*: I should be glad to believe it with all my Heart: But why has *Love* deceiv'd so many thousands of his Votaries before my Face, whom he promis'd to provide so plentifully for, that they shou'd want nothing? If he deceives us when he has his Arms at *liberty*, I have much stronger Reason to believe he'll do it, when he's *manacled* with a Family. You may flatter your self perhaps that you will find a thousand *Charms*, and all the *Obsequious* Respect, that can be imagin'd, in the Person you are going to marry, because she *owes* all to the Man that *sacrific'd* his Fortune to her. Take care that this be not the very *Rock* on which your Marriage splits. As the World goes at present, a Woman's *Gratitude* may easily fall short of the *Obligation* she has received, and yet it ought not to pass for a *Prodigy*. I shou'd be very loth to marry a Woman, whom I might have as just a Pretence to quarrel with, as you will have with yours. In my Opinion that Man is an unhappy Wretch, indeed who has other Matters of *Complaint*, besides those that *Matrimony* naturally

furnishes of its self. A Woman, take her in the best Circumstances you can, has but too many *Obligations* to her Husband; why then shou'd you involve her *deeper* in your Debt? Consider that this will make her much *more* your Wife than any other Woman could have been; and consequently make you less happy with her: Besides, you can't imagine what a cruel Punishment it will be to you, that you dare never open your Lips to *complain* of her, but must carry on with *Honour* what you began in a foolish *Freak*. Thus you must always seem to be charm'd with her Behaviour, even at the very time when you are angry with her in your Soul. For my part, I make no Scruple to own to You, that I wou'd not for all the World *deprive* my self of the *Liberty* of railing a little at my Wife, whenever I should have a *Fancy* that way. Bestow a little Consideration upon these Reasons; but before You wholly determine your self, abstain from reading *Romances*, and Books of that nature, that will rather serve to feed than extinguish the *Flame*. Thus, Sir, I have sent you my
Thoughts

Thoughts freely upon this Head, without persecuting you with a long *Sermon*, after the manner of a Chole-
rick *Father*, or an ill-natur'd *Unkle*. I
am not *wise* or *moroſe* enough to
pretend to speak to you in that
Language. However, I fancy I have
in a very little *Compass* told
you all that needs be said to you
upon this Occasion by People that
are more *wise* or *moroſe* than,

SIR,

Your most Humble, &c.

To Monsieur de B—

*How he had brought a Quarrel upon his
Hands for standing up for lean VVo-
men, against the Fat.*

I Am going to surprize You with an *odd Adventure*. Altho' I have liv'd so many Years in the *Army* without a Quarrel upon my Hands, I am now engag'd in a very strange one ; and what d'ye think was the occasion of it ? You must know I din'd very *peaceably* at my own Lodgings : and after Dinner was over, I took a Walk with four or five Gentlemen in the Garden. We had *exhausted* all the publick News at Dinner : VVe had drain'd the *Gazettes* and the *Mercuries*, talk'd over all the Disorders of *Poland*, and the Troubles of *Hungary* ; and what shou'd our Discourse run upon now, but VVomen ? You cannot expect that the Conversation of Soldiers shou'd turn upon Matters of *Gallantry* in so fine and delicate

licate a Strain as the Conversations in *Clælia*. Thus, we did not amuse our selves about the Difference between *Love* and *Friendship*, or assign the precise Limits between *Esteem* and *Inclination*. The Question in debate was, who were the handsomest of the two, the *lean* VVomen, or the *fat*: Since I was oblig'd to chuse one of these two *Extreams*, I resolv'd to declare my self in favour of the *Lean*. There hapned to be a broken Captain in the Company, who began to maintain the opposite Side ; but with as much *Fury* and *Eagerness*, as if he had been going to ingage an *Enemy*; So that I was forc'd to raise the Pitch of my Voice to keep up with him. He pretended that there was *Grace* and *Majesty* in a Fat VVoman, which commanded Respect and Adoration from all that saw her: All this I turn'd into *Ridicule*, and perform'd my part so *happily*, that I had all the *Laughers* on my side. VVhen it came to my *Military Man's* turn to jeare the *Lean*, not a Man of us seconded his Raillery. This went to the very *Heart* and *Soul* of him. As for me, I express'd my self in the Language of a Conqueror;

rour ; and I must own to you, that my Vanity was not a little puff'd up with having gain'd so important a *Victory* for the *Lean*. My Spark, irrag'd at his *Defeat*, began at last to be scurrilous, and address himself personally to me ; but the *Company* thought it became 'em in point of Prudence to put a Stop to the Controversie. They told me that the Captain was a passionate Admirer of a *FatLady*, which made him espouse the *Interest* of all that were in her Circumstances ; but this they ought to have inform'd me of before by some Sign or other : And as I was not in love with any *lean* VVoman, I shou'd not have contested the Point with him. 'Tis about fifteen Days ago since this Dispute hapned ; since which time, I have made several Advances to my furious Antagonist, to make him forget this Affair ; but he does not seem dispos'd to hear of any Terms of Accommodation. I suppose by this means he hopes to ingratiate himself with his Mistress, and that, among other Protestations, he has swore to her by all that is *good* and *sacred*, never to forgive the presumptuous VVretch that should think

think irreverently of a double Chin,
and a Tun-Belly. Yesterday I had
engaged to wait upon a pretty
Young *Lady* at a certain Hour,
when I knew I should have an Opportunity
of finding her all alone.
The time was just approaching, and
my Chairmen being out of the way,
I was forc'd to trudge it on foot, as
hard as I cou'd drive. Passing thro'
a narrow Lane, I came full butt
upon my Captain, who cried out
in an angry Tone to me, *S'life, Sir,*
I have not forgot your late saucy
Language : But not having a Mi-
nute then to lose, I answered him
with the same Bluntness, and with-
out so much as looking at him, that I was
not at leisure to fight, and so on I march-
ed, having something else to do. He
would have been ravish'd to have had
an Opportunity to tilt with me;
but to deal plainly with You, I
did not think it worth the while at that
time to go to Loggerheads with him.
The Lord knows what will become
of this Matter; but it would be
a very pleasant Thing, if our *mer-*
ry Dispute about Fat and Lean La-
dies

dies should bring Us two before those *worthy* Gentlemen the Marechals of *France*. I am inform'd that my *Adversary* goes about from House to House, stirring and professing all Fat People against me; and indeed I have observ'd of late that they look upon me with a very Evil *Eye*. Now, what shall I do, dear Friend of mine, in so pressing a Danger? I think I have no other Card left me to play, but to arm all the *Lean* ones in my own Defence.

SIR,

Tours, &c.

To

To Monsieur B—

*About a nice Fantastical Widow that
was very difficult in her choice of a
Husband.*

I Have sent You an Account of all that has hapned here at my Lady L.— since she has been a Widow. To be plain with you then, she is fully résolv'd to have another Husband; but what sort of a Husband do you think will content her? Why she will have one that is *truly, really, and sincerely* in love with her: but is afraid the VVorld has *wicked* Designs upon her *Estate* rather than her *Person*, which is a very nice and reasonable *Distinction*, I must, own; but such a one as her Ladyship ought by no means to remember at this time of day. She is observed all along in her Discourse to lessen her Estate as much as she can, to hinder her humble Servants from loving her for the sake of her unrighteous

Mammon, and at the sametime she makes her Age less than it is : But 'tis not in her Ladiship's power to prejudice either her *Estate* or her *Age* ; for all the World knowst o an Acre and a Month how far each of 'em does extend. I could wish with all my heart You were here to see with what Contempt she talks of her *Daughter's* fine *Complexion*, when ever she has the least Occasion to speak of it. *Child*, it is not the *Lilies and Roses* in your Cheeks that you must trust to. Those Trifles are but of a short continuance ; but, what will make you longest beloved, is your *Air* and *Shape*, *Child*. Now, what makes her trump up this Distinction ? Why, I must inform you, the old *Lady* has still a very noble *Air* , and a very handsome *Shape* ; but as for her *Complexion*, it has given her the slip many a Year ago. On the other hand, the Daughter endeavours all she can to hinder her Mother from *marrying* again , because it nearly concerns her in point of Interest to do so ; and this is the Reason why she uses all her Address to prevent it. If any *Pretender* happens to

to take the right way to gain the Old *Lady's* Heart, the Daughter throws her self in his VVay; and to make him leave off the Pursuit of that Game, she employs those never failing Charms that always attend *Youth* and *Beauty*. This makes her Mother wonderfully jealous, and that is Plague enough in all Conscience: For when she is once possess'd with that Devil, she makes as great a Hurricane, and is as difficult to be reconciled, as a bilk'd Girl of fifteen. This Young *Lady*, after all, might perhaps find her self mistaken in her Politicks, if a Man of good Sense made his Court to her Mother, who without stopping short by the way, would go and attack her *regularly*, and resolve not to raise the Siege till he carried the Town; but it falls out luckily for her, that the Old *Lady* admits none but Young Fellows to make their Addresses to her; and Young Fellows, You know, will always be cullied by a Young Face. I made her uneasy for some time: for I pretended to be mightily in love with her Mother, who gave me no unkind Reception; and immediate-

K ly

ly the Daughter *employed* all her wheedling Tricks to make a Diversion. As I had no other Design than to alarm her for a while, I took care not to fall into the Trap she had laid for me ; but at last I put her out of her Pain a few *Days* ago by a Letter which I writ to her. I have sent You a *Copy* of it enclosed in this, because it may serve to give You some Light into the *History* of the Widowhood of my Lady *L*—, which You are so desirous to know. I am,

SIR,

To

o

To Monsieur de F—

Desiring his Advice, whether he should marry a certain Lady that was recommended to him.

Dear Friend,

I Never stood more in need of good Advice, than at this present writing; and I conjure You to assist me to the best of your Skill. My Friends wou'd have me marry: But, deal *plainly* with me, Don't You think this Affair somewhat too serious for one of my Temper; and that I am not worthy to be admitted into so *honourable* a State? For my part, I never had one grave solid Thought in all my Life; yet never found my self the worse for't; and must I now begin to be *plagued* with them? Well, but who do You think they wou'd have me *marry*? Why, Madam A—, the most sage and discreet Person in the Universe. Methinks I see her already advise me to lead a more regular Life,

K 2

love

love me by *Rule* and *Method*, and take it for granted, that she shall have a *Child* by me every Year. The other day she gave me an *Item* of her *Resolutions*, which did not a little discompose me. She told me that it was impossible for a Woman of *Virtue* to continue long a *Widow*, without being expos'd to strange *Inconveniences*. Now, nothing but a Woman that was very confident both of her self and her own Reputation, durst maintain a *Discourse* of this nature. But does she think I am the Man that must put an *End* to her dolesome *Widowhood*? Well then, What say You? Are You not of the Opinion that I shou'd be a very rash Man to engage in this Enterprize? What perplexes me most of all, is, that the Party to do her *Justice*, is very deserving in *every Respect*: so that I am reduc'd to the sad *Necessity* of coming to a grave Deliberation, or threatned to be posled for a *Sot*, if I don't comply with so advantagious a *Proposal*. Better Men by far than my self wou'd be glad to receive it on their Knees. I am inform'd the *Lady* speaks very *favourably* of me in all Companies: Perhaps she

pro-

proposes the Satisfaction to her self to convert me, and make me a *staid, sober* Husband. If this is her Design, I am undone to all Intents and Purposes. For what will become of me, if ever she reconciles me to that troublesome Companion, *Reason*? I have been considering with my self, whether 'tis not more *likely* that I shall sooner spoil her *Gravity*, than she reclaim me from roving. A very *pretty* Design this, for a Man to have in his *Head* when he is going to take a *Wife*. But upon *Second Thoughts*, I dare not flatter my self that I shall be able to do this; for I find that in spite of my Teeth, she commands a Respect from me, which will certainly give her a strange *Superiority* over me. I am not at all afraid of being govern'd. I am afraid of being made a *grave plodding* Fellow. They will put me upon Offices and Employments, they will plague me with *Projects* and *Designs*, and settling Fortunes upon Children: And for my part, I have not Courage enough to trust my self with any such terrible Ideas. Oh! that at this present Minute some good-natur'd *Earthquake* would swallow all her Lands and

Tenements at one *Gulp*; that some quick-sighted Lawyer would find out a *Flaw* in the Title of her Estate; or that some charitable *Palsie* would seize her from Head to Foot. How should I think my self oblig'd to any such favourable Accident that would fairly disengage me out of this troublesome *Affair* without any Fault on my side: For, by my good Will, I would not be guilty of one; neither would I give the World a just Occasion to reproach me upon that Head. You cannot imagine how *strangely* I am alter'd for the worse within this four *Days*, since I have had this *Confidit* within my Breast. I never *thought* so much in my whole Life, and find by Experience that *Thinking* is an Exercise which by no means suits my *Constitution*.

To

To the same.

Wherein he gives him an Account, that
the Match is broke of.

In chearful Air's you Joy discover, }
Hymen's Tyranny is over. }
Sing Io Pæan, every Lover. }

MY Marriage is *broke off*, God be thanked: 'Tis true I am somewhat in the Fault; but my Honour is safe before Men; and I am resolv'd to make You the *Confident* of my Amour. I went Yesterday to Madam A——'s House, being carried thither in spight of my Teeth, trembling, sweating, confounded and distracted with the bare *Thought* that I was going to treat of that dreadful Affair, call'd *Matrimony*. I dare swear never did Girl of Fifteen suffer more from her *Modesty* on the like Occasion. I am sensible that this Comparison is too faint to represent my *Confusion*; therefore I will give You one which will make You

much better comprehend my Case: In short, I was so much chang'd, that had You seen what a wretched Figure I made, how *sneakingly* I look'd, and with what *Gravity* I entertain'd Madam *A-----*, You would certainly have taken me ----- nay, don't be startl'd at what I am going to say---- for a Grave serious Man, the Father of at least half a Score Children. I don't know whether my Mistress flattered her self, that this blessed Alteration she observ'd in me, was *purely* owing to the Ambition I had to please her: But if she did, I can assure her, she reckon'd without her *Host*. At last, the Person who negotiated this Affair between us, taking me aside, after a World of Cringe and Ceremony, thus accosts me, ----- *And well, Sir, how do you like my Lady?* ----- Does not every thing about her answer the Character I gave you? ----- You'll certainly live the happiest Life in the World with her. To my Knowledge, there are four Marquisses, and an old Judge keep their Beds, because she will have nothing to say to 'em. After a great deal of such impertinent Stuff, squeezing me by the Hand, and sneering in my Face,

Face, Under Favour, says he, I hope you have brought your Writings with you; for we have a Councillor in the next Room who will peruse them in a moment; not but my Lady takes you to be a worthy Gentleman, and so forth; and would sooner have you than the best Peer in the Land: but you know, Sir, that the World loves to be satisfied in these matters; and who would be so unfashionable to oppose what the World does? A little Love and a little Money, says a good old Proverb. Nothing is to be bought in the Market without a Penny, says another. Four Legs in Bed, cries a third, want something to keep 'em warm: And though my Lady has no occasion for your Estate, yet there is a fourth Proverb which tells us, that it is good to walk with a Horse in ones Hand. The old Gentleman had no sooner concluded this fine Speech, but the Devil put it into my Head to make my Estate much less than it was; a piece of Policy, which I dare swear, has been practis'd by none but my self. Well, I was forc'd to betake my self to this Shift; for the Match must have certainly gone forward, if I had not prevented it by some Artifice. The Offer was so very ad-

van-

154 *SELECT LETTERS*

Vantagious, that I could not openly reject it : And for my part, I was glad of any *Excuse* that would hinder the Proceedings, provided I could do it without being discover'd. Therefore I resolved to put this Design in Execution, and frankly told him that my Fortune was not so great as the World took it to be ; that my Father had very much incumber'd the Estate before it came to my Hands ; and that there were some Legacies, and two or three Portions still to be paid out of it. Tho' I made my Condition much worse than it was, Yet still I was afraid that the Lady wou'd accept me for all this : However I resolved to trust *Nature* with the *Event* ; which does not commonly suffer it self to be carried to that Excess of *Generosity* ; and thus I expected to receive my Denial with abundance of Thanks and Praises. It hapned just as I expected. But what sets me a laughing as often as I think on it ; this prudent Lady, as I was *Yesterday* informed, had *carefully* computed whether her and my Estate together would be able to purchase such a Place for her Eldest Son, and such another for a Second, and so on for a Third : For, as she is a

Per-

Person of wonderful *Regularity* and *Method*, she had already contriv'd Fortunes for all the *Children* she was to have by me ; and in my Conscience, she had reckoned before-hand in what Order the *Boys* and *Girls* were to be born. You may imagine what a Pleasure and Satisfaction it was to me to see my self so *happily* deliver'd from so ticklish a *Bargain* ; for I flatter'd my self, that let whatever VVoman came to my share, I shou'd live full as *happy* with her as with this *Arithmetical Lady*. The next time I did my self the Honour to wait upon Madam A—-, I carried all my usual *Gayety* with me : For knowing now, I was in no danger of *marrying* her, I had no manner of *Awe* upon my Spirits ; nay, what is wonderful, I thought her ten times more charming than ever ; so that I wou'd have given her a Cast of my Office with all my Heart, if she had been so minded. 'Tis true, she is a grave discreet *Lady* ; but there is no Favour in the VVorld I wou'd refuse her, to testifie my Gratitude to her for refusing to *marry* me. In short, I am *damnably* mistaken, if she has not some new Graces which I cou'd not discover in her before this
Re-

Refusal ; and perhaps nothing but the Terror of *Matrimony* hinder'd me from seeing 'em all this while. This, You'll say, is very strange and wonderful ; but upon the VVord of a Friend, 'tis as true as that I am

Your most obedient Servant.

To Monsieur de S—.

Upon his being in love with a Lady, whom he was to marry after her Husband's Decease.

SIR,

According to the last Advices, I find You pretend to succeed Monsieur *de R——* in his VVife : I mean, You have engag'd to *marry* Madam *de R——* so soon as Providence is so kind to her as to make her a VVi-dow. Let me tell You, this is a Bold Engagement ; not but that her good Man is sixty Years old : but what will You say, if the *Fancy* shou'd take him to

live till *Ninety*; or how do You know, but he may prove such a cross *Dog* as to make it up a full *Hundred*, when his Hand is in. 'Tis now *ten* Years compleat since Madam *de R-*— married him, by the same token she was then but *Fifteen*; and I'm afraid she is resolv'd to give him half a Score Years out of her own Stock, and make her self amends out of his Estate; which was the only Reason for which she married him. Not that, properly speaking, she is a Miser in her Temper, or cares much to heap up Wealth for her self: She only did it for a certain Gentleman that shall be nameless, for whom, it seems, she had no *Aversion*, and whom she reckon'd to *marry* every *Day* in the Week: For it was agreed on all hands, that the Old Gentleman would soon take his leave of this *Transitory* World. But to see how *ineffectual* and *dark-sighted* Humane Prudence is! The superannuated Husband still *lives*; he surviv'd the above-mention'd Lover's *Passion* and *Constancy*, who foreseeing there was no good to be done, was e'en forc'd to *marry* elsewhere in his own Defence. Another *worthy* Gentleman succeeded him, who,
af-

after some Years spent in the same *Expectations*, was glad to throw up his Pretensions to a Woman, whose Husband was so *obstinately* resolv'd to live; And now, worthy Friend, You are coming into his *Post*; but I'm afraid the Old Man will serve You *exactly* as he has done your Predecessors of unlucky *Memory*, and that You will not be a Farthing the better either for the *Mony* or the *Charms* of his Widow. As You have a peculiar Ascendant over her, I don't doubt but this Virtuous Lady makes use of all the *Ways* and *Means* which a Young Woman may *lawfully* employ to dispatch an old fumbling Fellow: but finding him look as brisk as ever, I am of Opinion he is not to be murder'd between a Pair of Sheets; and that he laughs in his Sleeve, when the Spouse of his Bosom wou'd oblige him by her Caresses to do that which wou'd soon make a Man of his years a *Bankrupt* in Love. I don't question but that 'tis the best *Cordial* and *Elixir* in the World to him, to see that he enjoys more Health than all his Wife's humble Servants can boast of *Perseverance*. He has already seen her Court chang'd twice or thrice, and yet he is still in the

Land

Land of the Living. He is so far from being *jealous* at all these obsequious *Services* that are paid his *Lady*, that he enjoys a perfect *Tranquillity* of Mind upon it, which wou'd make me stark mad, if I went upon the same Design as You do: For I am sure I shou'd take it for one of the greatest *Affronts* in the World. This one may gather by him, that he looks upon himself sure to live long enough to *wearie out* your Expectations; nay, to do the same by Your Successor. The *Autumn* now approaches; and I know both You and his VVife flatter your selves more than ever, to do his Business for him: For this reason You never let him sup till *Twelve*, ply him hard with Bumpers, look over the *Weekly Bills* to see what Distemper is *likely* to have the Honour to send him to his long Home, and at last conclude, it must be a De-fluxion upon his Lungs, or an *Apoplexy*. However, I dare lay You what Wager You please, that he will weather this Season; and that the Fall of the Leaf will bring You no good Tidings. 'Tis an old positive ill natur'd *Hunks*, that will not die till his Wife's *Beauty* is expir'd, and her Face has

has gone the Way of all mortal Faces. If he shou'd be so wonderfully complaisant as to kick up his Heels before You, he will take care that his VVife's Charms shan't survive him, and will end his *Days* with Satisfaction after so pleasant a Piece of *Revenge*. As for me, were I in your Place, I wou'd not engage in this *Passion*, nor fill my Head with such *Chimæra's* as You do, unless a whole *College of Physicians* wou'd give it me under their Hands and Seals that the old Fellow wou'd not live above a Month, or at least, promise me to give him a *Civil Lift* out of the VVorld by a time appointed. Unless a Man cou'd propose something like this to himself, he might perhaps make some People think well of his Affection, but none of his Judgment.

To

To Monfieur B—

Giving an Account of an Old Gentlewoman that was Caned by her Lover, and how vain she grew upon't.

I Am going to send You the most surprizing News You ever heard. Madam D——, whom you are so angry with for talking of Love and Gallantry, and sprucing up her *decay'd* Person, flourishes and triumphs in spite of her Age, which the Malicious say exceeds *Fifty*, and lately had the most glorious Adventure befallen her that ever she cou'd have hop'd for. In short, she receiv'd a few Days ago some hearty Drubs with a good Oaken Cudgel from her Lover, for some Suspicion of Infidelity; as she pretends; nay, the Spark was so strangely transported, that going out of her Chamber, he thrash'd the Lanthorn on the Stair-Case all to Pieces. *Old Puff's* is grown so insupportably proud upon receiving
L such

such *visible* Tokenis of her Gallant's Affection, that there's no enduring of her. She maintains in all Companies, that 'tis the VVomens *Fault* if they don't make themselves as much belov'd as they please; and that if they had but the VVit to make a *right* Use of their Advantages, there is ne'er a Man in the VWorld whom they might not easily *manage* with a single Thread. She mightily commends the kind Gentleman before those Persons whom she honours with any Share of her Confidence. She says he has *Charming* Transports and *bewitching* Extravagancies; and that whoever is concern'd with him, ought to know when his different Sallies of *Passion* and *Tenderness* come in; and that he is the *Easiest* Man in the VWorld, if but rightly *humour'd*. Imagine You heard this Discourse deliver'd in a *trembling broken* Voice, and coming from a Mouth, where not a Tooth, or the least Remainder of one is to be seen: She thinks that this Cudgel-ing has set the Clock of her Life Twenty Years backward, and mercilessly *insults* the rest of her own Age, that have not Merit enough to deserve

serve a Drubbing. This, I find, has made some of them as jealous as Furies.. So they take *all* the Pains in the VVorld to *undervalue* the Merit of the Favours which she has so *lately* receiv'd. One of her Neighbours, who is her Contemporary , and, what is more, one that envies her, from the Bottom of her Heart, told me, when her *Gallant* thrashed her he was just come from the *Chocolate-House*, where he had lost all his Money ; and that in the Heat of this ill Humour he had laid his Cane upon this *charming* Person: That as for the Lanthorn, it was not he, but an ill-contrived Rogue of a Lacquey that broke it. Thus You may see, Sir, what strange things Envy will make some *People* talk; and with what Artifice and Subtilty it endeavours to *lessen* every thing that makes for the Honour of its Neighbour: Nay, even the *Men* are angry with our poor Spark for *employing* his Cudgel so *unworthily*, as if a Man were not allowed to use it where and when he saw fit ; but was oblig'd to give the *Publick* an Account of every VVoman's Age whom he

vouchsafed to chastize. So that according to this Doctrine, if in one of your Amorous Transports You shou'd happen to *fall foul* upon some amiable *Old Gentlewoman*, the VVorld has a Right to censure those Favours as *ill bestowed*, and blame You for not making them *light* upon a Younger Back. Now, in Truth, this is very hard Dealing; but the People of this Age are so *ill-condition'd*, that there's no *pleasing* them. Farewel, Sir: Make a right Use of this Example; use your Cane *discreetly*, and be sure to remember, that when a VVoman has once seen Twenty five, she does not deserve to be saluted with it.

To

To Madam d'V—

*Upon having prevented her being mark'd
with the Small-Pox.*

BY this time, Madam, I hope every Looking-Glass in your House has convinc'd You that I am no *False Prophet*, and given You the Satisfaction to see that You are not in the least *mark'd* by Your late Disease. Consider that You are *indebted* to me for the finest Complexion in the VVorld, and that the Roses and Lilies that grow there belong *wholly* to me. 'Twas I that *preserv'd* and cultivated those Flowers; and shall any one else presume to *gather* them? Perhaps I shou'd not *over-stretch* Matters, should I tell you that you owe your *Eyes* to me; and no body needs be inform'd what sort of *Eyes* yours are. As for your Nose, it is a plain Case, that you may thank me for its being no bigger than it was, which is *all one* as if I had said you

ow'd it intirely to me. Don't be *offended* at my presenting you with so *exact* a Memorial of all you owe me; for, between Friends, you are not so very generous, but that you want to have your Memory sometimes refreshed; and tho' your whole *Person* stands engag'd to me at this present writing, yet I much question whether I shall be able to make out my *lawful* Pretensions, and whether I shall not find abundance of Under-valuers. I wou'd not have you think to *sham* me off, by saying, that you are oblig'd to me for nothing ~~but~~ your *Face*, and that the *rest* was in no danger of being *spoil'd* by the Small-pox. Why, Madam, your *Face* is *all* in *all*; 'tis the *Face* that makes a Woman *handsome*; 'tis the *Face* that gives us Security for the *Parts* we don't see, and makes us imagine Charms in those Places where the *Eyes* are not allow'd to rove. Pray, what signifies the finest *Arm* in the World if it does not belong to a fine *Face*? For this Reason a Man that has a Right to a Woman's *Face*, has a Right to her *whole Body*. However, if I had a *Title* to nothing but

but your *Face*, I cou'd make some sort of a shift to be contented with it; But then, Madam, as your *Face* is *proper* for a thousand things, I must tell you plainly and fairly before-hand, that I won't *bate* it an Ace of the Product of the *Soil*. And now, Madam, pray answer me a civil Question or two; don't these rude *Threatnings* of mine put you in bodily *Fear*? Don't you wish the Small-pox had pitted you, and left you in such a Condition that you should not have been obliged to any one rather than I shou'd *insult* you with this insolent *Language*? Come, come, don't be afraid; I will endeavour to treat you after such a manner, that you shall have no Occasion to regret your being cured by my Means.

ow'd it intirely to me. Don't be *offended* at my presenting you with so *exact* a Memorial of all you owe me ; for, between Friends, you are not so very generous, but that you want to have your Memory sometimes refreshed ; and tho' your whole *Person* stands engag'd to me at this present writing, yet I much question whether I shall be able to make out my *lawful* Pretensions, and whether I shall not find abundance of Under-valuers. I wou'd not have you think to *sham* me off, by saying, that you are oblig'd to me for nothing but your *Face*, and that the *rest* was in no danger of being *spoil'd* by the Small-pox. Why, Madam, your *Face* is *all* in *all*; 'tis the *Face* that makes a Woman *handsome*; 'tis the *Face* that gives us Security for the *Parts* we don't see, and makes us imagine Charms in those Places where the *Eyes* are not allow'd to rove. Pray, what signifies the finest *Arm* in the World if it does not belong to a fine *Face*? For this Reason a Man that has a Right to a Woman's *Face*, has a Right to her *whole Body*. However, if I had a *Title* to nothing but

but your *Face*, I cou'd make some sort of a shift to be contented with it; But then, Madam, as your *Face* is *proper* for a thousand things, I must tell you plainly and fairly before-hand, that I won't *bate* it an Ace of the Product of the *Soil*. And now, Madam, pray answer me a civil Question or two; don't these rude *Threatnings* of mine put you in bodily *Fear*? Don't you wish the Small-pox had pitted you, and left you in such a Condition that you should not have been obliged to any one rather than I shou'd *insult* you with this insolent *Language*? Come, come, don't be afraid; I will endeavour to treat you after such a manner, that you shall have no Occasion to regret your being cured by my Means.

P. S.

I am so *generous*, that I have *forgot* to recount to You one of the most considerable *Obligations* you have to me ; so that I am forc'd to set it down here in the Postscript. I find my self persecuted by the Hatred of all the pretty *Women* that know my Remedy *preserv'd* You from being *pitted*. They built *mighty* Expectations upon your *Disease*, confidently giving out, it would *ruine* all that was *Celestial* in your *Beauty*, and reduce you to the *ordinary* Pitch of a *mortal* Woman : So that, whene'er your Ladiship comes into these Quarters, I must hide my Head; for all the *Females* here curse me as heartily, as if it was I that *eclips'd* their Charms; nay, were I the *prettiest* Woman in the World, they cou'd not envy me more. Thus, Madam, You see how *deep* you are in my Books, since You have not only your own *Debt* to discharge, but to make me *amends* for the Injustice and Persecution of your whole Sex.

To

To Mademoiselle De V.

Upon her shedding Tears at an
OPERA.

I Saw you yesterday so concern'd
at the *Opera*, whereas in all other
Places You appear to be so relentless,
that I cannot forbear to *reproach* you
with it. For my part, I believe You
give your *Heart* its full *Swing* at
the *Play-house*, because nothing but
Fables grow in that *Territory*, while
You are cold and indifferent in my
Company, because I speak nothing but
Truths to You. I can't imagine how it
comes to happen so; for you ought to
take the quite contrary part: I spend my
time to a fine purpose, when I entertain
You with the most *passionate* things
which my Love can suggest to me.
If a *Player* speaks never so few *Words*,
immediately out comes the *Handker-*
chief, and an Inundation of *Tears*
follows. Is it impossible then to touch
You

You without *deceiving* You? This wou'd be a very untoward *Destiny* both for *You* and *Me*; but especially for *Me*, who must despair of ever *pleasing* you, if nothing else will *content* you. The finest Creature in the World is a *pretty Woman* like You, who is alive; that is to say, who has *Passions*: For *Passion* and *Life* are one and the same thing. Now, pray consider, is it not a *pretty Business* to be only *alive* at the *Opera*? Remember, that according to this Rule, You *live* but *three Days* in a VVeek, and *three Hours* in a Day, for which too You pay an unconscionable Tribute to the *Box-keepers*. To speak properly, this is only *living* by the Help of *Machines*, like some infirm decayed *Wretches*, that wholly subsist by *Cordials*. Nay, before You can obtain this, You must bring together a vast Number of People, take a VVorld of Pains and Time to prepare the *Musick*, stunn your Ears with the Lord knows how many strange Instruments, and all this, to possess you with some little short-liv'd *Passion*. As for *Me*, were I in your place, I wou'd go a more natural way to work, and obtain it at a less

less Expence. One single *Lover* wou'd be enough to do this : And provided You were not backward on your side, you wou'd find your self more sensibly mov'd in *beholding* and *listening* to this *Lover*, than seeing all the strange *Catastrophe* of the Stage. In short, Madam, *Life* does not consist in drawing the *Air* with our *Lungs*, and returning it again ; but it consists in taking *Love* down the *Heart*, and distributing it. Now, this is the Reason why the *Life* you receive at an *Opera* is very *imperfect* : It is true, you take something there, but you give nothing back : For, tho' the *Player* affects You, yet, I dare swear for the Fellow, that he knows nothing of the *Matter*. In short, You must live *better* than so, since one may be had as *cheap* as the other.

To Monsieur de C—

Upon a Friend's resolving to marry
an Old Woman.

THIS comes to acquaint You that our Friend S—, notwithstanding all the *Advice* of his Friends to the contrary, is resolved to *marry* Madam D **. All the *Reason* that he can give for so doing, is, that he is *poor*, and the *Lady* has a thousand Pounds a Year. Well then, do You think this a sufficient *Reason*? I presume you don't ; for there is ne'er a single *Feature* about her, that does not want the above-mention'd *Sum* to keep it in Repair. If Want of *Beauty* implies Want of *Fortune*, she is the poorest Woman upon the Face of the Earth. I would willingly know what Method he takes to delude her. In the first place, I take it for granted, that this Design upon her must be wic-

wicked : And tho' such a Resolution in my Opinion, is not easie to take, yet since he has fallen upon it , I long to know what Success he has had in his Pretensions. I have heard this *Venerable Person* often say, That, Heaven knew her *Heart*, she had no Design to *marry* again : But that if she was *predestinated* to commit such a *Folly* the second time (and Widows, by the bye, are mighty Sticklers for *Predestination*) she would at least take care not to chuse that Man for her Husband who should propose nothing else to himself but to make himself Master of her Estate ; but one that had a real and sincere *Consideration* for her Person. I own, this Word *Consideration* was a modest Word ; but in the Ladies *Dictionary* it signified *Love* : And since Satan has put it into her Ladiship's Head to make a Distinction between her *Estate* and *Person*, I can't imagine what Method a Man can take to satisfie her that he has a *Fancy* to the *Former*, and not at all to the *Latter*. Can so superannuated a Piece of *Mortality* believe that she has any Merit to boast of, exclusive of her

Thou-

Thousand Pounds a Year; or is she so *vain* as to think that the VVorld looks upon her *Acres* to be nothing but an *Appendix* to her other Perfe-
tions? What, has she ne'er a *Looking-
glass* in her House, to convince her of her *Mistake*? Have her Gentlewoman and her Dressing-Maid, her Chaplain, Steward, and her Butler, her Cook-Maid and her Gardiner, her Coachman and her Groom; have they all conspi-
red to *abuse* her, and keep her in *Ignor-
ance*? It almost makes me *mad* to think on't. For Heaven's sake, what can be the meaning of so *strange* an Infatua-
tion? But, to return to our Friend, whatever *Sins* he may have to answer for, I am sure he ought not to be tax'd with *Cowardice*. Bless me! to have the Impudence to throw himself at an old Painted *Dowdy*'s Feet, and there to tell her in a scoundril whining *Tone*, that the Divine Lustre of her *Eyes* forsooth has burnt his Heart to a Coal; That her *Company* is Heaven to him, and her *Absence* the greatest Hell; in short, that his Life, his Happiness, his All, depends upon the Sentence of her *Celestial Lips*: To say all these

Set.

Sottish Flatteries, and do all these wicked things, is *certainly* above any Man's attempting, but one that has the Courage of *Hercules*. For my part, I cou'd sooner run up to the Mouth of a *Cannon*, leap down a Precipice, or, what is *worse*, tie up my right Leg behind me, and beg upon a Bridge, than reconcile my self to such *little* Practices. Instead of loading my tender Conscience with so many horrid Lies, I wou'd *honestly* tell her Ladiship that I was most wonderfully in love with her *Bags* and her *Acres*; and that if she would be pleas'd to make me *Master* of them, she shou'd find me a complaisant grateful *Drudge* to the End of the Chapter; But the Devil a *Syllable* wou'd I tell her of her *Beauty*. I wou'd moreover take Occasion to inform her, that she was *bound* in Honour, and all that, to *marry* me, because I did not go about to bantler her as the rest of her *bumble* whining Raskals did, who pretended to be smitten with her irresistible *Charms*. A VVoman of good *Sense* and *Discretion*, if such a Monster as

that

that is to be found above-ground, wou'd be better pleas'd, one wou'd think, with so frank an *Acknowledgment*, than with all those Fulsome Compliments, of which the common Herd of Lovers are so *profuse*. You will tell me perhaps, that above three Parts in four of the VVomen are Fools. Why, so they may be: however, I am such a good-natur'd *Fool* to believe they are not altogether so *foolish* as we make them. Besides, to open my self further to you, there are *some* People in the World, whom, as *wicked* as I am, I shou'd make a Conscience to *cheat*. 'Tis some pleasure to put *false* Dice upon a cautious solemn *Coxcomb*, that stands eternally upon his *Guard*; But what kind of Satisfaction can it be, to angle for *Gudgeons* that will swallow a *Hook* without a *Bait*?

When You write to me next, pray send me word whether the abovemen-
tion'd Lady be not a downright Na-
tural: For if she is not, I am resol-
ved to *renounce* all manner of Ac-
quaintance with our Friend: For if
he has Cunning enough to perswade
her

her that he is in love with her Person, he must certainly be the most dangerous Impostor in the VVorld; And an Impostor, as I take it, is none of the fitteft Men to make a Companion.

*An End of Monsieur Fonterielle's
LETTERS.*

M

Cer-

Certamen Epistolare

Between an Attorney of Clement's-Inn and a dead Parson.

The Argument.

A Fellow of a College came up to Town about Business; which detaining him there much longer than he expected, he was forc'd to borrow five Pounds of his Landlady a Widow in Shoe-lane, and promis'd to pay her within a Month. At his Return to Cambridge, a Living in Lincolnshire fell vacant, and the College presented him to it. On the Day of his Institution he drank so plentifully with his Parishioners, that he fell sick of a Fever, which dispatch'd him in a few Days. All this while the Widow wondered what was become of the Gentleman; and after several Months' Forbearance, having no News of him, employ'd an Attorney of Clement's-Inn

Inn to write to him for the five Pounds. The Letter coming to the College some eight Months after our Parson's Decease, a Gentleman of the same House had the Curiosity to open it; and to carry on the Frolick, answer'd it in the Name of the dead Man, which gave occasion to the following Commerce:

LETTER I.

To Mr. —— at his Chambers in
—— College in Cambridge.

SIR,

Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris, was the Saying of one of the greatest Sages of Antiquity; to whose Name and Merits, I presume you can be no Stranger. *Perit quod facis ingrato*, was likewise the Saying of another Grecian Philosopher, as you'll find in Erasmus's Adages. *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he will cut your Throat;* is a Proverb of our own Growth; and we have a thousand

Instances in Ancient and Modern History to confirm the Truth of it.

Indeed Ingratitude is so *monstrous* and *execrable* a Vice, that, according to the *Roman Orator's* Observation, (I need not tell You, that when I say the *Roman Orator*, I always mean *Tully*) the very *Earth* it self, the *bruta Tellus*, as *Horace* deservedly calls it, is a standing Testimony against an ungrateful Man, and rises up in Judgment against him. For does not this *Earth*, the *vilest* of the four Elements, make grateful *Returns* to the Husbandman for the little Cost and Pains he bestows upon her? does she not sometimes give him thirty, sometimes twenty, and at least ten Measures of Corn for the one he intrusted her with? Whereas an ungrateful Wretch is so far from doubling or trebling a Kindness done him, that 'tis next door to a Miracle, if he can be brought to give back the Principal.

And now, Sir, You'll ask me, I suppose, what I mean by declaiming thus against Ingratitude, any more than *Simony* or *Sacrilege*, or any other Sin whatever; and particularly how

how this comes to affect you : Why, Sir, don't be so hasty , I beseech You, and you'll soon be satisfied.

You must understand then, that one Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman*, Widow, who lives at the Sign of the *Griffin* in *Shoe-Lane* (I suppose, Sir, somebody's Conscience begins to fly in his Face by this time) told me, that a certain Gentleman of *Cambridge*, who very much resembles you in Name, Face, and Person (and now, Sir, I humbly conceive that some body that shall be nameless, blushes) borrow'd of her upon the first of *April* 1698, in the Tenth Year of his Majesty King *William's* Reign, the Sum of five Pounds. (Well, Sir, let him blush on, for Blushing is a Sign of Grace) which he promis'd to repay her *in Verbo Sacerdotis*, within a Month after, (Good Lord ! to see how Canonically some People can break their Words) Upon the Word of a Gentleman, As he was a Christian, and all that. But mind what follows, Sir. This worthy Gentleman I told you of, altho' he was bound to the Performance of his Promise by all that was *Good* and *Sacred*; and if *Good* and

Sacred wou'd not bind him, by a Note under his own Hand, wherein he promised to pay to Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman*, VVidow, or Order, the aforesaid Sum of Fiye Pounds upon demand: Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all this, has not had the Manners so much as to send her a Letter to excuse himself for this Delay, and takes no more Notice of her, than if he had never seen any such Person as Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman* in all his Life.

She being therefore my ancient Acquaintance and Friend; and one for whom I profess to have a very great Value, desir'd me to write a few Lines to You, which accordingly I have done, and by her order I request you as being a Person of great Civility and Candour, to tell the aforesaid Gentleman, whom (as I am inform'd) you may see every Morning in the Year, if you have a Looking-glass in your Room, which I will in Charity suppose; that she expects to have the five Pounds *supradict.* within a Fortnight at farthest, and then all will be well: Otherwise she must be forc'd in her own Defence to employ the Secular Arm,

An-

183

Anglicè a Bailiff or Catchpole, and put the above-mention'd Person into *Lobb's* Pound.

Now, Sir, having a great Regard to Mother University, of which I might have been an unworthy Member, had not my Uncle — ; and likewise being desirous to prevent farther Effusion of Christian Money; I make it my humble Request to You to speak to the aforesaid Gentleman, that he would send me the Sum of five Pounds with all Expedition ; and in so doing you will in a most particular manner oblige,

S. I. R,

From my Chambers
in Clement's-Inn.

Your most Humble tho'
unknown Servant,

H. W.

M 4

AN.

ANSWER I.

To Mr. H.W. Attorney at Law at
his Chambers in Clement's Inn.

Worthy Sir,

Yesterdays Morning about Eight of
the Clock precisely, the Sun
being newly enter'd into Sagittarius,
and the Wind standing at South-
East by East; which Corner, as the
learn'd Abbot Joachimus Tritheimius in
his Elaborate Treatise, intituled, *Eurus
Eneucleatus*, tells us, is a certain Prog-
nostick of Droughts and hot Weather;
I was smoaking a Pipe of To-
bacco, and reading Erasmus's *Moriæ
Encomium* of the Basil Edition, print-
ed by Frobenius, who, you know, Sir,
married Christopher Planton's; when
to my great Surprize, the Post-Boy,
brought me a Letter from one H.W.
who pretends to date it from his
Chambers in Clement's-Inn; tho', as
far as I can judge of the Beast by
his Stile, and way of writing, he
ought

ought to have a Room no where but in the *Brick-House* in *Moor-fields*.

For Sir; the Author of it, and I desire you tell him so much from me, seems to rave, and in his raving Fit disgorges old Buckram *Apophthegms*, and Ends of *Latin* stolen out of *Lycothenes*; and in short, at the Expence of other Folks, throws his thread-bare Quotations about him like a mad Man, as you will soon perceive, if you'll give your self the Trouble to read what follows.

I. This Retainer to the Law, Sir, begins his Letter with *Ingratum si dixeris omnia dixeris*; and has the Impudence to tell me, that it was a Saying of one of the greatest Sages of Antiquity, as if a Man were a Jot the wiser for his calling him so; and, like a presuming Coxcomb as he is, presumes I am no Stranger to his Name and Merits. Pray, Sir, tell him from me, that he has falsified his Quotation; for which Crime by an Old Statute of King *Ina*, as you will find in *Gothofred* and *Panormitanus*, he ought to do Penance in a certain wooden Machine, called in *Latin*,

Collis

Collistrigium, and in *English* a *Pillory*; and that in all the ancient Manuscripts both in the *Vatican* and *Bodleian* Libraries, not to mention those of the Duke of *Curland* and the Prince of *Hesse Darmstad*, 'tis written *Attornatum si dixeris omnia dixeris*; which is as much as to say, Sir, that if you call a Man an Attorney, you call him all the Rogues and Rascals in the World.

2. Before I proceed any farther, I must beg the favour of you to inform him that we are much surpriz'd here to find an Attorney guilty of so much Nonsense, as to send down *Latin* to the University, where we have more than we know well what to do with. 'Tis as bad as sending *Darby-Ale* from *Fuller's-Rents* to the Town of *Darby*, or *Sturgeon* to *Huntington*. In fine, as he has manag'd Matters, 'tis down-right *Murderium* (he knows the meaning of that Word) for which he must never expect the Benefit of the Clergy.

To pass over his next idle Quotation, and an old batter'd *English* Proverb; the next Person he falls upon, is the *Roman* Orator; and with his usual

usual Discretion, he gives me to understand that he means *Tully* by him. 'Tis well he tells us whom he means; for of all Men in the World, I thought an Attorney had as little to do with an Orator, as a Bawd with an Eunuch. But why should a Fellow that never meant any thing in his Life, pretend to Meaning; or how came *Tully* and such a Blockhead to be acquainted? Well, but *Tully*, he says, observes that the Earth it self, which, I hope by the bye, will one of these Days stop his pettifogging Mouth, for calling it the vilest of the four Elements, is a standing Testimony against Ingratitude; and why forsooth, because it returns the Husbandman ten for one. I can't imagine how it shou'd come into this Wretch's Head to rail at Ingratitude, who is the most ungrateful Devil that ever liv'd; and 'tis ten to one but I prove it before I have done with him. He is ungrateful in the first place to his Schoolmaster, for making no better Use of the *Latin* he whipt into him: He is ungrateful to the *Common Law* for polluting it with wicked Sentences purloin'd out of *Pagan Authors*: And lastly, he is ungrateful to the *Inn* he lives in,

in, for dreaming seven whole Years there to no purpose, and continuing as great a Blockhead as when he first came to Town.

Towards the Conclusion of his Letter, *You must understand*, says he, *that one*. — This he said to shew his Civility and good Manners. *You must understand*. Why, suppose I won't *understand*, how will he help himself; or what Man alive can *understand* a Fellow that murders his Thoughts between two Languages. But I find I must *understand* him right or wrong. After this Compliment he tells me an idle foolish Story of a Widow in *Shoe-Lane*, and raves about five Pounds, that I know nothing of; and is so full of it, that a few Lines below he calls it the Sum *supradict*. I shall take another Opportunity to knock this impertinent Tale in the Head, and shall only desire you at present to acquaint this *H.W.* from me, that when he has answer'd this Letter, I design to give him Satisfaction in his other Points. In the mean time, Unknown, Sir, I am, as the *Roman Orator* has it,

Tuus ab ovo usque ad mala,

Q.Z.

LET.

LETTER II.

To Mr. _____ at his Chambers in
_____ College in Cambridge.

SIR,

I Don't know what Plenty of *Latin*
You may have in the *University*,
tho', by the bye, I can hardly believe
You are so overstock'd with it as You
pretend; but I dare swear that *good*
Manners are very scarce *Things* among
you, and Your Letter sufficiently de-
monstrates it.

You are angry with me it seems, for
quoting a few *Latin* Sentences. I am
afraid 'tis the *Meaning* of them, and not
the *Language* that disgusts You; for
some People can't endure to hear the
Truth told them in any Tongue what-
ever: But, under Favour, Sir, What
mighty Virtue should there be in the
Air of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, that *La-*
tin shou'd only flourish there? or why
shou'd not *Tully* take up his Quarters
in the *Inns of Chancery*, as well as one of
your Colleges? I am sure we can give
him

him better Meat and Drink, and perhaps have cleaner and larger Rooms to entertain him.

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora PÆ.

NI,

*Nec tam aversus equos TTRIA sol
jungit ab urbe.*

The Meaning of which two Verses are, (for why shou'd not I interpret my *Latin* to You, as well as You have taken the Freedom to explain Yours to me) That *London* is not so barbarous and unpolish'd a Place, but that *Apollo* and the Nine *Muses* may find as hospitable a Reception there as with You in the University.

But, Sir, I have no time to lose, tho' You have. The Widow is pressing for her Money, the *Term* draws on apace, and I must know your Anfwer one way or another. Therefore let me desire You in your next not to ramble from the Point in hand, but keep to the *Text*. Once in your Life take *Martial's* Advice, *Dic aliquid de tribus Capillis*. There's *Latin* for You again; but the Advice is good and seasonable. Once more leave off flourishing.

ing and come immediately to Business,
that I may know what measures to
take.

I am

Tours, as you use me,

H. W.

ANSWER II.

To Mr. H. W. Attorney at Law,
at his Chambers in Clement's Inn.

SIR,

YOU charge me with want of Manners in the *University*. Now, to convince You that your Accusation is groundless, frivolous, and vexatious, I will take no notice of the scurrilous Reflections in your Letter, but, as you desire me, fall immediately to Business.

To summ up then in a few Lines what you have bestow'd so many upon, You tell me that a certain Gentleman of my Acquaintance, meaning my

my self, I suppose, whom in your Excess of Charity, you believe to have a Looking-glass in his Chamber; and a great deal of the like Stuff, borrow'd five Pounds last April of one *Rebecca Blackman* Widow, and Spinster, living at the Sign of the *Griffin* and *Red Lyon* in *Shoe-Lane*, and has not paid her as he promis'd. Now, Sir, if I make it appear to You that there is no such thing as a Widow *in rerum naturâ*, or a *Griffin*, or a *Red Lyon*; that *Shoe-Lane* is an Equivocal Word, and that 'tis impossible for a Man that lives under the Evangelical Dispensation, to owe any such *Heathenish Sum* as five Pounds, I hope you'll be brought to knock under the Table, and own that You have given me and your self a great deal of unnecessary Trouble.

First of all, I affirm, assert, and maintain, that there is no such thing as a VVidow in the Universe; and thus I prove it. A *Widow* is one that laments and grieves for the Loss of her Husband; but how can You or any Man in London know that a VWoman really laments and grieves: For shedding of Tears, and wearing of Crape, are no
sure

ture Signs of Grief ; consequently then how can you be sure that there is any such thing as a Widow ; and if so, are You not a most insufferable Coxcomb to palm a Widow upon a Stranger, that never did you any harm ? Well, but suppose it were possible for a Man to know that a Woman really grieves for the Loss of her Husband , which Proposition, let me tell You, *Herebord*, *Burgersdicius*, and the whole Stream of the *Dutch Commentators* and *Peloponnesian Divines*, positively deny ; how shall we be able to find out this Monster, and tell where the Place of her abode is ? Why say you she lives at the Sign of the *Griffin* and *Red-Lion* in ^{the} *Shoe-lane* ? Bless us ! what a sad thing it is to be troubled with a distemper'd Brain ! *Imprimis*, a *Griffin* is a new *Ens Rationis*, only devised by the Imagination, and is no where to be found, no, not in the Desarts of *Arabia*, or the vast Forests of *Afric* ; altho' *Afric*, Sir, ever since the time of *Eratosthenes* and *Strabo*, has been said continually to produce some new Monster : And, as for a *Red-Lion*, I defie You and all the Attorneys in the Kingdom to shew me one. *Theophrastus*, *Elian*,

Dyonisius, Harmogistus de miraculis, Perogunius de Brutis, Philopæmen junior de robusta Naturâ, and a hundred more of worth and credit whom I have read, and you never heard named, either in *Westminster-Hall*, or *Westminster-Abbey*. But since these are Pagan Authors, it may be you will pretend they ought to have no weight with a Christian, and I know you will be damn'd before you will allow of any thing against your own Mammon; therefore I shall prcede to give you more modern Accounts of what has been remark'd in the most natural places for to expect Monsters in, and yet the Devil of a *Red Lion* do they mention. *Don Gonfales* gives us a particular of all her Wonders, Miracles, and strange things in the habitable part of the Moon, *Mandevil's*, *Travals*, *Pinto'*, and *De la Val's*, the most fabulous of the Foets, the most lying Pilgrims and extravagant Historians, never dared to have the Impudence to impose so much upon Mankind as to assert the being of a *Red Lion*.

Now if human Reason, Experience in many places, and no proof any where can have place as it ought do with a Lawyer, I hope here are enough to convince you
of

of your Error ; but if nothing under ocular Demonstration will satisfy you, and you are not at leisure to turn over so many Volumes, let me request you, worthy Sir , to take a Step to the Tower, and if you don't find what I say to be true, I promise you here under my Hand to give you a hundred pounds *bonæ & legalis Monetæ Angliae* the next time I meet you.

However for Peace-sake, let us once admit that *Griffins* and *Red Lions* are real Things, and no Fictions of the Brain, as *Smeglehus* hath evidently prov'd it, in what Street, or Square, or Lane, or Alley, is the above-mention'd Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman* to be found? Oh, cry You, in *Shoe-lane*. Come, Sir, *Shoe-lane* is a Fallacy which You must not pretend to put upon a Man that has taken his Two Degrees, and writes himself *A. M.* Don't You know that *Dolus latet in universalibus?* VVhatever Lane People walk in they must certainly wear out Shoe-Leather ; and in whatever Lane they wear out Shoe-Leather, that Lane in Propriety of Speech, deserves, and may challenge the Name of *Shoe-lane*: Consequently then, every Lane, not only in *London*, but in

all his Majesty's Dominions, where the Subjects of *England* walk, and wear out Shoe-Leather, may properly be called *Shoe-lane*. Judge then whether ever I shall be able to find out the true Place where this VVidow lives by the Equivocal Description You have given of it. As for my *Major*, I defie You or any of your Brethren in wicked Parchment, to find out the leaſt Hole in it. My *Minor* is as plain as the Sun at Noon-day; and You may as well run your Head against a Brick-VVall, as pretend to attack it; and then the Consequence must be good of course. I would take this Opportunity to shew the Falſhood and Vanity of the remaining Part of your Letter; but the Bell rings for Supper: However, I shall take care to do it next Post; at which time You may certainly expect to hear farther from

Your most humble Servant,

Q. Z.

AN.

ANSWER III.

To the same.

I Fully demonstrated to you in my last, that there was no such thing as a *Widow*; or supposing there was, that it was morally impossible for a Man to know it. After this, I proceeded to shew that your *Griffin* was Romantic, your *Red Lion* Fabulous; and that *Shoe-lane* by being every Lane, was consequently no Lane at all. Now, Sir, I come to consider the following Part of your Letter, where, with your usual *Ingenuity* and good Manners, You tell me I am indebted the Sum of five Pounds to the Widow above-mention'd; and I doubt not to lay open the Vanity of this Allegation, as well as of those that preceded it. Sir, give me leave to tell You, that 'tis impossible that _____ shou'd owe any such Sum as five Pounds. Is it to be imagin'd that a _____ shou'd trespass against a plain positive express Text of Scripture? This is

what the worst of our Adversaries, either Papists or any other Sectaries, of what Title or Denomination soever, wou'd not have the Impudence to charge us with. Does not St. Paul positively say, *Owe no man any thing but Love?* How then can I owe this *Chimerical Widow* of your own making that heathenish Sum called Five Pounds? Indeed, if there is any such Person, I owe her a great deal of *Love*, as the Text commands me; but, as for *five Pounds*, I owe it her not: And for this, as I have already observ'd to You, I can produce a plain positive Text of Scripture, which I hope you will not be so wicked as to deny.

In short, Sir, I am afraid that the Law has discomposed your Brain, and this I conclude from your incoherent Citations of *Latin*, your raving of *Grieffs* and *Red Lions*, of *Widows*, and *Five Pounds*. Therefore tho' I am wholly a Stranger to you, yet as you are a Native of this Kingdom, I heartily wish your Cure, and shall do whatever lies in my Power to effect it, for which reason I desire you to take notice of the following Advice. It being now Spring-time, at which Seafon according to the Observation of the Learn-

Learned Zabarella and Ciacconius, the Humours begin to ferment and float in all human Bodies, I wou'd advise you to correct the Saline Particles, with which I perceive your Blood is overcharged, with good wholesom Nettle Broth, and Water-gruel, every Morning alternately; but take Care to put no Currants or Sugar into your Water-gruel, because as the judicious *Fernelius* in his *Diatriba de Uso* affirms, Currants excite Choler, and Sugar has an ill effect upon the *Diaphragm, Glandula Pinealis*. Then Sir, thrice a Week at least, refrigerate your Intestines with a good Salutary Clister, and take some eighteen Ounces of Blood away about two Hours before the Clyster is administred to you. Above all, let me conjure you to forbear stuff'd Beef, salt Fish, Pepper, and hot Spices, and what is full as pernicious as Pepper and hot Spices, the reading of any *Latin* Authors, for fear they shou'd raise a new Rebellion in the Humours. Sage and Butter, with a Glass or two of clarified Whey moderately taken in a Morning, may be of singular Use. Go to Bed early, and rise betimes. If you live up to these Directions, I don't doubt but You'll be

your own Man again in a little time. Having no farther Interest in all this, than only effecting your Cure, I persuade my self you'll be so much your own Friend as to follow the Advice of

Your bumble Servant,

Q. Z.

LETTER III.

To Mr. — at his Chambers in
—-College, Cambridge.

SIR,

Since You were so wonderfully kind in your last Letter, as out of your great Liberality to honour me with some of your own Directions, I am resolved not to be behind-hand with you in point of Courtesie ; and therefore recommend the following Rules to your Consideration.

In the first place I crave Leave to inform you, that *Syllogisms* and *Sophistry* pay no Debts : That, as old Birds are not

not to be caught with Chaff, so a Lawyer is not to be impos'd upon by thin frothy Arguments ; and that *Aristotle*, let him make never so great a Figure in the Schools, has no manner of Authority in *Westminster-Hall*, where, I can assure You, they won't take his *Ipse dixit* for a Groat.

Secondly, I would advise You not to have so great an Opinion of your own Parts, as to despise the rest of the World, and think to palm any of your little Banters upon them. 'Tis enough in all Conscience I think, that You take the Liberty to dumfound us with your *Fathers* and *Councils* in the Pulpit, which we of the *Laity* are forced to take upon Content ; and therefore You may spare them elsewhere.

Thirdly and Lastly, when You run in any ones Debt , 'tis my Counsel and I give it You for nothing , That You wou'd take care to see the *Party* satisfied in good current *Money*, for fear the wicked *Moabite* should compel you to it, which, between Friends, will not be much for your Reputation. As this

this is the last Letter You are like to receive from me, I make it once more my Request to You, to observe the Contents of it : For I am not at leisure to trifle any longer with You : Otherwise a Stone Doublet is the Word, and VVars must ensue, which every good Christian ought to prevent, if it lies in his Power. I am, unless You give me farther Provocation,

Your bumble Servant,

H. VV.

Your old Friend the Widow, is *sorry* You have made so familiar with her as to call her Being in question ; as likewise that of her *Griffin* and *Red Lion*. As for your Love, having no occasion for it at present, she desires You to bestow it elsewhere ; but is resolved, notwithstanding all your learn'd Quirks and Quiddities to get her five Pounds again ; and when she has it in her Pocket, for your sake she'll never trust it with a Logician, that would *ergo* her out of what is her own.

AN-

ANSWER. IV.

To Mr. H. W. Attorney in Clement's Inn.

I Receiv'd your last, for which I return you my hearty Thanks, and am intirely of your Opinion, that old Birds are not to be caught with Chaff. I find, Sir, you are a great Admirer of old Proverbs, and I commend you for it: For a great deal of Morality and wholesome Knowledge is to be pick'd out of them : Besides, Sir, they are like the Common Law of *England*, and derive their Authority from Usage and Custom. Now I am talking of Proverbs, there's one comes into my Head at present, which I desire you to ruminate, or chew the Cud upon. In short, 'tis *Birds of a Feather flock together*, which is effectually and literally fulfill'd, when an Attorney and a Pick-pocket are in the same Company.

I am likewise of opinion, worthy Sir, that what you say of Aristotle's making none of the best Figures in *Westminster-Hall*, may be true ; for how can that plodding Animal, called a Philosopher, expect civil Quarter from the Sons of Noise and Clamour ? But, by the bye, Sir, I must take the freedom to tell You, that some of his Friends here take it very ill, that You the Black-guard of *Westminster-Hall* won't take his Word for a Groat, Sir, that diminitive contemptible Piece of Money, a Groat, Sir, three of which go to the making up of that important Sum denominated by the Vulgar, a Shilling. Is it not very barbarous and inhumane, that Aristotle, formerly Tutor to the greatest Monarch in the Universe (when I say the greatest Monarch in the Universe, I neither mean *Bajazet*, nor *Tumberlane*, nor *Scanderbeg*, nor *Pinpin*, nor yet the *French King*, but *Alexander the Great*) whose *Ipse dixit* wou'd have formerly gone more currant than our present *Exchequer-NOTES* or *Malt-Tickets*, in any Tavern, Inn, or Victualling-house, between the *Hellespont* and the *Ganges*, for a thou-

thousand Pounds, upon occasion : Is it not barbarous and inhumane, I say, that this same *Aristotle* shou'd not be trusted for a Groat in *Westminster-Hall*? This Language one would hardly have expected either from *Goth*, *Vandal*, or *Hunn*; but much less from a Person of your Civility and Learning. But alas, Sir, *Ætas parentum pejor avis*; we live in the Fagg-End of a most degenerate ungrateful Age, that has no regard to Greek or Latin. *Oh tempora & mores*, was the Complaint of a great Virtuoso two thousand Years ago, which we have but too much reason to renew now. Oh *Aristotle, Aristotle*, that I shou'd ever live to see thy venerable Name in so much contempt, that any one belonging to *Westminster-Hall* shou'd have the Impudence to say he will not trust thee for a Groat ! *Ultra Sauromatas fugere binc libet*. I dare swear that even in *Moscovy* and *Poland*, none of the most hospitable Countries in the World, thou may'st at any time take a good Dinner and a Gallon of Brandy upon thy *Entilechia* and *Actus Perspicui*, and yet in *Westminster-Hall*

Hall, the most enlighten'd Hall of the most enlighten'd City of *Christendom*, thy *Ipse dixit*, in so much Vogue formerly with the *Thomists*, and *Scotists*, the *Nominalists*, and *Realists*, shou'd not pass for a Groat? So much, Sir, by way of Answer to *Aristotle* and *Westminster-Hall*, *Ipse dixit*, and à *Groat*.

What you say in a following Paragraph concerning the wicked *Moabite* and the *Stone Doublet*, is very picquant and ingenious: For, Sir, reading Mr. *Hobbs*'s Chapter about Concatenation of Thought, I find there is a great Connection between the *Moabite* and *Stone Doublets*; and some of the Modern *Itineraries* inform us that Stone Doublets are in mighty Request with the People in those Countries to this very Day; and the Physical Reason they assign, for it, is because Stone Doublets are very refrigerating and Alexipharmic, which undoubtedly is a great Refreshment in so hot a Climate as that where the wicked *Moabite* lived. But, Sir, in lieu of the Advice, which, out of your great Bounty and Liberality, you were pleased to give me for nothing,

nothing, be pleased to accept of the following Character, which I gave my self the trouble to transcribe out of an ancient M. S. in the Cotton-Library, supposed to be written by the famous *Junius*, who for his great Skill in the Oriental Languages, acquir'd the Surname of *Patricius*; and this Character, unless I am mistaken in my Mathematics, will give you a lively Idea of a certain Beast you may perhaps be acquainted with.

An Attorney is one that lives by the undoing of his Neighbours, as Chirurgeons do by broken Heads and Claps, and like Judges that always bring Rain with them to the Assizes, is sure to bring Mischief with him wherever he comes. He's an Animal bred by the Corruption of the Law, nurs'd up in Discord and Contention, and has a particular Cant to himself, by which he terrifies the poor Country People, who worship him as the *Indians* do the Devil, for fear he should mischief them. He is a constant Reforter to Fairs and Markets, and has a Knack to improve the least

least Quarrel into a Law-Suit. He hates the Clergy for preaching up Peace and Unity, which he pretends wou'd undo the World and ruine Business. He talks as familiarly of my Lord Chief Justice as if he had known him from his Cradle, and threatens all that incurr his Displeasure with leading them a Jaunt to *Westminster-Hall*. If his Advice be ask'd upon the most insignificant Trifle, he nods his Head, twirls his Pen in his Ear, and cries 'twill bear a notable Action; and when he has emptied the poor Wretch's Pocket, advises him to make up the matter, drink a merry Cup with his Adversary, and be Friends. He affects to be thought a Man of Business, and quotes Statutes, as fiercely as if he had read over *Kebie* and got him by heart. The Catch-pole is his constant Companion, by the same token they are as necessary to one another, as a Midwife to a Bawd, or an Apothecary to a grave Physician. While he lives, he is a perpetual Persecuter of all the Country about him; but battens by being cursed, as they say Camomile grows by being trod upon. At last, the Devil serves an Execution upon

upon his Person, hurries him to his own Quarters, in whose Clutches I leave him.

If this Character may be of any Service to you, I shall heartily rejoice, it being my highest Ambition to approve my self

Your most, &c.

Q. Z.

To Mr. H. W. Attorney, at his
Chambers in Clement's Inn.

A N S V V E R V.

NAY Sir, since you are so peremptory and all that, I have sent you my last conclusive Answer, and am resolv'd to be plagued with you no longer. Hoping therefore that your Worship is in good Health, as your humble Servant is at this present Writing, This comes to let you know (nay don't start I beseech you) that I am fairly and honestly dead; (Oh! fie

Q. Sir;

Sir, why should you be discomposed at so small a matter as that is) in short, dead to all intents or purposes as a Door-nail, or if that wont serve your turn, as dead as *Methuselah*, or any of the *Patriarchs* before the *Flood*. And because Sir I am in a very good Humour at present, and somewhat disposed to be merry, (which you'll say is somewhat odd in a dead Man) and besides have a mighty Respect for a Person of your Worth and Gravity. I will let you know what Distemper I died of, and give you the whole History of my Illness from *Dan* to *Beersheba*. Upon the 10th of July last Old Stile, I was invited to a Christning in a certain Village in *Lincolnshire*, where I had the Honour of being Vicar; and by a strange Fatality was over-persuaded to eat some *Custard*, which is the most pernicious Aliment in the World, but especially in the Dog-days. Since I have been in the *Elysian Fields*, meeting with *Galen* and *Dioscorides* the other day, I told them my case, and both of them told me that Custard had done my business. *Galen* whisper'd me in the Ear, and told me that whatever Sham Stories the *Historians* had palm'd upon

upon the World, *Trajan* got his Death by nothing but eating of Custard at *Antioch*, and mention'd two or three other Eminent Persons that had their Heels tript up by that pernicious Food. *Dioscorides* added farther, that Custard was destructive of the Intellect, and conjur'd me that the next time I writ to any of my Acquaintance in *London*, I wou'd desire them to present his most humble Service to my *Lord Mayor* and Court of *Aldermen*, and advise them as from him to refrain from Custard, because it obnubilated the Understanding, and was detrimental to the Memory. So much by way of digression, but now Sir to proceed in the History of my Illness : This eating of Custard first of all gave me a *Cachexy*, and 'twas my great misfortune that there was no Brandy to be had in the House, for in all probability a Cogue of true Orthodox *Nants* wou'd have corrected the crudity of the Custard. This *Cachexy* in twelve Hours turned to a *Dolor Alvi*, that to a *Peripneumonia* in the *Diaphragm*, and that to an *Epyema* in the *Glandula Pinealis*. Upon this, a hundred other Distempers came pouring upon me like Thunder and Light-

ning ; for you know when a Man is once going , *down with him* is the Word ; that very fairly dispatched me in four Days, and so I died, without a *Doctor* to help to dispatch me, or an *Attorney* to make my Will. A little before I troop't off, I desired my Parishioners to bury me under the great Church-Spout, which accordingly they did, I thank them for't , and upon every Shower of Rain I find a mighty refreshment by it, for you must know that when I was living , I was very thirsty in my Nature, and abounded in adust, cholerick Humour.

I believe Sir you might have writ to a thousand and a thousand dead Men, who wou'd never have given themselves the Trouble to answer your Letters, or have been so communicative of their Secrets, as you have found me ; but Sir I scorn to act under-board. And if this don't satisfy all your Doubts, I can only wish that I had you *here* with me, to give you farther Conviction.

And now Sir let me desire you to put your Hand to your *Heart*, and consider calmly and sedately with your self, whether it be not *illegal* as well as

bar-

barbarous to disturb the Repose of the Dead, and persecute them in their very Graves. You that are so full of your *Cases* and your *Presidents*, tell me what *Case* or *President* you can allege to justify so unrighteous a Procedure? Is it not a known Maxim in Law, That *Death* puts a stop to all *Processes* whatsoever, and that when a Man has once *paid* the great *Debt* of Nature, he has *compounded* for all the rest? How then can you make me amends for the Injuries you have done me, and the great *Charges* you have put me to? For upon the *Faith* and *Honour* of a *dead* Man, the very *passage* of your Letters to this Subterranean World has cost me above *Five Pounds*, the pretended Sum you charge me with. However, if Heaven will forgive you, for my part I do; and to shew you that after so many horrid Provocations I am still in Charity with you, I remain

Your defunct Friend and Servant,

Q. Z.

Post-

P. S.

From the Elysian-Fields.

Feb. 5.

All the *News* that I can send you from this part of the World is, that we are troubled with *none* of your *Profession* here, which is no small part of our *Happiness*, I'le assure you ; and upon a *strict*-Enquiry, I find that not one *Attorney* for these 1500 years has been so *impudent*, as to give St. Peter the Trouble of using his Keys.

ORI-

ORIGINAL LETTERS
ON
Several Subjects.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

Addressed to several Gentlemen of his Acquaintance.

SELECT LETTERS

Out of

Monsieur de * Pays.

A Billet from a Lady to the Author, wherein she desires him to carry her to see the Lion and Tyger.

* Author of
a famous
Book, inti-
tuled, Ami-
tiez, A-
mours, &c
Amouret-
tes.

If what you have swore to me a hundred times be true, that is to say, if you are so much my humble Servant as you pretend, so soon as you have din'd, you'll come to our House, and carry me and my Sister to see the *Lion* and the *Tyger*, and some other odd *Curiosities* that are lately come to Town. How great your stock of *Courage* is I can't tell, but if you are not a rank Coward indeed, you'll be glad of the opportunity to be Master of the *Ceremonies* to us, and conduct us into the *presence* of the aforesaid out-landish Gentlemen.

P

Thus .

Thus I have given you a *fair* occasion of *diverting* me, without putting you to any great *Expence*. Judge then whether I am not the kindest Woman upon Earth, since I am willing to be *obliged* to you for so *small* a trifle.

The Answer.

'T IS but reasonable, Madam, you should go and pay a visit to two such *near Relations* as those you mention'd in your Billet, and God forbid that I should hinder you from *discharging* your Conscience in so *necessary* a point. Yes Madam, I will certainly wait on you after Dinner, and not lose the *Satisfaction* of attending you to an *Interview*, where no doubt on't there will be a World of *Careffes* and *tender* things on both sides. If *Sympathy* is the Mother of *Friendship*, I am confident that the *Tyger* and your *Ladyship* will be Hand and Glove, and strike up the strictest *Alliance* that ever was known. I fan-

fancy 'twill be a most *pleasant* Sight
to see those two Savage Creatures
bumble themselves before you, *lick*
your Hands and Feet, give you a gen-
tle *squeeze* by the Arm, and tell you
in their *Language* that since you are
a hundred times more a *Lioness*, and
Tyger than they, 'tis but reasonable
they should own you for their Law-
ful and Rightful *Queen*: So that Ma-
dam, tho' both these Animals are let
loose about the Room, I shall have no-
thing to *fear* from them while *you* are
there: Or if they have never so much
a mind to make a *Meal* of my Carcass,
yet you may easily *conjure* them by
the *Friendship* that is between you,
or to express my self more properly,
you may *command* them by the *Aus-*
thority you have over them, not to
deprive you of the *Glory* of my Death:
for in short, Madam, it will be a most
horrid *Shame* if their *Teeth* and *Paws*
pretend to invade the Office of your
Eyes. Therefore be assur'd my *Cow-*
ardise will not hinder me from see-
ing this Show, since I shall have your
Company thither.

Billet from the same.

*She desires him to write her a few Lines
in answer to a Copy of Verses she had
received from a Lover.*

I Here *unsay* all the angry things I said to you last Evening. You are *good* for something I must own, nay, now and then I cannot be without so *necessary* a Gentleman as your self. If I *lose* you for good and all, I shall *lose* the better part of my *Diversion*, and as *cheerful* as I am in my temper, I believe *sincerely* in my Conscience, that I should at least *lament* you three hours by the Clock. I dare lay any *Wager* with you, that you are not Conjurer enough to *divine* why I sweeten and colloque with you so *furiouſly* this Morning. Know therefore that I want your Assistance to answer four of the finest, prettiest Stanzas I ever saw, sent me this Morning by a *worthy* Gentleman, who swears and vows he loves me *better* than his Eyes. Let me *die* if any thing can be *tenderer*.

derer. Therefore invoke me the *Aid* of that *Familiar*, your *Muse*, and employ all Wit to answer them, so, that both the Gentleman and I may be *satisfied*. Otherwise I *revoke* all the *obliging* things I bestow'd upon you in the begining of this *Epistle*.

The Answer.

Madam,

Y
OU fancy, I perceive, that you have said abundance of *complaisant* things to me in your Letter, but the Duce take me if I either do or will *believe* a Syllable of the Matter. Set your Hand now to your *Heart* and tell me in sober *sadness* whether you made me a *mighty* Compliment in treating me like your *Confident*, when you ought to have treated me like your *Lover*. A wonderful *Favour* indeed, to desire me to write a Copy of Verses, and all to *please* a *Rival*, whom I wish at the *Devil*. Well, for this once, Madam, I am resolued to *disobey* your Orders : My

Muse is too young at present to set up for a *Goer-between*, and without Vanity deserves a *better Employment* than what you wou'd recommend to her. I keep her in my Service only to assist me in my *Amours*, and should I ask her to do any thing else, I am sure she wou'd *deny* me. Therefore Madam, you must e'en *answer* your Gallant your self, and the next time you want a *Confident*, pray, employ any one else, but

Your, &c.

Billet from the same.

She rallies him for playing the whining Lover, and sends him his Heart again.

I Begin to be dog-weary of hearing you complain of your ill *Destiny* so often. Your Letters as well as your Conversation run eternally upon this nauseous Strain, tho' I have told you a hundred times that this is not the

the way to *win* me. However you chuse rather to *displease* me than leave off this unfashionable way of Courtship. If you are resolved to play the *Milk-sop* still, let me intreat you to show it elsewhere, and not before me. In short, if restoring the *insignificant* Trifle, your *Heart*, to you will secure me from all farther *Persecutions* of this Nature, take it again a God's Name, for I no longer pretend to it, since 'tis not fit for my Purpose.

The Answer.

YOU show your good Nature with
a witness, to send me my Heart
back, after you have used it so scur-
vily above six Weeks. Is this then
your way of *requiting* those that *serve*
you? Who do you think will receive
it in the blessed Condition you have
brought it to? No Madam, e'en *keep*
it to your self, 'tis your own proper
Chattel, and no body but you has a
Title to it. Once more let me tell

SELECT LETTERS

you, 'twas not *handsomly* done of you, to send it home in so *wretched* a pickle. *Mangled* as it is, and *burnt* to *Tinder*, what Woman alive will *netertain* it in her Service? If you did not *like* it you ought in Conscience, Madam, to have *sent* it me back long ago. At the time when it was *whole*, and *cheerful* (and such a one it was when I first made you a *present* of it) I could have found Mistresses *enough* that would have been glad to *receive* it: But since you have so *disfigured* it, that I my self hardly *know* it, you are bound in honour to look after it, and suffer its *Infirmities*, since you have been the *occasion* of them. Let it complain and *bemoan* its self never so much, you ought to bear with its *Lamentations*. But if they *offend* you, and break your *Repose*, is it not in your Power to make them *cease* when you please, and have I not told you a thousand times which way you may *silence* them? Come Madam, put my *Recipe* in Practice, and I give you *free-leave* to send my Heart back again, if after you have tried that Experiment upon it, you don't find it as full of *Joy* and *Gayety*, as at present 'tis of *Grief* and *Affliction*. To

To Calista.

To acquaint her that he's troubled with
an Ague.

I Am up to the Ears in *Love* Ma-dam, as you know but too well. I have a confounded *Quarrel* upon my Hands, which I suppose is no *News* to you neither. Thirdly and Lastly, I have a damn'd *Law-suit* to ma-nage, which you cannot be igno-rant of, since I have *told* you of it so often. To compleat my Misfortunes I wanted nothing but a *Tertian Ague*, or some such Blessing to visit me, which, thanks, to my ill *Destiny*, is come at last to increase the number of my other *Persecutors*. Conside-ring with what Formality and Cir-cumspection it began to *attack* me, one may lay a hundred Pound to a *Penny* that it will keep me *Company* till next Spring. My *Hand* still trem-bles with the Extremity of my last *cold Fit*, and my *Heart* is almost *burnt* up

up with the Violence of my Passion; and what more proper Secretary can there be than a *freezing* Hand to a *flaming* Heart? As I am naturally of a *gay, merry* Temper, and according to the common Opinion an Ague always proceeds from *Melancholy*, I can't imagine how it came to single me out of the Herd: For hitherto, whether 'tis owing to my *Insensibility* or *Courage*, I have not been much disturbed either about my *Law-suit* or my *Quarrel*. 'Tis a plain Case then that my *Love* has betray'd me to this *troublousome* Companion. For this reason, to deal *plainly* with you, I begin to *suspect* you, and fancy that there is a secret *Intelligence* between you and my Disease, and that the Flames you kindled in my *Heart* prepared the way for those that now scorch up my *Body*. And will the Queen of my *Heart* then, to whose Laws it so chearfully submits, lose the Conquests she has made? Interest one wou'd think, wou'd dictate better Advice to her, and perswade her not to let a *barbarous* Enemy *burn* up and *destroy* a place that belongs to her Empire. Revenge *yourself* then, Madam, and when your
band

hand is in, revenge me, and turn this impudent Aggressor out of your *Dominions*. I need not inform you that this cursed Aggressor I complain of, is my *Ague*, that ill-look'd, ill-natur'd, ill-contriv'd *Devil* that loves to make every one he *possesses* look as villainously as himself, that profess'd *Foe* to Cherry-cheeks, that *demolisher* of jolly Constitutions, that *leveller* of Faces, and *destroyer* of all Mirth. Judge then what will become of my poor *Fortress* in a few Days, if this malicious *Engineer* batters it with his great *Artillery* from above, and at the same time *undermines* it from below. 'Tis true, he lies *idle* every other day, but, a Curse light on him, he does me more Mischief in *three* hours, than I am able to repair in *threescore*. In short, I expect to have this wicked *Siege* rais'd by none but you, and this tis so *easie* for you to perform, that unless my *Relief* comes immediately, I shall conclude you don't think the *Town* worth *saving*.

To

To the same.

He tells her after what manner he will receive her when she comes to visit him.

Y
OU send me Word, that you intend me a *Visit* this Afternoon, but does your Ladiship well consider what may be the *effect* on't? Do you think 'tis possible to see so *doleful* an Object as I am without *paying* some little Tribute to Pity, or suppose your *Heart* is *insensible* to all my Sufferings, do you know after what manner I shall *receive* you, and whether you'll be *pleas'd* with your Entertainment? Well Madam, that you may not be surprized, I will acquaint you before hand, what sort of a reception you are to expect from me.

In the first place, Madam, when you come into the Room, I shan't *advance* one Step to meet you, that's positive, but keep my Chair, like the Great *Mogul*, or the Great *Turk*, which

which you please; and the same Ceremony I shall observe at your going away. Then when you have seated your self, instead of complimenting you upon your Beauty and *Wit*, those two beloved *Topics* which you Women are so pleas'd to hear your *Adorers* expatiate upon, I shall *only* entertain you with the cruel *Usage* of my Distemper, and tho' you look'd ten times prettier than I ever knew you, yet I shall fancy you as *pale* and *yellow* as my self. Perhaps I shall not speak a Syllable to you in an Hour, or if I open my Mouth, 'twill be only to ask your Ladiship what's *good* for a Man in my Condition, to complain of my want of Appetite, to tell you how many Hat-fulls of *Jesuite's Powder* I have taken to no purpose, or relate to you what odd *Whimsies* come into my Head when I am in the *height* of my Pain. I shall think I entertain you with very *notable* Discourse indeed, when I acquaint you that my Disease by a *strange* unaccountable *Magic* carries me in the compass of twelve hours from the *extremest* parts of *Lapland* to *Guinea*; that for the six first hours I am so *cold* that a *cloy'd Lover's* Appete

tite

tite cannot be more, and the six next that follow I am so *hot*, that all the Water in the *Volga* wou'd not cool me; that I am the Emblem of *Mont-Gibel*, as they say, that is of *Hell*, carrying two *contrary Extreamis* about me; that when I *tremble* I make all the *Glass-Windows* for two Miles about me *clatter*, and when I *burn*, one had better cross the *Line* than touch the *least* part of me. Thus you see Madam what a *diverting Scene* you are like to find in my *Quarters*. As for my *looks*, you never saw any thing so *ghastly* and *terrible*. My very *Sight* is enough to make a Sexton *tremble* that has made it his constant Trade to rifle the Graves of the *dead*; nay, fright an *unbelieving Priest* into an *Ague-fit of Devotion*. My Physician, that was as rank an Atheist as *Vanninius* t'other day, believes the Existence of *Spirits* already, by the same token, he owes his *Conversion* to me. You may count all the *Teeth* in my Head through my *Cheeks*, and the *Chiurgeons* of the Town bespoke me this Morning to do them the Honour to represent a *Skeleton* at their Theatre, and suffer one of their Fraternity to
read

read an *Anatomical Lecture* upon me. So you must not be surprized, Madam, if I make you a few scury Faces at your coming in; 'Tis no more than what I do to all the World, nay even to my dearly beloved self, when I behold my *Phyz* in the Looking-glass. All the good You are like to find by me is, that my *Hands*, of which You have so often complained, are grown the *civilest*, quietest Hands in the Universe, and will not give You the least occasion to complain of them. Before *George*, in the *Humour* I am at present, I should *hardly* draw them from under my Morning-gown to play with *Helen's* delicious Bubbles, which undoubtedly were very *commendable* Bubbles, since in Conjunction with her Face they made the *Greeks* and *Trojans* deal their handy blows so *liberally* to one another. So now, Madam, I leave You to guess whether You have any thing to *apprehend* from me, and whether You will not part *peaceably* from me, without calling me saucy, *rude* Fellow, as You used to do. This I must tell You too for Your Comfort, that I shall be highly offended with You, if You presume to

laugh

laugh, according to Your laudable Custom; therefore resolve to disguise the *gayety* of Your Humour for a few Moments, or at least pretend a little *Compassion* for me. Thus I have not only inform'd You what You must *expect* from me, but how You are to regulate Your *Behaviour*, so that if You have any Desire after all this ghostly Counsel to visit Your *dying* Wretch, You are fully instructed how to *manage* Your self. After all, if You continue Your Resolution, I would advise You to come to Morrow, for 'tis one of my Days of *Reprise*.

To Madam the Abbess of—

He gives her an Account of his Indisposition, and how uneasily he passes his Nights.

THE Clock has struck *Twelve*, and 'tis now just *six Hours, Seven Minutes*, and a *Quarter* precisely, since I have been *rolling* and *tossing* in

in my Bed, like a poor *Vessel* in the Bay of *Biscay*. All the Family is fast *asleep*, and that young Raskal my Footman *snores* as heartily as a *Drunkard* after a debauch. But all this while, that *Epitome* of Human *Misery*, your humble Servant is *awake*, and has nothing else to accompany him but his *Pains* and his *Despair*. 'Tis to no Purpose that I make Vows to *Morpheus*, promise him Sacrifice, and invoke his *Relief*: The ill-natured God is either too fast *asleep* to hear my Invocations, or too *tardy* to answer them. Not knowing how to entertain my self better, I built a thousand Castles in † *Spain*; but then again when I † ^{A French} soberly considered that this was building Castles in a *Prince's Country* that perhaps won't *thank* me for my Pains, I immediately got up, quitted my *Chimæra's* and *Castles* to write you this Letter, and assure you that I value you more than all the *Princes* and *Emperors* in the World. But under the Rose, Madam, what Emperor deserves to be mentioned the same Month with you? *Augustus*, who was the *honestest* of the whole Pack, had only one Daughter, yet was not able

Proverb equivalent to ours of building Castles in the Air.

to keep her in *good order*, for several grave Historians affirm that she wou'd carry a Stone in her Ear, whether her Father wou'd or no: But, Madam, you have at least *forty* Daughters to look after, yet you keep them all in due *Decorum*, and as for your own Conduct, *Envy* it self cannot find the least Flaw in it. Now tell me fairly and squarely whether ever you cou'd have foreseen that you shou'd be compar'd and prefer'd to *Augustus*, and of all the *Panegyrists* you have known in your time, whether any of them ever made you so topping a *Compliment*; but, Madam, these *extravagant* Thoughts and *high* Flights are *excusable* enough in a sick man, whose Brains are *addled* by the *vilest* of Distempers. This *cursed* Ague has thrown me into a thousand other *Follies*, that wou'd make you burst your sides with *laughing*, should I undertake to send you the *compleat* History of them. What will you say then when I *assure* you that I am grown a wonderful *Admirer* of that *venerable* piece of Antiquity, your *Aunt*? Cou'd you ever have imagined that a sick Man wou'd have longed for so *dainty* a Morsel, and won't you

you now agree with me that an *Ague* gives a Man a very *strange* Appetite? However what I tell you is as *true* as that I am now *writing* to you. I have had the honour to *receive* only two Visits from her, but in that short time have discovered a thousand *Charms* in her, found her more *witty* than your self, and more *beautiful* than *Calista*. In short, I have felt a certain *Emotion* which I should christen by the name of *Love*, were I in health. You wou'd hardly believe how many *fine*, *tender* things I promise my self to say to her, and how *assiduous* I design to be about her *ancient* Person, so soon as I am *recover'd*. And yet perhaps *Thirfis* when he is *well*, will not follow the Inclinations of *Thirfis* the *sick*, but forgive *Calista* all the *cruel* Railleries she has made both upon his Crutches, and other Misfortunes. Since I have mention'd her name, I may venture to tell you, that you are *bound* in Honour to possess that *inhumane* Creature with a *little* of your own good Nature. The *Compassion* you have been pleas'd to expres for me, gives me *infinite* Satisfaction: But alass! What a *refreshing* Cordial wou'd it be to me, if

my and your *Calista* (for so I must call her since you *bestow'd* her upon me) wou'd show me a little of that obliging *Pity* which you *vouchsafe* me daily? At the *very* Moment when I am writing this, I dare *engage* she sleeps as *profoundly* as if she had nothing to *answer* for, and that if she *dreams*, her Imagination is making *merry* at my Expence, either *playing* with my Crutches, or *drolling* upon my Paleness. What is *more*, I dare engage that she'll be ready to die with *laughing*, when she knows I writ this Letter at *Midnight*, and that too, when I had so *little* Temptation to write. But let her make her self as *merry* with it as she pleases, I am *content*, if you will but *take* this Occasion to let her know how *uneasily* I pass my Nights. Above all, lay your *Commands* upon her not to *speak* a word of it, since it highly *concerns* you in point of *Reputation* to have it kept *private*. 'Tis a *Censorious* World, you know, and who can tell what *strange* Stories malicious People may *raise* of us, when they come to understand that a Man of my *amorous* Complexion got up at *Midnight*, with no other Design,
but

but to give himself the Pleasure of *entertaining* you ? Adieu.

To Monsieur de P —

*That Women have sold their Favours in
all Ages of the World, confirm'd by
the famous Story of Lais and De-
mostenes.*

TAKE my Word for't, Sir, you were exceedingly in the right on't to refuse *buying* of Pleasure at so dear a rate. When a Man is so *honest* as to bestow his *Heart* upon *Phillis*, she ought to be sent to the Devil for a *mercenary Strumpet*, if not content with that *present*, she demands the fingering of his *Purse*: For as Love's *Casuists* have long ago regulated the matter, in case of *Services* rendred, the *Workman* ought to be paid, and not the *Master* that employs him. I always told you, if you remember, that this wheedling young *Gipsie* loved you for the *inside* of your Pockets, and not for your *outward* Merits: And since

have found it by experience to be *true*, I hope you'll *take* my Word for the future. However, don't be *dejected* at the matter, for you are not the *first* Man by a Million that has suffered this *Misfortune*. The Generality of the *Sex* in all *Ages* of the World have set a *greater* Value on wicked *Mammon* than *Integrity*: Half a Crown, a Silver-Thimble, a Brass-Ring double gilt, a pair of *Jersey-Stockings*, and the like, will *purchase* you a Chamber-maid, or one of her Rank at any time: Bribe but *higher*, and you may get an arm-full of *Quality*, of what Complexion or Age you please: For after *long* Observation, I find it to hold truer, *no Money, no Mistress, than no Money, no Swiss*. 'Tis a most wicked Custom I confess, and ought to be banish'd out of all *civilized* Nations, but the *Disease*, I am afraid, has taken too deep rooting to be removed. To convince you that this is *true*, as likewise to give you *Consolation* all under one, I resolved to send you the following *Story*, which seems to be *calculated* for the Meridian of your Case.

Yours

You remember, my dear Friend, or at least you ought to remember, that *Silver-tongued* Orator of *Greece*, who cou'd perform Miracles by his *Eloquence*, I mean the celebrated *Demosthenes*, who led the Nobility and People of *Athens* just as he pleased, and who was a greater Thorn in the King of *Macedon's* Foot, by the single Power of his *Rhetoric*, than all the Captains of his Republic by their *Bravery*. At the same time, that this notable *Haranguer* flourished at *Athens*, a certain Lady of Pleasure, whose Name was *Lais*, flourish'd at *Corinth*, who was as famous for the *Lilies* and *Roses* in her Cheeks, as our *Athenian* for the Tropes and Metaphors in his Speeches. No mortal *Heart* whatever cou'd withstand the irresistible *Charms* of *Lais*, and no mortal *Ears* cou'd defend themselves against the bewitching *Tongue* of *Demosthenes*. In short, they agreed in this particular, that both of them promoted the *public good* with the *Sweat* of their Brows, though after a different manner. History no where informs us what Fees *Demosthenes* used to demand, but 'tis agreed on all Hands that *Lais* wou'd be paid exorbitantly for her Attention.

dance : She was not one of those generous Damsels, that think they are sufficient *Gainers* by exchanging Love for Love ; neither tho' she fought for pay did she *list* her self to the next Comer for a *small* matter : No, all her Favours were *taxed*, and at so *high* a rate too that she occasioned the famous *Proverb* you have heard so often mentioned, that *every one cou'd not afford to go to Corinth.* Demosthenes, who had been informed by common Report, of the *Beauty* and attractive *Graces* of this charming *Corinthian*, flatter'd himself that this *Proverb* did not affect him, and that 'twas impossible for *Lais* to withstand the all-conquering *Harmony* of his Periods. Thus being satisfied that he should gain his point, he took Pen in Hand, and sent a *Cart-load* of Love-Letters to *Lais* : She, like a well-bred Lady, civilly answered him, in order to *lure* him on, being one that loved to bring these Matters from Contemplation to Practice. Upon this our Orator gets ready his Equipage, leaves *Athens*, and sets out for *Corinth*. I cannot positively affirmat this distance of time, whether a dead or living Vehicle carried him

thither, or whether he went by Land, Water, or Air.

thither, that is to say, whether he went on *Horseback* or in a *Coach*, the old *Philologers* being wholly *silent* as to this point; but considering how deeply smitten he was, 'tis probable that he rode *Post*, if they had any such *Convenience* in his Age. He was no sooner arrived there, but plucking off his Boots immediately (for I still keep to my Hypothesis, that he took *Post*) he repaired to the next Barber's Shop, where being most nicely powder'd and perfum'd by *Tonsor*, he put on his best Linnen, brush'd his Hat, and now imagining himself as great a Beau as *Adonis*, prepar'd to beat up the Quarters of his new Mistress, whom he fancied more beautiful than *Venus*. Coming into her Apartment, he found her infinitely more charming than he had imagined; he seated himself over against her, he ogled her, he exhaust'd all his *common* Places, he squander'd away the *whole* stock of his *Eloquence*, he said a hundred pretty things to her, he made her a *Goddess*, and what not. All this while *Lais* patiently heard our *Athenian Tongue-pad*, still expecting when he wou'd open to the *purpose*, I mean when he wou'd present her

her with a Purse of *Gold*. After the usual Forms were over, he had *Affurance* enough to ask her the *important Question*, and she had the Conscience to ask ten thousand *Drachmæ*, that make up in our Money —— let me see —— as I hope to be saved I can't tell you *exactly*, but I dare venture to affirm it was a very *considerable Sum*. This confounded Proposition put poor *Demosthenes* so to the Dumps, that for a Quarter of an Hour he stood like one *thunder-struck*, without Sense or Motion : At last recovering his *Speech*, *Madam*, cry'd he, your *bumble Servant* : *I am not in the Humour at present to buy Repentance at so dear a rate, and so Good Night.* The Grammarians and *Antiquaries* have enter'd into a furious Dispute about the meaning of this Word *Repentance*, and the most learned are agreed that *Demosthenes* understood that which we call the *Neapolitan Disease*, and in his time went under the Name of the *Corinthian Itch*. Be it as it will, our *love-sick Orator* got home, ashamed and confounded at the *ill success* of this Journey : And from that time forward he bellow'd very strenuously against the

Ex.

Extortion of the Women, but did not make one single *Convert* in the whole Sex. And now Sir, I hope I have somewhat qualified your uneasiness, by laying before you this Adventure of Demosthenes. This *scandalous* Traffic of *selling* Favours is no *modern* Invention of the Ladies, but as *old* as the Creation. As for those *noisy Coxcombs*, that pretend to carry the whole *Female* World before them by their *Rhetoric*, and have the *Impudence* to lay Wagers that they'll bring the greatest *Coquette* to their Terms in *three* Days, only *laugh* at them for *Fops*, for they are not worth your answering. Let them *pretend* what they please, I'll engage that ten *Pistols* will go further than ten thousand of the finest *Stanzas* and *Letters* in the World, for *Merit* is a sort of an antiquated *Coin*, which not one Woman in a *Million* will take for ready *Money*. I am,

&c.

76

To Madam de H———

*Occasion'd by sending down a Bed to her
in the Country.*

I AM not *Prophet* enough, Madam, I to foretel whether I have executed my Commission to your *Satisfaction*, tho' no care has been wanting on my side I can assure you: For I employ'd an experienc'd *Woman* of my Acquaintance to direct me in this Affair, knowing that we *Batchelors* are not so proper Judges of all the good *Qualities* required in a *Bed*, as those that have learnt them by long *Practice*. All our Neighbours that have seen it, like it exceedingly. One said it was the prettiest *Altar* in the World for a young Maiden-head to be *sacrificed* upon: Another, that it was one of Love's little *Cabarets* where a brace of *hungry Lovers* might *refresh* themselves with a *Bit* from the *Spit*, when they could not tarry till the whole Joynt was *matrimonially* served up to them.

Altho'

Altho' I very well know that it is not designed for any such *wicked* Purposes, yet I cannot forbear to *envy* the Pleasures it will be *conscious* to, and reflect what a delicious Scene of *Happiness* you and I might act upon it, if you wou'd but give your *Consent*. But these are Thoughts you are never *troubled* with, all your *concern* at present being to know how much it *cost*. If I took as much *Pleasure* to make others *uneasy* as you do, I should leave you in this *Suspence* a Month or two longer, and not *clear* it to you till I came down into the Country : But as I am not *revengeful* in my Temper, be pleased to know, that for all it appears so *magnificent* and *stately*, I bought it with the *Money* you gave me, and as for the *Over-plus* I fairly laid it out upon a very *fine* Counterpane, for which I pretend that you are very much *obliged* to me. Consider then, Madam, that if I have been so *trusty* a Manager of your *Purse*, how much a *better* Manager I should be of a more precious *Cabinet*, if you thought fit to trust me with it. Besides I must take the freedom to tell you that I am in some sort a *Benefactor* to your
re-

repose, and I may without *Vanity* affirm, that by my *means* a ^{*}*certain Person sleeps at her ease, that disturbs the Quiet of so many People.* But I am afraid that this *Vanity* and a small *Compliment* from you will be all the *Reward* I shall receive for the *Pains* I have taken. Not but that if you were inclined to do me *Justice*, this Bed might easily *enable* you to *pay* the *Debt* you *owe* both to my *Love* and the *Trouble* I have under-gone in this *Affair.* Cou'd I have found ever a *Conjurer* in this part of the *World*, before I had sent down the *Bed* to you, I wou'd have brib'd him to *inchant* it in so *strange* a manner, that I might have *revell'd* in your *Arms*, yet your *Husband* have *known* nothing of the *business*, and you not slept a *wink* in it, till I came to prescribe *Love's Opiate* to you. How glad wou'd I have been to have purchased so *valuable* a *Charm* as this at any *rate*, and how wou'd I have hugg'd the *honest Magician* that cou'd have help'd me to it! But no such a *Conjurer* was I *able* to find after all my *Enquiry*, so that I was forced to send you the *Bed* in its true *primitive State*, without any other

Charms

Charms than what all other Beds in the World may as well pretend to, I mean the *Faculty* of making People sleep *comfortably*, when Nature *calls* upon them. Take your Belly-full of it there, Madam, you have my free leave for it, but when that *Domestic Animal*, that lies by your side, wakes you to perform Love's *Mattins*, in that *Critical Moment*, think ('tis the *smallest Favour* you can grant me) oh! think upon

The Languishing

THIR SIS.

To Four Ladies, with whom the Author was in Love at the same time.

I Think I have given you a *plain Proof* that I am as much in love with you as 'tis *possible* for a Man to be, since I can *afford* to write to you at a time when I *suffer* as much as ever poor Fellow suffer'd. Upon men-

mentioning my *Pain* I fancy you'll at first suspect it to be *another* sort of a Distemper than really it is: In the next place I am *afraid* you'll think my Letter *contagious* and for that reason refuse to read it; but Ladies, as I hope to be happy in the Embraces of you all four, there's no danger in't. My Distemper, in short, is nothing but the *Tooth-ach*, and as for that slight Indisposition which you charged me to have gotten in *Spain*, and I so often *denied*, suppose it were true, it wou'd have been so effectually *cur'd* by this time, that it ought not to hinder you from *keeping* a Correspondence with me upon that score. No, Ladies, you need not fear any *Infection* by reading my Letter. If 'twere possible for you to catch my *Disease* that way, since *Love* and the *Tooth-ach* generally go together, you might perhaps catch part of my *Love*; mind me, Ladies, I say *part* of my *Love*; for should you catch it all, 'twou'd *scorch* you to death; for I swear to you, I have the most *ardent* Affection for you all four, which I ever *felt*. And now methinks I hear you *cry* out that a *divided* Heart is not worth a

Far-

Farthing, and that a Man that loves more Women than *one* loves *none* at all. This perhaps may be *justly* enough said of your puny Gallants that have not *Heart-room* enough to lodge more than one *Phillis* at a time; but, Ladies, my *Heart* is of a prodigious capacity, and will contain you all four with the greatest *ease* in the world, and that so *commodiously*, that you need not jostle or elbow one another. In short, without being guilty of *Infidelity* to any one of you, I will love you all four both in *general* and in *particular*. Did you but know what strange *Emotions* and wambling of *Bowels* I feel within me, as often as I think on the *Tears*, feign'd or real, which you were pleas'd to *shed* at my Departure, you'd be satisfi'd that I interpret them to my *advantage*. As often as I reflect upon that *Melancholy Farewell*, so full of *Tenderness* and *Concern*, I am *Coxcomb* enough to flatter my self, that I am seriously and heartily *beloved* by you all four: And while I am possess'd with this Contemplation, I am ready to run *mad* that I was so unhappy a Dog as not to know this *good Fortune* of mine be-

R fore

fore I parted from you, that I might have made my *Advantage* of it while I was at — — But since I have receiv'd no *Pleasure* by it as yet, I am resolved to make my self some amends by *boasting* of it, for you may swear I'll not be *silent* of the Honour I had of seeing four pair of the finest *Eyes* in *Christendom* weep when I took my leave of them. In short, I relate this History to all I meet, Men, Women, and Children, that will give me the hearing; in which number you may safely include a world of *pretty* Ladies, who already begin to *lend* me their Ear. If hereafter they shall think fit to lend me *any thing* else, I will make all you four my *Confidants*, and send you a *punctual* Account of it. At the same time, Ladies, I must entreat you to send me the *News* of your Parts, as likewise to *love* me a little, or at least to make me *believe* you do. For a *proof* of this I expect you should all four *kiss* the bottom of this Letter where my *Name* is written. Tho' I am so many Miles distant from you, yet I see, as plain as my hand, Mrs. *Mary* and Mrs. *Betty* going to do it; but as for Mrs. *Lætitia* and Mrs. *Honour*, they scruple at the
bu-

business, and make *wry Faces*; however, I know they'll come to't at last to oblige a Friend —— so, so, now *all* of you have done it; but, Ladies, a *word* before parting. For God's sake not a Syllable of this to your Husbands or any one else; for we must expect a terrible Noise indeed, shou'd it be known that you *kiss'd*,

Ladies,

Your most Humble and

Obedient Servant

Le Pays.

To the Fair ——

A Letter of Gallantry.

ALTHO' my *Love* parted from you last night in a great *Passion*; yet as for *myself*, Madam, I swear to you I went away very well *satisfied*. Tis a peevish, froward *Child*, that's

R 2 certain,

certain, and has *strange* Humours with him. When you have granted him one Favour, the young Son of a Whore *demands* another, and another after that, and soon to the *end* of the Chapter, that is to say, till you have granted him the *last Favour* of all. But I preach'd all night long to the squawling Puppy, that he had reason enough to be satisfied, representing to him, how that languishing *Softness* he saw in your Eyes, those *tender* Words interrupted by so many Sighs, that feeble *resistance* attended with so much Transport and Emotion, were sufficient *Proofs* you were not *angry* with him, but wou'd *content* his longing one of these days. Then to refresh the young Rascal's *Memory*, I reminded him what an agreeable *Disorder* you were in all the while, by the same token you hardly *knew* what you did, or what was done to you. Lastly, I gave him Reasons to *hope* that at our next *favourable* Meeting, he should have no occasion to *complain*. In short, to appease the Child, I pass'd my *Word* for you, and so he *quietly* took a Nap, and still continues very *orderly*. Therefore, Madam, I must conjure you to be
affit-

assisting to me that I may keep my Promise to him, for this little God, in case he's disappointed, will lay about him like a *Devil*, and prove a greater *Thorn* in your side than

Your most importunate Lover.

To Madam de B—

The Author excuses himself for not writing a Love-letter for her, as she desired him.

THE last time I had the honour of your Company, you were pleas'd to enjoin me two different things. The *former* I now acquit myself of, in sending you the *Gloves* you desired me to buy for you; but as for the *Love-letter* you commanded me to write, let me dye, Madam, if 'tis in my power to obey you. Not but that I have used all imaginable *Endeavours* to bring it about. Upon my Word now I have harraff'd and teiz'd my poor *Head* beyond Expression, and all

R 3 to

to dictate me a few fine *Compliments* in order to give you this small *Satisfaction*; but this *Head* of mine is the most *perverse*, fantastical Head in Nature, and when I have most *need* of his Assistance, is then sure to play me the *scurviest* Tricks. In short, 'tis a giddy, hair-brain'd *Rambler*, and so great an Enemy to all *Constraint* whatever, that when my *Heart* honestly advis'd him t'other Morning to obey your Orders: *I must*, replies he, *be as implicite a Slave as thou art, to do every thing that is order'd me*; but thanks to Heaven and my own good *Conduct*, I am free, and will obey no body but my self. *Hark you me Friend*, cries my *Heart* to him, *you are a Blockhead for calling me Slave*. *I will maintain it before all the World that 'tis an honour to obey Calista*, and little less than *Rebellion to dispute the meanest of her Orders*. *What! an Honour to be a Slave*, says my *Head* in a Fury, *you may preach up the Merit of passive Obedience as long as you please*, but 'tis a *Doctrine I shall never swallow*; for know I am a *Republican* in my Nature, and declare against all *Tyranny* whatever. *And how darest thou call Calista a Tyrant*, says my *Heart*,

Heart, she whose Goodness is equal to her Beauty, and who if she delighted in making Conquests might drag all Mankind after her triumphant Chariot. If she tramples upon the Liberties of a free-born People, replies my Head, if she sees her Subjects suffer without endeavouring to save them, if she keeps up a standing Army of little Cupids in her Eyes, contrary to Nature's Magna Charta, all which is undeniably true, why then I positively affirm that she's a Tyrant, and ought not to be obey'd in her arbitrary Injunctions.

You'll be surprized, Madam, without Question, to hear that I am plagued with such an intestine War within me, and perhaps having never heard till now that the *Head* and *Heart* can be of two different Factions, you may question the Sincerity of this Relation. But, Madam, I once more assure you 'tis true, and what will more amaze you, this *Heart* of mine became your Slave chiefly through the wicked *Insinuations* and Counsels of my *Head*, which was eternally telling it how gentle and good condition'd a *Mistress* you were, and by that means engag'd it to part with its *Liberty*. But after

SELECT LETTERS

it had once prevail'd with my poor *Heart* to surrender up its *Freedom* to you, like a malicious *Traytor* as it is, it refus'd to follow its Directions, pretending that it wou'd always continue free; least you might believe it owed you any manner of *Service*; and to give you a Proof of it, positively refused to write the *Love-letter* you demanded of me. Pardon me therefore, Madam, if I cannot *obey* you upon this occasion, and be assured that my *Heart* utterly disapproves this Obstinacy of my *Head*, condemns its Rebellion, and will dispute the *Glory* of being intirely yours with the *proudest Heart* in the Universe.

And now, Madam, may I be so bold as to ask you your *Opinion* of this Letter? Is it not a *non pareille* in its kind, and is it possible to write any thing more *extravagant*? I dare not pretend to determine beforehand how you will relish it, but if 'tis so happy as to contribute the least to your Diversions, I shall be infinitely *pleas'd* with my Performance, since to *satisfie* you is the greatest *Satisfaction* that can be to

*Your most Faithful and
Obedient Servant.*

To

To Madam *de L*—

*A Billet written one Morning when the
Author had taken Physic.*

I Know you are in Town, and am impatient to see you, and yet, as my ill Stars will have it, cannot satisfy this Impatience. What vexes me most, is that I am *asham'd* to acquaint you with the Reason. All I dare tell you at present is, that 'tis an absolute incontrollable *Reason*, which I am forc'd to *submit* to in spite of my Teeth, and if I went about to *contradict* it, I should soon find my self in the wickedest *Disorder* imaginable. Thus I am constrain'd to obey this *haughty Tyrant*, who, to be free with you, so imperiously summons me to dance *Attendance* after him, that he has made me lay down my *Pen* half a score times at least, while I have been writing this short Epistle. But I hope his *Reign* will not last *above* two Hours longer, that so soon as I have dined

I may do my self the *Honour* to wait upon you, and tell you in *Person*, with what *Zeal* I am,

Tour, &c.

To Calista.

Upon seeing her bath her self in a River.

WELL, Madam, all your *Tricks* and *Artifices* are to *no* Purpose. Last Night my good *Fortune* led me to the *happy* place, where you were *bathing* your self, and tho' I saw a sight infinitely *finer* than that of *Diana* all naked as she was born, yet *Aetæon's* cruel Destiny did not attend me. But, Madam, if I might ask you a *civil* Question, Why should you take so much pains to *conceal* your Beauties? Upon my Word now I saw nothing like a *shameful* part about you, or if I did, 'twas only the Thighs and *something* else of your Sister and Cousin, which ought to be *asham'd*

to

to appear in your Presence. The first *Doctrine* I raised from my *Text* was, that those very Members you give your self so much trouble to *bide*, are not a jot *inferior* to what you expose to *common* Sight, from whence I drew this *Inference*, that there are a thousand pretty Women in the World that have more Reason to *bide* their Faces than you have to hide your—— Had you lived in that happy time when the good Folks of *Syracuse* dedicated a Temple to the fair-buttock'd *Venus*, your Ladiship had certainly been *Goddess* of the Place, every one wou'd have brought his *Offering* to you, and saluted your plump *Posterior*s according to the Ceremony there observed. Pardon me, Madam, this Quotation is too just and natural to deserve your Censure. As I never beheld any thing in all my Life so charming as I found you last Evening, I want Expressions to tell you how much I am *enslaved* by your Beauty. If I were now in my *Poetic Vein*, I should proclaim to all the World, that the *red-hair'd Charioteer* of the Day, meaning the *Sun*, quitted the *Ocean* last Evening, where he uses to

to solace himself in the Arms of his beloved *Thetis*, to sport away the Night in that fortunate *River* where *Calista* was bathing her self. Heavens! how often was it in my Thoughts to plunge Head foremost into the Water after you, and try the *Adventure* of the Nymph *Salmacis*. But, Madam, as these were the *first* Motions of my Passion, so they are *excusable*, because the wisest Philosopher upon Earth is not *Master* of them. The next Moment I made some *sober* Reflections upon this Design, and must own I was terribly *afraid* of you, altho' you were *naked* and disarmed, and carried not that *unmerciful* Fly-flap about you, with which you use to *correct* the Insolences of my *Hand*, when it presumes to touch your *Bubbles*, or examine the *Fringe* of your Petticoat. After all, Madam, 'tis more for your *Advantage* than you are aware of, that I saw you last Evening, for whenever you act the *reserved*, I must own you carry *Treasures* about you that deserve to be well *looked* after, and not exposed to *unsanctified* Eyes. Having seen the Beauties of your Body, I cannot but approve the Severity of your Soul; there.

thierefore you need not quarrel with me for presuming to see you, since it turns so much to your Advantage.

A Billet from *Calista* to the Author.

She is angry with him for not knowing her at a Masquerade.

Y
O
U are a Man of the least *Gal-
lantry* that ever was known. I
am inform'd that a Lady in a *Masque*,
and who, notwithstanding her Disguise,
seemed to be *well-shaped* enough, took
you *aside* Yesterday from your Com-
pany, and said a hundred *obliging*
things to you, to all which you re-
plied so *coldly* and *dully*, that she went
away very *ill satisfied* with you. This
Lady had an indifferent *good Opinion*
of your *Wit* before, and had the *Char-
ity* to think you might act your part
tolerably well in a Frolic of this Na-
ture, but you have most effectually
undeceived her. As this Lady's Sen-
timents are always the *same* with mine,
don't

don't come to tell me any more Stories of your *Prowess*, for I shall certainly *send* you back to the *Lady* in the *Masque*.

The Author's Answer.

Before I received your Billet, I was told that you were at the fine Masquerade last Night, nay, that you were the *very* Person with whom I *discoursed* so long. But why should you think it *strange* that I did not *know* you, you that never spoke four *kind* Words to me in all your Life, and then entertained me with so much seeming *Tenderness*? In short, your *Soul* was infinitely more *disguised* than your *Face*, so that had your *Masque* been off, I should never have been able to *know* you through so much *fondness* and good Nature. I should have sworn that my very Eyes *deceived* me, and that it was not *Calista* that talked to me. Since I was taken up with these *Thoughts*, judge you whether all the soft Expressions and Caresles of a *Stranger*

ger were like to operate with me, and whether I was in a Humour to begin an *Amour* with a Person, who seemed to have some *wicked* Designs upon your Property. Thus you cou'd not but observe with what *Indifference* I entertain'd you, so that, my dear *Calista*, instead of complaining of me, I think you ought to *commend* my Fidelity, and from thence conclude that you have no *Rival* to apprehend.

To Monsieur de A———

Our Author gives a short Account of the principal things he observed in England. I purposely translated this Letter to let our Ladies see what a good Opinion the French have of them.

If the People of *London* talked *French*, a Man wou'd almost fancy himself in the midst of *France*: Both Sexes go exactly *drest* as they do in *Paris*, and hating a few things, the manner of living is the same. Since our ar-

arrival here we have seen all the remarkable Places in this Town, as *White-hall*, *Somerset-House*, *St. James's*, *Westminster-Abbey*, *St. Paul's*, *Temple-Bar*, the two *Exchanges*, and several other Buildings, which we shall give you a large *Account* of at our Return. One thing we much exceed *Paris* in, and that is, the great number of pretty *Ladies*, who are most plentifully furnished with *Bubbles*. As this is a cheap *Commodity* here, and very scarce in *France*, I was thinking to buy a good *Quantity* of them, and send them you in a Vessel packed up by two and two, with red *Ribbons* between them. I concluded that so *delicious* a Merchandise would not be *unwelcome* to you, and that you wou'd be very well *pleased* to furnish some of your Acquaintance with them, who want them, and wou'd willingly lay out their Money that way: But upon *second* Thoughts, considering that your Custom-house *Officers*, who let nothing escape them without examining, wou'd pollute them with their *unrighteous* Hands, I laid aside this Design; knowing full well that such *nice* Commodities wou'd be spoil'd with handling, and

and lose all their *Charms* and *Beauty* before they cou'd come to you. It was a sensible *Mortification* to me that this Obstacle *opposed* my Design, and hinder'd me from affording you this *Satisfaction*. Since I have mentioned the *English* Ladies, I must inform you that they are *terribly* cruel in their Temper, but 'tis not such a sort of *Cruelty* as gives Occasion to mournful *Elegies*, that makes the disconsolate *Lover* hang or drown himself, that delights in the *Martyrdom* of Hearts, and the *Complaints* of desponding Wretches; for according to the *best* Advices I can receive, they make none of their Gallants *die*, but by *over-loading* them with their Favours: But they are *cruel* according to the Genius of their Nation, they love *Blood* and *Slaughter*, and after the manner they *talk* of it, one of their humble Servants can not give them a more agreeable *Diversion*, than by *stabbing* some body or other in their Company. And this is so certainly *true*, that a Stranger cannot but observe how this *barbarous* Inclination reigns even at their *Plays*, and in their *Theatres*. You know, my worthy Friend, that 'tis an *inviolable*

Rule of our *Stage* not to expose any *Tragical Objects* to the Eyes of the Spectators : And therefore our Poets, that know the *sweetness* of our Temper, never exhibit any *bloody Representations* upon the Stage, nor suffer any *Murders* or *violent Actions* to appear there. On the contrary, the *English Dramatic Authors*, to flatter the *Savage Humour* and *Barbary* of their Countrymen, make no Conscience of shedding *Blood* upon their Theatre, nay, *adorn* their Tragedies with the most cruel *Catastrophes* that can be imagined. Hardly a *Play* is acted but some body is either *hanged* or *torn* to pieces, or *murder'd* in it, and at such Passages the Ladies clap their Hands for *Joy*, and are ready to *burst* their sides with *laughing*. I had almost like to have forgot that they never *fail* once or twice a Week to see the Prize-Fighters *back* and *mangle* one another at the *Bear-garden*, who, to please these *good-natur'd* Spectators, cut *large Collops* out of one another's Carcasses. By this you may judge of the Temper of the *English Women* ! However, I wou'd not have you conclude from hence that they are *cruel*

in

in all other Respects ; for, as I have already observed, they are *favourable* enough to their Lovers. 'Tis a frequent thing to carry them to the Tavern, where they'll take their Brimmers *heartily*, till they can scarce find their way out of the Room, and then to be sure they are not in a *Humour* to deny their Gallants any thing. There is a famous Public House near *Moor-fields*, where the Master keeps a parcel of *Fiddlers* and *Dancers* in constant pay, who have nothing to do from Morning to Night but to *divert* those that come thither to drink. Here the whole *Quintessence* of their Gallantry is to be seen at one view : They are never without abundance of *merry* Fellows that carry their *Mistresses* thither ; the House is somewhat built after the manner of an *Amphitheatre*, and the principal Sport being in the *middle* of the Room, the Company behold it at the greatest *ease* imaginable. I have been *there*, and had my share in the *Diversion* it affords. We likewise went to see *Hampton-Court*, where the Court is at present, and which is the *Fountain-bleau* of *England*. We had the *Honour* of seeing their Ma-

jesties there : The young Queen is *low*, and of a *brown* Complexion, and by her *Face* 'tis easy to discover that she has a great deal of *goodness* and *sweetness* in her Nature. She has brought some four or five *Portuguese* Ladies with her, that are the most *deformed*, ill-looked Devils that ever bore the Name of *Women*. When a Man sees them among the *English* Maids of Honour that attend her, he wou'd be apt to swear that *Heaven* and *Hell* were jumbled together, and that *Angels* and *Furies* were lately reconciled to one another. But this is not all the *Trumpery* which the Queen has brought with her out of her own Country ; for her Majesty has a Consort, as 'tis called, of Citterns, Harps, and the Lord knows what *Instruments*, that make the most *wretched* Harmony that ever was heard. Going to hear Mais, we were obliged to suffer this vile *Persecution*, and tho' I have none of the *nicest* Ears, I never heard such *hideous* Music since I was born. As for *Hampton-Court*, 'tis a *magnificent* Pile of Building, but upon my Word comes not up either to our *St. Germain's*, or *Fountain-bleau*, no more than *White-ball*

hall is to be put in the same Scale with the *Louvre*, or St. James's House with *Luxembourg* Palace. When I was shown that *dismal* Place where the late King had his *Head* cut off, I cou'd not forbear to pour out a thousand *Imprecations* against this *rebellious* Nation, and was infinitely *pleased* to see the City Gates, and other eminent Places adorned with the Heads and Limbs of those execrable *Regicides*. Cromwell's Head of accursed Memory was very much to my *Satisfaction* placed over *Westminster-Hall*. I wish that the *public Examples* of these *Criminals* may deterr all *Rebels* for the future, and secure the Peace and Dignity of the *British* Throne, which has hardly recovered the terrible *Shock* it received in the late calamitous *Disorders*. And now, Sir, having seen all that is *worth* the seeing, we begin to think of taking our *leave*. Our Pockets have been most *cruelly* emptied since we have been here, for *Shilling* is the Word upon *every* Occasion. 'Tis impossible to make a visit to an *Englishman*, unless the *Shilling* marches in the Van. For my part, tho' I understand as *little* of their Language, as

I do of *Arabic*, yet methinks they talk of nothing but *Shilling*, *Shilling*; *Shilling* everlastingly. In short, for *this* and twenty other *good* Reasons 'tis high time for us to prepare for our *departure*; but alafs! 'tis with some *regret* we take up this Resolution. The Sea used us so *discourteously* in our Voyage hither, that we wou'd not, if we cou'd possibly avoid it, expose our selves again to its *Fury*: Therefore, Sir, if you desire to see us once more in *France*, you must with all Expedition build us a Bridge from *Dover* to *Calais*: Otherwise I don't see how we shall get over.

I am

Your most

Obedient Servant.

To

To Monsieur de B—

In the beginning of this Letter he rallies his Friend for not writing to him ; and afterwards gives him an account of a merry Intrigue he had with a Hugonot Parson's Wife.

UPON my Word, Sir, I am exceedingly obliged to you, for the extraordinary Opinion you seem to have of my Friendship, since you believe it can *thrive* and prosper like the Fruits of *Paradise*, without cultivating or looking after. To be plain with you, can you expect I should entertain you from time to time with my Letters, while you refuse to put your self to the *Expence* of one single Line ? But you are the *pleasantest* Gentleman in Nature, I swear, when you tell me I have *Wit* enough to *guess* at all you can say in an Answer, and therefore *forbear* to write to me. What ! are you so *unreasonable* to expect I should do like Friar

Martin, that is, sing and make the *Responses* my self? Had you the least Regard to my Reputation, you wou'd never serve me so, for none but *Fools* use to talk to themselves, and for my part I begin to be weary of it. Besides, to disarm you of all Excuses, your *Mistress* can never be so jealous of you, but you may venture to write a few Lines to a *Friend*, without incurring her *Displeasure*. With all due Submission to the Lady be it said, *Friendship* does not interfere with the Interest of *Love*, so that I may very well be allowed to find a *Friend*, at the same time that the charming *Urania* finds a *Lover* in you. Having made mention of *Love*, I have trump'd up a new *Mistress* lately, but thou art so unpardonable a Wretch that I hardly think it worth my while to communicate this Affair to thee. In short, I am so concerned at thy Negligence, that by my good Will I cou'd deny thee this small Satisfaction, but *Friendship* combats furiously within me, and I perceive will get the better of my *Resentment*. Know then, thou wicked Reprobrate, that for this last Month I have paid my *Devotion* to

a *Calvinist* Parson's Wife, who is wonderful pretty and *good-natur'd*, which last Quality, you know, is seldom to be found in the Females of that *sower Perswafion*. I *daily* make my Visits to her, and she *suffers* them, suffers them, I say, without *Reluctance*, and perhaps not without *Pleasure*. When I first made her a *tender* of my Affection, the pretty Creature *pelted* me most unmercifully with Texts of *Scripture*: But I soon turned her *Artillery* upon her self, and convinced her that all the *Orthodox* Commentators were on my side. Perhaps you *laugh* at this *Gallantry*, tho' at the same time you approve my *pious* Resolution to caress none but *Hugonots*: For let the Censorious World make the *worst* on't it can, People can *only* charge me with *tempting* a Woman to *sin*, that was above *half-damn'd* to my Hands. But let them *talk* as they please, 'tis a *Design* I am resolved to put in Execution this *Lent*, for the *Repose* of my Conscience. I intend for the future to *hunt* no where but in the Territories of *Geneva*, where I shall be without the *Jurisdiction* of the Church, so that my Confessor will

will have nothing to do with any Game I spring there ; and indeed, if he pretends to *forbid* me this *Sport*, I shall *appeal* from him to some more *competent* Judge. By this time I hope you are satisfied that I have taken the *surest* Method of succeeding, and that a young Fellow cannot *better* employ his time , than in making *Love* to Women that never go to *Confession*. That confounded Church-Stratagem called *Confession* is a mortal Enemy to all *Gallantry*, by the same token a Man shall have an *Apostle's Day* now and then *pop* in unluckily upon him, when he has *almost* brought an *Intrigue* to *bear*, and so make him *lose* in one *Minute* all the *Ground* he has been *struggling* for so many *Weeks* before. But, the Lord be praised, there are no such *Misfortunes* to be feared among the *Hugonots* : The good People of that *Perswasion* never trouble their Heads with keeping a *Catalogue* of their Sins, but let them lie at *Sixes and Sevens*; whereas we *discreeter* Catholics pay off our scores once a *Month* at least, and then begin a *fresh* Tick. The best *Jest* of all is, our *Husband*, according to the common *Fate* of most *Cuckolds*,

is

is the kindest, civillest *Fellow* in the World to me, and imagines the *only* Motive of my coming so often to see him, is to be *settled* in some Points of Religion. To *countenance* this belief in him, I seem to be wonderfully *surprised* at his Discourse, nay, sometimes allow him the *better* of the Argument, and, indeed, 'tis merry enough to consider how *harmoniously* the business of *Sin* and *Religion* goes forward in his House; for while old *Orthodox* thinks to make a *Convert* of me, I'm endeavouring, by way of *Retaliation*, to make a *Whore* of his Wife.

To Monsieur de S—

Our Author endeavours to comfort his Friend for having lost his Mistress.

I Command you for making me the Confident both of your *Love* and *Affliction*, for tho' you had not been obliged in point of *Friendship* to have done it, yet the *Conformity* of our Mis-

Misfortunes seems to have challenged it from you. I am concerned at your ill luck, and resent it with as lively a concern, as if it were my own. Were you to be comforted after the usual manner of People in Distress, that is, by citing to you the *Examples* of other Persons as *unfortunate* as your self, I cou'd easily produce *my self* as an Instance of humane Infelicity, who have all my life-time been persecuted by *Love*, as well as a constant ill *Fortune*. If the perfidious *Melissa* has *despis'd* you, my cruel *Calista* has bestow'd the *same* treatment upon me. At the same time, I must confess, that *Calista* is not altogether so unjust as *Melissa*, since she beholds none of those *shining Qualities* in me, which the other sees in you; for which Reason I ought only to *condole* your hardship, without thinking of my self, who am too *worthless* a Wretch to be comforted. But since you have commanded me to administer to you some *Consolation* out of my own Store, I cannot begin *better*, than by reminding you of the ancient *Proverb*, which says, that *Fortune* and *Love* don't always favour the most *deserving*

ving. One wou'd think that an
handsom young Fellow, like your
self, was only made to be *beloved*,
and that the Ladies ought to prefer
such as come *nearest* to them in
point of Beauty, to those that
are farthest *remote* from it : How-
ever, we find the quite *contrary* usual-
ly happens : Women are the most
fantastic Animals in Nature as to
their Affections ; they love without
knowing *why*, or *wherefore*, and
blindly follow the Direction of their
Passions, that never advise with *Rea-*
son. What finer Gentleman did *Italy*
ever produce than *Focondus*, witty,
generous, gay, and beautiful, yet does
not History *inform* us that the dear
Wife of his Bosom loved the Embraces
of her *Coachman* much better than
his, a *Raskal* that was as ugly as the
Devil, and stunk worse in his own
single Person, than a Convention of
Pole-Cats? Who has not heard of
Astolphus, the famous King of the
Lombards, whose *Beauty* made him
admired by all the World, yet his
virtuous Queen left him, to *solace* her
self in the Arms of a little diminutive
crumpled *Brute*, whose very sight was
enough

enough to put *Massalina* her self out of *conceit* with the whole Sex? And now, Sir, do you think it *strange* that she has *abandoned* you for that walking Tun of Guts and Garbidge, your *Rival*? Tell me not that your Misfortune is without *Example*: Were I not afraid to overwhelm you with variety of *Citations*, I cou'd easily refresh your Memory with the ancient, but true Story of the celebrated *Penelope*, whose *Virtue* and *Chastity* have been recommended to all succeeding Women as *Patterns* to follow. Don't you know that during the Absence of *Ulysses*, she was *courted* by abundance of young *Lords* and *Noblemen*, who omitted nothing that cou'd contribute to gain her Affection: There was nothing but Music and Feasting, and Magnificence, yet the Devil of any Progress did these young *Lords* and *Noblemen* make in *Penelope's* Heart, with all their Music, Feasting, and Magnificence. At last a Crotchet took *Mercury* in the Pate to *undertake* that which all these fine *Princes* had attempted in vain. He flatter'd himself that being a *God*, he should easily surmount those Difficulties

ties which frail *Mortals* had found invincible, and that *Penelope* must be a Statue, or something worse, if she cou'd maintain her *Heart* against his fine *Shape*, his *Eloquence* and *Address*. But notwithstanding all this, *Mercury* succeeded not a jot better than the rest of his *Rivals*. Finding that neither his fine *Shape*, or his *Eloquence* made any Impression upon the Lady, he had recourse to *Address*, having had the Honour more than once to serve his Father *Jupiter* in the painful and laborious Character of a *Pimp*. But he displayed all his *dexterity* to no purpose, therefore to bring matters sooner to an issue, he metamorphosed himself into a Goat, and under that *agreeable* Form carcass'd this irreconcileable Enemy to love, the chaste and virtuous *Penelope*. Now what will you be able to reply to me, dear Friend of mine, when I shall desire you to *remember*, that a paltry, stinking *Creature*, with *Hoofs* and *Horns* obtained those Favours, which so many whining Coxcombs, and even *Mercury* himself had sollicited in vain? *Penelope*, who had stood *buff* to all the Charms and Courtship
of

of *Gods* and *Men*, surrenders up her Person to a vile, nasty *Animal*, and what was the effect of this *unnatural* Commerce, but a cloven-footed Puppy, I mean *Pax*, the illustrious Prince of *Fauns* and *Satyrs*? Let me desire you, Sir, to chew the *Cud* a little upon this *instructive* Story, and when you have done so, tell me whether you and I have not shown our selves a brace of idle Coxcombs to languish and die for two insignificant ungrateful *Coquetts*. Were we *wise*, we should leave off this *Game*, and start a *better*. As for you, 'tis in your Power to chuse a hundred Mistresses that will think themselves *honoured* with the leavings of the insensible *Melissa*, and will be much more capable to comfort you upon the score of your loss, than I can *pretend* to. Deliver your self therefore from a *Slavery*, which will be dishonourable to you, since your Mistress has made so *vile* a choice. Constancy is often a *Vice* as well as a *Virtue*, and all the VVorld will *laugh* at you, to show it upon this Occasion. For my part, I advise you nothing but what I am resolved to put in *Practice* my self : When-
ever

Whenever the cruel *Calista*, who has not as yet thought fit to declare her self, shall bestow her Affection upon *any other* than my self, that very Moment I will throw off her *Chains*, and not drag them about me to set off the *Triumph* of my Rival. I will see him *crucified* a hundred times over, before he shall have the *Satisfaction* to see me drop one single *Tear* for those *Fayours* which he enjoys at Pleasure. No, I will *drown* all my Cares in a Glass of generous *Red*, put the *ill-natured* Jilt in the front of some *glorious* Lampoon, break her Windows, murder her Lap-dog, and wish her and her Spark at the *Devil*. This is the *Remedy* I wou'd prescribe to you in your present Distemper, and not to let it grow upon you by humouring it, which wou'd make me as great a *Sufferer* as your self, since I *feel* all your Afflictions in as *sensible* a manner as I do my *own*. Forget a *worthless* Creature that has forgotten you, nay, remember that *Melissa* has obliged you by resigning you up for another, since 'twas impossible for you to have

T paf's'd

pals'd one *easy* Moment; with a WOMAN of so. *wretched* a taste. I am.

Your, &c.

A Letter to Monsieur H—

Giving an Account how he surpriz'd a famous Miss of the Town dining at her Lodgings in an undress, with two of her female Companions.

WELL, I have the most *comical* Adventure in the world to recount to thee, that's certain. Ha, ha, ha, I shall *kill* my self, I think, with *laughing* at it, 'tis so ridiculous: Give me leave to *recover* a little out of this Fit, and then, dear Rogue, thou shalt *bear* all.

Know then—— but this *wicked* Fit again interrupts me—— Well then to be *serious*—— Know that between the Hours of twelve and one to day, having gone through my whole *Circle* of morning *Visits*, I bolted *unawares* into the divine Belinda's Cham-

Chamber, where I saw a sight enough to—— Pardon me, dear Tony, I am so tickled with the *Idea* of it, that I must take t'other dose of *Laughter* before I can stir a step farther—— to have made the morosest *Cynic* in the world forfeit all his *Gravity*.

A *Plague* on her, you know the divine *Belinda* well enough, that ill-natur'd sawcy *Harlot* that comes every night so spruced up and *prim* to the Playhouse; she that has been the subject of so many *Sonnets*, and deified by so many confounded *Poets*; she that is never without a *train* of Marquises, Lords, and Knights, and a numberless Litter of *subaltern* Puppies to *bunt* her from the Pit to the Side-box, and back again from the Side-box to the Pit. Well, and *what* of her, you'll cry, why, as I told you before, I *bolted* unawares into her Chamber, and surpriz'd her with two of the Sisterhood at a *small* Collation.

The Devil of a *Napkin* or *Table-cloth* was to be seen before them. No *Pagan* Ragoos, nor *high-frown* Kick-shaws, but a Platter of humble *Sprats*, attended by six boil'd *Eggs* in a crack'd earthern *Pipkin*, a *dabb* of salt Butter

T x stuck

stuck upon the *corner* of the Table, and a handful of *Salt* wrapt up in the greasy Fragments of a *Sessions-paper*. Their *Commodes* and *Smocks* were *washing* below by the Landlady of the house, judge then what a *rueful* Figure they made in this *dishabillée*, with their *Hair* about their Shoulders, and their *Udders* swagging down to their Navils. The *Furniture* of the room was every way answerable to the *Entertainment*, for let me see—— there stood that *necessary Utensil* call'd a *Piss-pot* brim-full in the Chimney, a batter'd *Banbox* upon a broken-back'd Chair, the Skeleton of a *Fan*, with a *Tooth-brush*, a *Powder-puff*, and a box of *Pomatum* in the Closet; a row of Pins, with the *Academy* of Compliments, and one of *Durfy's* Song-books in the Window, and lastly, two or three *little deal-boxes* upon the Mantle-tree, which I hope in the Lord had *Turpentine* Pills in them. The Ladies *blushed*, and so did I, then down Stairs they *flew* without speaking a word, and I after them, but *lost* them in some of their subterranean *Catacombs*.

No sooner was I got into the Street, but I made abundance of *moral* Reflections

ctions upon what I had *seen*; these *impudent Devils*, said I to my self, that look so *charming* by Candle-light, bless me! what *sorry Dowdies* they are in their undress, and how *scurvily* do they fare at home, who are so *nice* forsooth and so *squeamish* at the Tavern! Well I am resolved to *undeceive* all Mankind, and communicate my *Discoveries* to them. With this *virtuous Resolution* I went to all the Chocolate-houses I knew to *find* out any of my Acquaintance, and *unbosom* my self to them; but meeting not a single *Soul* there, I repair'd to my Lodgings, and cou'd not *rest* till I had imparted this *blessed* News to thee. I can't foretel how this Letter will *edify* with you, tho' if you make a *right* use on't, it may prove a *better Antidote* against whoring than a Month's *pennance* in Love's Powdring-tub — — — But as for the divine *Belinda*; the next time I see her *Ladyship* in the Side-box, if she's not as *civil* and *bumble* as one of her own Calling before a *surlie Justice*, take my word for't, I'll proclaim the *nakedness* of her Land to all her *Adorers*.

Farewel.

T 3

To

To Monsieur des A.— From Antwerp.

Giving a Description of what our Author
observ'd in Flanders.

WE are now at *Antwerp*, and in a few days intend to visit *Holland*. 'Tis worth any curious Man's while to make the *tour* of *Flanders*: Here are a world of noble Cities, infinitely *finer* than ours in *France*. I had sent you a *large* Account of them if my Friend Mr. *L. B.* had not *prevented* me in my Design, for he has acquitted himself with so much *Care* and *Exactness*, that 'tis impossible to *add* a Syllable to what he has written. By *virtue* of his Letters you'll see every thing as *distinctly* and *plainly* as if you had it before your *Eyes*, so that they give you all the *pleasure* of our Voyage, without ever stepping a foot out of *Paris* for't. However I am afraid that at our return he'll make you *pay* your part of the *Expence*, for 'tis not *reasonable* you should contribute no-

nothing towards it, who receive the same *Satisfaction* as we , yet suffer none of the same *Inconveniences*. Thanks to the *Relations* he has sent you from time to time, you have *beheld* every thing that is beautiful and remarkable in *Flanders*, sitting perhaps at your *ease* in your Elbow-chair in *Paris*, while we are *jumbled* to death in some cursed Waggon , that almost *shocks* us to pieces : Not to *inflame* your reckoning by telling you, that we are forced to take up with the most *pagan* Food that ever was known, to have *Butter* mingled in all our *Sawces*, Butter in the *beginning*, and Butter in the *conclusion*. To this I might *add*, that in abundance of places they *underſtand* our Language no more than *Greek* or *Hebrew* ; so that if I desire the Servant maid of the house to bring me a little *Water*, ten to one but the *Gipsy* lays a huge *Loaf* before me. Not but that we have that *necessary* Animal call'd an *Interpreter* with us, but Heavens ! what a *damn'd* plague is it to *talk* by an *Interpreter* ? If the Fellow *leaves* you but a moment, all that while you must *lose* two of your *Senses*, and resolve to be *deaf*

and *dumb* : Besides, Sir, consider how it must put a Man to the *blush* to ask for *certain* things that shall be *nameless*, by an Interpreter, and what a cruel *pennance* it is to a person of my *intriguing* temper, not to be able to *whisper* a few *civil* things into the Chamber-maid's *Ears*, especially if she's *handsom*. Thus I have shewn you some of the *Inconveniences* we lie under : However, our Friend Mr. L.B. as *tender* and *nice* as he is, has perfectly inured himself to all these *Hardships*. That *sickly* Gentleman, who cou'd not have rid from *Paris* to *Dran-*
cy for his heart, and who wou'd not have gone a *Mile* without a *Coach* to purchase the *Indies*, is the *easiest* Man in the world now, when he's in a Waggon stow'd up between some *Tun-beild* Monk and some jolly *Flemmish Hostess*, lying upon a *wholsom* Bundle of *Straw*, where he displays all his Stock of *Dutch* at once, to make himself understood in such *Illustrious* company. Wou'd you not be wonderfully *pleased* now to see him in this *merry* *Equipage*? But as I hinted to you above, he that was so mighty *squeamish* and *sickly* at *Paris*, is grown as *robust* as *Hercules* in his Travels, and I can assure you has no other *Illness*

Illness about him but that of not *sleeping* so well a nights; but the *mischief*, on't is that he makes me bare a *good* share of this *Illness*. When he can't sleep *himself*, he wishes all the World were *awake*, and is stark *mad* to see any one enjoy his *rest* when he's *without* it. And yet one wou'd think he uses *Exercise* enough in all conscience to make him sleep, for we hardly pass through any Town of note, but he must make the *Tour* of it upon the Ramparts, and this for the most part on *foot*, for a *Coach* is a *Convenience* that is not *always* to be had. This is not all, he must get you up to the top of the *highest* Towers and Steeples, that are of a prodigious *height* in this Country. Five hundred *Steps* of Stone or Wood, and above these five hundred *Steps* four or five confounded *Ladders* with some thirty or forty *Rounds* in each, *terrifie* him no more, than if he had serv'd an Apprenticeship to a *Mason*. 'Tis to no purpose to tell him, that unless he had learn'd to *dance* upon the high Ropes he must expect to *break* his Neck, and that he wou'd not get a *Minute* the sooner to *Heaven* for dying so *high* above ground : All *Remonstrances*

strances of this nature are perfectly lost upon him; nay, what is worse, he obliges me to follow him in all these *Frolics*; me, I say, who to purchase all the *Wealth* of the Universe, wou'd not be *hit* in the Teeth with *dying in the Air*, for fear of *dishonouring* my Family; and who besides am not altogether so curious as he is, to see the Fortification, Plan, and Situation of every *Town* we pass through. These are his *constant Recreations* every day that passes over his head, and yet he does not sleep a jot the better for't. The perpetual *jangling* of the Chimes too in all the great Towns of *Flanders* is no small *Ear-sore* to us. 'Tis a sort of Music that *pleases* a new Comer for twice or thrice, and one, that was *never us'd* to it before, must needs be *surprized* to hear a Set of *Bells* play all the Notes of a *Courant* or *Jigg* as distinctly as a *Spinette* or *Harpsicord*: So that the Fellow that looks after the Clock, may set every Family in any of their Towns a dancing, without putting them to a farthing *Expence* for *Violins* and other Instruments. As I told you 'tis a pleasant *Surprise* enough, but take my word for it, a

Man

Man soon grows weary of the noise; for this Harmony stuns one every quarter of an hour: So that the Lord have *mercy*, say I, upon all good Christians that live near these Steeples, but especially upon such as like our Friend Mr. L. B. have no great *Inclination* to sleep. Heaven be praised we shall remove into *another Country* too morrow, where the Bells are not so *clamorous* and *importunate*. Before I leave this Town, I cannot but own to you that *Antwerp* is one of the *finest Cities* a Man can desire to see. The Magnificence of the Churches, the *Cleanliness* of the Streets, the fine *Furniture* of the private Houses, is a quite different thing from what we have in *France*. There is *hardly* a Tradesman's House without abundance of good *Pictures* in the rooms, for molt of 'em have a *natural Genius* to Painting: The People are *honest* and *industrious*, the Women *beautiful* and *free*, and for that reason not given to *Gallantry*, whatever Stories you may have heard of the many Conquests the *French* made at *Brussels* among the fair Sex. I think 'tis impossible to give a *stronger Demonstration* of their Chastity, than that there are certain

tain Societies of Religious Women call'd *Beguines* here. In some places you may see eleven hundred of them *lodge* together, who take no *Vow* upon them, *go* about the Town when they *please*, receive *Visits* from Gentlemen in their Chambers, and use all the innocent *Freedom* imaginable, yet it was never heard that they were *suspected* of the least Gallantry, or charged with any the least *scandalous* Disorder. Having told you this, you may easily conclude that the *Flemish* Ladies have no mighty *Inclination* to love. I dare pawn my Reputation, that if we had such Houses in *France*, where young Women might *dispose* of themselves as they *fancy* best, without any Guardian, or Relations, or Husband to *controul* them, that *Intriguing* wou'd be much more in *vogue* among them, and that our *French* Ladies wou'd not be altogether so reserv'd and cold as those of *Flanders*. I am

Your, &c.

To

To the same,

Containing an Account of what he observ'd in Holland. From Amsterdam.

THE Persecution I suffer from Mr. L. B. daily *increases* upon me. A Man that travels in his Company ought to *renounce* Sleep for good and all: Because forsooth I sleep a little *better* than he does, he immediately concludes I take too *large* a dose of it, and everlastingly buzzes in my Ear, that it may be *prejudicial* to my health. Ever since we came from *Delft*, where besides the famous Tomb of the Prince of *Orange*, we saw that of Admiral *Tromp*, whose Epitaph begins with *Hic jacet qui vivus nunquam jacuit*, he daily recommends him to me as an *Example* to follow, and to qualify me for having such an *Inscription* upon my Tomb when I am *dead*, wou'd never have me go to *bed* by his good will while I am *alive*. Let me

con-

conjure you, Sir, the next time you write to him, to desire him to give civil *Quarter* to your humble Servant, and endeavour to perswade him that such *Persons* as I, who have *more* Body than Soul, ought to be allow'd *half* as much Sleep again as *other* Mortals. You may *back* this if you please by representing to him, that during our Stay in *Holland* he ought at least to give me *Liberty* of *Conscience*, which is the *best* and most *staple* Commodity of these Provinces. Since I have mentioned the *VVord Liberty* it may not be *amiss* to observe to you, that these fat Gentlemen keep a *furious* po- ther about it. A Man that hears them talk of the *French* and their Go- vernment, wou'd fwear we were no- thing else but a pack of *Slaves* and *Vassals*, with the *Rod* always at our Po- steriors to make us *mind* our Business, and that no People are so fit to *com- mand* the Universe as the *Dutch*. They talk of *Crown'd Heads* with as much *arrogance* as the ancient Citizens of *Rome*: They rail incessantly at our Constitution, at our *selling* of Offices and other Places, pretending I know not how many *Abuses* are occasion'd by

by it, and say that nothing but true *Merit* and *Virtue* advances a Man's *Fortune* in their Country. If what they say is *true*, 'tis certain that *only* those that have the *biggest* Bodies, and *greatest* Bellies have the most *Merit* to recommend them, for I have remarked that there needs no *other* Qualification to make a Man a Counsellor or Burgomaster, but a *mighty* Paunch; for which Reason, if our Friend Mr. L. B. has a Mind to *continue* in these Provinces, I believe without *flattering* him, he may justly pretend to the *highest* Preferments of State; for altho' he *sleeps* very little, yet the Butter, Cheese, and Beer, upon which at this present Writing he *feeds* as heartily as a natural *Dutchman*, have so exceedingly *improved* the bulk of his Person, that you'll *bless* your self to see him at his return. However, I don't believe he'd *settle* his abode here, tho' to possess himself of the *highest* Post in the Government; for as you know him to be a very good *Catholic*, the difficulty of going to *Mass* here will be an *invincible* obstacle in his way. The Truth on't is, I am exceedingly *scandalized*, that those Sons of *Circumcision*

sion, the Jews, should be allowed more Elbow-room at *Amsterdam* than honest Catholics. Your Bawdy-houses at *Paris* live not in half the *dread* of that *Heathenish Animal*, the *Commissary of the Ward*, as the poor Mass-houses here. However, I have had leisure enough to observe, that not the *Men* but the *Government* has this Aversion for our Religion. The *Hollanders* don't so much hate *Rome* as they do *Madrid*, and for my part 'tis an Article of my *Faith*, that they wou'd sooner be prevail'd upon to submit to the *Pope*, than the King of *Spain*. Happening to be in Company with some *Butter-boxes* t'other Morning, a Friend of ours that was in the *bantering Strain*, told them that the *Inquisition* was certainly going to be put down, that a *Protestant Minister* had lately got leave to preach publickly at *Madrid*: In short, that his *Catholic Majesty* was upon the point of declaring himself a *Hugonot*. Upon this, a fat *Hollander* in the Room twirled his *Whiskers*, and in the *fulness* of his Heart replied, that if the *Spaniard* turn'd *Hugonot*, the *Hollanders* would find themselves obliged to turn *Catholics*

lives the next Moment after. And now, Sir, I leave it to you to determine whether they have any real *Affection* for their *own Religion*, or any positive *Aversion to ours*. It may justly enough be affirm'd of them, that they *hate* nothing in the World but the *Spanish Tyranny*, and *love* nothing cordially but their *Silver*. Were it not for this, they would infallibly be the *honestest* Fellows in the Universe. As for their *Women*, you may take it for a general rule without Exception, that they are fair complexion'd and pretty to a Miracle. In *North Holland* particularly, all the Lasses have such delicate Heads of Hair, and so agreeable a *mixture* of white and red in their Cheeks, that the most indifferent among them wou'd pass for a *topping* Beauty at *Paris*. At the same time I must frankly own to you, that the *generality* of them are little *better* than so many *Images* in Wax-work, and have no greater a share of *Understanding* than merely to *distinguish* Beer from Wine, and Butter from Cheese; so that a Man *needs* not put himself to any great *Expence* in Oaths to perswade them that he's in Love with them.

Altho' they have no great Inclination to *Gallantry* on Nature's side, yet 'tis no *difficult* matter to draw them into the *Net*: They do out of down right *Stupidity* that which our VVomen in *Paris* do out of *Gayety*, but then their *Caresles* are so *cold* and *phlegmatic*, and they have so wicked a relish of Joy, that, as I am *credibly* inform'd, in the very *Crisis* of Pleasure, and in the most *transporting* Moments of Bliss, they'll eat Apples and crack Nuts. But this is not *all* I have to *surprise* you with: In the business of *Gallantry* nothing can be so diametrical-ly *opposite* to *Paris* as *Amsterdam*: For here none but your young *Maidens* will grant you any Favours, but when once they are got within the Circle of *Ma- trimony*, and have pronounc'd those *terrible* Words for *better for worse*, you may sooner borrow *Money* of an *Usser*, than prevail with them to *show* you the least *Civilities* While they are at your own *disposal*, you may make them *fetch* and *carry*, *lie* down, and do what you *please*; but when they have taken the dismal Name of *Wives* upon them, all the Wealth in the *Indies* will not tempt them to
in.

injure their Husbands: And indeed they derive no little *Advantage* from this *politic* Self-denial, for they *govern* their Husbands at Discretion, who are such tame passive Creatures, that to this very Hour it was never known that a married Man in *Holland* bestow'd any conjugal *Discipline* upon his Wife. If a Man should administer a few transitory *Kicks* to his crooked *Rib*, tho' the *Provocation* were never so *just*, he must expect to be sent to *Bridewell* for his Pains, and do three or four Years penance in *Prison*: And the Reason is, because no Man is allowed in this *blessed* Country to do himself *Justice*. Nay, a Master or Mistress that should be so *ill-advised* as to give their Footman or Servant-maid a *Box* in the *Ear*, wou'd certainly be called *coram nobis* for't, and forced to pay them a *Years Wages*, tho' they had lived but five *Days* in their Service. After this I leave you to judge how *insolent* these Vermin are, and whether you wou'd chuse a Valet out of *Holland*. But if this Custom is *faulty*, they have others that deserve to be *imitated*. As for the *Croffes* and *Afflictions* of the World, they have the

best Maxims that can be imagined. Not to displease those worthy Gentlemen the *Stoicks*, who have preached so long upon those *Thread-bare Topics* of *Constancy* and *Resolution*, the *Hollanders* have put that in *Practice* which the others have only recommended in *Theory*. Certainly no People in the World receive Misfortunes with less *Emotion*: Let what Accidents soever *befal* them, they comfort themselves that something *worse* might have happen'd to them: If they chance to break a *Leg* or an *Arm*, they think themselves *favourably* dealt with that they did not break their *Necks*: If a Tempest at Sea *sinks* some of their Vessels, they thank Heaven for *sparing* the rest; or if their *Houses* are burnt down by *Fire*, they are well enough pleased that they escaped it *themselves*. Thus Sir, you see what admirable *Consolations* they give themselves in *Holland*, which are not so *commonly* practis'd in our Climate. I should swell this Letter to too enormous a *Bulk*, should I pretend to set down all those *useful* Maxims that are establish'd here for the repose of human Life: For then I should be obliged to *wast* a great deal of

Paper to acquaint you with those *just* and *solid* Notions they have of *Love* and *Honour*, how much they despise these two foolish *Chimera's*, and how they laugh at us for paying a *servile* Adoration to a brace of worthless *Idols* of our own making. Besides, if the *Hollanders* can't boast so *ready* a Wit, and so *fruitful* an Invention as ours, yet they may *justly* boast a *greater* Application to Business, and more Industry than we. 'Tis indeed *prodigious* to observe that a Country which *hardly* produces any thing of its own growth, should yet have *Plenty* of all that the Universe *affords*; which is intirely owing to their infinite *Trade*, and the good Constitution of their *Government*. The Limits of a Letter are too *confi'd* to recount to you a thousand *remarkable* things, as the Magnificence of the *Stadt-house* at *Amsterdam*, the neatness and rich Furniture of their *private* Houses, which are *exactly* built so as to answer one another, the Beauty and vast numbers of their *Canals* in the midst of their Streets, all of them planted with great Trees on each side so regularly, that a Stranger can hardly tell whether he

sees a *City in a Forest*, or a *Forest in a City*. To this I might add with what *Art* as well as *Expedition* they can build you a Ship or a House, the *vast* Expence and Trouble they are at in keeping their *Dikes*, and that *wonderful* Correspondence which their Traffic gives them in all the Corners of the World. In short, Sir, I should be forced to write an *entire* Volume, to give you a *tolerable* Account of all the *Wonders* of this *little* Republic. But I may very well spare you the trouble of my Relations, for you are in great *danger*, let me tell you of meeting a greater *Persecution* than you'd expect. Our worthy Friend Mr. L. B. is *almost* resolved, since he's in the humour of *travelling*, to make a Visit to *Denmark*, *Sweden*, *Poland*, and the rest of the *Northern Countries*. However, I am in good hopes we shall make the best of our way to *Liege* through *Bois le duc* and *Maestricht*, and when we are got safe thither, we shall soon determine how to dispose of our selves. Thus, Sir, you see that in spite of the Proverb, I am like to leave *Holland* without *making* my *Fortune there*; not that I have been *wanting*

ing to my self in any Respect to bring it about, but the *mischief* on't is that I have not as yet been able to *find* out any Employment that *Suits* my Inclination, except it be that of teaching your young Wenches of about fifteen or sixteen the *French* Language, with whom their Masters take all the *familiarity* you can wish, and perswade them to *do* every thing they have a mind to, provided they tell them 'tis the Mode and Fashion of *France*. If I knew but a little *Dutch* to introduce me, this wou'd be the *fittest* as well as the most *agreeable* way of turning the Penny; but as 'tis my Misfortune to be able to speak no *other* Language but what I learnt of my *Nurse*, and a few Fragments of *Latin*, which I pick'd up at the *College*, I am forced to leave *Holland*, as I told you before, without making my *Fortune* there. However, I can honestly *assure* you that I am not in the least *mortified* at it, since I should be *ashamed* to find it *any where* else but in your *Friendship*, as being with the *utmost* Sincerity

Your most humble
And most obliged Servt.

To Madam de B—

Upon her being angry with him for telling her that his Soul had left him to go and inhabit with her.

FOR Heaven's sake, Madam, what have I done to you to put you into so cruel a Passion : Was it then so *unpardonable* a Crime in me to tell your Ladiship that my *Soul* had *quitted* its old Tenement to *take up* its Quarters with you? For my part I cannot see wherein it should so mightily *displease* you. If you believe nothing of the matter, why then should you be so *offended* at it, and if 'tis *true*, that this *Vagabond* of a *Soul* has *left* me for you, take it to *yourself* a God's Name, and don't send it back to its old Master that has now no *Title* to it : For ever since the *Frolic* has taken it to loiter about you, it comes so seldom home, that I have no time to *punish* it for *deserting* me. Perhaps you may think this Adventure is without Example

ample, but I can assure you 'tis not so new as your Ladiship imagines. If ever you had read *Pliny*, he wou'd have informed you that the Soul of one *Hermotimus* used to *abdicate* his Body as often as the *Whimsey* took it, in order to divert it self more *agreeably* elsewhere as it saw occasion, and then when the Frolic was *spent*, wou'd come home *civilly* to its *old* Habitation, and tell *Hermotimus* what *fine* things it had observed *abroad*. This was a wonderful pretty way of *travelling*, for one to run over the Lord knows how many *Leagues* without the least *Fatigue*, or being exposed to any of those *Inconveniences* that use to incommod other Travellers. But, Madam, there's a sensible difference in the case between *Hermotimus* and me : for that worthy Gentleman's *Body*, all the while his *Soul* was absent from it, lay as *cold* and *immoveable* as a Stone : but for my part, I eat, and drink, and dance, and laugh, while my *Soul* is taken up near your Person. By this, Madam, you may see, that you have wrought a *Miracle* upon me much more *considerable* than any in *Pliny*; tho' under the rose, that ingenious *Roman* was

was no *Niggard* of his Prodigies, when once his *band* was in. I am

Your, &c.

To Madam —

To acquaint her that he had the good Fortune to escape a double Scowring viz. Death and Marriage.

SINCE I have been deprived of the happiness of seeing you, I had like like to have done two of the *foolishest* things which a Man in his *sober* Sences can possibly be *guilty* of, if 'tis in his *Power* to avoid them ; I mean, Madam, I had like to have gone the way of all Flesh in a *mortal* and *matrimonial* Sense, or in plainer *English*, either to have been *interr'd* in a Church-yard, or *undone* at the Church-Altar. To set me *right* in your good Opinion, 'tis but convenient I should inform you, Madam, that neither of these was of my own seeking, but that a burning *Feaver* threaten'd to send me *nolens volens* to the *Grave*, and my good-natur'd *Parents*

to

to condemn me to a *Wife*. However, Heaven be praised, I have made a shift to avoid both those *Blessings*, and since you have been always pleased to express some *Concern* for my *Welfare*, I am *vain* enough to believe 'twill be some *Satisfaction* to you to learn how I *escaped* them,

My Feaver had brought me to a very *low* Condition, so that I *expected* every moment when I should take a leap in the *dark*, for which reason I was willing to clear my *Debts* before I parted, and if I had stolen any thing from any of my Neighbours, honestly to *restore* it, that I might not be *embarrass'd* in my Journey to the *other* world. Immediately I remember'd that I had read in some of our *Casuils*, (perhaps it was St. *Austin*, but I won't be positive) that to *steal* was nothing else but to *take* away something, that belonged to our Neighbour, without his *Consent*: Upon which account remembering that I had *stolen* certain *valuable* Goods from your pretty Cousin *Belinda* without her leave, my poor *Conscience* flew in my *Face*, and acted the part of a *Fury*. This Consideration, in short, so *terribly* alarm'd me, that

that 'tis impossible to tell you what *Agonies* I lay under, so that being fully resolved to make *restitution* of all that very moment, I asked my Confessor, a grave *antient Pillar* of the Church, whether he wou'd give himself the trouble to take into his Custody a few things I had *stolen* from a certain Person, and deliver them to their proper *Owner*. The old Gentleman overjoy'd to find so *pious* a Disposition in me, made answer that he wou'd do it with all his *heart*. Upon this I gave him a little *Purse* which I wore about my Neck in nature of a *Relick-Case*, wherein he found a Lady's Picture in Miniature, three red Ribbons, and a Locket of Hair. When my venerable Spark saw this, *Come, come,* cries he, *if you have been guilty of no other Theft, ne'er trouble your self about the matter: This is a Peccadillo, a meer Trifle, and my Life for yours, will never rise in Judgment against you.* Ay, but *Father*, said I to him, *this is nothing to what follows, for I have stole something of a thousand times greater value than this.* How my dear Child, said he, twirling up his Whiskers most judiciously, and what can
that

that be. 'Tis answer'd I, what both the *Indies* cannot purchase, 'tis what would pay the greatest Monarch's *Ransom* upon Earth, and I must beg you to restore it with the other things. *That you may be sure of, Youngman,* replied our Scruple-drawer, *for what says one of the brightest Luminaries of the Latin Church? Non tollitur peccatum nisi restituatur ablatum:* Which for your Ladiship's Edification I thus translate, &

*If you restore not what you stole,
Old Nick will burn you to a Coal.*

With that, in spight of my Weakness, I jump'd out of bed, took old *Ecclesiasticus* by the Beard, and gave him ten or a dozen hearty *Busses*, and desired him to *restore* them to your Cousin *Belinda*. Altho' my Relations, that stood round my Bed, were in Tears to see me so near my last *Exit*, yet they could not forbear *laughing* at so *ridiculous* a Scene, nay even the good *Father* himself lost all his *Gravity* to find me troubled with so *merry* a remorse of Conscience. However, to compose my afflicted Spirit, he promised *in verbo Sacerdotis* that both the *Purse* and the

the *Kisses* should be faithfully restored to their right Owner. When they had given me *Satisfaction* in this important point, I gave one of my Brothers a Will I had made a little before, and intreated him, that if he had any *Kindness* for me, he wou'd take care to see two Articles of it performed: The first was, to bury the *Box*, wherein I preserve your Letters, in the same Coffin with my self; and the second, to go to *Æmilia*, ask her for my Heart, and deliver it to Madam —— to whom it rightfully belongs. I likewise bethought my self of some small matters I had stolen from *Calista*, and accordingly communicated these Scruples to my *honest* Confessor. But after I had given him a full Account of the whole Affair, he fairly told me, that since I had made so many *fruitless Journeys* for her sake, danced so many hours attendance after her, thrown away so many *Sighs*, and been at the expence of so many *Tears* upon her account, I had *honestly* deserv'd a better reward than a Patch-box, a Tooth-picker, and a small Ear-ring amounted to, and therefore need not *disquiet* my self upon that score. Thus you see,

Mar

Madam, what a world of care I took to *discharge* my *Conscience*, that I might *troop* off like a good *Christian*. But, as it happen'd, I might have *saved* my self the *trouble* of making all this *preparation*, for Heaven *contented* it self to see me put all in *readiness* for this unwelcome *Voyage*, without carrying matters any farther. In short, my Feaver *abated*, and I began to perceive some small glimpse of a *Recovery*. 'Twas at this *critical Juncture*, when my Relations, intending, I suppose, to take their *Advantage* of my *Weakness*, which had not as yet *wholly* left me, proposed a *Match* to me, and I, to convince you that I was not yet *fully* recovered, in some manner *consented* to their *Proposal*; but no sooner did I find my self *in statu quo*, that is, re-establish'd in perfect *health* of Mind and Body, but I took care to escape the *Ecclesiastical Trap* they had laid for me, and made the best of my way to *Paris*, where I am at present, but cannot *tell* you to what place I shall *remove* next. However, this I *know*, Madam, that let my *Destiny* carry me to what part of the World it *pleases*, I shall inviolably preserve that *Friendship* which I have

SELECT LETTERS

have sworn to you, and that nothing can give me greater Satisfaction than to find by your Letters, that you maintain the same for me, who am

Madam,

*Your most obliged and
Paris.*

most Obedient Servant.

To Calista.

To tell her what cruel Designs his Despair had thrown him upon.

WHEN I parted from you yesterday, I left you with a full Resolution to *murder* my self, that I might have the honour of *pleasing* you once in my life, and *free* you, as you are pleased to *express* your self, from a troublesome *Persecutor*. But hitherto I have not put my Design in *execution*, as having not been able to

to determine what sort of Death to pitch upon. At first I had an Inclination to *imitate* the late *Celadon* of amorous Memory, and plunge headlong into the *River*, but then I was afraid lest the *Water* would carry me to the Banks as well as him, and the compassionate *Nymphs* save me in *spite* of my teeth. Then the *Fancy* took me in the head to go and decently *hang* my self before your Door, and copy the Example of *Iphis*, who is the first Lover upon Record that brought a *Halter* into reputation; but I consider'd upon second thoughts, that it wou'd eternally *reflect* upon your Family, should I make a *Gallows* of your Door; and besides, *hanging* is a *scurvy* sort of death, to which I have had an *aversion* from my Cradle. In the next place I thought of *poisoning* my self, but soon laid it aside, believing that *Poison* was no more able to *dispatch* me than *Mithridates* in the days of yore, since I had made it in a manner *familiar* to me by being so long *accustom'd* to it; for mind me, Madam, having fed so many Years upon *Fear*, *Despair*, and *Melancholy*, which are the rankest and most violent *Poisons* in nature, and all this

without any *prejudice* to my Person, I think I may *safely* conclude, that I may venture now to take a small dose of *Arsenic* or *Antimony*, and yet do my self no *harm*. After this I be-thought my self, that to pierce my Heart with a *Dagger* was as *pretty* an Expedient as a Man in my Circumstances cou'd *wish*, but when I reflected that *Lacretia* had ended her days with a piece of cold *Iron*, I soon *abandon'd* my design; for why the plague should I pitch upon that sort of death which a *foolish* Woman formerly chose, who died out of *madness* for having committed that *very Action*, which it makes me *stark mad* that I have never yet been so *fortunate* as to commit: And therefore since my *Despair* proceeded not from the same *Motive* as that of the undiscreet *Lacretia*, what reason had I to chuse the same *Destiny*? In short, I *spent* the whole Night in *considering* of this Affair, but cou'd come to no *final Resolution*. Now, Madam, I wou'd not have you think that the *fear* of dying has *binder'd* me all this while, no, 'tis the *manner* of doing it which has given me all my *Uneasiness*; for to *unload*

load my Conscience to you all at once, since I have found so many *Plagues* and *Crosses* in my *life*, I wou'd by my good will tast a little *Pleasure* at my *death*. And this, Madam, I might expect to find, cou'd I put a certain *thought*, that has suddenly come into my head, in *execution*; which is, my *fairest Creature*, to *die* between thy *Arms*, to *expire* upon thy *Bosom*, to be *stifled* with thy *Kisses*, and *smother'd* with thy *Embraces*. I am very well *satisfied*, before I have made the *Experiment*, that there is nothing of that *Horror* in this sort of death, as there is in drowning, hanging, and the like. *Oblige* me therefore so far as to let me *die* in this manner, for since you are *resolved* upon my death, what signifies it whether it be given me with *Pain* or *Pleasure*?

To Monsieur de C— Captain in the
Regiment of—

Upon the Conclusion of the War between
France and Spain in the Year 1660.
by the Treaty of the Pyrenees.

THIS comes to tell you, tho' I know you'll curse me for my News, that you must now resolve to live; whether you will or no. In short, the *Peace* was yesterday concluded, and in a few days will be proclaimed all over the Kingdom. I'll allow a Gentleman of your *Gallantry* to be angry at it, but 'tis no little *Consolation* to us *worthless* Fellows, that we are going to enjoy the Fruits of *Peace* and *Tranquillity*, which the confounded Noise of *Drums* and *Trumpets* has so long interrupted. With the rest of his Majesty's good *Subjects* I have my part in the publick *Joy*, yet at the same time feel one that is *particular* to my self, when I consider that I have

no-

nothing more now to fear from your
bravery, and that your Life is no lon-
ger a *Ward* to your *Courage*. The
Devil take the *Guardian*, say I, that
shows so *small* a concern for the pre-
servation of his *Ward*. Well, I wou'd
not for a *greater* Sum than I am willing
to mention here, have *ventur'd* my
Life upon the same *bottom* with yours
in any of the late Engagements. A
Man that had seen how you *exposed*
your self upon every occasion, wou'd
have *sworn* your Life was a *burden* to
you, and that it *cost* your Father and
Mother *no Pains* to beget you. Had
the *Musquet-balls* been nothing but so
many *Pastills* or *perfumed Eggs*, you
cou'd not have march'd with more *a-*
lacrity into the Trenches. 'Twas to
no *purpose* I remonstrated to you that
your *Life* was worth the *preserving*,
that there was no great *leachery* in
having ones *Brains* examin'd by a Ca-
non-ball, and that your Father, as a-
ble and experienc'd a *Workman* as he is,
might *belabour* the matrimonial *Anvil*
a dozen and a dozen times to that, be-
fore he cou'd *hammer* out such another
chopping Youth as your self; for in
short, all *Advice* of this nature was

thrown away upon you. Misled by that *Ignis fatuus* call'd *Gallantry*, you believed me to be an Enemy to your *Glory*, and thought a Son of *Mars* ought to despise the *Counsel* that came from so *cowardly* a Principle as *Discretion*. I own indeed you took the *direct* Road to get a Mareschal's *Baton*, but alas, where one Man arrives to his Journeys *end*, how many thousand drop *short* by the way! In my opinion now a Man that sets Honour always *before* his Eyes, ought now and then to look *bebind* him, and reflect upon the dangers that attend it : You Gentlemen in *red* think a Man is only born to be *knock'd* in the Head, but we of a more peaceable *Cloth* are well enough content to be *disappointed* of those Honours. Now, as I humbly take it, this *fantastic* Idol of yours, this *spoiler* of fine Shapes, this *Lover* of Blood-shed, Valour I mean, is the greatest *Curse* that a Man can *bring* with him into the World ; for which reason I thank my Maker duly every Morning for not bestowing this *fatal* *Talent* upon me. To deal plainly with you, I was never any great *Admirer* either of *Alexander's* or *Cæsar's* *Glory*.

ry, which was purchased by the *Desolation* of so many flourishing Provinces, and the *Slaughter* of so many innocent Wretches. These and the like *Calamities* have too long over-run all *France*, but now their Reign is *over*, the Lord be praised, and we shall see no more of them; for I must once more tell you, tho' I *displease* you never so much, that the *Peace* is concluded, and that I have no other *War* now to apprehend for you, but that which your *Mistress* is resolved to *declare* against you at your return.

Yesterday I and four of my Friends enter'd *Fontarabia*, where the late Prince of *Condé* cou'd not get Entrance at the head of ten thousand Men. *Mistake* me not, Sir, as if I told you this with an Intention to magnify my *Bravery*; No, 'tis one of the *blessed* effects of the *Peace*: And to *convince* you that 'tis so with us, I must inform you that we live in the strictest *Amity* imaginable with those worthy Gentlemen the *Spaniards*, who are not such *ill-favoured* Devils as we used to *paint* them, but treat us with *Rosa-solis*, *Wine*, and *Chocolate* as lovingly as if we had tum-

bled in the same *Belly* with them, and not a Soldier of their Nation been *killed* in any of the late Actions. They are a *civil*, well-bred People, as I hope to be *saved*, and the Duce take me if I don't love them heartily, because they carry no *Gall* nor *Rancour* about them : Not but that you may hear them *complain* now and then, one of having lost a *Son*, another a *Brother*, and a third a *Relation*, either in *Flanders*, *Catalonia* or *Italy*. But this is nothing, the *complaining* fit is soon over with them, and to *repair* the Losses they have sustained, wou'd be *content* with all their Hearts, that a sufficient Number of our *ableſt* Troops were sent into *Spain* to beget as many *Children* upon their Women as they lost *Soldiers* in the War. All our *Politicians* here are of Opinion that this is one of the *principal* Articles of the Treaty, and that for this purpose abundance of the *ableſt Mathematicians* in *Europe* will be employed to compute how many Men the *Spaniards* have lost, to a *single* Centinel, since the *falling out* of the two Nations. As for me, I think it the most *reasonable* Propofal in the World, and since

I have not had the Honour to be employed by his Majesty in his *Wars*, am very willing to serve him upon this Occasion, for which Reason I will use all my *Interest* at Court to procure me a Company in one of these Regiments.

Well, certainly this is the *merriest* Country in the Universe. The Children here can *dance* before they can *speak*, and cry for a *Guitarre* more impatiently than they do for the *sucking Bottle*. Their *Mirth* begins with their Life, and never concludes but with it: Nay, their very *Priests* have their share of it, as well as the rest of their *Flock*, and I have observed that at all their Weddings and Merry-makings the *Parson* is the Man who constantly leads up the *Dance*. But of all their *commendable* Customs, that which I *most love* them for, and all the World in my opinion ought to imitate, is, that there is a *Probationship* here in choosing a *Wife*, as well as in taking the *Monastic State* upon one. After they have *consummated* for a Twelve-month together, if *Joan* does not like *John's Abilities*, or *John* is scandalized at *Joan's Capacity*, they are at liberty to

to part, and a young Wench that has had half a dozen such *Husbands* one after another, carries her Head as high as the *modestest* She in the Parish, and no body dares fay *black* is her Eye. Well! how happy a Place would *France* be, were this *righteous* Fashion observed in all its Provinces.

Before I *conlude* this Letter, give me leave to acquaint you with an *odd* Accident that has happened upon these *Coasts*, and which perhaps it may not be *improper* to recount to you. Not many days ago a poor *Whale*, having *heard* without question that the *Peace* was concluded between the two Crowns, and possess'd with a laudable *Curiosity*, to see two Nations *united*, which had so miserably *infested* one another in the late War, *imagined* he might come into these Seas without any *detriment* or *molestation* to his Princely Person; for which reason he left his *native* Shores of *Norway* or *Greenland*, to *assist* at so illustrious a *Reconciliation*, and carry the *happy* News throughout all *Nep-tune's* Dominions: But the *worthy* Tars of this Place, who understand neither *Rhyme* nor *Reason*, ha-
ving

ving no regard to the Articles of Peace, nor yet to the Rules of *Hospitality*, that are every where *sacred*, no sooner saw this high and mighty Potentate *appear* upon their Coasts, but like a parcel of Raskals, without any formal *Declaration* of War, or the least *Affront* from his *Northern* Highness, they *attacqu'd* him with all the *Posse* of the River, not considering that *two to one* is every where *odds* as well by Water, as Land, *mann'd* out a hundred Boats against him, and brought him in a *triumphant* manner into the Harbour. You know how *corrupt* the Courts of *Admiralty* are over all *Christendom*, and what little *Respect* is paid to the *Law of Nations*, where the *longest Sword* puts in its *Pretensions*. In short, they declared him *good Prize*, and made a *Present* of him to Cardinal *Mazarine*, who either out of *good Husbandry*, because he knew it wou'd require so many *Tuns* of Butter to fry him in, or for some other *Reason* best known to himself, wou'd not keep him, but sent him to *Don Louis de Haro*, who out of *revenge* sends his Excellence every Week two Mules laden with *Ice* ——— But I have
tref-

*Letters upon several
trespass'd too much upon your Pati-
ence. Send me Word in your next
when we may expect you in these
Parts, and be assured that none of your
Friends wishes your coming with more
Impatience than*

St. John de Luz. Your most humble, &c.

A Billet from a Lady.

*Wherein she desires him to help her to a
Song she had forgotten.*

I Remember that Yesterday towards
the Evening I heard a Sonnet or
Madrigal, I cannot tell you which
of the two it was, repeated to me by
I don't know who or where; But this
I remember full well, that it was one
of the prettiest Fancies I ever heard
in all my Life. This treacherous Me-
mory of mine has unhappily lost it,
by the same token, I have puzzled
my Brain, to no purpose, all this
Morning, in hopes to recover it.
Prithee favour me so far as to try
whe-

whether you can *retrieve* it in yours, for I shall have occasion to show it in certain Company to Night; where it will be very *acceptable*. I can give you no other Marks to know it by, but that it talks of Cupid's having been of several *Trades*, but what those *Trades* were, the Lord of Oxford knows for me, and concludes with this Line, or something like it.

*Where he stops up one hole, he leaves
a score in the room.*

If your *Memory* can't help you to it, I expect your *Muse* should supply the defect of it, and send me before Evening either the *Song* I have forgotten, or one of your own upon the same Subject, full as good as the other. *Farewell.*

The Answer.

Madam,

I Have not the *least Idea* of the Madrigal or Sonnet you write to me for, and indeed how should I? My Memory can't help me to't, for to the best of my remembrance it was never

Letters upon several

never intrusted with it. As for my *Muse*, I have taken a great deal of *Pains* with her to put her in a *good Humour*, and *perswade* her to *comply* with your Commands: Besides that she *hates* nothing so much as to write upon *Compulsion*, she told me very *bluntly* that she lay under no *Obligation* to pay the *Debts* of your Memory, or *gratify* a Lady's Demands that cou'd forget a *fine* piece of Poetry so *easily*. You must own, Madam, that she had some *reason* for what she said; for since you have *lost* so charming a *Song* as this last appears to have been by your *concern* for it, how can it be *imagined* that you should take any care to *preserve* such foolish Words as *mine*? At *first* indeed I was of her *Opinion*, but upon *second* Thoughts both alter'd my *own* Mind and *hers* also, by *representing* to her, that you cou'd not oblige her more *effectually* than by *forgetting* her *Verses*, since at the same time you would forget her *blind side*. Upon this *Consideration* she made the following *Bal-lad* I now send you, for I can't find in my heart to give it a *better Name*, wherein she has *endeavoured* to follow the *blind Directions* you gave her, as well as 'twas *possible*.

Cupid turn'd Tinker.

(1)

Fair Venus they say

On a rainy bleak day,

Thus sent her Child Cupid a packing:

"Get thee gone from my Door

"Like a Son of a Whore, (ing.)

"And elsewhere stand bouncing and crack-

(2)

To tell the plain truth,

Our little blind Youth (Sir:

Beat the hoof a long while up and down,

Till all dangers past,

By good Fortune, at last.

He stumbled into a great Town, Sir.

(3)

Then straight to himself

Crys this tiny fly Elf,

Since begging brings little relief, Sir:

A Trade I'll commence

That shall bring in the Pence,

And straight he set up for a Thief, Sir.

(4)

At Play-house and Kirk,

Where he slyly did lurk, (People,

He stole Hearts both from young and old

'Till at last, says my Song,

He had like to have swung

On a Gallows as high as a Steeple. (5)

(5)

Then with Arrows and Bow
 He a Soldier must go, (ing.
 And straight he shot Folks without Warn-
 - He thought it no Sin
 When his hand once was in,
 To kill you a hundred his Morning.

(6)

When he found that he made
 Little Gains by this Trade ;
 What does our fly graceless Blinker,
 But straight chang'd his Note
 As well as his Coat,
 And needs he must pass for a Tinker.

(7)

Have yo' any Hearts to mend,
 Come I'll be your Friend,
 Or else I expect not a Farthing :
 Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,
 I'll soon make 'em whole ;
 And Maids, is not this a fair Bargain ?

(8)

But Maids, have a Care,
 Of this Tinker beware (on't.
 Shun the Rogue, tho' he sets such a face
 Where he stops up one hole,
 'Tis true by my Soul,
 He'll at least leave a score in the place
 (on't.

Be-

Before I part with your Ladiship I cannot but *remind* you of your accusing me in your last with being the most *faithless* Lover upon Earth. A *hideous* charge! were it true, but Heaven be *praised*, 'twill give me no great *Trouble to justify* my self, tho' in making this *Justification* I shall be forced to advance certain *Doctrine* which is not *commonly* received. I am perswaded, Madam, that there can be no greater *Fidelity* in the World than to *show* it to several People at the *same time*. When a Man has promis'd it but to one *Mistress*, he needs no *mighty Stock* of it to keep his *Word* with her. But when he *vows Fidelity* to some ten or twelve *Bona Robas* at once, he *ought* in my Opinion to be *plentifully furnished* with this *precious Commodity*, to *enable* him to *acquit* himself of his *Promise*. As for my self, Madam, I can *honestly boast* that I am posses'd of this *happy Talent*, and am the *faithfullest* Man living to half a dozen *Mistrisses* at this present Writing.

Letters upon several

*In all Love's Dominions I challenge the
Boy,*

*To show such a forward frank Lover as I,
So faithful and true where my Promise
is past,*

*At the first so sincere, and so warm at the
last.*

*Imprimis, I've sworn true Allegiance to
Phillis.*

*And the same I have done to divine
Amarillis :*

*Then to Cælia the fair I my Heart did
resign,*

*Next I laid down the trifle at Iris's
shrine.*

*Calista then gently put in for the Prize,
Nor did the Coy Sylvia my Offering de-
spise.*

*But now you'll enquire can they all quar-
ter there,*

*- Why Madam my Heart's large enough
never fear.*

There's room for my Phillis,

And soft Amarillis :

And Cælia the fair,

Who need not despair,

Of a good Lodging there :

With Iris, Calista, and Sylvia beside.

*Yes, Madam, this oft by Experience I've
try'd.*

So

So large is the place, and so plenteous
my Store,

I with ease can provide for six Mistresses
more.

Nay, if you distrust me, e'en send me a
score.

I don't know what your Ladiship
will say to these *heretical* Principles,
but you may be satisfied I firmly be-
lieve them, having made this *Confes-
sion* to you, not only in *Verse*, but in
the Sincerity of *Prose*, in which I
beg leave to assure you that I am with
the utmost respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient, &c.

To a Lady who desired him to draw
the Character of his Rival.

Madam,

YOU are certainly the most *inge-*
nious Woman in the World at
tormenting of your humble Servants,

X 2

so

Letters upon several

so that 'tis really a great deal of *Pity* you had not been Daughter or Wife to one of those Emperors who took so much *delight* in inventing new *Punishments* to persecute the poor *Christians*. How *nobly* had you succeeded in that *glorious* Employment, and what *Pleasure* wou'd it have been to your *good-natured* Daddy, or Husband to see the *fruitfulness* of your Invention? All the *Tortures*, the Gibbets and Racks of those famous *Tyrants* had been nothing but down-right *Sport* and *Pastime*, if compar'd to the Torments which your *fertile Genius* wou'd have *found* out. Have I not sufficient reason, Madam, to entertain this Opinion of your *Cruelty*, since I have found to my *cost* how dextrous you are in *persecuting* your Subjects? Is it possible to devise a more *emphatical Punishment* than to *oblige* a Man to *write* the Panegyric of his *Rival*? And yet you have *imposed* this cruel *Necessity* upon me. Since *Adonis* has the good *Fortune*, I won't say the *Merit*, to appear *lovely* in your Eyes, you must e'en lay your *Commands* upon me to draw him as *suck*, and charge me not to let *Envy* or *Jealousy* have the least

least hand in his *Picture*, Nay, what is *more*, you expect I should flatter his Defects, and set off his good Qualities. This, as I take it, is what you require me to do in order to *please* you; but, Madam, is it possible I should please *you* and *my self* at the same time? I need not inform you sure what a *Mortification* it is to *praise* ones Rival even for his *Perfections*, what must it be then, to be *forced* to tell *lies* in his Favour. Do you believe that because you are *charm'd* with his Merits, I must be *so too*, or because you have been *pleased* to make him your *Idol*, that I must *fall down* and *worship* him in my turn? I *appeal* now to your Ladiship, whether you did not give me a *just* Provocation to *compare* you to those ancient *Tyrants* that persecuted the poor *Christians*, because they wou'd not adore *false* Deities; for don't you exercise the same *Injustice* against me? But this is *nothing*, you are my *Sovereign*, and tho' it goes never so much *against* the Grain, I must *obey*; neither shall I scruple to *sacrifice* my own Pleasures, that I may *promote* yours. For this *Reason* I will immediately take my *Pencil* in Hand

Letters upon several

to draw the *Picture* of your beloved *Adonis* and use all imaginable *Precation* that neither *Envy* nor *Jealousy* shall be *concern'd* in tempering the *Colours*.

Adonis is well-shaped and of a *reasonable Stature*. 'Tis true, some People think him somewhat of the *lowest*, but what of all that? 'tis rather an *Advantage* than any *Prejudice* to him, since no Man can call him a *great Coxcomb*, without giving himself the *Lye*. His *Hair* is of a fine *flaxen Colour*, and *curls* most deliciously, so that he may boast without *Vanity*, of having a *fine Head*. 'Tis a down-right *Calumny* to say his *Head* is none of his own, for I am intimately *acquainted* with the Barber that sold him his *Periwig*, who has told me a hundred times, that like a *noble Gentleman*, he gave him five *Guineas more* than it was worth. His *Head* stands between his two *Shoulders* exactly like that of other Mortals, upon a *Pedestal*, which in truth is somewhat of the *shortest*, but then to make him *amends*, Nature has supplied in *thickness* what it wants in *length*. His *Complexion* is as fair as a *Lilly*, and indeed 'twere next to a

Mi-

Miracle were it otherwise, for to my certain Knowledge he ows the Devil and all for Cosmetics and Washes, scrubs and lathers his Phyz most *unmercifully*, and bestows some half a dozen of *VVash-balls* upon it every Morning. His *Eyes* are blew and rowling, 'tis true they are somewhat *heavy* and *dull*, but then 'tis to be consider'd they are *only* so in your *Presence*, and what *VVonder* is it, Madam, if when the *Sun* shines in its Meridian brightness, the lesser *Stars* disappear? His *Eyebrows* are fair, but over large, and somewhat *Saracen-like*, I mean, when the Tweezers have not *play'd* their part, for which reason, I wonder at the *Impudence* of his Enemies, who pretend that he has an *effeminate* Face: Whether Nature was in a liberal Vein when she bestow'd a Head of Hair upon him, I cannot resolve you, as not being able to *judge* of it through his *Periwig*, but this I am *assured* of, that she shew'd herself extreamly *frugal* when she gave him a *Beard*; I say, Madam, extreamly *frugal*, for had she given him one Hair less, she had *ruin'd* his Beard to all Intents and Purposes. But *blessed* be the fashion which extends its *Empire*

Letters upon several

over our Beards as well as our *Habits*, Adonis has just enough for his present occasion. His *Nose* is not to be play'd upon, because 'tis somewhat of the *shortest*, which may be the *physical* reason, perhaps, why he does not *smell* things at a distance. His *Cheeks* are *ruddy* and *sanguine*, and indeed well may they *blush* to be placed so near a *Mouth* that speaks nothing but *Absurdities*. In short, the *Turn* of his Face seems to *promise* no mighty stock of *Intellectuals*, but who knows but his *Soul* is an errant *Hypocrite*, and *conceals* it self on purpose to *surprise* all the *World*, when it makes its *first Appearance*? As for the qualities of his *Body*, 'tis certain he *possesses* them to *advantage*: He is a profound Critic in his *Clothes*, and tho' he duly employs half a score *hours* every morning before his *Toilette* and *Looking-glass*, yet it cannot be pretended that he betrays them to no *purpose*. He dances to perfection, so that one may with *justice* say of him, that if he has no *Mercury* in his *Brains*, he has enough in his *Heels*. He makes a good figure on *horseback*, I cannot deny it, who the last time I had the *honour* of

of your company, received an unlucky fall from my Horse, which he afterwards mounted before you, and managed with an extraordinary good grace. I remember it full as well as if it were but yesterday, how plentifully you laughed at my misfortune, and what mighty Commendations you bestow'd upon his Horsemanship. But, Calista, the Miracle is not so great as you imagine, for there is always a strange sort of Sympathy between Beasts, and that perhaps might occasion the good Intelligence between the Horse and Adonis. As for his Courage, I have nothing to except against it, he is not afraid of shewing his Face in the field, and I believe wou'd not scruple to hazard his life for a trifle, because he knows very well that in doing so he hazards a thing of no very great Importance. He is liberal even to Profusion, and flings away his Money like Dirt, but 'tis among his Songsters and Fidlers, because they compliment him with the title of his Excellence. He is free in his Discourse, and has nothing of the Dissembler in him ; but, Calista, those that always speak what they think, don't always think what they

they speak. He is no *Lyar*, and all that know him will do him the justice to *clear* him from that Imputation, for there wants a great deal of *Wit* and *Memory* to qualify a Man for that *Calling*. As for *Wit*, his Adversaries give out that he has *little* or *none*; but I am *ready* to take up the *Cudgels* in his defence, for, I think, he has given a *convincing* and indeed an *undeniable* proof of his *Wit* in *loving* you. But to this the others reply, that he *loves* you *meerly* because he was *told* you were amiable, and only suffers himself to be *carried* down the *Sream* with your other *Admirers*. 'Tis true, his *Judgment* was never polish'd by Education, he has no more *relish* for Learning than a Horse, and is a perfect *Stranger* to all the Sciences: but, what is *equally* happy for him, he *imagines* he *knows* them all and something *more*: and as Happiness *consists* in ones *thinking* himself happy, so perhaps *Wit* and good *Sense* may consist in ones *thinking* himself *witty*. If this Inference holds *good*, no Man ever possess'd it in *so eminent* a degree as *Adonis*, since no Man ever had a *better* Opinion of his own *Merit*. At the same

same time, *Calista*, we must own that you have principally *contributed* to fix this *Error* in him, by heaping your Favours so *profusely* upon him, and that 'tis *pardonable* in a Man to deceive *himself*, after he has deceiv'd a *Woman* of your wit. As for his *Devotion*, 'tis agreed on all hands that it must needs be very *great*, for he never *fails* of shewing his fine Person at *Church* when *you* are there, which is as much as to say, he goes thither very *often*. He is as *discreet* as a Man in his Condition well can be, and to be sure *boasts* not of Favours he never *received* from you. In his ordinary Conversation he pleases not *one* in a million, but what *signifies* that, since he is so happy as to *please* you, and you *alone* are all the *world* to him. One cannot say without grossly *flattering* him, that he *rallies* agreeably, but the Reason is, because all *Raillery* is downright *Slander*, and *Slander* surely is below a Gentleman of his extraordinary *worth*. He tells his Stories with a very ill *grace*, and *teazes* all those People to *death* whom he designs to *divert* with them; but tell me after all, what mighty *honour* is it for

*Letters upon several
for a Man to be a good Story-teller,
in plain English, a good Buffoon?*

And now, *Calista*, I have finished the *Picture* of your dear *Adonis* as well as I was able. I am afraid you'll not think it altogether so charming as the *Original*; but I find my self oblig'd in *Conscience* to inform you that *Love* is a most *deceitful Painter*, upon which account 'tis not safe always to *believe* the representations of so known a *Flatterer*. Perhaps too my *Jealousy*, whatever care I took to *binder* it from having any hand in this *affair*, has not *seconded* your Intention. Well, be it so then: However, I dare assure you, *Calista*, that my *Jealousy* is much more *just* than your *Love*, and better *knows* how to draw Pictures after the life. I am

Madam,

Your most obedient Vassal, &c.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Handy my La-
dy——'s Gentlewoman.

Dear Betty,

SINCE you have promis'd to consider me for drawing your Picture, and to be *juster* than your Mistress, who has not as yet *paid* me a farthing for *drawing* hers, and a thousand other *Services* I have done her in my time; I am willing to *gratify* your desire, and *paint* you with all the little *Art* I am Master of. At the same time I may without *vanity* affirm that your Picture will be a *truer* and more *finished* Piece than *hers*, since you don't expect I should *flatter* you; for which reason you must not take it *ill* of me, if I tell you without farther *Ceremony* that you are not *handsome*. Should I use this *Freedom* with your Mistress, tho' I have the *truth* never so much on my side, she wou'd call me all the *vile* Names under the Sun; but I know I am talking to *you*, whom I
fear

Letters upon several

fear less than her, by the same token I love you a great deal better.

Once more then I must tell thee, my dearest *Betty*, that thou art not *handsome*, but then I *defy* the Devil himself to say thou art *deformed*. No, no, my dear Child, thou hast a smiling rogue *Air*, and a certain *Je ne scay quoy* which our *finest* Ladies are often without, and sets all the *Springs* of Nature in *Motion* as often as I think on't. Thy *Complexion* is brown, and none of the *clearest*. Thy *Eye brows* are as black as a Coal, and by the assistance of *Art* wonderfully *becoming*. Thy *Nose* is a little *turn'd* up, which is an infallible *Sign*, dear Rogue, that thou art a Lover of the *Mathematics*. Thy *Mouth* is somewhat of the *largest*, but then to make thee *amends*, 'tis so proper for a Man's Tongue to wanton in. Then thy *Teeth* are as *regular* as the Palisade before thy Lady's Parlour, and as *white* as Ivory. Thou hast the daintiest smacking *Lips* in the Universe, that wou'd *invite* a Hermit to *sign* and *seal* upon them. Thy *Hair*, which reaches down to thy *wast*, and is of a *lovely* black, gives no little *addition* to thy other Charms. As for thy

Bub-

Bubbles, dear Child, they are none of the whitest, but they are plump and fleshy, and *rise* and *fall* so prettily, that I am *stark-mad* to have the *pressing* of them ; were Bubbles to be bought and sold for ungodly *Pelf*, thou mightst safely boast that thou art *richer* than thy Lady. As for thy *Shape*, I may *venture* to say without Flattery, 'tis fine and delicate. Thy *Legs* are so straight and well-proportion'd, and thy Feet *steal* in and out so prettily under thy Petticoats, that I long to be better *acquainted* with them. If thou hadst designed I should have painted thy *other* Parts, thou oughtest to have *shewn* them me, for between Friends thou should *conceal* nothing from us Painters, and I don't question but that thy Picture would have been ten times more *compleat* had I drawn thee *stark naked*. However, I have *seen* enough to convince me that thou art a most *delicious* Morsel of Iniquity ; and, unless the Planets *deceive* me, I dare swear thy Inclinations are not *averse* to the *Flesh*. Thus, my dear Child, I have *drawn* part of thy Picture, by which a Man, that has but *once* had a sight of thee, may easily *know* thee again :

Letters upon several

again: But now I am preparing to shew thee some of my Master-strokes, to satisfie thee I am no *Bungler* at my Trade, but can tell how to *draw* People after the *life*. Not to make thee *vain*, Nature has been wonderful *indulgent* to thee; thou canst *set off* thy Person with a very little *Expence*, and appear in an *ordinary* Stuff more *advantageously* than any of our *stiff-rum'd* Countesses in their *Silks* and *Sattins*. In the point of *dressing*, thy Fancy is the most *orthodox* in the World: *Envy* it self cou'd never *charge* thee with putting one *Pin* out of its due place, nay even thy very *Negligence* has Charms, and *becomes* thee. As for thy pretty little *Fingers*, nothing in nature comes *amiss* to them, they are *perfectly* skill'd in all the *Mysteries* of *Embroidery*, they can *stitch* and *sow*; cut *Birds* and *Beasts*, and the whole History of the *Creation* in Paper, *raise* Fortifications in *Paste*, and a thousand other *Curiosities*. Thou haft more *VVit* than wou'd set up a dozen Waiting Gentlewomen, and canst *see* as far into a *Millstone* as the *oldest* Match-maker in Town: Thou canst *discover* a hundred things which no Body else wou'd have

ta-

taken any *notice* of; nay I have: observed more than once that thou knowest the Intention of People, let them take never so much care to *conceal* it. I'll defy all the waiting Women in the Universe to shew so much *meekness* of Spirit as thou dost, or so *virtuous* a disposition to bring an *Intrigue* to a happy Conclusion. 'Tis true indeed, that in relation to thy *wicked* Lady this Talent of thine has hitherto been *unsuccessful*, but if thou continuest much *longer* about her person, I don't doubt but some of thy *Stratagems* will take effect. Thou hast an *amorous* Inclination, as I hinted to thee above, and I am damnable *mistaken* if thou canst live a day without *engaging* in some *new* Amour: But then, Child, thy Love is *noble*, 'tis built upon no *sordid* Principles of *Lucre*, it proposes nothing to it self but the *ease* and *relief* of Mankind, and always *soars* above thy Condition. But let thy Lovers be of what *Quality* they will, thou knowst how to make 'em observe their due *distance*, and govern 'em like a true *Mistress*. Thou hast dexterity enough to manage a *laudable* commerce with *five* or *six* Gallants at once,

Letters upon several

for, to thy *eternal* praise be it said, ne'er a Woman in the world is *deeper* read in all the *Refinements* of Gallantry than thy self. Thou knowest how to bestow thy Favours with *Discretion*, to employ sometimes *Compassion*, and sometimes *disdain*, to act the *fond* and the *indifferent*, according as the *various* disposition of the *Scene* requires it, in short, to make a *proper* Use of thy *Looks* and *Sighs*. Thou canst *dart* a favourable *glance* at one, while thou *squeezest* the other by the Hand, and *talk* tenderly to a third, while thou *treadst* upon the Toes of the fourth, and manage Affairs so *discreetly* as to make none of them *despair*: Not that thou art so *willing* a *Tit* neither as to let every Blockhead *get up* and *ride* for asking: Faith, Child, I'll say that for thee, thou wast always a *Respecter* of *Merit*, and wou'dst vouchsafe thy *Friendship* to none but those that *deserved* it. If any young Fellow falls *roughly* upon thee in one of his *amorous* Fits, thou knowst how to *humble* his Insolence, without *tearing* his Ruffles, or playing the *Fury* with his Hair. Should thy Mistress *surprise* thee conferring Notes with a Friend in a Corner, or in

a Posture that wou'd give offence in another, thou art not a jot *discomposed* for the matter, but knowest so well how to personate the *Innocent*, that 'tis impossible to find the least cause of quarrelling with thee. Upon all such occasions thou hast a thousand *Excuses* ready *cut* and *dried* for the purpose, and thy Wit never *displays* it self so signally as in these *Rencounters* which wou'd utterly *dum-found* a Person of less *Assurance*. Besides, *Betty*, to give thee thy *dae*, thy Soul is neither infected with *Jealousy* nor *Envy*; thou art no *Enemy* to the Divertisements of others, but takest as much delight to procure as to receive them thy self, and art never in thy *Kingdom* but when thou art *holding* the door. When thou seeſt two *Lovers* under any *unhappy* Circumstances, thou knowest how to *insinuate* thy self into their Confidence with *Address*, and art *ravished* to find any Opportunity to contribute to their *Pleasures*. After all thou art *generous* to a miracle, and not at all influenc'd by *Interest*; thou preferr'st an honest fellow's hearty *Affection* to the *Purse* of a wealthy *Coxcomb*, and didſt nev'er in all thy life *stoop* ſo low as to *va-*

Letters upon several

lue that glittering *trash* call'd Money. Nay, Child, ~~I~~ dare engage for thee, that did thy *Abilities* come up to thy *Will*, thou wou'dst give instead of *taking* the Pence, and *allow* those that had a share in thy *Affections* a noble share of thy *fortune*. And, *Betty*, 'tis this virtuous *Principle* that makes thy Lovers stick so *close* to thee : As thou art infinitely more *generous* and *witty* than all the *Servant-maids* in *Christendom* put together, so one may justly conclude that thou hast none of their *Vices* or *Imperfections*. Thou dost not *trouble* thy head to *find* out, and afterwards *proclaim* the *Faults* of thy *Mistress*; thou raisest no idle *squabbles* about the *Wages* or *Gettings* of thy *Fellow-servants*; and as 'tis thy chief *Desire* to *converse* with People *Face* to *Face*, thou *canst* not endure to speak *ill* of them behind their *backs*: So much for thy *Morals*. Now to give some specimen of thy *intellectual* Parts, thou canst *nicely* distinguish between *fulsome* love, and love drest up in *clean* Metaphors, and haft *inform'd* thy Judg-
ment by reading *Romances* and other *good* Books, that talk *feelingly* and *ju-
diciously* of these Affairs. 'Tis true,
that

that so many *shining* Qualities make thee as much *envied* by the Maids and Footmen, as thou art *admired* by the Masters and Mistresses. In short, my dear Child, thou art the *Heroine* of Waiting-women, and *Glory* of thy Function, and I make not the *least* question but that *one* of these days we shall *all* of us see some *notable* Adventure befall thee, that will *convince* the world that thou wast descended of *illustrious* Parantage.

Thus, my charming *Betty*, I have endeavour'd to *draw* your Picture, which I hope will give you such *Satisfaction*, that you won't grudge to pay me for't in the same *Coin* as you promised me, who am

Your most humble Admirer.

To a Harlot in Great Queen-street
that bang'd her self for an Irish
Captain, and was unluckily cut
down by her Maid.

AN old Acquaintance of mine came to my Lodgings this Morning, and accosted me after this manner. *Harry*, cries he, there's the strangest Accident has happen'd yonder, near *Covent Garden*, that ever you heard, and, prithee, try if you can gues it. Why, says I to him, I have no extraordinary Hand at this Sport, but if 'tis so very strange, and the Scene near *Covent-Garden*, as you say, let me see. Has the talking Parrot in *Russel-street* foretold the down-fall of the *French King*? No. Now I talk of a Parrot, when Doctor *Burgess* preach'd last, did he make no body laugh? No. A Whore profer'd a retaining Fee at *Rouse's*, and denied it? No. A City Reformer surpriz'd between a pair of red-hair'd Strumpets at

at the *Horse-shoe*? No. A new Play talked of at *Will's*, and no *Exceptions* made to it? No Sir. Thus *No* was the Word still. At last, says my Friend, in his old leering way, to put you out of your Pain, a certain *Harlot* in *Great Queen-street*—has run away from her Lodgings, carried off all her Effects in her Pocket-Handkerchief, I suppose, and —— Why, is that so strange? *No*, *no*, but hear me with Reverence and Attention, — decently suspended her self Yesterday Morning between the Hours of Twelve and One, *precisely*, — the true *Canonical* Hour for hanging. Says I to him, as I hope to be saved, but , prithee *Jack*, for what —— Why, what should she hang her self for but *Love*, said he, very gravely— The Devil she did, says I again : Thou may'st as well tell me a Foot Soldier wou'd die a Martyr for Small-beer, a true States-man for his Country's Interest, or a City Prentice for *Suffolk* Cheese ——. Why , truly Sir, you may make merry as long as you please, says he, but 'tis even so as I tell you, and her Name—— — Why, that is what I long to know—— Don't interrupt me then, 'tis the famous *Squin-*

Letters upon several

tibella— VVell, Peace light on her Soul, 'twas *gloriously* done — But you have not heard all, says he. She had not hung a full Minute, when Alas, to see the great incertainty of human Affairs! her Maid, the Duce take me if my very Heart did not leap up to my very Mouth at the bare mention of her Name, hearing a Noise above, run up Stairs, and unluckily cut her down; and a Chirurgeon, with a *Pox* to him, made a shift to bring her to her self, and recover'd her. And thus, continued he, shaking his Head in a *sorrowful* manner, they have between 'em spoil'd one of the best Jests in *Christendom*.

This is the *exact* Relation my Friend gave me of this *Affair*. Now to do thee *Justice*, thou art the *only* Harlot since the Creation, I believe, that ever had it put into her Head by the *Devil*, to fall a Sacrifice to *Love*. VVho cou'd have imagin'd that a VVoman of thy free *communicative* Spirit, should fix her Affection, which was distributed before to all Mankind in *common*, to *Jews* as well as *Gentiles*, upon one transitory Mortal, nay, love him to that degree, as

to

to venture Fire and Brimstone for his sake. This is so monstrous and surprizing, that I much fear me, my dear Child, it portends some *unlucky* Revolution to *Europe*, the down-fall of the *Protestant* Religion in the *Palatinate*, the Universally Monarchy of *France*, the unkinging of his *Polish* Majesty, or the beating of Prince *Eugene* out of *Italy*. Hadst thou administred a little *Neapolitan* Consolation to thy *Hibernian* for his Infidelity, thou hadst reveng'd thy self upon him in thy own way and *Profession*, but to hang thy self for a *faithless* Wretch, was so wrong a Step in *Politics*, that I can't imagine how thou could'st fall upon it. Alas, thy *business* is living and not dying, or if thou must needs resolve upon the latter, thou oughtest to die in thy own *Element*, I mean, of Love's *active* Distemper, and even of that, no where *under* a Garret. Money is a Whore's Religion, Love is down-right Superstition; now, why should one of thy Function, in this *Atheistical* Age too, die for an *Errorr*, when our very Parsons won't do it for the *Truth*.

But

Letters upon several

But my Dear, I only say this by way of raillery, for between Friends, I so heartily approve of thy virtuous Resolution, that I am almost ready to hang my self for its Miscarriage.

Bless me! what wou'd I have *given* to have been in thy Chamber when this glorious Scene was transacting there; but Heaven be praised, I have a tolerable good Fancy of my own, with whose Assistance I can make a shift to *guess* pretty well how it was. I imagine then I see thee taking some half a score melancholy *Turns* about thy Room, with a *noble* Distraction, and *heroic* Wildness in thy Looks, like Queen *Dido* a little before she ascended the Funeral *Pile*: Methinks I hear thee pouring out a volly of hearty *Ejaculations* against thy false Gallant,— then down with thy Looking-glaſs,— then out with the Cords,— then fasten them to the Staple,— then mount the fatal *Joynt-Stool*,— then take the fatal Leap, ha, ha, ha, it makes me ready to die with the conceit,— and then swing

*With an Air and a Face,
And a Shape, and a Grace,*

As

As the Song has it, like a School-boy in a Bell-rope, but so prettily and decently, that I must needs say for thee, with the Knot so *nicely* plac'd under thy right Ear, thy Mouth so *merrily* distorted, and the humidity of thy Nature so *plenteously* streaming down upon the Floor, that for my part, I wou'd rather have beheld this Sight, than any of the *Roman* Triumphs, and sooner seen thee dangling *under* the Rope, than a thousand *Lady Marys* showing their Agility *upon* it.

Faith, my dear Child, to be *serious* with thee, I wou'd not have had thee cut down for a *Million*, and a Million thou knowest is a pretty *round* Sum, as times go. In the first place, had thy noble Design taken effect, thou wouldest have been immortalized in all the *News-Papers* about Town, and thy *Phyz* most curiously engraved in Wood by honest *John Overton*, to *adorn* the Walls of every Coffee-house in *Drury-lane*. The poor Sister-hood of *Wild-street* wou'd have quoted thy Name with as much Veneration, as the Boys in *Cheapside* talk of the *London* Prentice, that killed his brace of *Lions*, and kept the Anniversary of thy *Suspension*.

pension more religiously than the good People of *White Friars* do that of their *Martyr*, Captain *Winter*. Then there wou'd have been half a score mournful Odes made upon thee, that's certain, sung most harmoniously at *Holbourn-bars* and *Fleet-ditch*: The Ballad-Women wou'd have cried *here's a new and true Ballad of a Miss of the Town, that hang'd her self in great Queen-street.* Then some of the standers by wou'd have asked *for what?* For what? why, because she had perhaps, cries one of them, been over-worked in *Bridewell*, or because she had feln into the Hands of Justice *Perry*, cries another, or was stript of her only Petticoat by an *unmerciful* Drawer, says a third, or an unkind Spark gave her a small Token of his Affection, cries a fourth, and left her not a Farthing to get rid on't. Thus the Mobb wou'd have bandied their Opinions about thee, and at laft, the Ballad-Women clear'd all by telling them *In truth, you are mistaken, she hanged her self for Love.* Upon this, there wou'd have been such *shouting* and *clapping* of Hands, such *bollowing* and *huzzaing*, that the whole Town wou'd have

have rung with the noise. Nay, who knows but the City Poet, in a few Years, wou'd have brought thee into *Smithfield*, where thou wouldest soon have o're-topt *Jephtha's Daughter*, and *Bateman's Ghost*; or lastly, who can tell but thou mightest have been prefer'd to the Almanac, and a new *Æra* commenc'd from thy glorious *Suspension*? . VVell, it makes me stark-mad, my dear Creature, to think that thou hast *lost* all these Advantages and Honours, these Trophies and Epitaphs, through the over-officious *Folly* of thy Maid. Prithee, let me *conjure* thee to turn her away for my sake; or rather for *thy own*; for why should thou keep a silly Slut in thy Service that has rob'd thee of *Immortality*?

H. T.

To Melanissa.

Upon seeing his Rival go into Her Lodgings.

I Was drest, and just *going* to make you a small *Visit*, last Evening,
when

Letters upon several

when I unluckily saw a Coach stop at your Door, a *Gallant* bolt into the House, the *Sashes* drawn down by tru-
sty *Rachel*, and all appearances of *Bu-
siness* going forward. This made me immediately *drop* my design, for as I would not willingly be *binder'd* in one of my own *Intrigues*, so I am too good a *Christian* to interrupt any *Friend* of yours in his. Cou'd I but express to you how *uneasily* I pass'd the Evening, and what racking thoughts possess'd me all night, as *hard-hearted* as you are, I dare swear you wou'd *pity* me. All the while I toss'd and *tumbl'd* in my Bed, I fanci'd my *happier* Rival revell'd in your *Arms*, surfeited on your *Lips*, lay ex-
piring upon your *Breasts*, and —— but I dare trust my self no longer with such *stabbing* Ideas: In short, I am up-
on the brink of *Despair*, and you have no other way left to cure my *Jealousy*, but by imposing upon my *Understanding*, and telling me that all I saw was a per-
fect *Illusion*; perswade me the *Gallant* was the Fellow that furnishes you with *Small-coal*; that the *Coach* was a Ban-
box with your Linnen in't, the two *Horses* a brace of Elephants just marching for *May-fair*. Tell me, tru-
sty

sty *Rachel* was drinking burnt *Brandy* with a couple of *Tinderbox-cryers* at the next red lattice, tho' I saw her draw down the Parlour-Sashes about six. To conclude, *invent* any thing, *say* any thing, *swear* any thing, tho' it be never so *absurd*; so you give it me but under your *hand*, 'twill be the best of *Cordials* to

The despairing

Amyntas.

Billet to Melanissa.

*He desires her to steal him a kind Glance
out of her Window.*

Madam,

WHAT have I done to disoblige you, that you should keep me so long in *Darkness*? In plain *English*, why have I not seen you *shine* out of the Sash this morning, since you know I *compute* the Day not from the Sun's *rising*, but your *appearing* at the Window? 'Tis now exactly *ten*, yet

Letters upon several

yet 'tis as *dark* in my Hemisphere,
meaning my Room, as if 't were *mid-*
night, and all for want of your divine
Eyes to enlighten it. You'll *hardly*
believe me, but upon my Faith 'tis *true*,
I am forced to use a *Candle* to write
these few Lines to you; therefore tho'
it were only to save me the *expence*
of Candles, which the Maid, with
Tears in her Eyes, told me are *risen* a
full Penny in the pound, since the *de-*
claring of the War, peep out of the
Window, and give Light and Comfort
to

Amyntas.

Billet to the same.

Upon calling her a Hypocrite.

Madam,

VOU quarell'd with me last night
for calling you a *Hypocrite*, by
the same token I promised to retract
my Words the next time I did my self
the *honour* to write to you. I wou'd
willingly *oblige* you all I can, but ha-
ving consider'd the matter *seriously* up-
on

on my Pillow, my Conscience tells me you are a downright *Hypocrite*, and Madam, I find, there's no going against ones *Conscience*.

To be a *Hypocrite* is to be *one* thing in reality, and *another* in appearance : Now, Madam, let us examine whether you will not come within the *pale* of this definition. To see the charming *Innocence* of your Looks, one wou'd be apt to swear you never intended or executed any *Mischief* with them, and yet you have more *bloodshed*, they say, to answer for than the *French King*. Then your *Eyes* are the greatest *Hypocrites* in nature ; he that observes the languishing *Softness* of them, wou'd conclude they only warm'd us by their Beams, whereas the Sun in *Afric* does not *scorch* more violently. Your *Cheeks* are adorn'd with so *delicious* a red that half the World imagines you are *painted*, whereas you wholly owe it to the Indulgence of *Nature*. And lastly, as for your Conversation, nothing is so easy and *free*, yet nothing seems so *artificial* and studied.

On the other hand, Madam, your humble Servant is perfectly the *reverse* of what he appears to be. You'd take

A a him

Letters upon several

him for a wavering *inconstant* Fellow, and so does the Generality of your Sex that regulate their *Judgment* of him by *Appearances*; but, to my certain Knowledge, he's the *sincerest* Lover upon Earth. 'Tis true, he seems to proffer his Heart to a thousand other Women; yet, take my Word for't, he only designs it for you: If sometimes he acts the *Indifferent*, and tells you he cares not a *Farthing* for you, don't believe him; for then his Passion is at the highest, and he could readily die for you.

Thus, Madam, 'tis plain we are both of us *Hypocrites*, tho' of a *different* Species. What will you say to my *Proposal* then of bringing both our *Noble Qualifications* into one common Stock? For perhaps something very *sincere* may be the Result of it.

To Madam *** upon sending her Sir Richard Blackmore's Job and Habakkuk.

After Balzac's Manner.

TO shew you what an universal Submission is paid to Beauty, an Eastern Prince comes to wait on you this morning. 'Tis true he does not appear in his Arabian Magnificence, nor visits you with a Splendor suitable to his rank; but after the manner of Suppliants he addresses himself to you in a penitential habit, and you see him just as he escaped out of Sir Richard's Poetical Powd'ring-tub, which has prov'd more unfortunate to him than his Dung-hill. However, Madam, it was your Command he should appear before you in this Garb; and the Patriarch, to shew his antient Meekness, has obey'd you. But altho' he enjoys the happiness of your Company, yet either discouraged by his late unworthy Treatment, or overcome by your Beauty, he is not able to speak a Syllable.

A a z for

Letters upon several

for himself. He that had *Eloquence* e-
nough to describe all the *mighty Works*
of the Creation, finds himself at a
Loss to describe the *least* of your
Charms; he sees that the natural Ar-
mour of his *Leviathan* is not so im-
penetrable as your *Heart*, and that
the *weakest* of your *Glances* exceeds
the Strength of his fam'd *Bebemoth*.
Tho' he first saw the *Light* in a Coun-
try which furnishes our Altars with
Perfumes, yet he owns, they fall short
of the natural *Sweetness* of your Breath,
and confesses, that his own *Arabia* was
unproperly call'd *happy*, since it never
produc'd any thing so *beautiful* as your
self.

But, Madam, tho' your Commands
are not to be *disputed*, *Job* had hardly
ventur'd to appear before you in this
Disguise, had not a *Brother* in *Afflicti-*
on, and *Fellow-sufferer* come along
with him to keep him in *Countenance*.
Both of them are so much alter'd for
the worse, since they have come out
of the Doctor's Hands, who not con-
tent to murder the *Living*, exercises
his Cruelty upon the *Dead*, that their
nearest Relations, were they now a-
live, wou'd hardly know them. *Job*
com-

complains more of his ill Usage from the *City Bard*, than all his other Afflictions, which the *Devil*, in conjunction with his *Wife*, contriv'd to lay upon him ; and *Habbakuk* bewails the ignoble Captivity he lies under, with a *deeper* Resentment than that of his Country-men in *Chaldea*. However, both of them will glory in their Misfortunes, if you'll but vouchsafe to cast a *pitying* Look upon them, nay, thank their unmerciful *Persecuter* for putting them in this *disadvantageous* Dress, if it produces so favourable an Effect.

To Monsieur de la—— his Correspondent in Paris.

Written in the Person of a French-man, and giving an Account of all the merry Passages he observ'd in London.

I Had long ago discharg'd my Promise, and sent you an Account of the most remarkable things that offer themselves to a Stranger's Curiosity : But *London*, Sir, is too Gigantic

Letters upon several

a Place, and the many new Objects one *daily* meets, are so apt to efface the Idea's of the *former*, that a Man may very well be *allow'd* to pass a few Months in it, before he can regulate his Thoughts, and reduce them into *Method*. For your *Comfort*, I shall not trouble you with any Regulations that are to be *found* in our common *Itineraries*. The *Discoveries* I send you, are either the *Result* of my own Observation, or such as I *gather'd* in my frequent Converse with the ablest *Virtuoso's* of this famous City. In short, they very well *deserve* your Attention, and you may depend upon the Truth of them.

People may talk as they *please*; but I am of Opinion that there is more *Religion* stirring in *London*, than most Cities in the Universe: Nay, that in a great measure 'tis *incorporated* with their very Trade. Those worthy Gentlemen the Stage-Coach-Men shew it in their printed Bills, where they never *fail* to conclude with an *If God permit*. Nay, in one of their *Lotteries* I observ'd the Projector endeavour'd to *book* in Customers with a *Text* of Scripture, and made *Solomon Pimp* to his Design, by quo-

quoting that *Saying* of his, *Time and Chance happen to all*. What is more surprising, your very *Beggars* in the common Streets use the same Tone with the *Presbyterian* Parsons. In short, *London* is so far from being a *prophane* Place, that some of the most *Eminent* Citizens, who can afford it, have *two Religions* going at once, and will march you gravely at the head of six notch'd *Prentices*, to *Church* in the Morning, and a *Meeting* in the Afternoon.

As for the *Women*, I'll say that for them, they are perfect *Heroines* in their Nature ; they'll see you half a Score Kings and Queens *murder'd* up-on the Stage, yet shew no more *Concern* than if so many Nine-pins were *tipt* down. And then at the *Old Baily*, tho' the Judge gravely tells them, *Look ye, Ladies, we have a smutty Trial coming on, where we shall be oblig'd to call every thing by its proper Name, and therefore it may be convenient for you to withdraw* ; yet the Devil a Lady will *flinch* for the Busines, but sit you *out* the whole Trial without so much as putting on their *Masks*, tho' the Witnesses now and then talk a *Heathen Philosophy* that's enough to make even a Midwife *blush*. But

But the *merriest* thing of all, is their *Pindaric Poetry*. Wou'd you know what *sort* of Versification it is, I will tell you then: Why first of all, here is one huge Line as *long* as my Arm or longer; then there come one, two, or three *short* Lines, like a *Pigmy* behind a *Giant*; very pretty, begar! then another *long* Line, and then a *short* one, and another *short*, and another *long*, and so on to the End of the *Stanza*. I was told that the *English Poets* borrow'd this Fancy from the Faggot-makers; for these Fellows will first of all put you down a long Stick, and then a short one, and after this manner binding the Sticks together, when they have done, call it a *Faggot*, as the Authors call the other a *Pindaric Ode*.

Few Towns in *Christendom* are so apt to promote *Scepticism* as this. There are at least half a Score Pretenders to *Anderson's Scotch Pills*, and the Lord knows who has the true Preparation. The same Uncertainty there is about *Bateman's Spirit of Scurvy-grafts*: Nay, as you walk to *Hogsdon*, one Sign tells you, This is *the true, old, ancient Farthing-Pye House*; and before you can

can walk *three Steps* further, you meet another Sign that has *Impudence* to tell you the very *same Story*. Thus a Stranger is wonderfully puzzled which of these *two Houses* to go to, and not knowing how to *clear* the Difficulty, sometimes goes to *neither*. They abound particularly in *Holes* in the *Wall*: to the best of my Remembrance there are at least four in *Baldwin's-Gardens*, and as many more about *Red-Lion Square*: Now, I believe it wou'd *Non-plus* the *ablest Antiquary* of them all to *determine* which is the right, *ancient*, and *primitive Hole* in the *Wall*.

I have been exceedingly scandaliz'd at the great *Variety* of Spelling in the publick Signs. I cou'd instance in a *hundred*, but shall content my self with the Word *Lancashire*, that has been most *inhumanly us'd* by them. You shall find it written *Lanckisheir* in one, *Lankeſſeare* in another, and *Lanckasheer* in a third. I foresee that this Difference of Orthography in these *public Inscriptions*, as your Ale-house-Signs most *certainly* are, will give the *Grammarians* a World of *Trouble* two or three hundred Years hence; so for my part

Letters upon several

part I wonder that Dr. Bentivolio does not petition the Parliament that no Vintualler be suffer'd to set up a Sign till it has been first carefully examin'd and consider'd by Commissioners well skill'd in these *Matters*, and chosen for the purpose.

They have several Latin Words in and about this Town, that are peculiar to *England*, and go *currant* no where else. In one of the Villages about *London* there is a very noble Hospital, and over the Refectory a *Latin* Inscription giving to understand that this Building was *erected* at the Charge of a Gentleman that belong'd to the *Societas Haberdasherorum*. I was for a long while perplex'd to know what Countrymen these *Haberdasherians* were, or from whence they borrow'd their Name. Sometimes I thought 'em the Remainders of the old *Aborigines* of the Island, and sometimes a People of the *Cimbrica Chersonesus*, that came over with the *Saxons*. I consulted *Strabo*, *Ptolomy*, *Dionysius Afer*, *Mela*, and the old Geographers, about the matter, who gave me not the least *Insight* into them : Then I turn'd over *Cluverius*, *Ferrarius*, *D^r Fresne*, *Salmastus* upon *Solinus*, and who not, but

but was no wiser than before. At last a learned English Gentleman told me that these *Haberdasherians* were a civiliz'd moral People enough, and only dealt in harmless Manufactures, as *Pins*, *Tape*, *Inkle*, and *Packthread*.

Some *Airs* have been observ'd by Naturalists to breed *Agues*, as the Hundreds in *Essex*, some to breed *Calentures*, as *Guinea* in *Afric*, others to breed contagious Distempers, as *Barbados* and *Jamaica*. Now the Air of *Cheapside* has this peculiar Quality belonging to it, as to breed Horns. 'Tis certain (and the Observation has been made ever since *William the Conqueror's Days*) that not one marry'd Man in a hundred that dwells in that Street escapes them. Nay, I have been credibly inform'd that a Linnen-draper of *Cheapside* bought him a fine *Tortoise-shell* Tobacco-box near the *Exchange*, and before he had wore it full Week in his Pocket, it was converted to perfect *Horn*.

The Merchants of *London* are nothing near so *polite* as ours in *Paris*. The Devil a jot do they know of the *Ouvrages d'Esprit*, whereas ours will discourse better upon *Books* and Authors than

than *Trade* and *Commerce*. I made a *Visit* to one of them, and after the first Compliments were past, enquir'd of him what *Books* of Note had lately appear'd in the World. Oh Sir, says he, since the joining of the two Companies, we have had the finest *Bettelées*, *Palampores*, *Bafts* and *Jamwars*, come over that ever were seen. Pardon me, Sir, said I, these Affairs are somewhat out of my Knowledge. ---Indeed, as for the *Mamoodies*, the *Lingooes*, the *Culgees*, and the *Chints*, continues he, they receiv'd some little Detriment by the Salt Water: but---you mistake me, Sir, cry'd I, for all this while I was talking of ---- but then for your *Mulmuls*, *Phootaes*, *Gurrab's*, *Moorées*, and *Rostaes*, mind me what I say, Sir, I *desie* the whole World to *match* us, and so he went on, till I was forc'd to break up *abruptly* with him.

Foreigners *unjustly* charge the *Londoners* with Want of Civility and *Invention*. Don't they give a plain Proof of their singular *Courtesie*, when Curates, Surgeons, Operators for the Teeth and Toes, *Anglicè* Tooth-drawers and Corn-cutters, nay, Farriers and Sextons go by the Name of

Do-

Doctors? And then, who dares question the Goodness of their Invention, who considers that those noble *Curiosities*, Swimming-Girdles, Pacing-Saddles, Chalybiate Pancakes, Engines to prevent Leaking, and that great Traveller Major *John Choke's* famous Necklaces for breeding of Teeth, with a numberless Set of *Theories* were invented here? Besides, the last *new Religion* that appear'd in these Parts of the World, was it not *wholly contriv'd by the Philadelphians?*

'Tis worth a Stranger's while to peep into the several *Conventicles* here, to observe how Affairs are *managed among them*. The Minister gets up into his *Box*, talks a great deal of *unintelligible Snuff*; the People *lugg* out their Silver Ink-horns, and take it upon *Content*; which puts me in mind of the *Fellow in Hell* that was always making of *Ropes*, and an *Aff* still devour'd them.

Among other Customs, I observ'd one very *singular*, and *ancient*, and *still kept on foot*, which is, to make *Fools* of People on the first Day of *April*. I cou'd never inform my self what gave the first Rise to so *odd* a Frolic; but me-thinks

Letters upon several

thinks they might let it alone ; for since three Parts in four of the People are Fools *every Day* in the Year, what *occasion* is there to set a Day *apart* for it ?

When a Humour takes in *London*, they ride it to *death* before they can part with it. As for instance, *Lotteries* were first set up for *Annuities and Pensions* ; then they came down to Books and Pictures, at last they *descended* even to Snuff and Balsam, to Plum-Cakes and Mince-Pies. Thus, because *Æsop* from *Tunbridge* had the good Fortune to please, a hundred other *Æsops* from *Epsom*, *Islington*, and other Parts of the Kingdom were immediately trump'd up, till the very Name of *Æsop* at last grew *scandalous*. The same Folly *infected* the Theatre, where a *Beau* at his first Appearance upon the Stage happening to tickle the Fancies of the Auditors, you cou'd have ne're a Play without that Animal to set it off. The first *Beau* diverted 'em with his huge *Muff*, the second with his monstrous *Periwig*, the third with *Buttons* as big as Turnips, the fourth with an extraordinary *Cravat*, the fifth with a fantastical *Sword-Knot*. 'Twas the same original Coxcomb all the while, but only a little diversify'd. Ha-

Having seen the famous *Brass Monument* in *Westminster*, I went in the next Place to see Dr. Otes, whom I found in one of the Coffee-houses that looks into the *Court of Requests*. He is a most *accomplish'd* Person in his way, that's certain. The Turn of his Face is extreamly *particular*; he has the *largest* Chin of any Clergyman in *Europe*, by the same token, they tell a *merry* Story how he cheated a *two-peny Barber* by hiding it under his Cloak. In short, his Mouth stands *exactly* in the middle of his Face, like the *White* in the *Center* of a Target.

I had the *Curiosity* sometimes to bestow an half Hour at Mr. B——'s little Mansion in *Russel-Court*. Some Ministers will make you *cry*, some will make you *sleep*; but honest *Daniel* will make you *laugh* with his Preaching. I happen'd to *bear* him once, when he took occasion to prove the *Tendency* of Mankind to *Corruption* from their loving *rotten Cheese*. Do but observe, my Brethren, says he, when an old *Cheshire Cheese* is brought to the Table, how *readily* every Man sticks his Knife into the *blue Part*, a *plain* Indication (and then he *nodded* his Head) of the *Truth* of original Sin! But

Letters upon several

But of all the *Virtuoso's* in *London*, commend me to the ingenious Dr. *Thimblesworth*, who publish'd the Furniture of a *Chinese Barber's Shop* in the *Philosophical Transactions*. He is certainly a *profound Philosopher*, and will assign you a *Physical Reason* for any thing almost. I will give you one remarkable Instance, to shew you the great Depth of his *Penetration*. He chanc'd to be in a Gentleman's Company that fainted away at the Sight of a few *Eggs*. What does my Doctor do upon this, but *whips* straight into *Essex* where the Gentleman liv'd, enquires privately into the *secret History* of his Family, and finds his Grandfather had stood in the *Pillory* for *forging a Bond*. Having made this lucky Discovery, he soon found out the *true Reason* of the Grandson's *Aversion to Eggs*. A thousand other Curiosities I cou'd impart to you, but having already swell'd my Letter to too great a Bulk, I will e'en *reserve them to a fitter Opportunity*, and conclude with assuring you that I am

Your Humble Servant.



F I N I S: